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MAGAZINE

JANUARY

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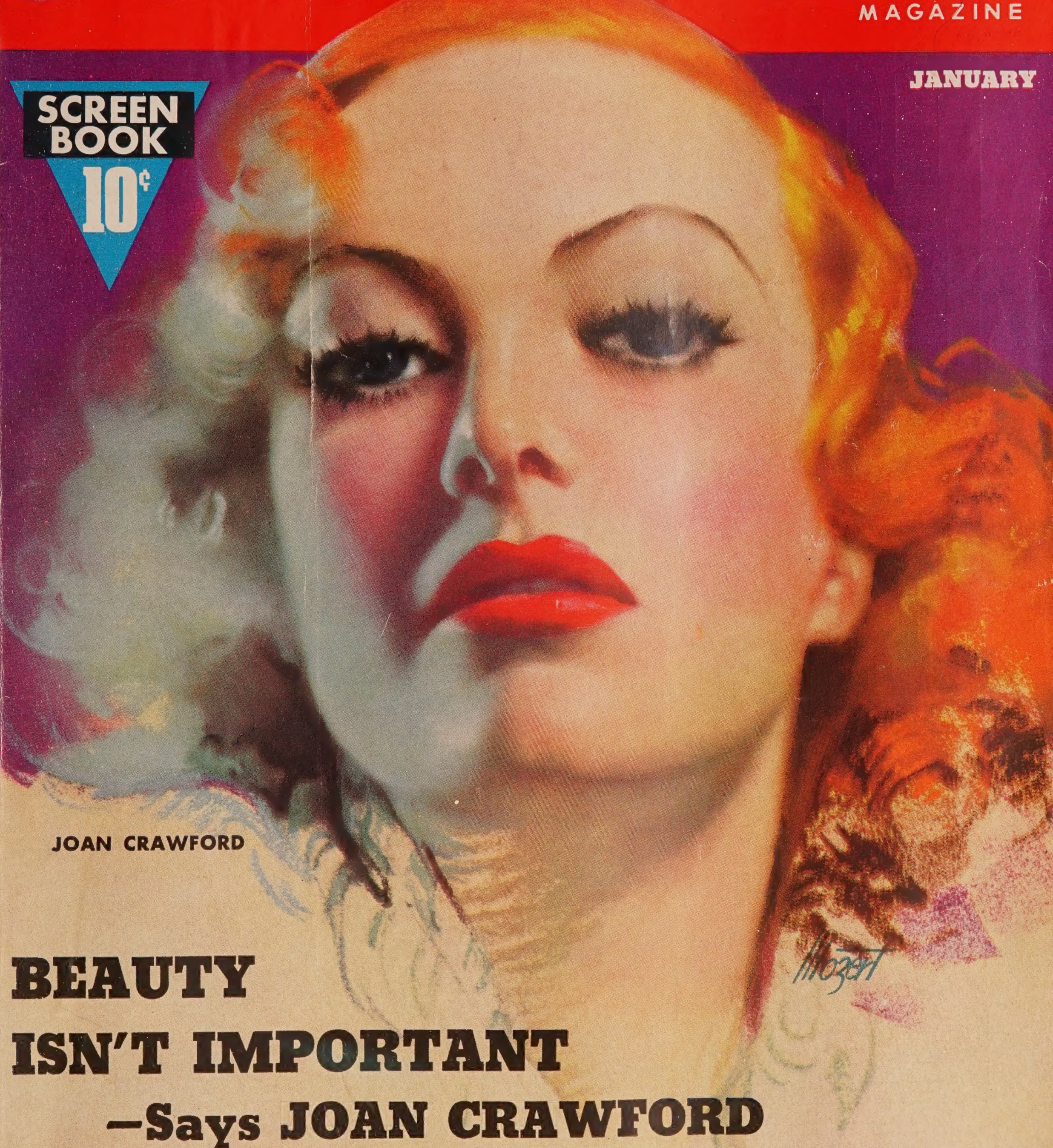

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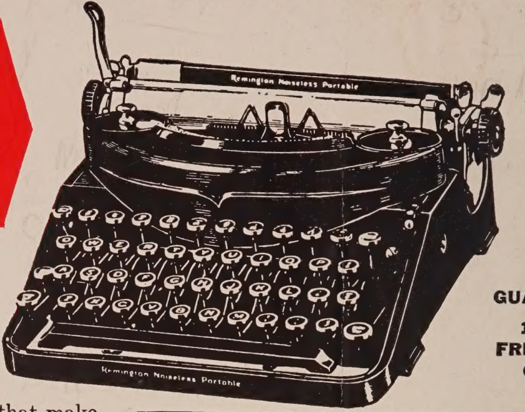

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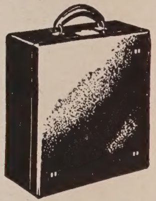

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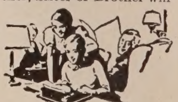

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She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

IF ONLY this lovely girl could stand forever as you see her here—serene, beautiful, goddess-like! *But when she smiles*—when lovely lips part and reveal dull teeth and dingy gums—how quickly and tragically *the spell of beauty is broken.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It may not seem dangerous—that first warning "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush. It may seem trivial, unimportant. But your dentist will tell you it can be and has been the prologue to many a dental tragedy. Remember—"pink tooth brush" is a distress signal, and only a distress signal. But when you see it, play safe—*see your dentist.* The chances are that it does not mean a serious gum disorder—*but your dentist should make the decision.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food menus—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as so many dentists will often advise—gums that need the help of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken. Circulation stimulates gum tissues. You'll soon sense a new, healthy firmness in the gum walls themselves.

Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is approved by many modern dentists, taught by many modern teachers in classrooms all over the country. Don't take chances. Even before you see that "tinge of pink" on your own tooth brush, even before you have this first warning of danger—schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine with Ipana and massage. Don't risk being a "dental cripple." Change to Ipana and massage, and help keep your smile lovely, bright, sparkling—*and safer.*

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IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

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You asked for it and you'll be delighted you did! They're together again! Joan and Clark taking their "Love On The Run"—kissing and kidding their way from Mayfair to the Mediterranean in a transcontinental caravan of jollity!

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A W. S. VAN DYKE Production
with
FRANCHOT TONE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
Joseph
L. Mankiewicz

JANUARY
1937

SCREEN BOOK

Vol. XVIII
No. 6

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

The News Magazine of the Movies
HARRY HAMMOND BEALL, Editor

FLORENCE JOHNSON
Executive Editor

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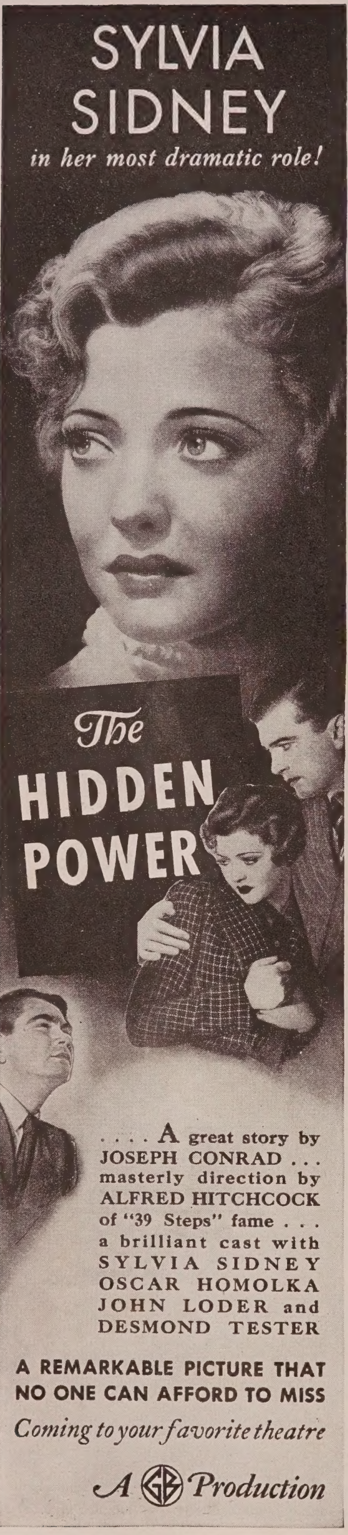

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Coming to your favorite theatre

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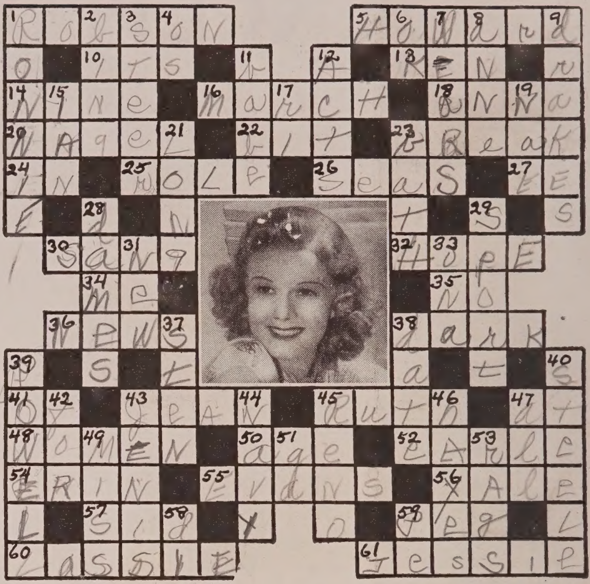


See Solution on Page 91

ACROSS

1. She was the queen in *Three Kids and a Queen.*
5. Romeo.
10. ——— a small world.
13. A western star.
14. August date on which Charles Farrell celebrates birthday.
16. Jean Valjean in *Les Miserables.*
18. Blonde Russian star now making a comeback.
20. Last name of Ross Alexander's recent bride.
22. Minor movie part.
23. Charles Boyer played opposite Hepburn in ——— *of Hearts.*
24. ——— spite of danger.
25. Garbo has that of Camille.
26. Harlow played in *China* ———.
27. Edward Ellis (init.)
30. What Martha Raye did in *Big Broadcast of 1937.*
32. Laura Crew's middle name.
34. *Hold* ——— *Tight* was a Dunn-Eilers film.
35. Is James Stewart married?
36. Most movie theaters show this feature.
38. Movies are shown in the ———.
41. Word in title of Claudette's latest film.
43. Ex-Mrs. Hal Rosson.
45. She was Mrs. Dodsworth.
47. A day ——— the races.
48. First word in Clair Trevor's latest film.
50. Robert Woolsey will add one year to his ——— on August 14.
52. First name of Mr. Foxe.
54. ——— O'Brian Moore.
55. Bing Crosby's newest leading lady.
56. Damon Runyan wrote *Hold 'Em* ———.
57. What *Capt. Hurricane* sailed.
59. Margaret Sullavan's nickname.
60. What a girl is called in Scotch films.
61. Mrs. Sonnie Hale.

DOWN

1. Nickname for dignified Englishman star.
2. A male radio and movie star.
3. Animal roped in westerns.
4. Initials of Mr. Stevens.
6. Otto's initials.
7. Cagney ——— a donkey's head in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*
8. Youthful star of *Make Way for a Lady*
9. Male ducks.
11. ——— *in Toyland* (Sing.)
12. Gives a screen performance.
15. His last name is Hunter.
17. Nelson Eddy's native state (abbr.)
19. Negative in a Scotch film.
21. Description of Garbo's bob.
23. What Cecil B. DeMille made famous
28. Slang for ladies.
29. Competitive game.
31. Not old.
33. ——— Munson.
37. Russian actress now making a comeback.
38. Would you like to have a ——— with a star?
39. Joan Blondell's husband.
40. Star whom you've seen in Westerns
42. *Three Cheers* ——— *Love.*
43. Ronald Colman is ——— leading man in *Lost Horizon.*
44. A shade of blue.
45. City of divorce.
46. She had rôle of *Vanessa.*
47. ——— *American Chump.*
49. An unmarried girl.
51. Miriam Hopkins' birthplace (abbr.)
53. Chaplin's film togs.
58. Three-toed sloth.
59. Patricia's initials.

Another GARY COOPER, JEAN ARTHUR Triumph
CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
"The PLAINSMAN"

Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .

Paramount Pictures

"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians . . . why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

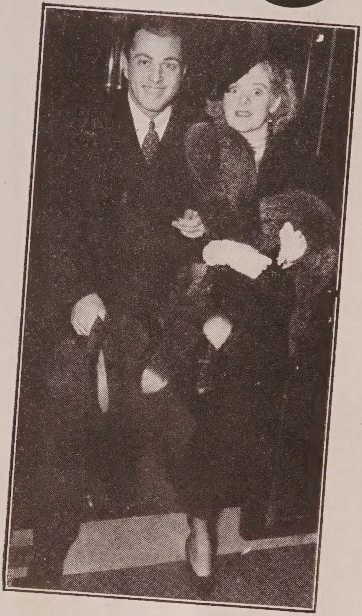
"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully . . . unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."

"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."

(Advertisement)

TODAY'S GOSSIP

The latest news, picked up where the stars gather for chit chat



You've got to be quick like a bunny to keep up on Alice Faye's romances because they're hot today and cold tomorrow. Now it's Tony Martin with Alice

BEFORE JOAN BLONDELL and Dick Powell married, Joan was working on two pictures at once—often acting all day in *Three Men on a Horse* and dancing all night for the *Gold Diggers*. While this was not much of a strain on the hardy Blondell nerves, she did have quite a bit of trouble with her ankles swelling and between scenes sat with her legs propped up on a couch. This ankle trouble is a hangover from a little skirmish years ago when Joan was in her early teens and battling for what novelists refer to as her honor. The skirmish took place on the edge of a fourteen foot cliff on the Hudson, where Joan had driven with the young man merely to see the view. It was quite like a scene in an old meller-dramer—"You come one step nearer and I'll jump!"—only in this case the hero did not burst in in time to save her, and Joan jumped! The result was two broken ankles.

ARTHUR TREACHER is the tallest man on the screen, 6 feet 4 and one-half inches, which may be a laughing matter to you, but is the matter of no little expense to him. For some time he lived in a furnished apartment, slept cater-corner on a double bed, and used a double allotment of sheets and blankets to spread over his elongated framework. But it was finally too much for him and now he has had to rent a high-ceilinged, unfurnished house and to mortgage his next few months salary in favor of a specially constructed 7 feet 2 inches long bed. This bed has a specially made spring, mattress, sheets and blankets. He has always had to order all chairs for dining room, bedroom, and garden, built to his personal measurements. Even his piano has legs six inches taller than most pianos. But there the trouble does not end. His tailor has to put at least two and a half yards extra cloth into every suit he makes for the comedian and he also has to make his undergarments. Another thing: whenever Mr. Treacher goes to the theater his height causes such annoyance to those trying to see over and beyond him that now he refuses to attend any theater unless he can secure a seat in the last row of the orchestra.

One of his favorite hobbies is gardening. As he says amusingly: "I am raising zinnias, roses, nasturtiums, calla lilies, geraniums, carnations and several other rare species—including blisters. This immediate blister is only one of many I have endured—they are caused by digging with a trowel. No, a trowel is not something to wipe your hands on."

OAKIE ALWAYS crashes through for Oakie. RKO needed a title for the Lily Pons' picture, in which Jack Oakie plays tiddle-dy-winks, and sent out requests for one from among the studio employees. Oakie sat himself down and just like that thought up six honeys. Here they are and we think any one of them would have tremendous box office appeal: "Oakie Scores," "Good Old Jack," "Oakie Is Back," "Another Oakie Hit," "Oakie's Big Moment," and "Oakie

[*Continued on page* 10]

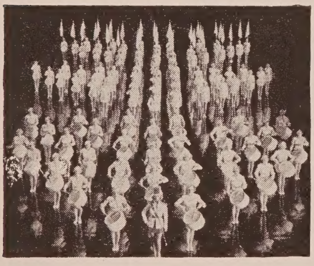
Mary Astor's newest romantic interest — but only on the screen — is Charles Quigley, her leading man in *Lady from Nowhere*. This between-the-scenes hair curling act is put on by Rhoda Donaldson, Mary's hairdresser

Deeper and deeper grows Loretta Young's regard for Director Eddie Sutherland—and his for her. If this doesn't end in matrimony a lot of Loretta's friends will have guessed wrong

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"— to those dashing heartbreakers and champion funmakers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!

Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"

And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!

Come On, Everyone THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!

RING out the old... SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL

in

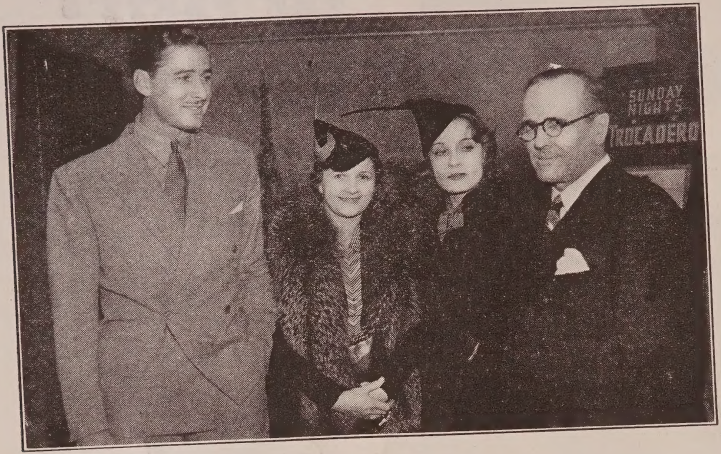
"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON ... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburg

Warner Bros.

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 8]



One act play. Title: *Dinner for Four.* The time: *Sunday night.* Dramatis personae: Errol Flynn, Mrs. Fawcett, Lili Damita and Mr. W. H. Fawcett, SCREEN BOOK's publisher

Delivers." Our modest hero says, "Oh, it's nothing, really."

CAROLE LOMBARD has a new nickname—everyone these days calls her "Missie Lombard." Years ago Carole was the one who started that fad for putting "ie" on the end of everyone's name. Madeleine Fields, her secretary, became "Fieldsie," practically knows no other. Gary Cooper's manager, Jack Moss, who holds court in the dressing room next to hers, became "Mossie" and Mitch Leisen, her director friend whom she called "Pop" became "Popsie." And that reminds us . . . Popsie and Carole have a screwy idea for another novel Lombard party. They intend sending invitations by telegram to the prospective guests, with the condition that they must come to the party immediately in the garb and get-up that they happened to be wearing at the time they received the invitation. As anyone can see this has great possibilities —especially on a Saturday night around bath time.

And did you hear about the Bavarian party which Carole gave sometime ago and to which Arline Judge came wearing a fright wig and a leopard skin? "What kind of a Bavarian do you think you are?" Carole wanted to know. "Oh," moaned Arline, "I thought you said 'Barbarian'!"

At the finish of shooting on every picture, a party is given for the cast and set workers. This photo shows you just how informal the parties are. Margot Grahame is cutting the cake on the *Night Waitress* stage. She's making a mess of it—and she loves it

AT A NATIONAL BROADCAST in which Ginger Rogers was starred, that young lady sat on the stage for at least five minutes before most of the audience realized who the demure, brown-haired girl was. This new shade of hair was quite becoming and much less garish than the red-orange-yellow which has been crowning her head in various tones for the last few years. For the glittering musicals that she and Fred Astaire have been turning out, Ginger had to be glittering too. But at last she was ready to go to work in a picture that she had been waiting to do so eagerly—*Mother Carey's Chickens*—without benefit of beautiful clothes, sparkling music and Fred Astaire. And changing the color of her hair was a small sacrifice to Ginger. But now, here is the sad part of this hair tale—Mr. Astaire is too expensive a young man to have idling on the studio lot, and as they could find nothing for him to do at the moment without Ginger, they shelved her picture and dished up another starring vehicle for Fred and Ginger which is being called *Stepping Toes.* And Ginger visited a beauty parlor to get her hair back. By the color of their hair you shall sometimes know what they are doing in the studio.

Incidentally, Barbara Stanwyck's hair is now a violent, lightish red, for her part in *Banjo on My Knee.* The giddier, lighter shade was deemed necessary as a contrast for the drabness of the river-shanty background of this picture. Barbara took a cue from the name by which they call these river houseboats and the sign over her own dressing-room-trailer reads "Stanwyck's Shanty." It's a very inviting trailer, cozy and handsomely outfitted, and the whole gang on the picture, including Joel McCrea and Katherine de Mille spend their leisure hours in the "shanty" chatting and playing games.

WE HAVE ALL marveled at the splendid performance of five-year-old Charlene Wyatt in *Valiant is the Word for Carrie,* and perhaps some of you have wondered where the studio found such a child. Charlene's story is one that has no equal. She was practically served as a side dish at dinner to the Paramount officials. Charlene's daddy drives a Los Angeles bakery truck. Having learned that the studio was looking for a child, he just dropped her into his bread basket and handed her in at the commissary door. Once inside Charlene made progress. She competed with 200 other little girls and Producer Wesley Ruggles knew he had found the right child when he saw her. And while Daddy Wyatt still drives the bakery truck, Charlene, because of her beautiful work in her very first picture, is now one of the Paramount family.

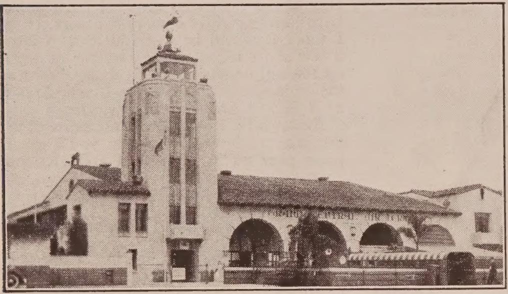
A SHORT WHILE ago Bing Crosby returned from Hawaii and evidently had the time of his life. It was the first time

[*Continued on page* 70]

Those "pixilated" sisters are back again! Remember them in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*—and their contention that all the world was "pixilated" but themselves? Watch for them in *One Man's Bonus.* In real life they're veteran actresses, Margaret Seddon and Mrs. Margaret McWade. They're just now coming into their fame so you see it's never too late. . . .

Gateways to Hollywood

Movieland, a town without a depot or airport, nevertheless handles countless visitors with the finest of facilities



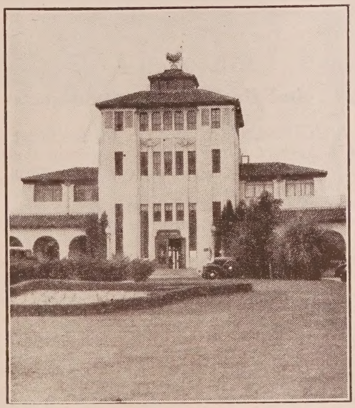
Glendale's Grand Central Air Terminal is one of two modern airports over the hills from Hollywood. The most glamorous city in the world has no depots, airports or docks, yet visitors flock in by land, sea and air!

UNITED AIR LINES
UNITED AIR

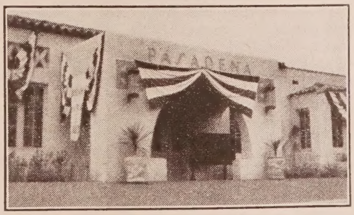
Ralph Bellamy, like many another film star, finds a United Airliner a handy means of travel to New York! A speedy trip to Union Air Terminal in Burbank starts him on his way

If you are planning to connect with one of Southern Pacific's modern, fast trains you can catch it easily at Glendale, northeast of Hollywood, thus avoiding the jam of downtown Los Angeles traffic

George Raft didn't climb aboard a train in Hollywood, for it has no depots. To board the Super-Chief of the Santa Fe, one must dash by car to Pasadena. For the Southern Pacific go to Glendale



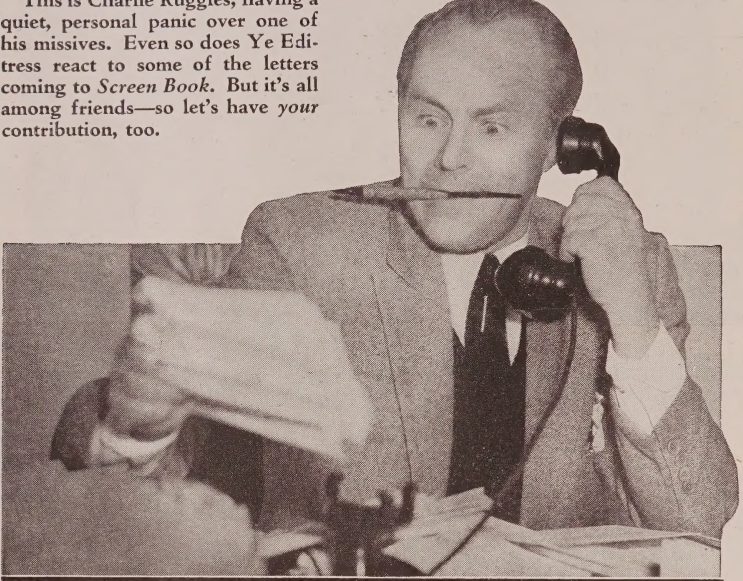
You'll see stars day or night taking to the air at Burbank's Union Air Terminal. While many of them are flying hither and yon, countless others arrive and embark daily via steamers at Los Angeles harbor



The Santa Fe's streamlined trains from New York, Chicago and other points east arrive at this adobe-style depot in Pasadena. The stars usually end the trip by auto to Hollywood, only a few miles away!

LETTER PAGE

This is Charlie Ruggles, having a quiet, personal panic over one of his missives. Even so does Ye Editress react to some of the letters coming to *Screen Book*. But it's all among friends—so let's have *your* contribution, too.



Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, Hollywood, Calif. The first prize letter published each month in this letting-off-steam department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Our only advice is: "keep 'em short!"

$15.00 Letter

He Spanks Trite Newsreels

ON THE whole the newsreels have improved considerably in the last couple of years, inspired, no doubt, by the advent of "The March of Time."

However, they still insist on wasting time and film to give audiences the same old subjects—"Football Season Opens" (pictures of players zig-zagging through old auto tires); "NAVY MANEUVERS" (pictures of warships shooting guns); "West Point Cadets On Parade" (pictures of cadets marching, ending up with the American flag waving in the breeze); bathing beauties, etc., etc.

If we must have these subjects over and over again, why don't the producers just save last year's films and show them over again this year? They're always just alike, anyway, and perhaps the money they saved in this way could be used to secure some really NEWSY news.—*Jerome Davenport, 1458 S. Gordon St. S. W., Atlanta, Ga.*

$10.00 Letter

. . . And He Flogs Short Subjects

AUDIENCE ENEMY No. 1 is the *Short Subject*. Some of them maintain the standard of perfection established in feature films. *The March of Time,* for example, and sports and magazine reviews are outstandingly meritorious, while in the vein of light entertainment the Disney and kindred cartoons are priceless. To one of these, however, how many there are of unfunny comedies, uninteresting jazz-bands with hysterical torch-singers, and dull displays of trained animals disporting with self-conscious human beings!

If the studios' policy is to grind out short subjects as time-killers (an end which they achieve only too easily!), regardless of insult to intelligence and sense of humor of cash customers, we must be resigned and accept them as unnecessary evils; if on the other hand the motto, "Give the public what it wants," is to be taken seriously, some sort of poll should be undertaken to determine the approval or disapproval of output in the short subject field. If producers were then to be honestly guided by the majority vote, absolute elimination of the trite and trashy would most certainly transpire.—*George Wilton, Jr., 1028 Connecticut Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.*

$5.00 Letter

What About Directors?

MANY times we hear people say, "Isn't so-and-so a marvelous actor?" They have given no thought to the work on the part of the man who directed the picture. Directors so rightly deserve the most credit. I think it would be a grand idea to have a few shots taken of the director at work on the set, or sitting at his desk, shown at the beginning of the feature.—*Bonnie States, 3308 E. 60th St., Kansas City, Mo.*

Editor's Note—If you want news of directors and how they work, you'll get it from now on in SCREEN BOOK, too.

$1.00 Letter

The World's Loss

THE movie industry has lost a fine person as well as a great producer, when death robbed them of their "boy-wonder," Mr. Irving Thalberg. There was a young man who deserved a lot of praise but expected little. His name never appeared in the casts of productions, yet he was known throughout the movie capital as a generous kind soul, a devoted husband and father.

His rise from obscurity to millions in a few short years was not a miracle but the work and progress of a master-mind.—*Mrs. Anne Chester, 2070 Emerson St., Denver, Colo.*

Editor's Note—Thalberg explained why his name never appeared on the screen, thus: "Credit is valuable only when it is given you. If you are in a position to give yourself credit, then you do not need it."

$1.00 Letter

Beginning a Campaign . . .

WHAT stars would fans like to see teamed? We've had grand singing teams, romantic and domestic pairs, and dancing twosomes. We've had husbands and wives, ex-wives and husbands and comedians paired. But what stars would fans prefer most to see? Stars who haven't appeared opposite each other as yet.

I'd like to see sophisticated Myrna Loy teamed with virile Gary Cooper. And what a happy pair Clark Gable and Janet Gaynor would make in a gay comedy. Charles Boyer would be an ideal leading man for Ginger Rogers. I feel certain it could be arranged if enough fans desired certain star combinations.—*K. L. Crosby, P. O. Box 4, Springdale, Pa.*

$1.00 Letter

A Wrathful Defense of Bing

SCREEN BOOK is black-listed with me henceforth and forever! To print a letter like that one of Betty Jean Fieldere's is bad enough—but to pay her a dollar for it!! . . . words fail me. Bing Crosby is in pictures because we—his millions of fans—wanted to see as well as hear him. We like him, we like his pictures, we like everything about him. His salary is none of her business—she doesn't pay it. As to his waistline—he never looked better, nor sang better, nor

[*Continued on page* 87]

The PROOF of the PUDDING

By
Joan Davis

Margot grates carrots and potatoes for her pudding

Sift flour, salt and spices together and add to the mixture

Grease mould and pour in mixture until mould is two-thirds full

Place mould on rack in steamer over boiling water

The true Christmas spirit is expressed in Margot Grahame's pudding decorated with candied cherries and citron designs

"IN AS many homes as you eat pudding the twelve days following Christmas, so many joyous months will you have during the year," Margot Grahame quoted from an old English saying as she cut leaves from citron with which to decorate her contribution to the adage. "I make it thirteen days for good measure," she added with a merry twinkle in her sparkling eyes, "and if necessary raid my own cake box to make up the quota for each day."

Sounds as though our Margot was just a bit superstitious, doesn't it? However, she has a recipe that makes one want to eat pudding long after the tree trimmings have been stored away and the thank-you notes are in the mail, so it seems a delightful way to woo Lady Luck.

"Puddings are as much a part of the traditional celebration of Christmas as holly wreaths, sprigs of mistletoe and even Santa himself," the actress continued. "In my home I try to make this festive occasion like a page from Dickens. Remember his appetizing description of the Cratchit family eating their roast goose and apple sauce?

"Many people pride themselves upon being modern, *but I believe this is one time of year when it is up-to-date to be old-fashioned.* Half of my joy comes in hearing the 'Oh's' and 'Ah's' brought forth from my friends by my own fragrant pudding, topped with hard sauce."

Margot's holiday pudding is not only delicious but very inexpensive. Also, it can be made on short notice for an unexpected celebration for which there isn't time to prepare our old standby, a mellowed plum pudding. She brought the recipe from England and the present popularity of her pudding was attained solely on it's own merit. No ballyhoo or publicity campaign was necessary for this delectable concoction to become famous. Originating in the tiny cottages that dot England's countryside, it accidentally fell into the hands (or should we say mouths) of the nobility. Margot tells me that it is now served on tables laid with oilcloth and wooden spoons or is equally at home surrounded by gold flecked crystal, resting majestically on a doily of the finest lace.

Steamed puddings are not difficult to prepare but here are a few fundamental rules that new cooks should know—simple but important. Follow them and you will have a pudding fit for a king!

The water in the steamer must be boiling when your mould is placed about it and it is important that there is enough water so that boiling will not be interrupted. Have boiling water on hand in case you have miscalculated and it is necessary to add more.

Your mould must be well greased to insure a firm and well shaped pudding, and not over [*Continued on page* 100]

What LOVE HAS DONE—

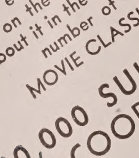
to DICK POWELL and JOAN BLONDELL

With Dan Cupid as director, love promises to give Joan and Dick, Hollywood's famous newly-weds, a new lease on life and a new reason for attaining even greater successes on the screen. Read about it in the January number of MOVIE CLASSIC

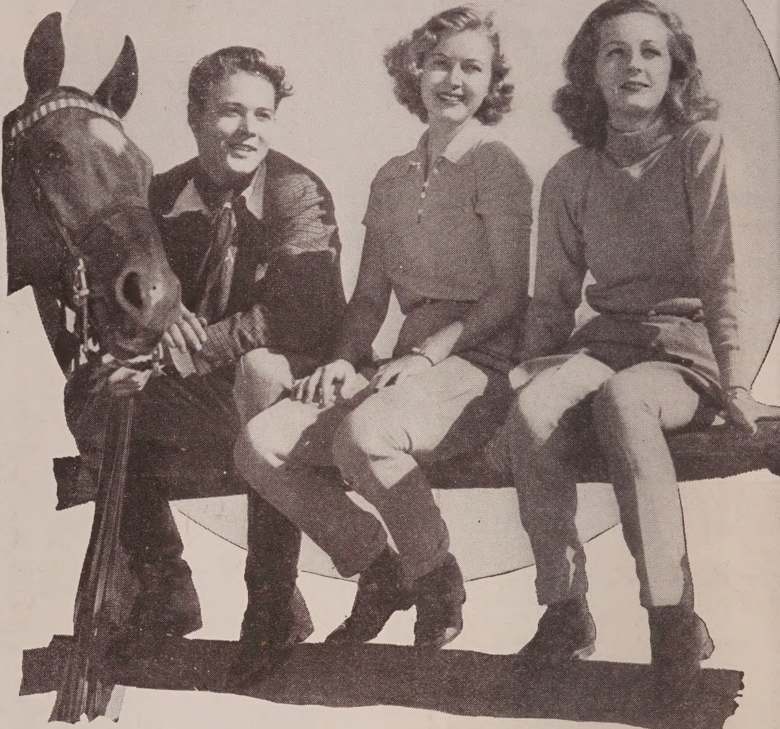
The $5,000,000 SUIT OVER GARY COOPER

Why are the studios engaged in a sensational legal battle over the services of a Montana cowboy who rose from a twenty-five to a five million dollar box office threat? Read the amazing answer in the January issue of MOVIE CLASSIC

ON SALE AT ALL NEWS-STANDS 10c



Our Hollywood FRIVOLITIES!



Here you have one of three horses, a pair of love birds, and a girl who is about to get two sprained fingers. The other two equines wouldn't fit into the picture. The engaged pair are Bill Henry and Grace Durkin. They're house hunting. The girl in the middle is Cecelia Parker. Her horse shied at a gopher—and now Cecelia has a doctor's bill to pay

IT'S almost here and, lest we forget, we'll shake the Hollywood snow (and what snow—confetti) out of our whiskers and wish you a Merry Christmas, right now!

A premature Christmas present has Fred MacMurray out looking for a lot on which to build a house in which to park his gift.

It all started some years ago when Fred was doing all right as an employee of the Malleable Iron Range Company, in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. He did his job so well, in fact, that the company never forgot, and, as an expression of their appreciation, crated up one of their finest, super-de luxe electric models and shipped it to Fred and his new missus

Now, if Fred can find a suitable lot, all he'll have to do is put a foundation under the crate and move in with the stove!

It's that immense!

IDA LUPINO is hoping the New Year will freeze out the jinx that has been riding her ever since September.

First, she sparred around, unsuccessfully, with a pair of ornery tonsils. Then, a tumor on her left heel became infected involving a tricky operation. Able to walk again, Ida sprained her finger. And, before she could throw that last bandage away, her boy friend, Louis Hayward, folded up with a severe attack of pleurisy!

Now, Ida's walking around with a pocket full of rocks, and it's going to be too bad for any black cats that are foolish enough to get within tossing distance!

ROBERT TAYLOR is going to have to get around the best he can without the dilapidated "town car" that he recently rescued from a "fate worse than death" on a local junk pile. After the unappreciative hulk of rusty tin had snapped and kicked at its master in hand-to-hand combat, Director George Cukor had the thing incarcerated in the studio prop department for the duration of the shooting on *Camille.*

"You'd look fine," he told the unhappy Bob, "making love to Garbo with your arm in a sling!"

By the way, how many of you guys and gals know that Bob's original ambition was to be a big league baseball player?

Studio Notes:

Speaking of newcomers, Universal has been testing dozens of young men for important parts in *The Road Back,* sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front.* Dick Hogan and Howard Wilson are two of the unknowns tested for lead parts that might bring them the same fame that came to Lew Ayres and Billy Bakewell as a result of their portrayals in *All Quiet.*

JUST discovered that John Howard is an artist of no mean ability. In fact, the lad has had his paintings displayed at several exhibitions.

Jackie Cooper's got a gurrr-ull! Jackie's got a gurrr-ull! She's little Judy Garland, who practically stole *Pigskin Parade*—a jolly satire on college football

A most surprising revelation about Bob Taylor is that he is quite a family boy and dotes on all those family get-togethers most fellows of his age would deplore. Not long ago his Granny celebrated her eightieth birthday in Nebraska, with the whole family joining in from all over the country. Though Bob was working at the time in *Camille,* he had high hopes of slipping off by plane Saturday evening and returning Monday morning. But at the last moment the studio would not let him go because they were

[*Continued on page* 96]

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs
Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

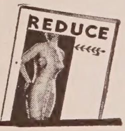
THE SAFE, QUICK METHOD

■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear next to the body.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense . . . Mail the coupon NOW!



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 71, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your

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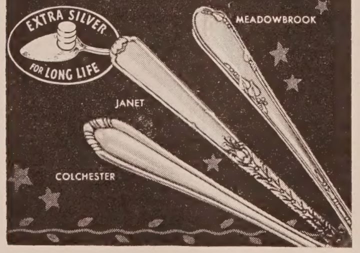
ON THE CHARMING TABLE OF Gloria Stuart

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF THE LOVELY STAR OF 20TH CENTURY FOX

On Hollywood's perfectly appointed tables, charming in every detail, this gorgeous Silverware gleams. And, here is exciting news! . . . With the Quantity Saving ($2.50 or more) a 26-Piece Set, including stainless-blade Hollow Handle Knives, and a smart tarnish-proof Chest, can be yours for only . . . $13.50

1881 ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.



WIN $500.00

It's Easy! It's Fun!

Send in your idea for a trademark—for a brand new picture company

★ ★ ★

Mervyn LeRoy, a little Napoleon of directors, talks with the Napoleon of *Anthony Adverse*, Rollo Lloyd

QUIET, please! The cameras are turning on the first scenes of *The King and the Chorus Girl.* Mervyn LeRoy's first film produced under his own name. (This is the picture which may flash your very own trademark to fame.) There's a special tang of excitement on the set. You catch it in the faces of Joan Blondell, Edward Everett Horton, Ferdinand Gravet, a new face to American theatre-goers, and Lee Dixon, a blonde young chap whose dancing is something to make you swoon with delight.

The sets are extravagantly beautiful. The film is going to cost a pretty penny, but it'll be worth it, if you can judge from LeRoy's success with other pictures he's directed: *Three Men on a Horse, Anthony Adverse, I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang,* and many others. The scintillating script of *The King and the Chorus Girl,* was written by Norman Krasna and Zeppo Marx, two young men who like their fun.

You have until December 20th to get in your idea for the trademark that will be as famous as any of those now flashing before the eyes of all the people on earth who see movies. Your idea may win $50; it may win $250 besides.

Here's how the contest works: the best trademark sent to this magazine, and to *Screen Play, Hollywood, Motion Picture* and *Movie Classic* each will be awarded $50 in cash. These five most original and clever ideas will be judged against each other—and the best of those will win $250 in cash.

As simple as can be is this competition, for you have the whole world of ideas from which to draw. Why, just a glance through the magazine you're reading will reveal to you a number of trademarks which are as familiar to you as the names of your friends. These trademarks are as significant as a man's signature—or as individual as a brand on cattle herds in the open range pastures. They are symbols on which you may rely. When you see a certain trademark you know what you're getting for your money. It denotes a standard of excellence.

And so Mervyn LeRoy wants to find an original and appropriate trademark to attach to his pictures.

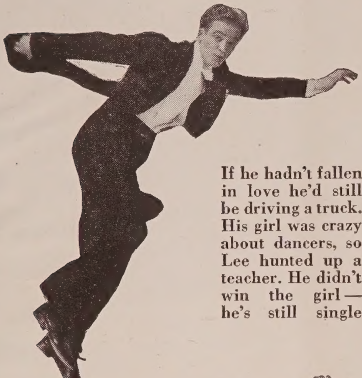
Here's how you can help him: just jot down your suggestion for an emblem that will typify the ideas and aims of this ambitious and successful young man who has worked his way to the top from newsboy, errand runner for stars, wardrobe boy, camera assistant—and now directs some of the stars for whom he ran errands not so many years ago.

You're familiar with other film trademarks: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's roaring lion;

[*Continued on page* 75]

COMING UP!

Lee Dixon, a new dancing star, looms on the horizon



If he hadn't fallen in love he'd still be driving a truck. His girl was crazy about dancers, so Lee hunted up a teacher. He didn't win the girl—he's still single

Watch for him in *Gold Diggers of 1937* and Ruby Keeler's new film, *Ready, Willing and Able*. Lee's real name is Frankie Ryan. He was born in 1914, in Brooklyn

He's a little fellow — just six feet three, weighing 165. But he dances as if he were light as a feather!

WHICH NUMBER WINS FOR YOU?
1
2
3
4
5
BEIGE
RACHEL
DARK BRUNETTE
NATURAL
BRUNETTE

Try Your Luck — and Be Lucky Ever After!

The Right Shade of Face Powder Will Add the Final Touch to Your Personality

By Lady Esther

All women and girls make *up*. But plenty of them need to be *made over!*

Yes, positively. They're hiding the loveliness Nature gave them and quenching the vital spark of personality with a drab, dull, *dead* shade of face powder.

What they need is a shade that flatters, that gives them the young, alive, *vivid* look that never fails to attract.

How sure are *you* that you're using the right shade of face powder? Even if you think you're satisfied—there may be another shade that would create a "you" no one has ever seen before!

You're An Individual, Not A Type!

Don't be old-fashioned and choose your shade by type or coloring. You aren't a type. You're yourself and nobody else. Choose your shade according to which is most *becoming* to you, before your own mirror. And the only way to do this intelligently is to try on all five Basic Shades, one after the other.

So new—so true is this new way of finding your true shade that I offer to prove every word at my expense. I will, therefore, send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays On For 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and how long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more without getting shiny.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (29) FREE

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

Photo News

Betty Grable not only saw the circus from "out front"—but joined the troupers in their dressing tents and worked out with the bareback riders

Myrna Loy and Bill Powell, irrepres sible gagsters, appeared in these gi gantic shoes when Sid Grauman in vited them to impress their hand and foot-prints in the cement forecourt of Hollywood's Chinese Theater

Unimpressed with the $5,000,000 suit Paramount has brought against Sam Goldwyn over Gary's services, Cooper is enjoying his first fencing lessons in preparation for *Souls At Sea.* Here he is with Mrs. Cooper

Returning to Hollywood to film *That Girl From Pari* Lily Pons learned that during her year's absence sh had not been forgotten by the studio's vicious whit cockatoo. She and the bird's regular keeper are th only persons who can handle it without injury. Other have tried but failed to make friends with the bir

MERRY CHRISTMAS
from *Shirley Temple*
and SCREEN BOOK

Henry Fonda's UNIQUE SOCIETY MARRIAGE

By James Reid

It startled the film and social worlds. We'll guarantee you never read about a courtship like this:—it's all mixed up with the zoos of Europe, and such crazy things

HENRY FONDA supposes, with a grin, that he *did* surprise a few people by being so single when he went over to England—and having a bride when he returned.

"I even surprised myself," he says.

Who ever thought that when he did fall in love, he could propose before anyone so much as rumored a romance, whispered of a wedding?

But who ever suspected that he *would* fall in love in a few weeks in Europe, when he hadn't succumbed in a year in Hollywood?

Not Henry. Not the columnists. Not the reporters. Not you.

Yet it happened.

Without warning, there was the headline: "Fonda Engaged"—followed, four weeks later, by the headline: "Fonda Marries Pretty Socialite."

Without warning, he joined the clan of Fred Astaire, Gary Cooper and Randolph Scott, forsaking all others for a society girl.

And the manner of that forsaking was unique, as unique as the Henry Fonda-Frances Brokaw marriage promises to be.

He doesn't say so. Being Henry Fonda, he probably doesn't even think so. But his story speaks for itself.

"YOU know," he begins, stretching out in a chair, conversationally, "all of us grow up haunted by some dream that we had as youngsters. I had one about going to sea. I was born in Nebraska, fifteen hundred miles inland—with sea fever.

Introducing Frances Seymour Brokaw—the new Mrs. Henry Fonda—who has entered into the spirit of blithe madness which distinguishes Hank and his three former house-mates

And there wasn't anything I could do about it. Even after I went East in 1928, and actually sniffed salt air, there still wasn't anything I could do about it, for eight years.

"This is my first trip across. 'So what?' asked a couple of ship news reporters. They wanted to know what I was going to do abroad. 'Make a picture, take in the Olympics, do a little sightseeing.' No headlines in that!

"They tried one more question: When was I going to get married? That got a laugh out of me. 'Gentlemen, the thought furthest from my mind at this moment is marriage . . .'

"I went over to play in *Wings of the Morning* with Annabella, the French star. Did you ever see her? You will! Hollywood will be wanting her, but I don't know if it will get her. She's married very happily to a French actor. This is her first English-speaking picture.

"It's also the first English color film. And if I had been making any other picture, I wouldn't be married now. I wouldn't have met Frances.

"She was a friend of Sidney Kent, the president of *20th Century-Fox,* who in turn was a friend of Bob Kane, producer of the picture. Kent wired Bob to show her a good time while she was in England. And Bob tried to oblige.

"ONE of the things we did was to rent a motor launch for a picnic on the Thames, on one of the two Sundays when we didn't have to work. Eighty per cent of the picture was filmed outdoors, and the weather was so changeable—and they took so much time out for tea!—that we usually worked all the days of the week.

"There were only eight of us in the party. The Bob Kanes, the Nunnally Johnsons, Harold Schuster (the director), the writer on the picture, Frances and I. We met then for the first time.

"I didn't know anything about *her,* and she didn't know who *I* was—had never seen me in a picture. And we didn't wax curious. We never expected to meet again.

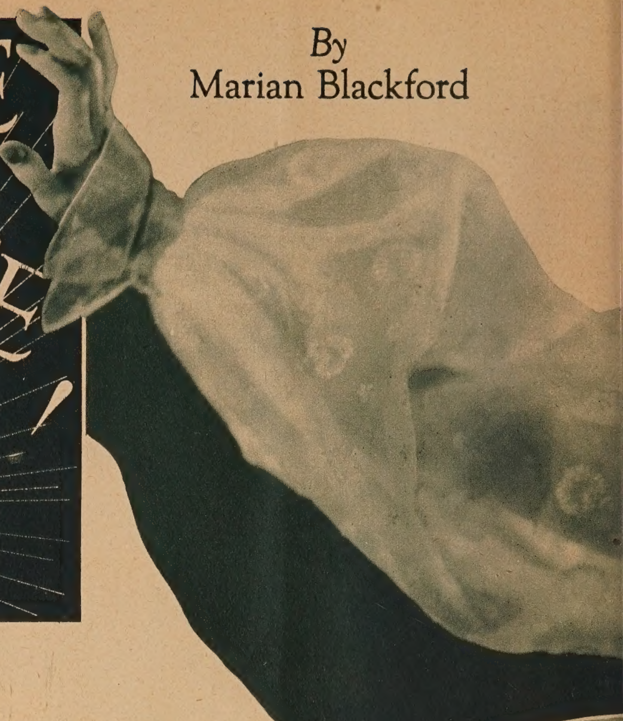
"We didn't find out much about each other, but we found out all about boating on the Thames.

[*Continued on page* 88]

Nothing sillier has ever been photographed than the movie the Fondas and James Stewart are filming. Jimmie plays all the characters: the wronged girl, the indignant father, the giggling mother, etc., etc. Here he is as a down-trodden Fuller brushman—as photographed by Hank

BLONDE DYNAMITE!

By
Marian Blackford



Jean Arthur is five feet, three inches tall, weighs 110 pounds. Her first ambition was to become a tight-rope walker. Instead, she became a photographer's model. She was born one August 27 in New York City. She has two big brothers. An early marriage to Julius Ancker was annulled. She wed Frank Ross, New York business man, in 1932. As often as he can leave his business, he visits her in Hollywood. And she spends all of her vacations in New York with him. They're blissfully happy.

HOLLYWOOD has had its "Temperament Champions" of the past. And, being what it is, I suppose Hollywood'll *always* have 'em.

Pola Negri, one of the most cyclonic temperamentertainers of them all, could go into days-long tornadoes over whether she or Gloria Swanson liked or hated (I forget exactly which) cats the more.

And there was Maria Korda, whose pet trick in a temperamental rage was to beat the director on the breast pocket—because she knew that's where he carried his three-for-a-dollar cigars.

Right now, there's Jean Arthur.

There are a lot of people in Hollywood at this moment who are all for bestowing on Jean the title of Current Temperament Champ of Movieland. They tell tall tales of her outbursts—both on and off set. Some of them are true. But all the same, I'd hardly go so far—yet—as to crown Jean today's title-holder.

She *is* a contestant for the—er—honors. But there are others; oh, there are others. I rather lean toward those who are content with dubbing Jean "blonde dynamite."

"Blonde dynamite" is the much more apt designation. Because Jean and dynamite have so many points in common:

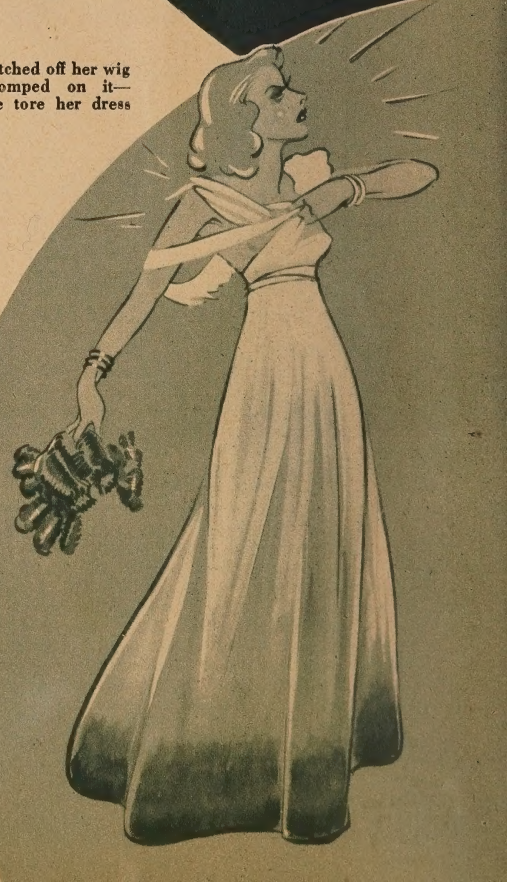
Both, for instance, are hard to handle. But if you know how, it's a cinch.

Jolt or jar a stick of dynamite, and WHAM!!!—off it goes. Jean is like that.

But handle dynamite gently and carefully and with knowledge, and it's harmless as a kitten. More than that, it's tremendously useful. Jean is like that, too.

Expert "powder men" take a live stick of dynamite, touch a flame to it, and hold it safely in the palms of their hands the while it burns with a brilliant, clear flame. And no explosion.

That's exactly what Cecil B. DeMille has done with Jean Arthur. Handled her like the dynamite she is, but he handled her right. Cecil, out of twenty years of experience with various items of Hollywood dynamite; knows how. And so Cecil has touched Jean with the flame of his own genius, and Jean, in the rôle of Calamity Jane in *The Plainsman,* is brilliantly



She snatched off her wig and stomped on it—and she tore her dress

Jean Arthur is as explosive as TNT and as hard to handle. Yet . . .

blazing with a bright, clear performance—without temperamental explosions. Or, maybe—well, I'll tell you about that, later on in this story.

BUT other directors haven't done so well. They've jarred Jean, or allowed someone else to jar her. And WHAM! came the blast.

Like the day out at Universal, when Jean didn't like the wig they'd furnished her to wear. She said so. Somebody told her she'd have to wear it anyway. Then Jean blew up. She tore off the wig, slammed it down on the floor, and stomped on it.

Director Eddie Sutherland erred. He told her the wig was all right. That settled it! "I don't like this dress, either," exclaimed Jean, and hunched her shoulders forward, whereat Z-I-P went the dress up the back. Then Jean strode off the stage into her dressing room.

After a while, they fixed the wig, and they fixed the dress. And Jean, having exploded, was agreeable. And they went ahead and made their movie. And that was that.

THERE was another time at Columbia, when Jean exploded. She walked right off the set in the middle of production, and told the world she'd never come back. But Jean, say this for her, is fair. She cools off—just like the after effects of a dynamite blast. And she realized that she'd been hasty *or something*! So she came back—and in contrition, she distributed gurgling gifts, so that a nip of Scotch here and there soothed ruffled feelings.

From things like that, and other occurrences, Jean has gotten the reputation of being the hardest star of all to handle. If you believe half the tales you hear about her, you'll imagine she's nothing but a hard-boiled virago, or a spoiled brat, with more temper than ability, and more temperament than amiability, and no redeeming features at all. But that isn't so. That is not only untrue, but cruel as well.

The truth is this—Jean Arthur is probably the hardest-working, most ambitious, most sincerely earnest star in pictures today. At the same time, she's a terrifically high-strung, nervous creature. She functions under a great nervous tension, and so, whatever she does or thinks or feels, she does it in extremes. Jean Arthur takes nothing lightly. A something that would mean no more than an off-hand shoulder-shrug to most people appears to be a tragedy to Jean. A word of chiding on the set, something going wrong when she doesn't want it to—something that'd draw a [*Continued on page* 91]

Illustration by Bruno

Frank Ross and his beautiful actress-wife, Jean Arthur, are seldom photographed together. Here they are at the races, with Betty Furness Watch for Jean's new films: *The Plainsman* and *Help Wanted, Female*

YOU NEVER KNOW IN HOLLYWOOD

By Sada Cowan

An intimate short story of Cinema Center with an O. Henry touch

SCHOOL girls wrote for her photograph. Whenever she appeared at the Brown Derby, the Biltmore, or any other public place, she was swarmed with autograph collectors, begging her to write her name on their caps, their sweaters, or in the little books they carried for the purpose.

Her fan mail was so enormous it required three secretaries to take care of it. And her salary was said to be the largest received by any motion picture star.

She never granted interviews and this but added to her mystery, and her mystery was her greatest allure.

Some people said she did not grant interviews because she spoke English so badly. But this, of course, made no difference on the shadow screen in the days of silent pictures when the films were like good children who made themselves seen but not heard.

Month in and month out her pictures were consistently good. The Prudential studio felt that it had a gold mine in Rita Revelle, the ravishing brunette, and they put her on a two-year straight contract with three-year options.

Then came the "talkies" and her strong foreign accent was impossible to understand.

"What are we going to do with her?" said the Men Higher Up.

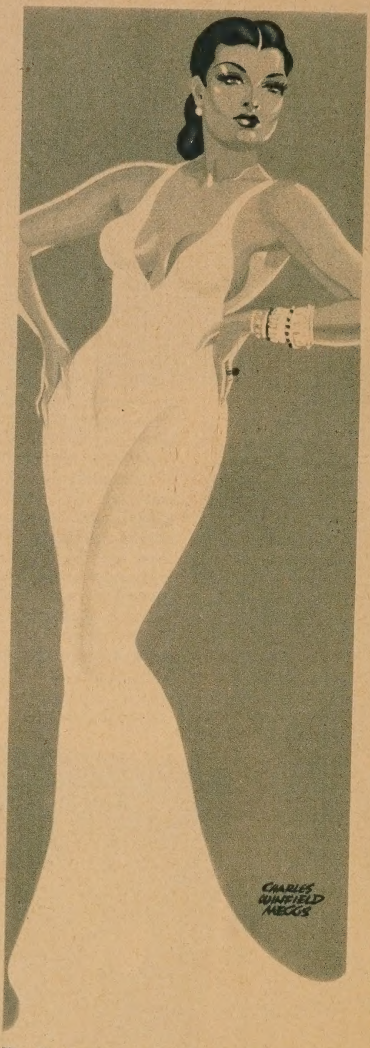
Much shoulder shrugging, much gesticulating with the hands. Nobody knew. "Guess it would be cheaper to buy off her contract than to make the pictures."

"Oi . . . oi . . . oi . . . oi!" To buy that contract! What a sum of money that would cost!

But the Good Angel of Dumb Officials helped them out of their difficulty.

Through some carelessness—carelessness being a part of the daily routine of the Prudential studio—they found that if the option on Rita Ravelle's contract was not taken up by a certain date, that the option automatically expired. And, thanks to All the Powers that Be, the date had slipped by unnoticed and the contract had never been renewed.

So the Prudential Studio could be rid of its expensive star with her strong foreign accent, nor would they be a penny out of pocket.



The Prudential Studios felt that it had a gold mine in Rita Ravelle, the ravishing brunette

ONLY Rita Ravelle would be the poorer. And as she stood in the dressing room of her studio bungalow—built expressly for her and at great cost—she wept bitterly. Something had to be done about it. But what?

Being of a temperament which fights hardest when it is down, she refused to be beaten. All that day, her lapsed contract on the seat beside her, she dashed to and fro in her smart roadster, up canyon and down to Santa Monica—Malibu and back, riding—riding, regardless of traffic signals and waving wigwags. Thinking—thinking—what could be done?

Desperate, tired, and heart-sick she went to bed that night in her spacious Bel-Air home, and in the darkness faced the situation.

Like many another star who had squandered as she had earned, she had little ready money to her credit. Counting on her popularity to last she had never thought ahead of the moment's need. Each month paid a large portion of the mortgage on the estate—but now, she would lose everything—her home, her car—everything. With her income cut off and her purpose in life taken from her, life looked drear and blank. Somehow, the loss of her work seemed infinitely worse to her than the loss of its reward. She loved to act. She loved her fan mail, the adulation of her public.

Without these things life was not worth living. But what to do?

"That's what I get for being a fool," she said to herself in the darkness. "I ought to have told those hicks the truth; that I was born in Oklahoma and talk better English than they do."

But she couldn't tell the truth now. No, she couldn't. Her whole publicity had been built upon the fact that she was Poland's most dramatic actress, lured to this country at great expense. People loved her because she was different. Her stories dared to do those things which would have been censored in an American star. No, she could not keep her hold upon the public and drop her foreign rôle. But what to do?

THE clock struck one—two—three. Still she lay open-eyed.

Until, all at once the questioning ceased and in its place was an answer.

Then she got out of bed, slipped her feet into befeathered mules, put on a negligée—which nobody could possibly believe a person would wear except in a motion picture—went to the telephone and called Western Union, sending out a summons for help to a cousin named Gertrude Maloney, who lived in Oklahoma.

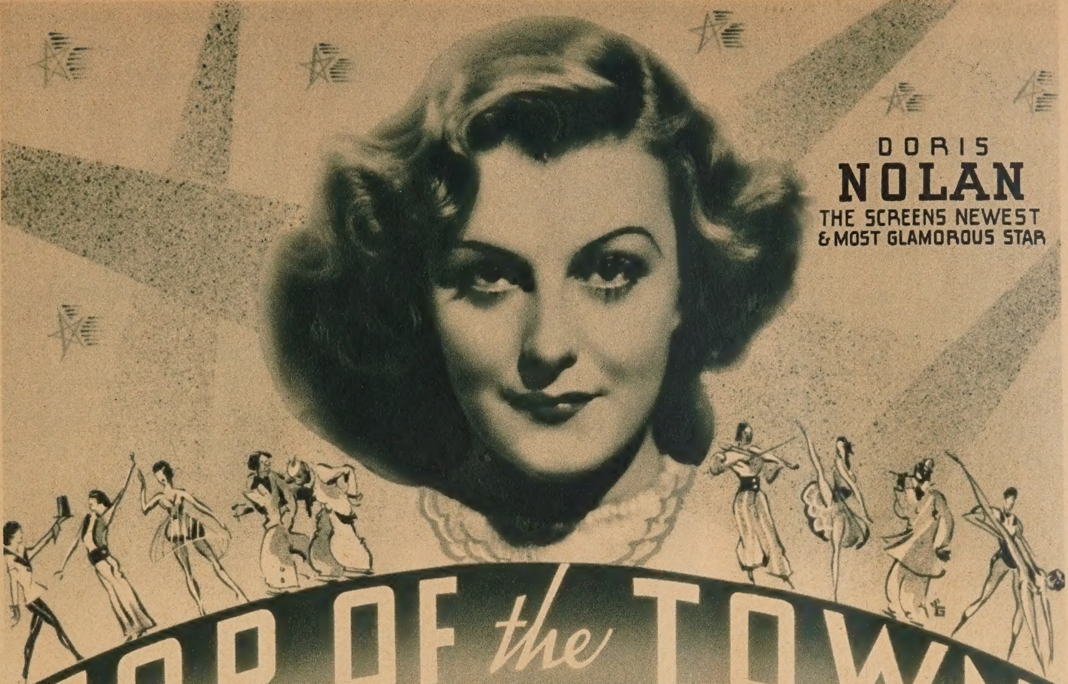
Now, in all her life, this cousin had never done a thing, except wash dishes, darn socks, and recite poems. But thanks to her, four months later Rita Ravelle was back at work in the Prudential Studio at a salary almost doubling her former one, and her fan mail tripled.

People never tired of writing to her, complimenting her upon her ability to master the English language, and praised the patience and study, the diligent concentration she must have given, in order to accomplish such a miracle in the short space of four months.

For Rita Ravelle's first "talkie" was absolutely pure English (strangely pure for Oklahoma!) without a trace of that foreign accent.

And Gertrude Maloney's school of Voice Culture—known as Madame Belford's—made her a fortune in the first year.

For, if she could work a miracle like that on a Polish actress who could barely speak a word of English, what could she NOT do for one American born?



DORIS
NOLAN
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

TOP OF *the* TOWN

THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!
LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN
The new fan topic of the nation!

GEORGE MURPHY
Broadway's greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT
GREGORY RATOFF
HENRY ARMETTA
Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN
Radio's greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN
Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS
They're nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN
Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD O. SMITH
Where fun is—there he is!

JACK SMART
Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER
Remember the gorilla man of "My Man Godfrey"?

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS
"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"
"There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS
By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY
By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson, Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR
Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS
By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and wardrobe creator!

DANCES
By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New York Music Hall Rockettes!

LOU BROCK, *Associate Producer*

THE *NEW* UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

It doesn't matter if you weren't *born* beautiful. If you're smart you can put the beauties in the shade

"BEAUTY isn't important!"

This is a startling statement for a screen star to make. Particularly, such a star as Joan Crawford.

Thousands upon thousands of girls wish they could be "beautiful like Joan Crawford." They write to tell her so. They beg for her beauty secrets.

Cosmeticians constantly cite her as the star who has made the greatest progress in the art of being beautiful.

And what does Joan say?

"I don't think any girl should ever say, 'Oh, I wish I could be beautiful, like the movie stars.' We're not beautiful. I don't know a single star who thinks of herself as a beauty. Heaven knows *I'm* not beautiful.

"Perfection of feature is a rare, very rare gift of the gods. Either you have it when you are born, or you never have it. The sooner a girl stops regretting her features, and takes advantage of them, the sooner she will have something more important than beauty. She will have individuality. She will have personality

"Beauty

A face that's "alive" with personality doesn't need a frame of expensive clothes to make it worth looking at. Left, Joan with hair tucked up, sloppy smock and clumsy wooden sabots still is attractive. It's a scene (with Franchot Tone) from *Love on the Run*. Joan knows that it doesn't take money to improve oneself—only effort! Join a dancing class to develop grace and poise. Join a drama class so you'll learn to speak well with a good voice —without self-consciousness. Cultivate an ability to see life humorously— and let it show in your conversation. Those are a few tips. . . .

This is Joan when she first came to Hollywood

in her face. That is one of the most valuable lessons I have learned—after a vast amount of trial and error.

"I'm not implying that a girl shouldn't try to be attractive. That is something that every girl can be. But I do say that she shouldn't cry about not being beautiful, if she isn't. You can never be attractive to others if you aren't attractive to yourself . . ."

JOAN CRAWFORD isn't so far along the Glory Road that she has forgotten the days when she had few illusions about her face. Let's go back to the days before she ever got her start—when she was at Stevens College, waiting on table to pay for her room and board:

"My mirror never went so far as to tell me that I was 'downright homely'; but it never said, either, that I was 'pretty.' Of all the dreams that I had, being beautiful wasn't one of them.

"Even in my girlhood it was very hard for me to make friends. I wanted so terribly to be liked, and was so horribly afraid that I wouldn't be. I was so self-conscious about my appearance. I couldn't afford the clothes that the other girls wore, or the visits to the hairdressers that they could, or the cosmetics.

"Once, I set out to run away from it all. The dean persuaded me to come back. I never ran away again, from anything . . . I stopped brooding. I didn't give myself time. I developed new interests, interests outside myself. I kept adding to them. I never let up telling myself, 'You're going to *be* something some day—even if you don't look it, now. You've got something in you more important than looks.'

"I built up a defense mechanism about my appearance. I lashed my dreams into becoming ambitions. I'm still doing that, I guess . . . But those agonies of self-consciousness that I tried to forget have colored my whole life since. They have been responsible for all the experimenting I have done. I've never outgrown that tremendous longing to have people like me—that fear that they won't."

If she had had less intense a longing to be liked, you would not have seen Joan Crawford experiment as she has experimented, or develop as she has developed. She has never taken popularity for granted, or her attractiveness for granted, and she probably never will.

That is more important than the fact that she *is* popular . . . and attractive . . .

"The first time I saw myself on the screen, I was scared to death. It was a shock to me. I had never been actually discouraged about my face before—but I was then. I took I-don't-know-how-many make-up tests, trying to see if *something* couldn't be done.

"I suppose I could have saved myself considerable trouble, if I had drawn make-up changes on photographs of myself, studying the effects. Others have done that. But I had to experiment in person, had

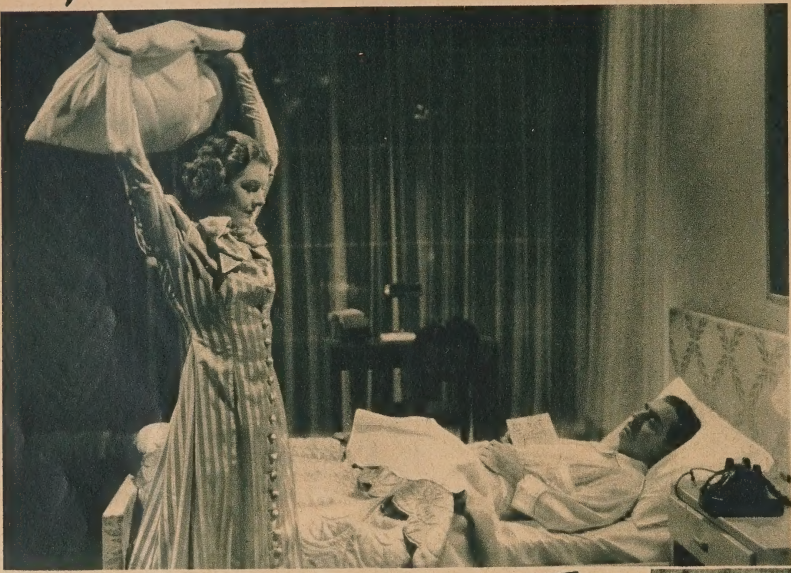
[*Continued on page* 81]

ISN'T IMPORTANT—"

Says JOAN CRAWFORD to Carol Craig

Franchot, Joan and Clark Gable sing "Comin' Round the Mountain" in *Love on the Run.* Franchot and Joan are on top of the world, so far as their careers go. But they're plugging right along the "self-improvement" route—taking singing lessons, studying current history, practicing dancing daily

Scoop! Candid Cameraman Catches FAMOUS STARS At WORK!



And here's what your photo sleuth found on the set where *After the Thin Man* is filming

—Fawcett Photos by Rhodes

Above: Myrna Loy goes into action on her screen husband, Bill Powell, proving that she doesn't believe in signs. And, below, Bill demonstrates how he coaxes the ladies (Elissa Landi and Dorothy McNulty) out of their tantrums

Right: Director W. S. Van Dyke calls the cast together. "C'mon, kids, let's talk this thing over." His kids are Elissa Landi, Joseph Calleia, Myrna Loy, Bill Powell looking very tch, tch, Sam Levene, Dorothy McNulty, James Stewart and Jessie Ralph. Van Dyke works his players with machine-gun rapidity—and they love it!

Above: Sam Levene, as a hard-boiled detective, is talked down by Jessie Ralph. Right, above: So Van Dyke steps in and shows Sam how vociferous he must be to shout down and intimidate a lady

Above: Bill Powell goes through the motions—but muffs his speech. "Drat," says Jessie. "Better go learn those lines." Below: Bill goes into a huddle with Florence Thomas, Van Dyke's indispensable secretary. She, incidentally, is a good match for Bill's wit

GOING HOLLYWOOD

With HARRY HAMMOND BEALL

SINCE taking over the post of editor of SCREEN BOOK, *I have seen four outstanding productions, two brand new, two not so new.*

For several years I haven't been "Hollywooding"; in other words the trusty typewriter that used to chronicle cinematic climaxes has been clicking away on more or less sordid commercial subjects, political issues and certain other unexciting exploitations.

But now this Royal literary juggernaut, well lubricated with "oil from the lamps of Hollywood," is champing at the bit, (why not mix metaphors as well as cocktails?) "rarin" to go places and see pictures. It will be our job to tell you about those we like, but remember, like our old friend, Dana Sleeth of the Pacific Northwest christened his column, this is just "One Man's Opinion."

WARNER BROTHERS have scored again with The Charge of The Light Brigade. *What a production! The actual charge is the thrill of thrills. And if Errol Flynn doesn't crowd Robert Taylor and Clark Gable for first honors in the hearts of the American girls I miss my guess. I am proud of my old friend, Hal Wallis, the producer. Another publicity man who has reached the top.*

SAMUEL GOLDWYN of recent years has been sponsoring pictures that have an indefinable something to them reflecting a distinct personality, lifting them far above the ordinary level. I can't put my finger on just what it is, but it's there, and we'll let it go at that.

At any rate, he's done it again with Come and Get It *from Edna Ferber's story of the logging camps. It's the triumph of Edward Arnold's career, in my opinion. And Mrs. Arnold's boy Eddie has had some mighty big roles in the last two years. Remember* Diamond Jim Brady?

Come And Get It *should lift Frances Farmer to actual stardom. I've only seen her before in* Rhythm on The Range *with Bing Crosby and Bob Burns, and while her acting was satisfactory there, she attains real dramatic heights in the Goldwyn epic. Of course, she has greater emotional opportunity as the dance hall queen. But watch her smoke, if she is properly cast. And what a characterization Walter Brennan gives to Swan, the Swede.*

TO DOUBLE back to Rhythm on The Range, *let me say that I'm sort of an old meanie so far as filmusicals are concerned, but I had heard so much about Martha Raye and Bob Burns and seen neither that I hunted up a tiny downtown bandbox theater to catch the Paramount cowboy comedy. It was worth parking my not-so-frail 185-pound body in the tiny seat of the remodeled nickelodeon, and trying to ignore the hunch that the neighbor on my left had not bathed in Shalimar, nor was the lady on my right saturated with Guerlain's Nuit de Noel. I join with others who say that Bob Burns looks like the logical successor to the beloved Will Rogers, and as for Martha Raye, she wows me.*

I felt that a movie editor should discover who the Ritz brothers were, what for and why, so I went on a still hunt for Sing, Baby, Sing. *In a Los Angeles suburb I found it. Has Darryl Francis Zanuck, the brainy boy producer of* 20th Century-Fox *put on a show? He has! To me it's the tops, and the Ritz brothers the toppers.*

It's going to make me look with a much kindlier eye on musical comedies of the movies in the future, but maybe nobody cares.

But next month we won't be mixing the "newies" and the "oldies" of the movies. See you in February.

The GREEKS Had a WORD for Him!

By
Mark Conroy

A delightful and amusing yarn about Bing Crosby, who knows a few of the answers, himself

This is how Bing *might* have looked when he almost broke up the season's most serious play

I KNEW that next play was coming over my position. I could feel it in my bones. I set myself for the crash I was sure would come.

It did.

I played off the end and started for the quarterback who was carrying the ball. I didn't reach him. Suddenly I was on the ground and the play had gone past. I looked up at the man who had smacked me. It was a halfback named Crosby. His friends all called him Bing. That was our introduction.

We were both attending the high school division of Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. We were new in the school and had never met before.

I figured it would be smart to be friends with a guy who could hit like that. It was easy to do. He was a carefree, happy-go-lucky, amiable cuss.

OF COURSE, there was his voice. Music was never my strong suit, but there was that quality in his singing which made you enter into the spirit of the song. For instance if he sang the "Marseillaise" it made you wish you were a Frog. If it were "Silent Night" you'd wish Christmas would hurry up and come, or if it were a romantic song you'd dreamily watch girls walk down the street.

But as much as I enjoyed those songs, I liked their effect on Bill Toner better. You see, Bill was clerk in the candy store near school and it was worth a candy bar a song to him to hear Bing sing.

When we were broke, which was the case with amazing frequency, we took Bing to the store and got him to sing until he turned blue, while we contentedly munched the candy bars enthralled Bill Toner put out.

At that, Bill wasn't such an easy mark as some of us—particularly Bing—thought. He was getting for a nickel's worth of candy, what would now cost him $500, $1,000, maybe more. And by gosh, Bing's voice was almost as good then.

But in addition to his singing, Bing was always a swell companion. He seemed to have no fear of teachers and, although a good student, did whatever

[*Continued on page 76*]

'Raye FOR OUR SIDE!

By
Katharine
Hartley

THINK of the most nonsensical female you ever knew, double it, add eight, divide by two and you've still got—Martha Raye! Not since Jack Oakie hit Hollywood has the town buzzed with so many curious capers, so many asinine antics and idiotic idioms as those Martha brought in with her on The Chief some six or seven months ago. Hers is a new kind of humor, a new kind of pep, and above all, a new kind of language. "Oh, boy! yeah, ma'am!" It takes a while to get on to it.

You meet her on the lot. She takes one look at your new dress, your fresh-from-the-beauty-parlor coiffure . . . she gives you a double take (picture parlance for "looks at you twice"), then shouts at the top of her lungs—and she not only has lungs but something to shout through, too—

"Boy, honey, you sure are dreamin' it up pretty! Who's the new snooky? Carryin' on like mad, ain'tcha? Come on up and see the new diggin's. Got my new couch and just wait till you get an iris-full of my draperies. 'I'm an old ci-owhand . . . I'm an old ci-owhand'—" that's the Raye voice singing now "—'from the Rio Grande.' Did I tell you I got a snooky of my own? Boy, is he a honey! 'Ci-owhand!' Hi, there, Cary . . . what do you hear from the mob? See him? That was Cary Grant . . . nice fellow. I always ask him what he's heard from the mob. Oh, you know! Mob . . . fans . . . get it?

"Well, here we are! Raye's own little room! Now isn't this cooked up pretty? Lookit those drapes, get a load of that couch. And the pictures in frames to match. For Raye they did that . . . all for Raye! They call it a dressing room but I could live here—couldn't you? Sit down. Take off your shoes. Gee, you know what—I'm kinda happy here! Know something else? I'm kinda outta gas and oil. Whew! I guess I'll rest a spell . . ."

And for a moment, luckily, my good friends, for a moment the engine is turned off. There is only the soft purr of an emery board as Martha files her nails.

SO THERE she sits . . . Martha Raye . . . the great comedy sensation of the year . . . hit of *Rhythm on the Range* and *The Big Broadcast* . . . in a pair of red shorts, her back to her dressing table mirror, manicuring her nails.

Now there are three things wrong with that picture as far as Hollywood standards are concerned. First, no star should go around in red shorts—they're too brazenly conspicuous. Second, no star ever sits with her back to a mirror where she can't occasionally get a cheering look at herself. And, third, no star ever files her nails in the presence of a press-member. But there you have it in a pea-pod. The things that are wrong with the

Martha Raye's always good for a laugh, you say. But probe a little deeper—and you find something you never would suspect!

picture are exactly what's right about Raye. You simply can't find anything about her that can be judged by Hollywood standards.

Her face, for example. You'd think it would break a camera, but it's more adept in breaking box office records. Her figure. It hops around too much, and is completely out of proportion. Her voice. It's loud enough to blast a microphone in two, but you hear about it all over town. Her humor. It's raucous and hoydenish, the kind you'd expect to hear only in two-bit vaudeville shows, but Paramount wouldn't sell it now for a million dollars. And so it goes . . . all very confusing, all very Aladdin-ish . . . not only to you and me, but especially to Martha.

Like most of us Martha, too, always thought Beauty and Glamour were the only Open Sesames to fame in the movies. And therein lies the tear behind the laugh in her story.

But on the surface she gives you only the laugh . . . in her usual flip and free manner. It's only by reading between the lines that you get her real story, the bleakness and bareness of her childhood . . . the hurt she suffered because she was not pretty, not pampered or spoiled. The dreams she dreamed of such simple things as just going to school. For three weeks only, in all her lifetime, did she know what it was to lead a normal child life—behind a desk, books under her arms, playmates all around her. She never went to a dance, never had a sweet-sixteen beau. She never knew anything but work! . . . get the laughs! . . . be on time for the show! Yet to hear her tell it you'd think it was all she ever wanted of life. It's part of her bravado, her aegis against the disappointments of the world. And, like an old dress that's at least comfortable, she finds it hard to discard.

"Sure," she said, "we almost starved a couple of times. Yeah, ma'am, you hit that one right on the head. Why we were all so hungry once they cut my hair on account of it. Oh, you know, 'cause long hair sometimes stunts a kid's growth—and mine was so long if I'd a bent over I coulda played hop-skotch on it—which was all right when there were rations, but no rations and all hair makes Martha a little girl. So they cut it. It was just as well, though, 'cause it always got in my way playing Cops and Robbers. And once I sorta lost a big hunk of it when a policeman sneaked up behind my brother and me after we'd knocked over a lamp post. He got part of my dress, too. And it was a new one. Mama had just made it for the act. Gee, did she carry on like mad—worryin' about a frill or two and me nearly scalped. But so it goes, so it goes.

Martha Raye has attended school only three weeks in her life! She's worked in vaudeville since she was three. So hungry did she grow for companionship of children, she often sneaked into the audience, just to sit beside another child. From observing women in night clubs where she worked, Martha got material for her amazingly real "drunk" characterization seen in *Rhythm on the Range*. She wanted to be a romantic actress, and suffered a terrible blow when told she wasn't pretty!

"Oh, Buddie and I had slipped out between shows to an empty lot that was back of the theatre, where we met some other kids from the show. We were always playing in back lots somewhere—Tappy on the Ice Box, or baseball, only this evening it was something more ferocious, I guess, 'cause anyway we knocked a lamp post down, and boy, oh, boy, did two policemen get there in a hurry! They finally caught us. We thought maybe we could bribe them to let us go, by fixing it so they could see the show free, but they said no, they'd rather see our parents. Finally we persuaded them to see the show first and our parents afterward, on account of there might not be any show—or at least we might not be in it—if Mama and Papa heard about the lamp post first. See, we had a family act, Reid and Hooper. Oh, you know, just one of those 'Now it's your turn, now mine, now it's his, now hers acts.' Well, I guess Buddie and I never worked so hard in our life as we did that night. We played the whole act right to those brass buttons in the third row. And I guess we touched them all right because that's the last we ever saw of them. Gee, we were lucky. We learned our lesson, too . . . only played simple games like soccer and Run Sheep Run after that.

"YES, I guess I was always sort of a tomboy. See, there never were many little girls around the theatre, and if we did meet other little girls outside their mothers would always warn them against playing with 'those actor children.' Sometimes though, after our act, Buddie and I used to go out front and sit alongside kids who were in the theatre and get to talking to them that way. And we'd try to make friends with them by passing them in the next day free. The ticket taker at the door usually let us bring as many kids in as we wanted, and of course one kid would tell another, and he'd tell a third and so on, and sometimes when we met them outside it looked like a school children's convention. But we didn't mind . . . it was really the most fun we ever had.

"It's funny . . . I guess they thought Buddie and I were sort of lucky to be on the stage. We had glamour for them, I guess, but you can't imagine how much more envious we were of them. Their fathers usually had jobs all year around. We never knew when we'd be laid off.

[*Continued on page* 101]

STAR by Accident!

One in a Million—that's the title of Don Ameche's newest film. Here he is as imagined by the millions of radio listeners to his weekly broadcast

Don Ameche—a romantic young man with a truly dramatic life story

By Jerry Lane

"HOLLYWOOD calling," announced the operator.

Don swallowed hard. "Uh—Hollywood?" he said the way you say, "Uh—the moon?"

Maybe he was asleep. People often hear Hollywood calling in their dreams. Maybe—But the voice at the other end broke through reassuringly brisk and business-like. "Hello, Don Ameche? How soon can you get out here? Twentieth Century-Fox has a spot for you in *Sins of Man.* Can you make it by next week?" There was more. There was something about a contract with options . . . but Don had heard enough. "I'll be there," he said.

That's the way things happen to him. Quiet like. With the pale gesture of a battleship ploughing into a typhoon!

Look at him now. The Heart Interest of all those *Ladies in Love*! Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon.

On May 31, 1909, the Ameches' third child was born—under a lucky star—in prosaic Kenosha, Wisconsin. The true family name is "Amici."

Dominick they called him. In time, seven brothers and sisters shortened it to "Dom" and then "Don." And Don it remained.

Don proposed to Honore in the charity ward of a hospital—over the bed of a little orphan boy they planned to adopt

If you want a recipe for lusty happiness get a family of young Italian-Americans, place them in the picturesque setting of Wisconsin—and watch. The Ameches rode rampant through the woods, dragged home Christmas trees, fished in streams—and protested violently when it was time to go away to school. But Barbara and Felix Ameche had ideas for their children. And they could afford to indulge those ideas. At eleven Don found himself at St. Birchman's academy in Dubuque.

For a Headmaster, he thought, Father Sheehy was pretty regular. Hadn't he changed that girl's part to a boy's for Don in *Captain Applejack*? It was Don's initial stage début—and it was only fairish. He didn't like the stage. He didn't like wigs. He thought he'd be a fireman.

HE WAS fifteen when IT happened. LOVE. . . .

One Sunday Father Sheehy took him to the Prendergast home to dine. Don had never been there before. There were a couple of boys older than himself. And there was a girl his own age. Her hair was the color of sunlight on golden maples and it formed a sort of halo around her head. "This," Father Sheehy was saying, "is Honore."

In that instant he lost his heart.

They went together for three years, the tall dark boy and the very blond little girl. Every Saturday afternoon, the one time Don could get away from school, they went to a tea dance at Dubuque's smart hotel. "Some day we'll marry," they said matter-of-factly. But graduation came first. And with it, husky-voiced promises to each other—and parting.

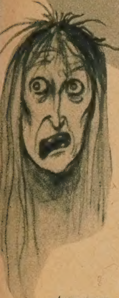
[*Continued on page 94*]

Adventure in an INSANE ASYLUM

By *Binnie Barnes*

As told to
Whitney
Williams

A night of horror —in which she almost lost her life —is seared on Binnie's memory



IN A COMMUNITY where color is the first requisite to fame, and extraordinary pasts the order of the day, Binnie Barnes easily walks away with all honors for strange and unusual experiences. For the adventures she has undergone make those of other feminine favorites of the films pale into insignificance.

Take, for instance, the episode of the insane asylum.

"I was nearly killed by a lunatic, once, when I was in the insane asylum."

Gentleman-like, I tried not to stare at my companion. I said, very politely, "When did you get out?"

She smiled . . . that infectious smile so wonderful to look at, that made her a favorite on the English stage and that in one sense was responsible for her coming to America.

"I wasn't there as a patient.

"It happened before I went on the stage. I had an idea that nursing appealed to me, so I decided to become a nurse.

"In England, the probationers, as they call student nurses, have to take a very rigid course of training at hospitals, as they do elsewhere in the world, I fancy . . . and I drew an insane asylum for my proving ground. I lived there nearly six months.

"At the time, I considered myself very lucky, for in taking my training in an asylum I was allowed two nights a week to myself and didn't have to be in until twelve. In ordinary hospitals, the girls had but one night off and couldn't check in later than ten o'clock. So I complimented myself on what I thought my fortunate break.

"As a nurse, I had to spend part of each day reading to the patients. There was one lady in particular whom I liked, and who liked me. I passed as much time as possible in her company.

"Her two little boys had burned to death in a fire. Sorrow drove her mad. Sometimes, in the midst of my reading, she would stop me suddenly, look dreamily at the ceiling of the room and say, 'There they are. Don't you hear them? Just as plain. They're running now. There they are.' And she would rock back and forth in her chair and keep repeating these words, as though she really heard the footsteps of her sons on the floor above.

"I liked her and felt sorry for her, but before long I dreaded paying her my daily visits. I became fidgety and soon I began to wonder if I really didn't hear her sons. It was uncanny. I couldn't have stood the strain for long.

"The hospital was divided into wards sleeping six patients each, with two single nurse's

[*Continued on page* 93]

THE HITS TO WATCH FOR
FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

◆

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS
in REUNION

with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog

◆

BARBARA STANWYCK and JOEL McCREA
in BANJO ON MY KNEE

with Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell.

◆

WARNER BAXTER and JUNE LANG
in WHITE HUNTER

with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

◆

CRACK UP

with PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo. Directed by Mal St. Clair.

◆

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE

with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

◆

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in STOWAWAY

with **ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE**
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher, J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.
Directed by William A. Seiter.

◆

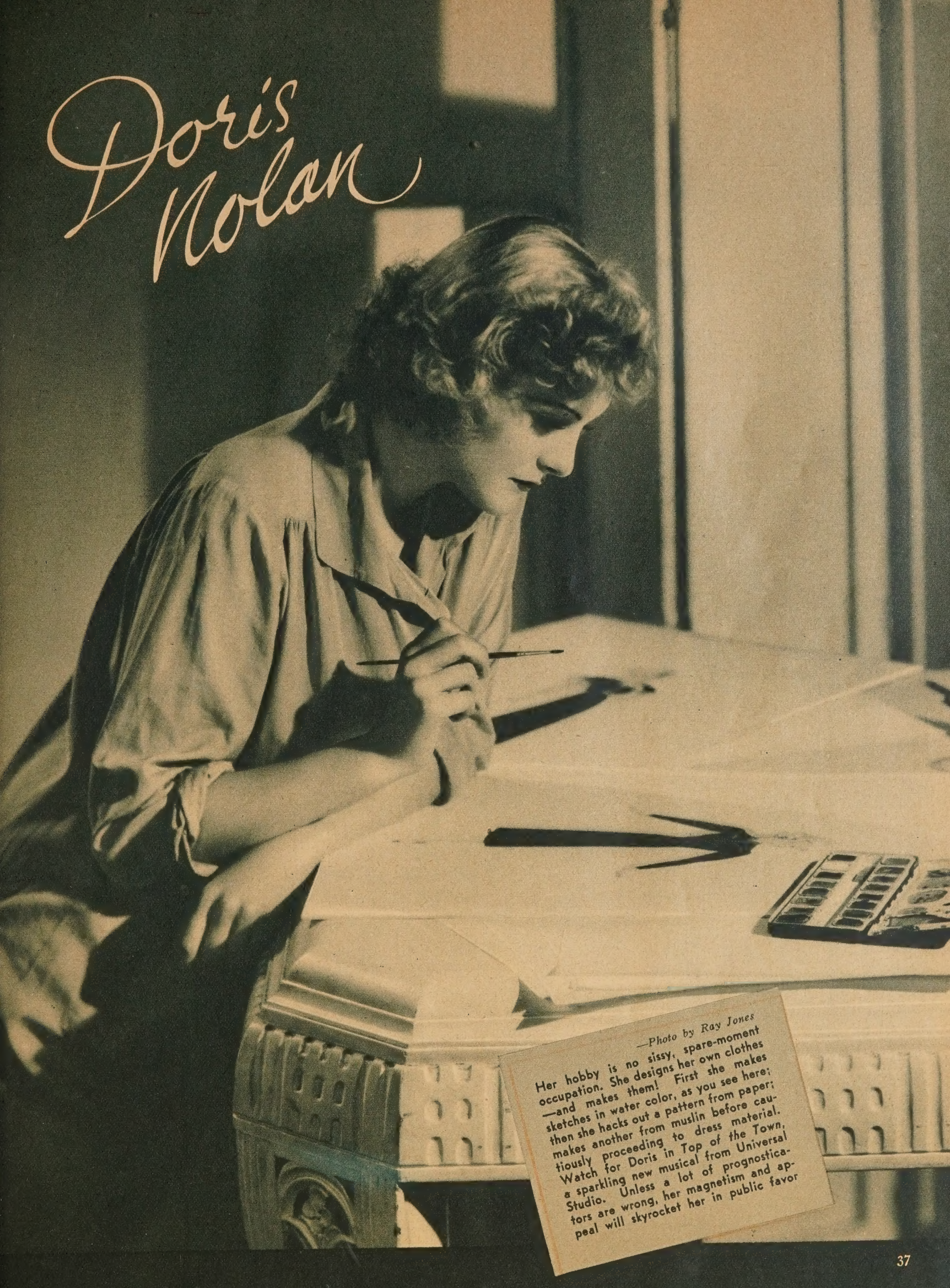
ONE IN A MILLION

with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU, JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge, Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love.
Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Doris Nolan



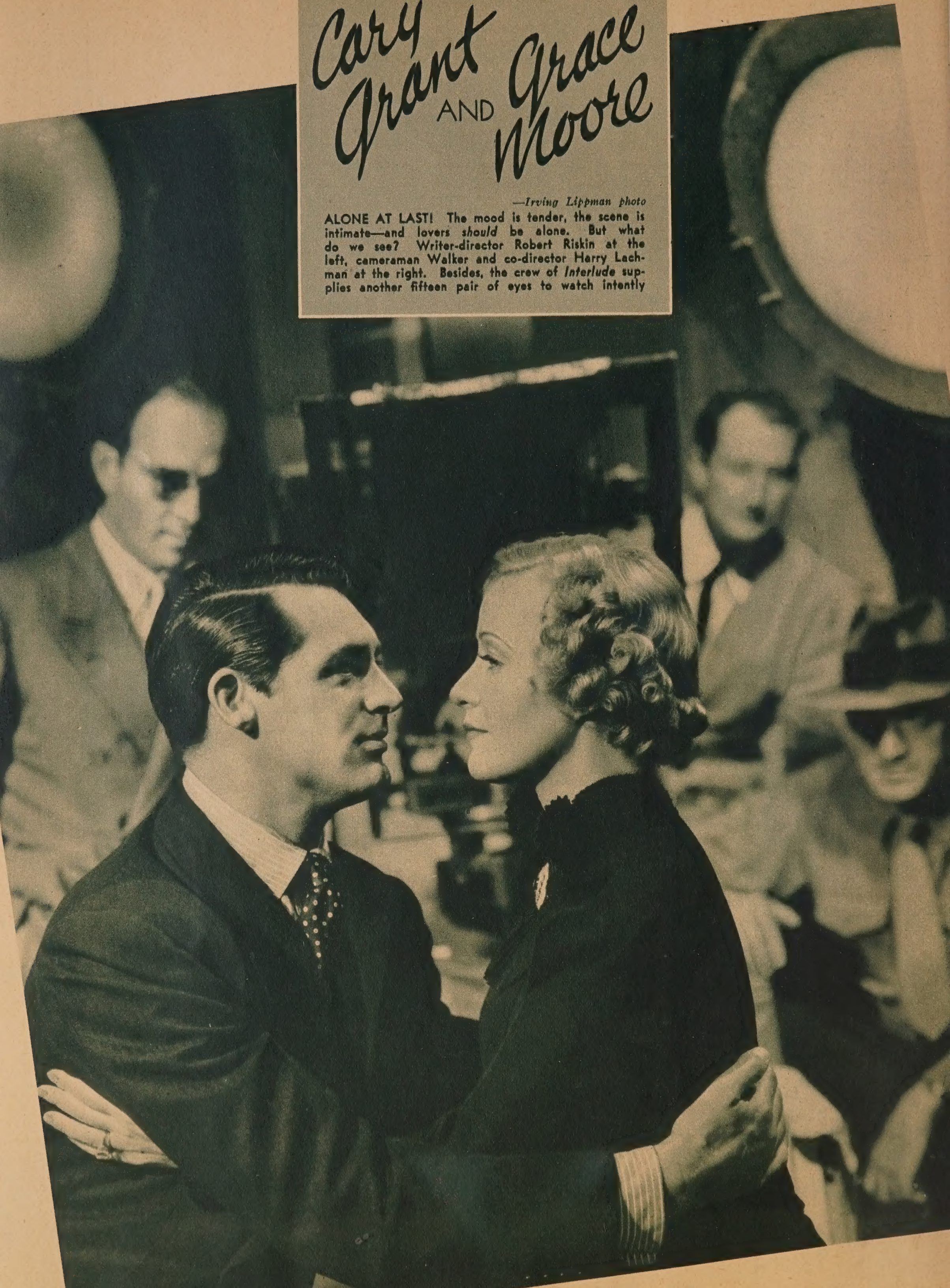
—*Photo by Ray Jones*

Her hobby is no sissy, spare-moment occupation. She designs her own clothes —and makes them! First she makes sketches in water color, as you see here; then she hacks out a pattern from paper; makes another from muslin before cautiously proceeding to dress material. Watch for Doris in *Top of the Town*, a sparkling new musical from Universal Studio. Unless a lot of prognosticators are wrong, her magnetism and appeal will skyrocket her in public favor

Cary Grant AND Grace Moore

—*Irving Lippman photo*

ALONE AT LAST! The mood is tender, the scene is intimate—and lovers *should* be alone. But what do we see? Writer-director Robert Riskin at the left, cameraman Walker and co-director Harry Lachman at the right. Besides, the crew of *Interlude* supplies another fifteen pair of eyes to watch intently

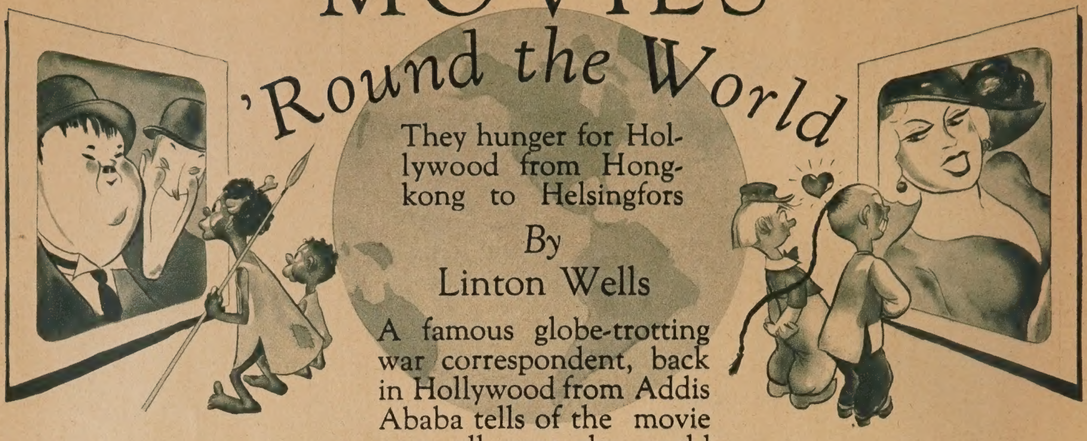


Kay Francis AND Errol Flynn

—*Madison Lacy photo*

Kay Francis and Errol Flynn do not find themselves alone at the last moment of parting in the railroad station scene of *Another Dawn*. There is the gentleman at the sound controls catching their whispers via microphone, there are the cameramen peering critically, and the director watching every gesture and movement. Woe to the self-conscious actor!

MOVIES 'Round the World



They hunger for Hollywood from Hongkong to Helsingfors

By Linton Wells

A famous globe-trotting war correspondent, back in Hollywood from Addis Ababa tells of the movie urge all over the world

IT IS almost twenty-two years since I used to sit beneath the trees which ornamented St. George's Farm, Shanghai's *al fresco* cinema garden and sip refreshing drinks and laugh uproariously at the antics of an obscure comedian.

His name was Charles Spencer Chaplin and I and thousands of others, including many Chinese movie addicts, who are by no means as emotionless as they are reputed to be, considered him even then to be the screen's greatest gift to an entertainment-loving world. Only the Britons raised their eyebrows and furrowed their foreheads and said, "Damme if I can see anything amusing in the fellow. I think he's vul-gah!" His countrymen deplored the fact that he was an Englishman and ridiculed reports published in the *China Press*, to the effect that up-and-coming motion picture tycoons had contracted to pay Comrade Chaplin the staggering sum of $1,000,000 to appear in a few pictures. That was in 1915.

Thirty months ago my wife and I sat in a splendid sound theatre in Shanghai and watched normally blase Britons double up in knots laughing at a belted presentation of *City Lights*. And how proud these Englishmen were of the fact that the greatest pantomimist in the world today was born and trained in Albion. The most popular *human* motion picture star in the world is Charlie Chaplin—because he speaks a universal language. To understand and appreciate Chaplin a nude, nose-pierced savage of the Belgian Congo doesn't need to know English any more than a Chinese, an Armenian, or a Peruvian Indian—I've seen them all react to his every gesture and mood.

But there is one other player whose international popularity has never been equalled. His Majesty Michael Mouse. His name has been translated as many times as there are languages and I have watched him delight audiences from Brazil to Manchukuo and back by way of Finland. He, too, speaks a universal language.

Soviet Russia, where I lived for some four years, is very cagey about foreign pictures. Those which exalt *bourgeois* life are never shown, probably for the reason that it is not considered desirable that the proletariat should become imbued with the idea that life in capitalistic countries is pleasing, not to say glamorous. Contrarily, any picture which depicts capitalism unfavorably and glorifies the downtrodden is welcomed. Love themes are taboo, presumably because they are unlikely to inspire the workers and peasants to "build socialism toward communism." Mickey Mouse was popular with the proletariat until powers-that-be decided his whimsicalities were not contributing much to the *pyataletka*, so now he seldom puts in an appearance. Chaplin's *Modern Times* mystified the Comrades. For instance, they couldn't see any humor in the scene where Charlie walked down the street with a red flag of warning and was tossed into jail as a communist. After all, the red flag is the Soviet's national symbol. There was considerable disputation over the luxurious hoosegow. Accus-

[*Continued on page* 82]

The author and his wife, Fay Gillis Wells, with Snooks, the cheetah they brought back from Ethiopia. Wells' specialty is trouble and he has reported exactly twenty wars and revolutions. He was wounded in the Dessye air raid, is now recuperating and writing a book, soon to be published as *Blood on the Moon*. He will leave for an extended trip through Siberia and Outer Mongolia, early in 1937. Mrs. Wells, aviatrix and war correspondent, will accompany him

MYSELF *As I See Me..*

Sunday morning, February 19, 1911, Merle was born on the Island of Tasmania. She's grown to five feet, two inches, and 108 pounds. Watch for *Beloved Enemy*, her next film

. . . MERLE OBERON

IT MAY sound paradoxical . . . but my favorite sport is fishing; and my favorite virtue is truth; and I *did* catch a sixty-pound barracuda once, and landed him all by myself . . .

A quick temper is my worst fault . . . but I've learned to control it . . . because . . . at the price of much unhappiness . . . I learned that no matter what one throws in a fit of rage . . . tangible or intangible . . . it always turns out to be a boomerang . . .

The only people I dislike are the artificial ones . . . my pet aversions are "staginess" . . . ostentation . . . insincerity . . . I want loyalty from my friends in preference to anything else. . .

My favorite literature is biography . . . my favorite art, Picasso's paintings.

I can't resist buying fur coats . . . I have almost every kind I've ever heard of . . . diamonds and sapphires are my favorite jewels . . . I collect them, too.

I love dogs . . . and I'm always buying fat, rollicking puppies . . . and they always grow . . . with amazing rapidity . . . into enormous . . . hulking . . . beasts . . . that eat their weight in meat . . . and go galumping all over the house . . .

My best beau, David Niven . . . and my best friend, Norma Shearer . . . are both members of the picture colony . . . but I try to have as many friends as possible in other occupations . . . I believe that a well-rounded life includes contacts with people in many professions and occupations . . . which is one of the reasons I devote so much time to my fan mail . . . I feel that fans are friends . . .

I like the most informal dress for daytime . . . slacks and shorts whenever possible . . . but when night falls . . . I love to don glittery gowns . . . and go dancing . . . aside from dancing . . . riding is my favorite exercise . . .

One of the biggest thrills in my life . . . was my first picture part . . . it was in a British picture . . . I was an extra . . . with one line to speak . . . when the picture was shown . . . my line had been deleted . . . but I did catch a fleeting glimpse of myself . . . and from then on . . . anything seemed attainable. . . .

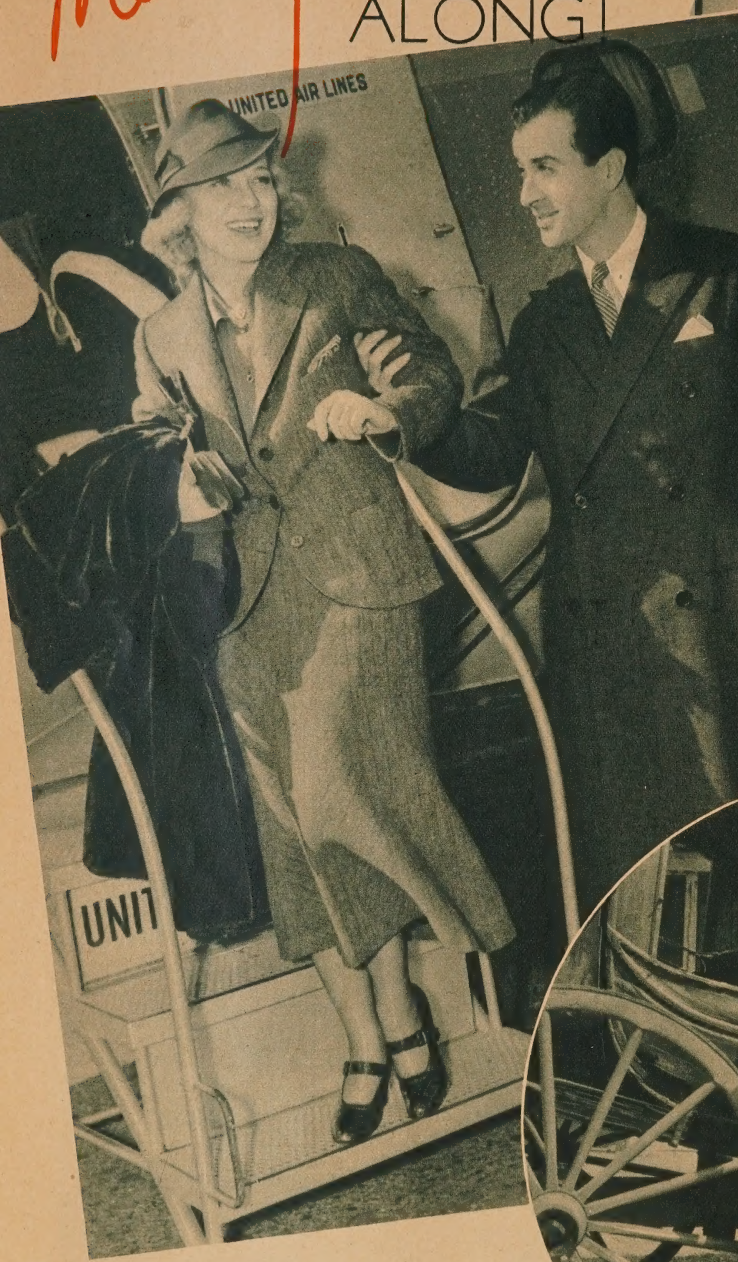
When people praise my courage in facing London alone at the beginning of my career . . . it amuses me . . . because when I went there . . . I didn't have the remotest idea of what I had to face . . . but if I had it to do over again . . . knowing what I know now . . . I'd do it just the way I did then . . . because I believe the one way to attain an object . . . is to go to work at it. . . .

I believe in "breaks" . . . if Mrs. Alexander Korda hadn't been seated near me in a café . . . and "spotted" me for a "type" . . . I might never have gotten in pictures. . . .

London and Hollywood share honors for my favorite city . . . London gave me my start. . . . Hollywood sent me on to heights I never dreamed I'd achieve . . . and I shall never stop being grateful. . . .

Before I can call my life a completely happy one . . . I want the stability of marriage . . . and the joy of children . . . four or five of them . . . and then . . . even if something should happen to my career . . . I will have what I think to be the life which . . . for a normal woman . . . is the most conducive to happiness.

Merrily WE ROLL ALONG!


UNITED AIR LINES
UNIT

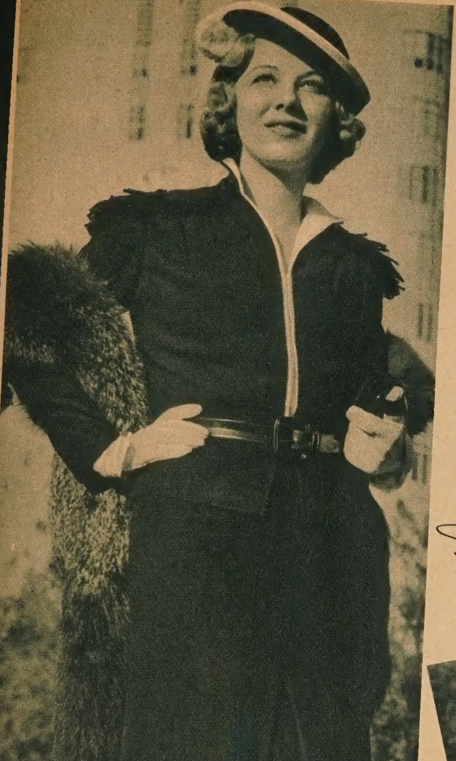
CALIFORNIA
FANCY LEATHER
GOODS CO.
WALK IN

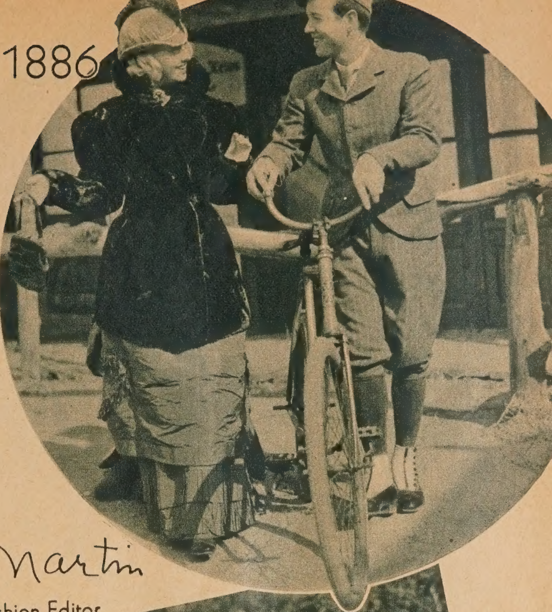
1876

Five delightful decades in Fashion's cavalcade

Glenda Farrell, Warner Bros. star, is greeted at the airport by Fred Keating, one of the screen's popular leading men. Glenda wears a smart brown tweed suit checked in blue and carries a Safari brown Alaska sealskin coat. Quite a contrast to Evalyn Knapp and Earl Blackwell dressed for the year 1866

1866





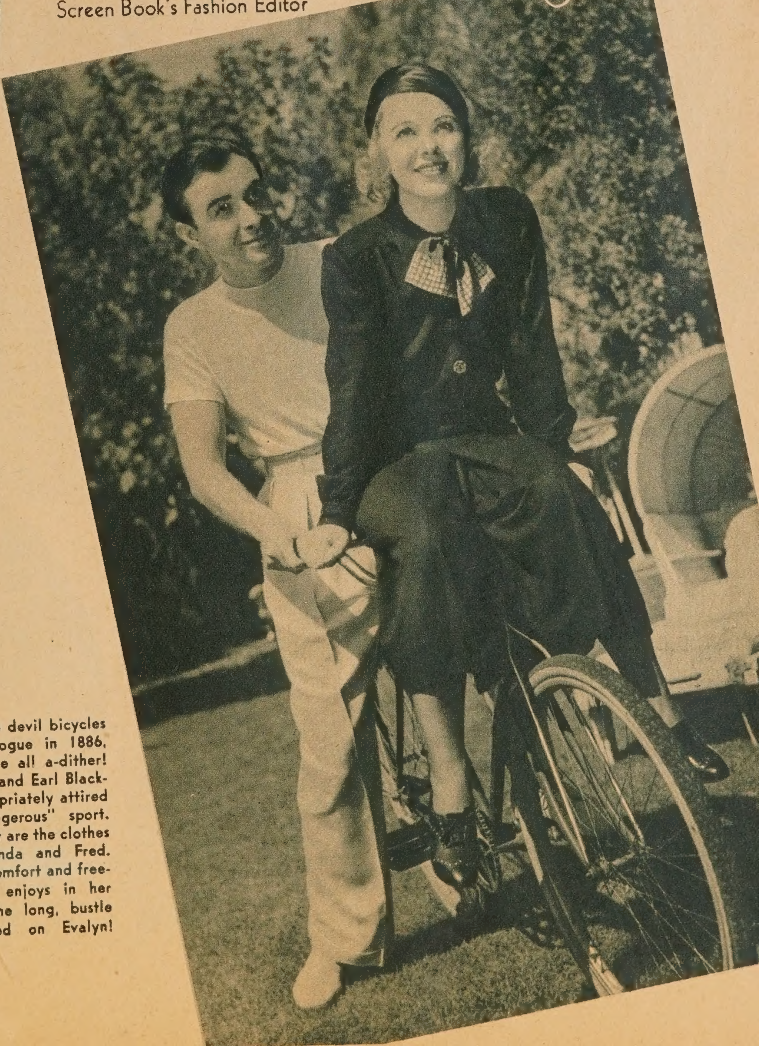
1886

Old Fashion Alaska sealskin coats worn by Evalyn Knapp courtesy of the Fouke Fur Co. of St. Louis. Culottes and Safari brown Alaska sealskin coat worn by Glenda Farrell from J. W. Robinson Co.

By

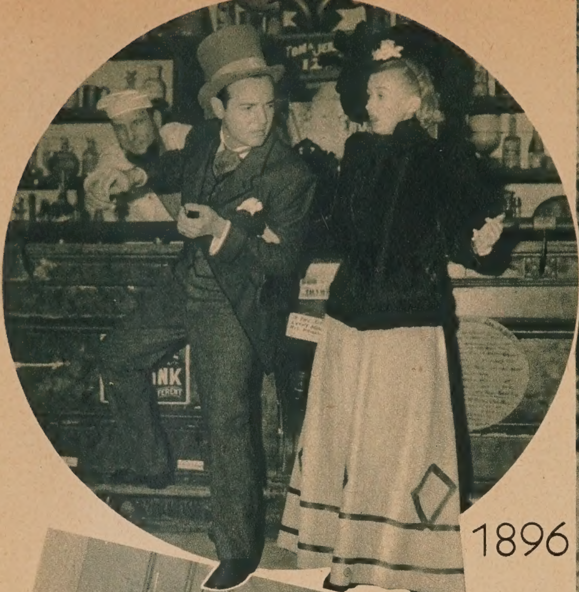
Sally Martin

Screen Book's Fashion Editor

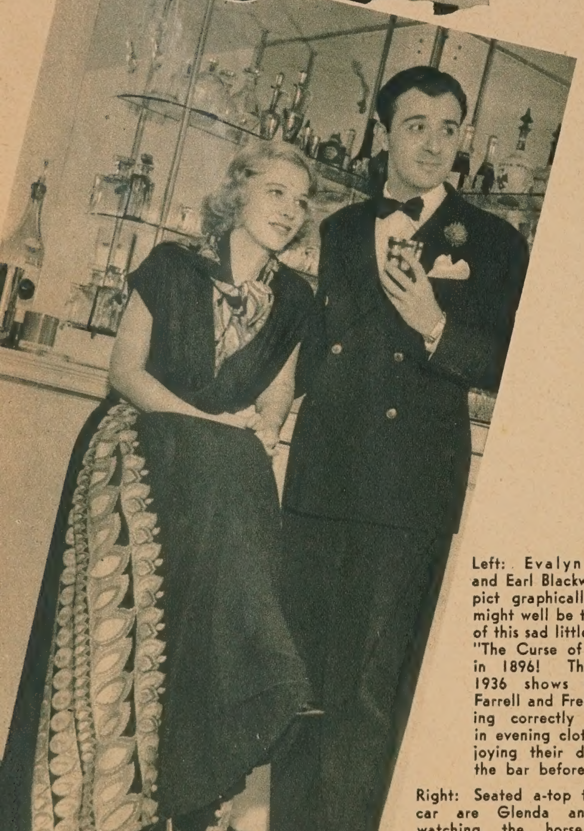


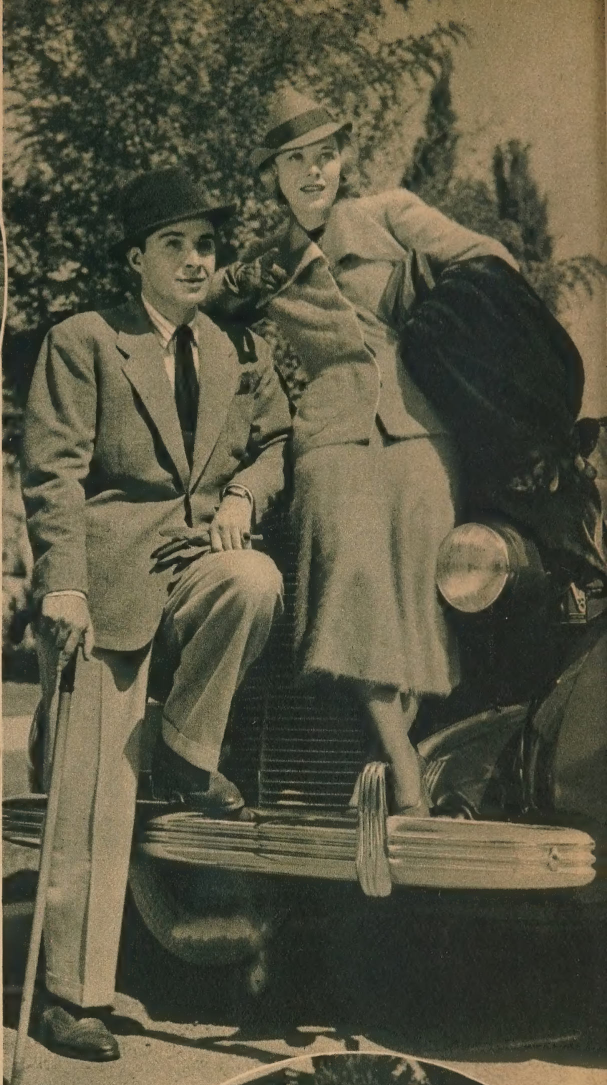
Pity the poor dressmakers in 1876! Tucks and ruffles and gathers and bustles make Evalyn's period gown. A little cape of Alaska sealskin and matching hand muff are quaint. Evalyn has just completed the stellar rôle in *Bulldog Edition*. Glenda is dressed up to the minute in black wool and white pique. A dashing hat of Spanish inspiration is news!

When the dare devil bicycles became the vogue in 1886, the ladies were all a-dither! Evalyn Knapp and Earl Blackwell are appropriately attired for this "dangerous" sport. Quite different are the clothes worn by Glenda and Fred. Imagine the comfort and freedom Glenda enjoys in her culottes to the long, bustle gown pictured on Evalyn!



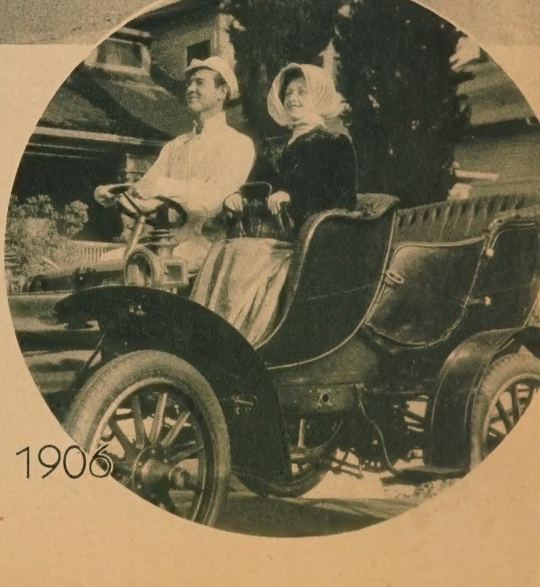
1896





Left: Evalyn Knapp and Earl Blackwell depict graphically what might well be the title of this sad little scene, "The Curse of Drink" in 1896! The year 1936 shows Glenda Farrell and Fred Keating correctly attired in evening clothes enjoying their drink at the bar before dinner

Right: Seated a-top this new car are Glenda and Fred watching the horse races. Glenda wears an extremely smart suit of light brown angora wool and carries a Safari brown Alaska sealskin coat. Aha! The horseless carriage of 1906—and isn't it a beaut? Evalyn and Earl are properly togged out for this era



1906

Little Bergner the Great!

Three years ago she was unknown to the English-speaking theatre—now, so sensational has been her triumphs that she is hailed as a second Bernhardt!

By Basil Woon

Left—"La Bergner" as she appeared in *As You Like It* in Berlin. Above—Her arrival in America after the filming of *Escape Me Never*

THEY can call her "La Bergner" and "The Bergner" (as they do here in London) all they want to; to me she is "Little Bergner" for life. For that is the impression I retain of her: a wistful little girl who is almost but not quite a child.

The leaps this comparatively young person has made into public favor have been, as you know, sensational enough to have spoiled her completely. Three years ago she was unknown to the English speaking theatre. Now she is everywhere hailed as a second Bernhardt. But she is not spoiled. In fact, she is an absurdly simple person in her tastes, her way of living and her speech. Behind the simplicity of her exterior, however, there is a dynamo which transforms her into a tireless machine whenever there is work to be done.

She has never been "officially" interviewed. This is not an "official" interview. I was told I might as well abandon hope of ever seeing her if I mentioned the word "interview." So I didn't. I met her, through a mutual friend, and talked with her at the English seaside home.

She was in the garden having tea when I saw her first. She crossed the lawn and came to greet us, a slender, brave little figure not much more than five feet tall, wearing a plain blue dress of some silk material.

There were things about her you noticed instantly: for example, her carriage. Queen Victoria, as a young girl, must have carried herself something like that. But there was nothing imperious about her face. When she smiled a welcome, extending a slender, beautifully rounded hand and arm, I thought of Helen Hayes. Yes, I know comparisons are insidious. But I do not think Miss Bergner would herself object to a comparison with Helen Hayes.

She poured tea, and again I noticed that unbelievably beautiful hand and arm. To me the hands are among the most important parts of the anatomy, far more important, for example, than legs and feet. Ask anyone who saw Bernhardt what they remember best of her, and ten to one they will reply, "her hands." Elisabeth Bergner's hands are the most expressive I have ever seen. They illustrate her meaning more than the words she speaks. Yet her gestures are not forceful; they are gentle. The movement of a finger expresses a nuance of expression, as would the shrug of another woman.

HER first words to me, apart from her greeting, were, however, concerning neither life, beauty, men nor herself. She held out some plums that she said she had picked from "that t-r-r-ree over there" and she asked if I had tasted the plums that grow near Krems on her native Danube.

I said I had, but that I thought the English plums were nicest. She disregarded my opinion, but looked at me with suddenly interested eyes.

"Ah? Then you know my Wien?"

I said I had been in Vienna twice.

"And—you know it well? You like it?"

Of all cities in Europe Vienna is my favorite, so of course I said so.

Everything was clear sailing from that moment. I was accepted. I loved Wien! In a moment she was chattering about the last holiday she had spent, in the Tyrol. And Innsbruck—did I know Innsbruck?

[*Continued on page* 98]

DRAMA OFF the SCREEN!

By
Jessie
Henderson

Do you find the movies exciting? Say—compared to some stars' real life experiences, pictures are a pink tea!

For instance, Joan Crawford trapped in her flooded basement, with the water rising, was rescued only in the nick of time. . . . And Clark Gable was almost buried in an avalanche

THERE'S more drama off the screen than on it. This is the town where a director sold his grand piano to pay the rent and an extra on relief will inherit $60,000 in five years. Where a former juvenile star is digging gravel with the PWA and the man who used to recite Shakespeare aloud on the Boulevard as comfort for his lack of a job is now among the big shots of the films.

Into the life of many a celebrity have tumbled incidents more charged with excitement than any he has enacted before a camera. Hollywood itself, creator of theatricals for millions, often provides even stranger real-life theatricals for the players. And what Hollywood does not provide, the far spots of the world have a way of furnishing in bright abundance.

Between what happens to people in Hollywood and what happens to Hollywood people elsewhere, you will find scenes sharp with melodrama beyond anything the screen would present. The screen is held back by the probabilities. Fate isn't.

It was in the New Guinea hinterland that Errol Flynn, creator of *Captain Blood* and the dashing Major Vickers of *Charge of the Light Brigade*, played his boldest rôle. Member of the Constabulary, he was riding through the bush when he came upon Jack Ryan, a prospector, bent double in agony. The man had injured his toe, gangrene had set in, and obviously only an immediate amputation would save his life.

The two were alone, with the nearest medical aid a week's journey distant and nothing but deep green wilderness between. Flynn carried, for emergencies, a copy of the British Naval Medical Guide. This, and a knife, and a quart of whiskey owned by Ryan, were his only surgical equipment. While Ryan drank the liquor, Flynn hastily read up on amputations and made the knife razor-keen. He waited till the prospector was very drunk; then, steeling himself to the effort, in one accurate stroke he performed the operation. Ryan lived. He writes to Flynn every now and then.

Different, but as critical in its way, was the situation that confronted Joan Crawford a few months ago. This was no celluloid danger; there was no director to call "Cut!" She had to play the scene through to what might easily have been a tragic climax.

A cloudburst struck Beverly Hills. As water swirled past the house, Joan heard it splashing into the basement where valuable furniture was stored. The basement is reached by an outside door. Joan—in white satin, by the way, for a formal dinner—ran out unobserved and entered the basement to investigate. Rapidly mounting water made her retreat up the steps. The basement door slammed and stuck fast on the water-soaked sill!

Absurd that a star with a retinue of

Katharine Hepburn was shot at deliberately while on a hike in Hollywood Hills. She never knew who her would-be assassin was servants almost within reach should drown in her own cellar during a rainstorm? For half an hour Joan pounded and called for help till a watchman on his rounds came to her rescue; twelve feet of water in the cellar, and the flood still rising.

THERE'S Clark Gable, too, whose career nearly ended with the first picture in which he had a worth while part. The "heavy" in *The Painted Desert,* he was out on the Arizona sands where the script called for the dynamiting of a whole mountainside. Elaborate precautions had been taken and certainly Gable and Bill Boyd, half a mile away from the mountain, thought themselves safe. When the explosion roared, they saw a mass of stone hurtling straight for them. They leaped. An instant later a boulder the size of a table top crashed to the ground exactly where they had been standing.

Equal danger, in a place far more likely to be safe, befell Katharine Hepburn. In the company of a woman friend, the star of *Alice Adams* and *Mary of Scotland* was hiking through the Hollywood hills a few months ago when without warning a shotgun spattered its charge all around her. Thinking some rabbit hunter was aiming wild, the star climbed a knoll to wave her red scarf and shouted: "Hey! There are people up here!" Deliberately the marksman, for no reason that has ever been ascertained, fired again. He lay hidden in a rough gulley between the hikers and the Hepburn home that glimmered white in the sunshine less than a mile away.

Hurriedly the girls scrambled to the far side of the knoll, hurrying for their lives from the invisible enemy. They had to detour four miles to keep out of range. Baffling, terrifying as any mystery picture, and it happened within sight of Hollywood Boulevard.

Ronald Colman, likewise, once found himself in a predicament that could easily have been fatal. In a sequence of *Condemned,* where he hid beneath a dock, the unforeseen happened. As a crowd of extras walked down the pier, the structure sank, pushing Colman under water and holding him there. He tried to get around the edge of the wharf, as he swam below the surface, but the black shadows were confusing. It was taking him a long time to find his way clear, when somebody rushed the extras back to shore —more of them had crowded to the pier than had been ordered to do so—and the structure floated free again. The picture had some tense moments, but none to compare with these.

Drama of another sort enveloped May Robson, none the less dramatic for being psychological. Every day she used to go to the hospital to visit a young actor who, though he did

[*Continued on page* 84]

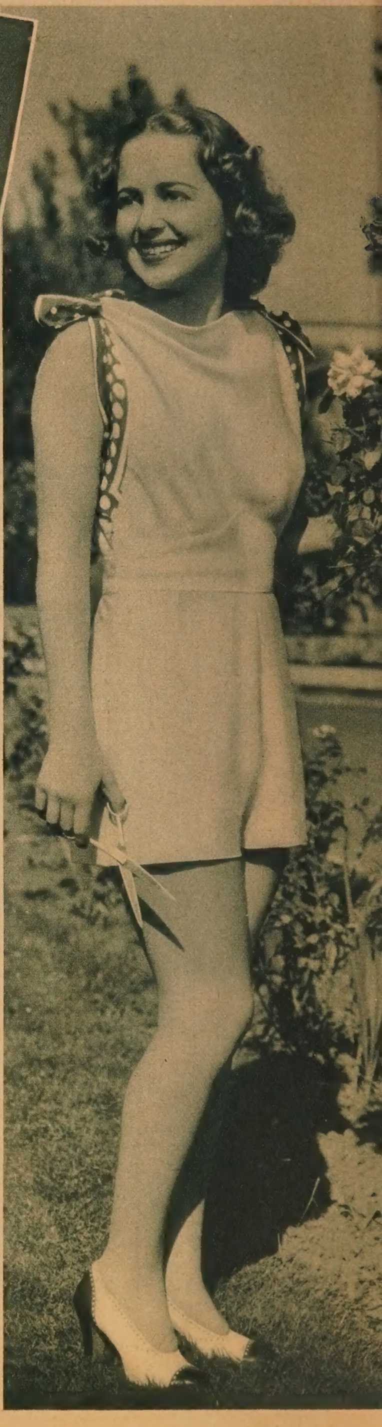
Errol Flynn was forced to play surgeon, operating on a friend in the wilds of New Guinea

Imagine Ronald Colman's horror when hiding beneath a dock for a screen sequence, the structure sank, submerging him

A dramatic high spot in May Robson's life came when, through a clever ruse, she made happy the last hours of a dying friend

And Edward G. Robinson, instinctively, hating the water, found courage to plunge in the sea to rescue a pal who was drowning

SHE'S



By Sonia Lee

That's Olivia de Havilland. And this interestingly intimate story tells exactly why this young star is the darling of her studio

OLIVIA sparkled. Raindrops clung to her eyelashes; to the fringe of hair escaping from the towel covering her head. As the wind tore at the umbrella, whole rivulets cascaded down her enveloping coat, down her legs and into the low-heeled sneakers.

The de Havilland child was quite content. Her face was rosy and excited. Walking in the first torrential rain of California's winter was an adventure to her.

"Whew, that was lovely," she cried as she furled the umbrella and dashed into the haven of the studio commissary.

I looked at the moist young person across the table from me, and remembered the first time I had seen her, and the doubts I had about her.

I knew Hollywood. And had seen what it could do to youngsters who had achieved quick Fame.

For Hollywood is not only a City for Conquest, but a City of Danger. Fable is made fact too rapidly in the Hans Christian Andersen manner. The poor get rich too quickly; and the failures are scintillating successes an hour later.

Olivia's startling success was one of those things which contribute to the Hollywood legend.

Not yet out of her teens; a high-school graduate during the nearest June, in a few short weeks she had progressively starred in the elaborate Hollywood production of Reinhardt's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and been awarded a fat contract by Warner Brothers.

Daily her ear-tickling name became more familiar to the millions of devotees to movie-news columns.

That first time I saw her and talked with her, I wondered how long this ingenuous child would remain simple and

EVERYBODY'S BABY!

sweet and completely without the veneer of false sophistication.

What would happen to this girl of a potent, relaxed charm; this girl with the honey-colored eyes and full and dewy mouth in this fabulous town?

In this report of her life and her activities lies the answer to her unchanging wholesomeness.

There are two factors which contribute vitally to the personality of Olivia de Havilland:

Her complete devotion to work.

A mother who is sane and objective in her relationship to her star-daughter.

In the de Havilland household there is no star! There is Olivia, who happens to work in pictures; there is Joan, the youngest sister; there is mother.

They are a triumvirate, a family unit with that reliable, steadfast motto: "one for all, all for one." Their days are placid, their activities casual.

When Olivia works, the day begins early, of course. In her small coupe of an inexpensive make, Livy drives to the studio, and does her stint.

Should she happen to return home with a long face, and tell you—"I've done nothing but cry since I've been in pictures. My heroines have all been sodden with tears"—Joan and mother will instantly caricature her lugubrious eyes and mouth. Will throw their arms around each other and pantomime deep grief. It ends in a laugh—and Livy is set to helping with dinner.

"Although I'm a perfectly horrible housekeeper. I don't like to cook, and a kitchen doesn't throw me in a trance as it does many people I know," she declares.

"However, on a vacation I'm fairly good. Recently mother and I took a house as big as a match-box at Carmel (a California sea-side resort) for a month between pictures.

"I made the beds, swept the floor, dusted and brought in the wood. Mother did the cooking and washed the dishes.

"It was a heavenly holiday. We'd make up some lamb and jelly sandwiches and start out at dawn for a hike. We'd eat our lunch in some lovely spot, and at sunset start back. I was content with the world, happy to be alive at the end of the day, and too tired to do anything but sleep twelve long hours."

SHE recites her shortcomings with the candor of a twelve-year-old.

"I am probably Hollywood's worst dressed woman. I hate to shop. But periodically I decide that I look a fright, that I must have some new clothes, that I'm going to turn over a new leaf and be a credit to my family sartorially-speaking.

"So I dash out of one shop and into another, and end up by buying one dress, quite unsuitable, to get it over with. And when I bring the horror home, I look at myself in the mirror and ask myself 'Now why, in the name of sense, did I ever buy this?' And I am precisely in the same position I was before—reduced to slacks and overalls.

"That's fault number one. Number two is almost as bad. I am one of those for whom the song, *How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning,* was written. My devoted family has been known to throw water on me to wake me up; to squirt seltzer at me out of a siphon—even to take hold of my feet and bodily dispossess me of my bed.

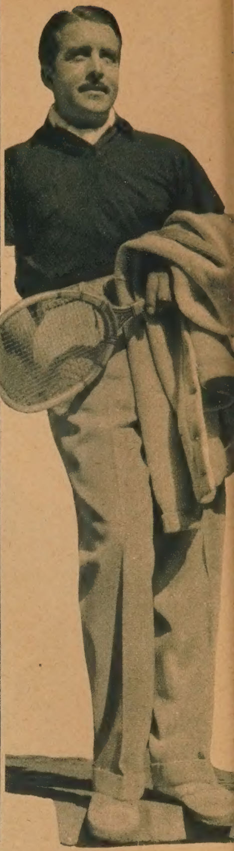
"Now my idea of content, when I am not working, is to get up about eleven, have brunch, which is combination breakfast and lunch, and wander off to the movies in the afternoon."

It's a healthy family attitude towards her stardom, and is in a large part the secret of her [*Continued on page* 102]

Not only has Olivia a neat hand for pruning a rose tree, but with the sculptor's chisel

HE'S *your* FAN!

By
Marcella
March



JOHN BOLES is a fan of the fans! No, we don't mean Sally Rand's. He's a fan of the folks who are fans of his.

Publicity stuff? Wrong again! Because John Boles sets aside a definite part of his life to devote to the people who have made his success possible. Not the producers, not the directors, but the two-bit and four-bit and six-bit cash customers. And even as the stenographer in Chicago packs her bags at vacation time and treks westward to see the stars, so does John Boles pack his bags at his vacation time and trek eastward to see the fans. "Goodwill tours," he calls these pilgrimages. But sometimes they're productive of much more than goodwill.

A few weeks ago, for instance, John sneaked in to see a play given by high school actors in Toronto, Canada. As he sat unnoticed in the audience, he was impressed with the performance of one of the players. His program told him the boy's name was Anthony Draggotti. When the show was over, John wired to Producer William LeBaron, saying he had found a young man who should have a chance in pictures. Anthony now has a brand-new contract and is happily—ecstatically happy, to put it precisely—preparing for his first screen rôle.

John Boles' first contact with the great American fan public occurred some years ago—eleven, to be exact. The occasion was the opening of *The Loves of Sunya*, at the old Roxy Theatre in New York. Gloria Swanson was starred. And Mr. Boles was playing opposite her in his first big picture rôle.

Mr. Boles had to hand over eleven dollars at the box office to see himself that night, which, he states, impressed him with the gravity of the occasion. All the while the picture was being run, he debated with himself whether that picture, or *any* picture, was worth eleven dollars of any man's money. He decided that it wasn't.

Then came the question—if *he*, the leading man, didn't consider the picture worth the admission price, why should anyone else? And if no one else did, how could the picture be a success? And if the picture wasn't a success . . . well, actors frequently occupy themselves with cheerful little surmises like that at premières.

Came the last of Sunya's loves. As John walked dejectedly into the cold outside, he encountered his first autograph hunters.

"Here, John!" someone called. "Will you sign this?"

Pads, envelopes, even a photograph or two, were outthrust for him to sign. And it was then that John Boles realized who would . . . or would not . . . make him a success in pictures. It was the waiting crowd. The people who would plank down their dimes and quarters and half-dollars to see him—long after the elaborate première had been forgotten!

"That moment was one of the biggest in my life!

[*Continued on page 78*]

John Boles spends his spare time prowling about the country—trying to meet you . . . and you! This story tells about his strange journeyings

TRY *Jean Harlow's* BEAUTY SCHEDULE!

Jean is prettier than ever. You can be too—if you do what she does!

By Frances Kellum

Jean has a "lustrous," fresh look that every woman admires. Here she reveals some of her ideas—and her own beauty regimen!

HOW does she do it? How does Jean Harlow get that haunting look of beauty?

Since *Libeled Lady* her box office rating has shot up. As a *brownette* she's a greater sensation than ever. Critics are doing a large rave over that "lustre look" of Jean's. What's her secret?

Ask Max Factor! He is the gentleman who knows all the Beauty Answers. And *he* says it's the schedule she adheres to. The *beauty schedule.* And the fact that now she isn't letting any one feature overbalance the others.

"It used to be that you noticed Jean's platinum hair before you actually saw *her,"* he explained. "Because it was so striking that it drew attention away from her face. Now that the public is able to concentrate on what Jean really looks like, it likes her better than ever!"

That's the answer to her "freshly discovered glamour." That—and the Schedule she has worked out with Max Factor.

And it's a Schedule that works for practically everyone. I know because I've tried it! Ten girls I know have tried it. Girls who are in business, in college, who are busy housewives. In every instance the change in them has been noticeable within a week. Friends have begun saying, "My dear, how *marvelous* you look!" Husbands have begun to sit up and take notice . . .

Try it for yourself. Give it a *real* trial. You may have to make a few alterations to adjust it to your time and needs. But make a place for it in your daily life!

Here is what Jean does: She has the schedule written down and hanging in a convenient place where she can't overlook it. It begins on—

MONDAY

Monday is Cleaning Day. I mean *special* cleaning. The kind you always intend to give your face and never quite get around to! Give yourself an extra ten minutes tonight for that "brightening up" process! "I put on a *good melting* cleansing cream like I do every night before I step into the tub," says Jean, "and I leave it on all the time I'm bathing.

"Afterwards I take it off with cleansing tissues—then I put on a second application. There's no massaging (I don't believe in too much massage; I think it's better to get the right creams and have faith in them). But there *is* a special way to put on cleansing cream, or any cream for that matter, including your skin and tissue cream before you retire. *Don't move the skin* in applying it. A melting cleansing cream will dissolve and loosen up the dirt in the pores without being rubbed in. Let your fingers slide gently over your face. *Start at the chin and smooth the cream along the jawbone to the tip of the ear.*

"Then from the center of the chin upward and outward across the cheek to the temple.

"Then from the corner of the mouth straight up to the nostril—across the cheek to the temple.

"Next—all the way around the mouth.

"Now up each side of the nose and over, paying particular attention to the corners of the nose.

"Then—across the forehead and from the bridge of the nose straight up to the hairline.

"After wiping off the cream I like to give myself a facial of sorts. Naturally the exact method of cleansing the face depends on the type of skin you have. Dry, flaky skin has to be treated delicately; oily skin needs more astringent. But I think both types profit by this home treatment. Put a tablespoonful of epsom salts in a bowl of warm water and another tablespoonful of epsom salts in a bowl of very cold water. (Distilled water is better for every skin—*always!*) Then dip pads of cotton in each and apply them alternately to [*Continued on page* 104]

Let's GO

Olivia de Havilland breaks Errol Flynn's heart in *Charge of the Light Brigade*—but she does it so charmingly! Filming of the charge into the "valley of death" used up fifty-seven miles of celluloid. Two film cutters then faced the task of selecting a mile and three-quarters of entertainment from that. For two and a half weeks, including Sundays, they cut and cut. The resultant battle scene will have your hair standing on end

By
Florence Johnson

***A Woman Rebels*—and the lady is Katharine Hepburn. Her faithful lover is Herbert Marshall**

Charge of the Light Brigade

★★★★

AFTER seeing *Charge of the Light Brigade*, we know what we'd like to get for Christmas. It's Errol Flynn we want—all done up in one of his glittering uniforms. His performance is excellent, and he is charming. A great deal isn't known about this Tennyson-glorified battle—which is regarded as a tactical error on the part of the English—so Warners have fictionized the event in a way that probably will draw little criticism from theater-goers. The story has Flynn an officer in Queen Victoria's army in India. When women and children in an army outpost are slaughtered in cold blood by a Suristani chieftain, the British soldiers swear vengeance on the native lord and get their chance at Balaklava, when the Suristani is encamped with the Russian Army, on the heights commanding the "valley of death." Flynn, seeing not only a chance for vengeance, but an opportunity for England to capture Sebastapol, falsifies army orders—of which the picture is full—and leads his famed six hundred to a glorious and crashing doom. Those six hundred men and horses charging wildly through cannon fire provide one of the most spectacular scenes ever filmed. (It's like watching a half-dozen Grand National steeple chases at once. Scores of galloping horses are tripped by expert stunt riders, fall headlong, horses and riders rolling over and over. If you're frightened by thoughts of injury, perhaps you won't enjoy it—but it's one of the most thrilling scenes you'll ever see.) Olivia de Havilland is lovely as the girl engaged to Flynn, who falls in love with his younger brother, Patric Knowles. The excellent cast including David Niven, Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, C. Henry Gordon, takes second place to the events themselves. This picture will be a big hit.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

A Woman Rebels

★★

THIS is a woman's picture, adapted from the novel, *Portrait of a Rebel.* Katie Hepburn as a girl in the 1870's first rebels against the tyranny and narrow-mindedness of her father, Donald Crisp. She is a little indiscreet, (?) finds herself about to have a baby in dishonor. Her married sister, Elizabeth Allan, is conveniently having a child at the same time. But she dies and Katie, having managed to keep her shame from the world passes her daughter off as her dead sister's child. At this time she meets Herbert Marshall, who swears eternal devotion to her. She won't marry him lest he find out about the child; he is in the diplomatic service of England. She becomes a magazine editor, championing women's rights against mid-Victorian repression. She finally marries Marshall,

TO THE MOVIES

★★★★ Perfect Picture
★★★ Good Entertainment
★★ Not Bad
★ Ho Hum!

Father and son (Edward Arnold and Joel McCrea) both are in love with Frances Farmer. You will be, too, when you see *Come and Get It*

Butler Eric Blore tries to protect his master, Gene Raymond, from the wiles of Ann Sothern in *Smartest Girl in Town*

Everyone thinks John Beal guilty of murder but his girl, Ann Dvorak. She saves him from gallows in *We Who Are About to Die*

Dixie Dunbar and Arline Judge—a couple of co-ed reasons why a college education is nice—show their admiration for football hero Stuart Erwin in *Pigskin Parade*

after years of loves and adventures with others. This is a bit drab and moves draggily. Hepburn does her best to make her character appealing. Marshall hasn't much to do.—*Produced by RKO-Radio.*

Come and Get It

★★★★

NO MATTER what your movie tastes you'll find this engrossing. It's one of the best pictures of the year. Edna Ferber's novel, *Come and Get It* is brilliantly brought to life. The film opens with breath-taking lumbering scenes and never slackens pace for one moment. Edward Arnold is a lumber jack so determined on worldly success that he throws over the girl he loves, Frances Farmer, to marry his boss's daughter. He amasses a fortune but never is truly happy. The one tender spot in his life is his daughter, Andrea Leeds. Then at fifty he falls desperately in love with the daughter of his former sweetheart and his adoring pal. Walter Brennan plays his kindly Swede friend with such depth that you actually grow to love him. But Joel McCrea, as Arnold's son, falls for the girl. The scene in which the father faces his son with hatred for robbing him of the girl's love is superbly done. Arnold's performance is by far the best thing he has done. And Frances Farmer will find herself famous for her portrayal of the dance hall girl, then her daughter. Andrea Leeds (she has a Myrna Loy-ish charm), Mady Christians, Mary Nash and Frank Shields aid the principals with beautiful performances. If you miss this one, you'll soon be feeling sorry for yourself.—*Produced by Samuel Goldwyn.*

Smartest Girl In Town

★★½

THIS is a nice bit of froth. The lines crackle with wit, but have little depth. The plot is inconsequential. But who cares? It's all fun. Ann Sothern is a photographer's model determined to marry money. One day she is posing on a yacht which butler Eric Blore has rented to the photographic agency, unknown to Gene Raymond, owner of the yacht. He boards the yacht, falls plop! for Ann and pretends that he too is a photographer's model. Ann is pursued by Erik Rhodes, a man with wealth, a thick accent, a title and a mania for collecting eggs. She doesn't want to fall in love with a poor model, but when Gene pulls a funny fake suicide—well, you'll just have to see this yourself. The preview audience howled.—*Produced by RKO-Radio.*

We Who Are About to Die

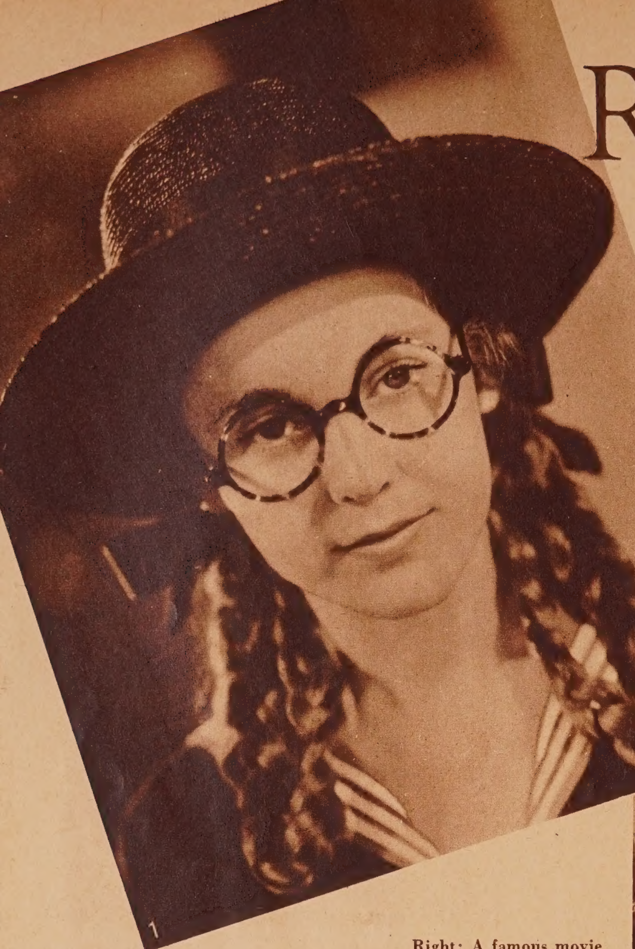
★★★

THIS picture is taken from David Lamson's book, *We Who Are About to Die*—written from the viewpoint of a man in the prison death row. The film is honest—it creates no spurious or mawkish sympathy for the death cell inmates we come to know as we watch the film. But if you think carefully how witnesses are cross-examined, you'll realize that the chap in this story never would have been brought to trial for his life. If you're not a stickler for court-room formula you'll overlook this easily. There are many laughs—something you'd scarcely expect to find in a serious picture with a death row locale. But that apparently is shrewd producing, for it makes the picture "box office" and prevents its growing too harsh for popular consumption. We theater-goers like our bitter pills sugar coated. John Beal takes the rôle of a young man framed by a holdup gang. Circumstantial evidence convicts him and he is sentenced to hang. While he is imprisoned, his girl, Ann Dvorak, makes friends with police investigator Preston Foster, convinces him of her sweetheart's innocence. They begin to fight for his free-

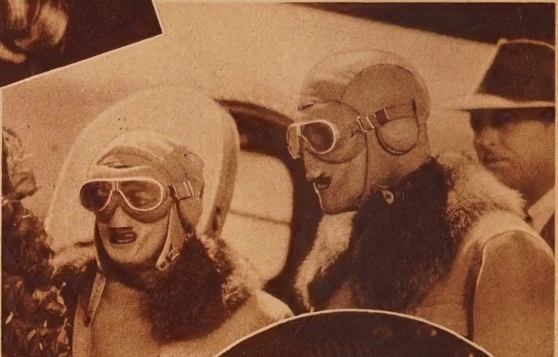
[*Continued on page* 73]

Riddle Me This!

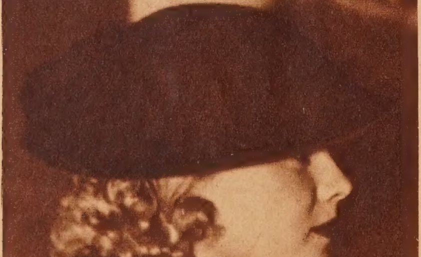
Can you tell who these famous actors are? If you can, you're a good detective. Look on page 78 for their names



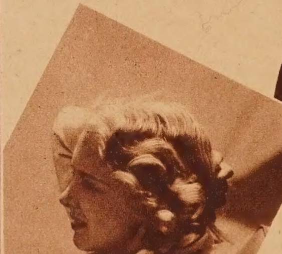
She was born on the other side of the Atlantic. She recently married for the first time. She is freckled. She plays the piano, rides and loves boats. In her most successful films she has been dressed in primitive-looking garments



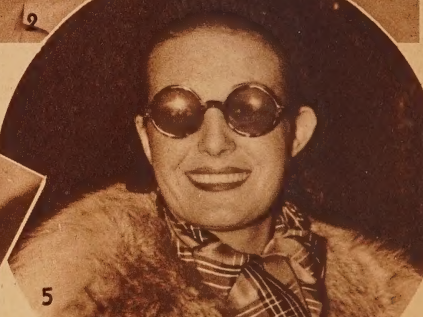
Right: A famous movie love team in their latest film. Her husband appears in the movie, too. Their marriage has received reams of publicity. The man pictured is separated from his wife



This should be easy. She was born in 1912. Her real name is Gwendolyn Witter. Her screen name is much prettier. Her last film was titled *Lady Be Careful*; her leading man was Lew Ayres



She was married to one of the screen's most romantic actors. He is dead. She has a baby daughter named Suzanne



Elsewhere in this magazine is a story about this foreign beauty, who looks nothing like this on the screen. Her life story sounds like an adventure tale

HERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN

Alan Mowbray is a crazy guy—and a cultured gentleman all rolled into one. Have you heard what he calls his children?

Here's how Alan plays an operatic dipsomaniac—rumbling and carrying on like a bassoon gone mad

By
Don Cahuenga

A CAR leaps through the studio gates, skids around a corner in a skillfully executed two-wheel turn and comes to a melodramatic stop at a sound stage.

Out leaps a dynamic figure.

Through the stage door it plunges, crackling out a variety of greetings to watchmen, grips, Bobby Breen, May Robson, Director Kurt Neumann, sound men, cameramen, Charles Butterworth, Benita Hume—taking advantage of an irresistible opportunity to play a practical joke, passing wise-cracks and pointed remarks to delighted auditors. Pausing to give the make-up man a scanty, impatient few minutes to apply his make-up.

Alan Mowbray has arrived for his daily stint in *Rainbow on the River.*

Mr. Mowbray is not late for work. His arrival and entrance are characteristic.

The off-screen Alan Mowbray is as colorful as the variety of roles he portrays. He is ruled by reason but not by orthodox dictum. Take the matter of his Sunday open house and Thursday night stag parties. Who attends? Everybody you would like to meet—but you'll never see the list in the society columns, for Mowbray maintains a steadfast rule against such publicity.

On Sundays Hollywood drops in at the Mowbrays to swim in the pool, play squash or billiards or sit around chatting.

"I like people to come in and do as they please," Mowbray explains, "because that's what I like to do when I go out."

You may drop in for a few minutes or stay as long as you wish. No invitations are issued but there are no gate-crashers—perhaps because only Mowbray's friends attend. And he has no enemies.

Mowbray boasts a championship full-size English billiard table—the only one in a private home in California. A special cover has been made for the twelve-by-six foot top of the table. On this a buffet lunch is set out for the guests.

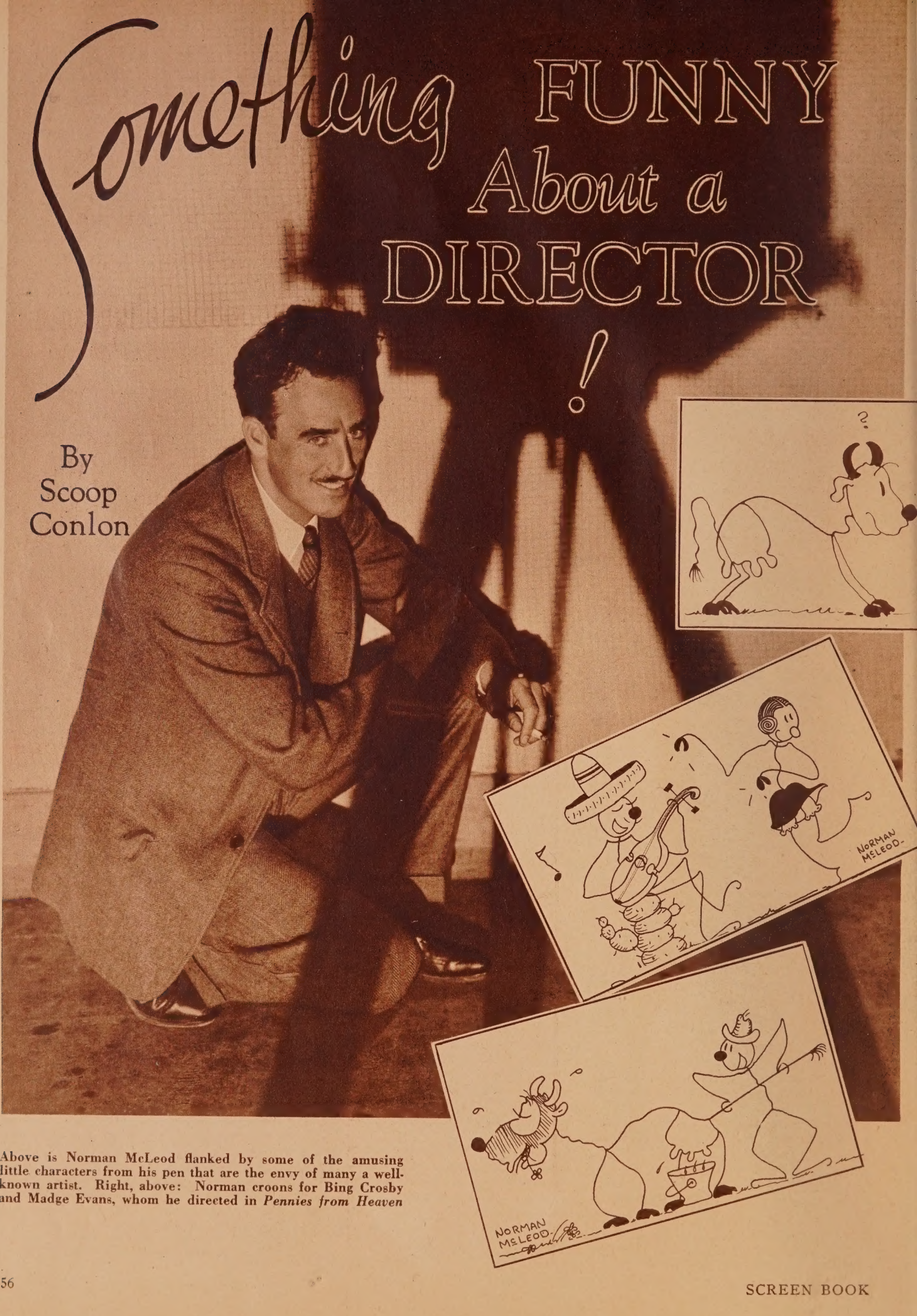
"Thus the problem of food is solved simply," Mowbray says with a smile, "which makes a hit with my wife although she, of course, is as fond of having friends drop in as I am."

The billiard table is in the playroom which is a reproduction, authentic in every detail, [*Continued on page 85*]

He likes to clown. But he can assume the freezing aloofness natural only to an Englishman—when he wishes

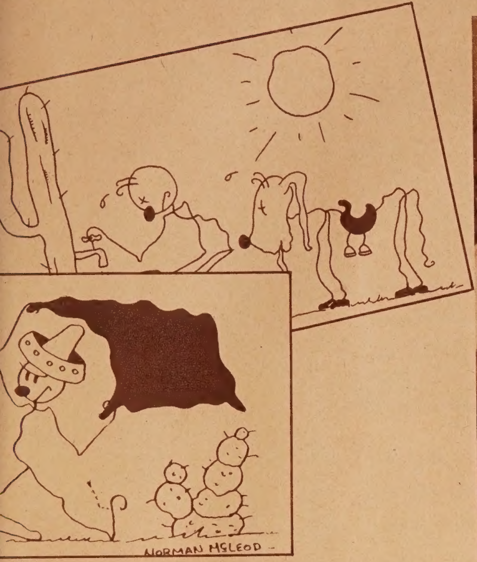
Something FUNNY About a DIRECTOR!

By
Scoop
Conlon



Above is Norman McLeod flanked by some of the amusing little characters from his pen that are the envy of many a well-known artist. Right, above: Norman croons for Bing Crosby and Madge Evans, whom he directed in *Pennies from Heaven*

Norman McLeod is deceptive in appearance, habits, character, and achievements. He's Scotch, he draws funny pictures—and he's regarded as one of the best directors in the business



WHO is that tall, distinguished looking chap strolling along the fairway over there with Bing Crosby? I mean the one without a hat—the guy in the golf tweeds and the plaid muffler. He looks like an army officer! Or, maybe a polo player!

Don't tell me that he is a movie star, too.

No, Genevieve, he isn't an actor, nor a polo player, nor an army officer, nor yet a page out of Esquire.

He is Hollywood's quietest man, a gentleman and scholar of exceptional reserve. He was once a famous college athlete and a World War flyer. But the thing that makes him exciting is this—he IS one of Hollywood's most brilliant comics.

Comic? You mean, a comedian?

Even more, Genevieve, he directs funny pictures and he draws funny pictures.

His name is Norman McLeod.

He directed *Early to Bed, Mama Loves Papa*—all those funny Ruggles-Boland farces, and those utterly mad Marx Brothers comedies. That's the man who made them.

Say, Evelyn, isn't he the same fellow who used to draw those funny little characters on the title cards of the old Christie comedies?

Sure, and what do you know, Genevieve, they're his secret passion. In his spare time, he still draws them for a famous pineapple juice.

Well, I give up, here I thought he was some new movie star at least.

HERE, my readers, you have perhaps a better word picture of Norman McLeod than I could write, because I garnered this conversation from overhearing a couple of gals who were gallerying a golf match at the Lakeside Golf Club, nearby Toluca Lake.

I listened in because Norman McLeod not only lives next to me on the golf course, but because the one femme who knew all about him had the director pegged perfectly.

The quietest man in Hollywood is also the most deceptive in appearance, character, habits and achievements.

One would never suspect, unless one knew him very well indeed, that he had a funny bone in his make up. Of course, there is the humorous twinkle in the McLeod eye and the quiet chuckle, but the average person would size him up on first acquaintance as an exceptionally quiet and reserved Scotchman, and would never guess that he is the guy who makes funny pictures.

There has always been something funny about Norman McLeod's motion picture career.

How he first came to Hollywood seventeen years ago, and how he made his debut as an assistant director immediately is not only one of the strangest, but one of the most amusing yarns we have to relate in this amazing burg.

During the war when McLeod was flying in the Royal Flying Corps in France, he met a sandy-haired scion of another Scottish clan named Jack McDermott. At once everyone should recognize the monicker, as this McDermott is the Hollywood director and writer who owns the famous "house that Jack built," which is constructed of every conceivable kind of motion picture prop. McDermott liked McLeod instantly.

"If we ever get out of this bloody war," said McDermott to McLeod, "come to Hollywood and I'll get you a swell job in the movies."

I forgot to explain that Norman McLeod is a native American, born in Wisconsin, raised and educated in Washington. His Scottish blood of the Clan McLeod led him to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps in Canada in 1916. After six months combat in France, he cracked up, and was returned to Canada to instruct in combat and acrobatic flying. When the Canadians established fields in Texas, after we entered the war, he went to Carruthers Field in Fort Worth. Soon he sacrificed his Captaincy in the Canadian forces to enlist for his own country. He was assigned to the same instructor duties for the American flying students and the end of the war found him still in Texas.

As he and his former buddy, McDermott, had drifted apart, Norman McLeod returned to his beloved University of Washington in Seattle where he had already graduated in arts and science, majoring in psychology. He [*Continued on page* 103]

Hollywood Credo

By

Joseph Henry Steele

THAT the way of the female transgressor in Hollywood is stardom.
That Garbo is a mystery because she does not speak good English.
That the girl who doesn't succeed in Hollywood proves her virtue by becoming a waitress.
That a director is as good as his last picture.
That one success will carry a director for five years.
That blondes are the best types for leading ladies.
That there are too many blondes.
That Mary Pickford made her greatest mistake when she cut her curls.
That all movie marriages over five years in duration are desperately happy.
That there is something phoney about any marriage that has lasted over five years.
That Charles Chaplin is a genius because he wants to play HAMLET and NAPOLEON.
That unintelligent pictures are caused by unintelligent audiences.
That any woman over twenty-six is old.
That leading men must go about without hats.
That all producers were pants-pressers.
That fanmail is an indication of the star's box-office value.
That fortune-tellers are safe guides.
That a good supervisor should not have previously been a writer, director, or actor.

OPENING TO NIGHT WO
CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN
ALSO BIG STAGE PRES

That every guest list should include fan magazine writers and movie critics.
That Sid Grauman is the greatest showman in the history of the world.
That New York premières influence the run of a picture in the rest of the country.
That successful directors owe their success to fine scenarios.
That successful writers owe their success to fine directors.
That efficiency experts in studios save money for the company.
That stage dramatists are cleverer than screen writers.
That any play that has been on Broadway for two days or longer will make a hit picture.
That actors sooner or later believe the stuff their press agents write.
That a ten dollar première is more important than a five dollar one.
That marriage is more expensive than platonic friendship, because of the California community property law.
That all divorced couples end by being better friends.
That no cocktail party is successful if the guests know each other.
That an actor's wife has to be broadminded.
That a broadminded wife is a fool.
That the artistic integrity of all writers getting over $750 a week is badly abused by producers.
That no party is a success unless pictures of it appear in fan magazines.
That the Countess di Frasso is a prominent motion picture personage.
That an intelligent picture is an artistic one.
That an artistic picture cannot make money.
That the term "box-office" was something unknown to Shakespeare.
That you can please all of the censorship boards all of the time and still make intelligent pictures.
That "moron" is not a word meaning fourteen-year-old mind, but is any person who plunks down forty cents at the box-office.

So pleased is Republic Studios with Marion Talley in *Follow Your Heart* that she is scheduled for a series of pictures

Marion Talley Pays Off!

She says she doesn't believe in repaying favors—but that doesn't stop her from establishing motion picture scholarships

By Mark Larkin

ACROSS the cost sheet of a prima donna's musical education, Kansas City, Missouri, may now write the closing commercial phrase, "Paid in full," and the state of Oklahoma may rise to its full height and "point with pride" to another favorite son . . . all because of a woman's philosophy.

She is quite unconscious of this philosophy, too, and wholly unaware that it is ingrained in her personality, a definite part of her nature.

"I think I'll just have a salad," she said, smiling at her host on the opposite side of the table as he gazed quizzically over the top of his menu.

"Worrying about your weight, I'll bet," he said.

"Evidently you don't listen to my radio programs. I discuss my weight on them, you know," she told him.

"Remember those waffles and sausages you used to cook in New York, Marion?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, "and wasn't it great fun!"

"I'll say," he assured her quickly. "I always got a kick out of seeing the youngest diva at the 'Met' climb into a kitchen apron and cook waffles and sausages! And good waffles and sausages, too, as good as your arias, which were swell."

She laughed softly. "In those days, Erik, we never dreamed we'd be in Hollywood together, did we?"

"Hardly." Slowly he put down the menu. "As I used to sit there at the opera with your mother and your sister, spellbound by the beauty and glamour of it all, I was terribly proud to be your protegé. If anyone had told me then that some day I'd be a comedian in pictures instead of an opera star, I'd have said he was crazy."

"I guess we never know anything for certain," she said. "We probably just follow the signboards of circumstance."

ERIK RHODES looked away for a moment, then said, "But somebody has to give us the first directions. Your scholarship, for instance, was the first signboard for me. If I hadn't won that, I would probably still be touring Texas in a tent with the Chautauquas. It was my Big Chance, that competition in Kansas City, and what a competition! Thirty-eight contestants, six judges. We sang and sang and sang, again and again, until there were only four of us left—four winners, each the proud possessor of a Marion Talley Scholarship!"

"And you are the only one of the four to really make

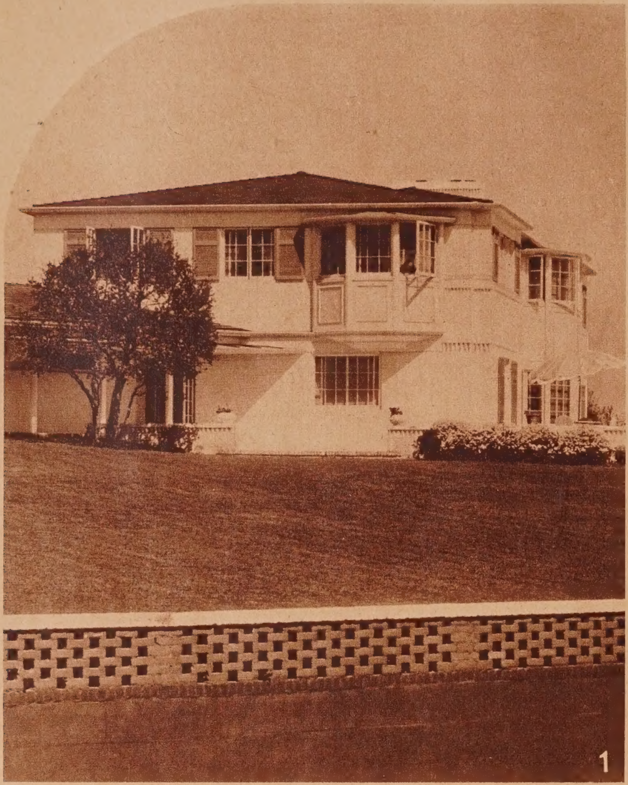
[*Continued on page* 105]

Gene Raymond

—*Tel Allan photo*

Gentleman Gene may well be looked upon with envy. His latest film, *Smartest Girl in Town*, is regarded a hit in the light-comedy vein. And besides he's lucky enough to be engaged to enchanting Jeanette MacDonald. As you may know, their wedding is scheduled to take place in the spring. At the moment he works opposite Lily Pons in *That Girl from Paris*

Let's Go *Calling*



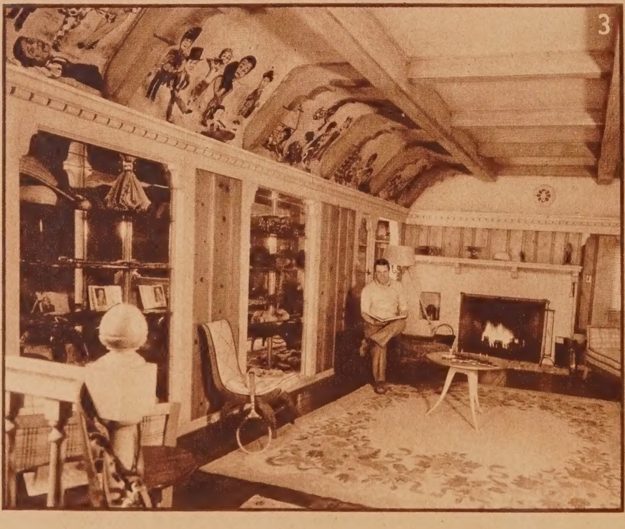
1. and 2.—Claudette Colbert's "dream house" in the Holmby Hills district which she occupies with husband Dr. Joel Pressman. The smooth lawn slopes gently down to a wall, below which is the private tennis court and swimming pool. Picture No. 2 shows you a corner of the tennis court, with a drinking fountain fastened in the wall

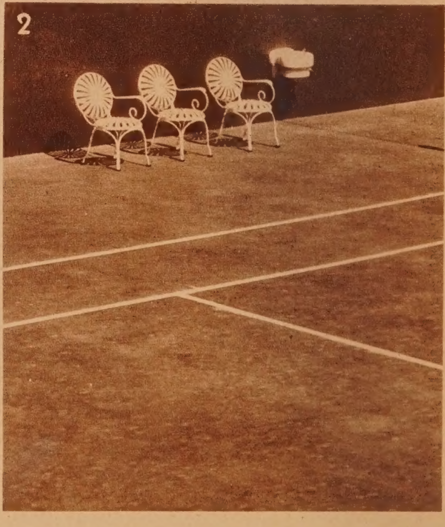
3. Joe E. Brown's trophy room holds treasures from all over the world. Almost all are sport trophies which were sent to him without his asking. He has, for instance, Bobby Jones' famous driving club, Dizzy Dean's baseball uniform, etc. Notice the frieze of Joe Brown decorations depicting the screen life of the actor

4. Gladys Swarthout is mad about lovely staircases—one of the reasons why she chose this house

5. A glimpse into Warren William's home finds him and Mrs. William relaxing before the fire on these nice squashy cushions. The fireplace canopy is made of bright beaten metal, which catches all the reflections of flickering firelight

6. Bachelor Erik Rhodes has a vividly-colored living room. The walls are tobacco brown, the woodwork white. Furniture is slip-covered in yellows, browns and green. The drapes are coral. The fireplace facings are black glass



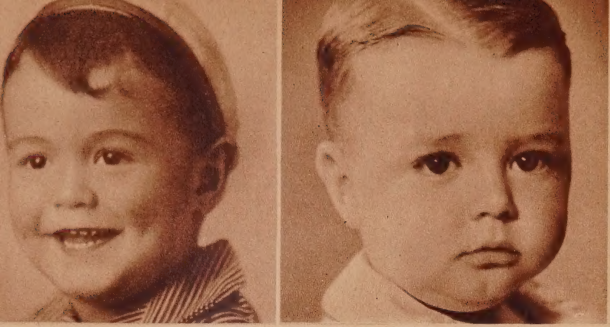


On The Stars

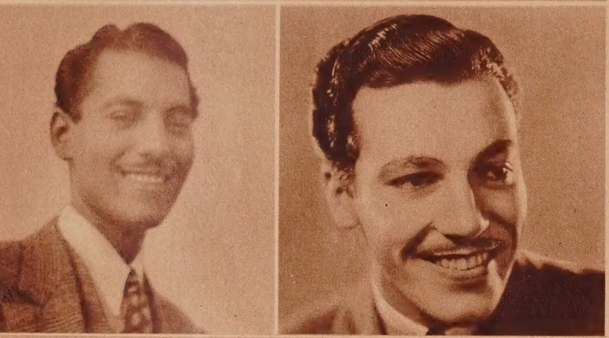
4

5

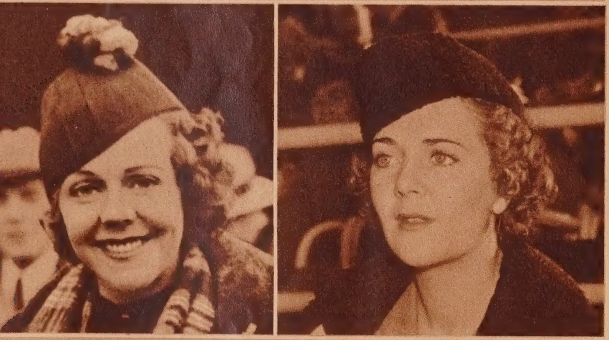
6



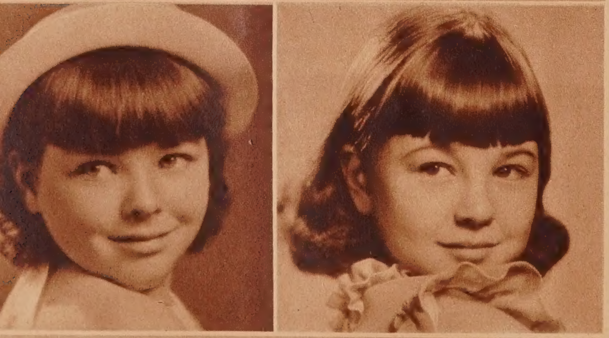
$50 to John Carswell Turner, 847 Patterson St., Macon, Ga.—Spanky MacFarland's "twin." Winner Our Gang kiddie class



$50 to Robert H. Slavin, 1085 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Cesar Romero's "twin." Winner the Male Star class



$50 to Lucille Crum, 1082 Bloomfield Avenue, Akron, Ohio—Ruby Keeler's "twin." Winner in the Female Juvenile class



$50 to Mary Frances Holmes, 2624 Ellendale Place, Los Angeles, Calif.—Jane Withers' "twin." Winner Child Star class

Laurel and Hardy—who double for themselves in *Our Relations* — puzzled over bushels of contest photographs before they finally picked Robert Smith and Jack Crawford, of Browning Hotel, Grand Rapids, Michigan as their relations in looks

Winners of the MOVIE DOUBLES CONTEST!

Here are the ten lucky people who get the $500 in prizes

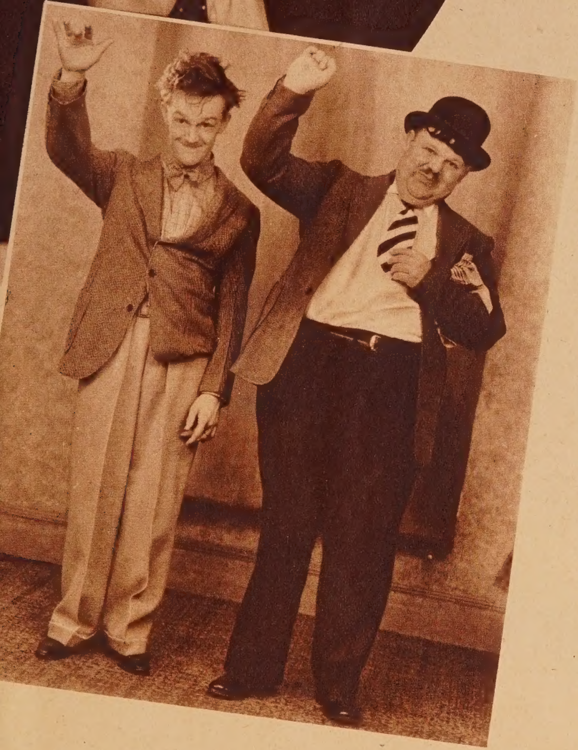
HOW we wish we could have sent scores of prizes—yes, hundreds even. For that many of you sent in photographs that show you really do bear astonishing resemblances to many of our most famous film stars.

It was a terrific task to make a final decision—for thousands and thousands of photographs came in from all over this country, and from such far-away places as Japan and Africa. The Character Actress winner—who looks exactly like the late beloved Marie Dressler—lives in the British West Indies.

The selection of winners was made with painstaking care. A magnifying glass was held over the small photographs and snapshots so that the judges could tell beyond a doubt about all of the submitted pictures.

On this page are the photographs of the lucky ten $50 winners—and the stars they resemble. All of these SCREEN BOOK readers have received their checks by this time. On page 74 are the winners of honorable mention.

It seems as if all the little girls in the world sent in their pictures. There were tons of photographs that looked a little like Shirley Temple. But careful scrutiny would show that it was mostly a matter of Shirley Temple curls—and a similarity of hairdress isn't enough to make you qualify for a double.



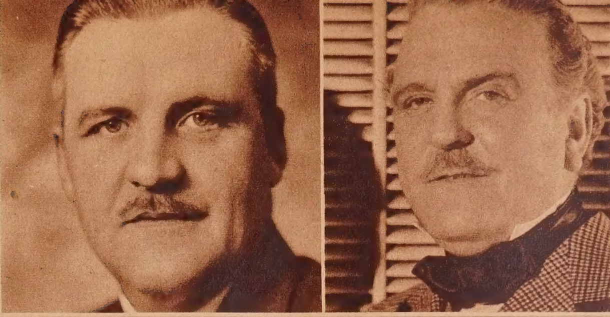
The child (Mary Frances Holmes) who won the $50 prize for her likeness to another child star is called "Jane Withers" by the children at school. And she actually was mistaken for Jane when she started dancing school.

The judges were a bit puzzled about the matter of classifying the pictures of the young ladies doubling for Harpo Marx. There were scores of them, but of course none of you fair maidens *really* look like Harpo. You wouldn't want to!

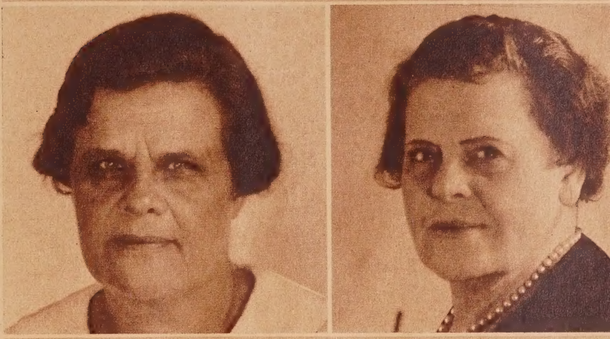
But the top honor for the easiest entry to judge was the piece of black film which was sent in as a double for the Invisible Man. Shame on somebody for poking fun at us when we were entirely serious!

We hated to do it—but we had to stick by the rules that eliminated entries from people who had accepted pay for doubling for movie players. A number

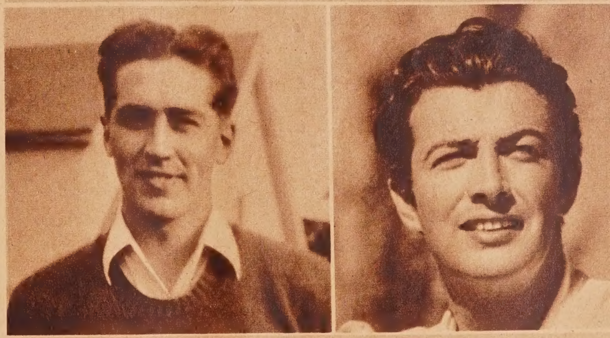
[*Continued on page 74*]



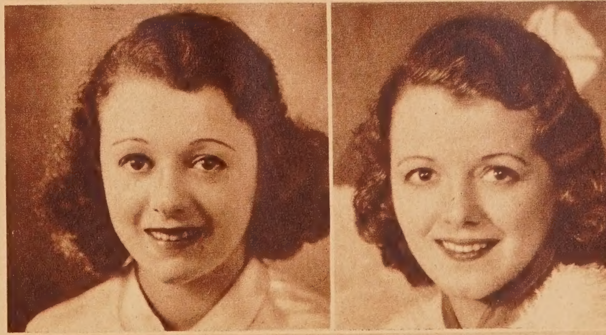
$50 to Eustace Rendell, 4264 Linden Hills Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn.—Frank Morgan's "twin." Winner in the Character Actor class



$50 to Stella O'Donnell, Chepston, Bridgetown, Barbados, B. W.I.—Marie Dressler's "twin." Winner Character Actress class



$50 to Starr Lambert Pitzer, 453 W. Washington Ave., Madison, Wis.—Robert Taylor's "twin." Winner Male Juvenile class



$50 to Helen Klappas, 221½ Chester Avenue, N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.—Janet Gaynor's "twin." Winner in the Female Star class

MILESTONES ALONG MOVIELAND'S MEMORY LANE

by HARRY HAMMOND BEALL

THE Kinetescope with its chases that always concluded the bill at the old Columbia theater in Cincinnati, Ohio, one of the original high class vaudeville houses of the nation. As a freshman in Walnut Hills high school my first glimpse at a movie.

Then Clune's Broadway in downtown Los Angeles, where the one and two-reelers made by the "trust" were exhibited from the studios of Vitagraph, Biograph, Kalem, Lubin, Selig and Essanay.

Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, now retired in Hollywood, with Ann Little, former western star, as manager of his beautiful Chateau Marmont, an exclusive Hollywood apartment hotel.

Ruth Roland, the original Kalem girl, also clicked in real estate. Reputed extremely wealthy, and still the picture of youth. Married to Ben Bard, one-time leading man, now successfully conducting a drama school and little theater movement.

Speaking of Lubin, Benny Ziedman, the midget movie magnate, once ran the switchboard at Lubinville, near Philadelphia. As Doug Fairbanks' manager he climbed to fame, and now an independent producer.

Colonel W. N. Selig, one of the first to produce in Hollywood, or rather Edendale, close by, he of the wild animal thrillers and Kathlyn Williams serials, has his office on Sunset boulevard, selling scripts of the early days to cinema tycoons for modern rewrites.

Remember how bitter the fight between the "trust" and the "independents" used to be. I recall benefits where the stars of the old General Film, which controlled the patents, would not appear if interlopers from such outlaw studios as Universal and Balboa were welcomed.

Selznick has just made *The Garden of Allah* based on the Robert Hichens novel. Selig made it years ago, silent of course, and it ran for weeks and weeks at Quinn's Rialto on Broadway in the City of Angels.

Motion picture production used to be scattered all over California.

Broncho Billy Anderson and Charlie Chaplin made pictures at Niles, between San Jose and Oakland, for Essanay. Arthur Lubin started a studio in the suburbs of San Diego.

The Horkheimer brothers financed a production plant at Long Beach, and christened it Balboa, after the explorer.

Harold Lloyd had his comedy factory on top of Angels' Flight; on a hill overlooking metropolitan Los Angeles; D. W. Griffith's Biograph was on the site of the present L. A. Railway car barns.

Colonel Selig, Louis B. Mayer and Ben Schulberg made pictures on the eastern fringe of the Angeleno community.

Mack Sennett's baker always delivered custard pies to Edendale where Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, and a battalion of Keystone Kops were usually on the receiving end.

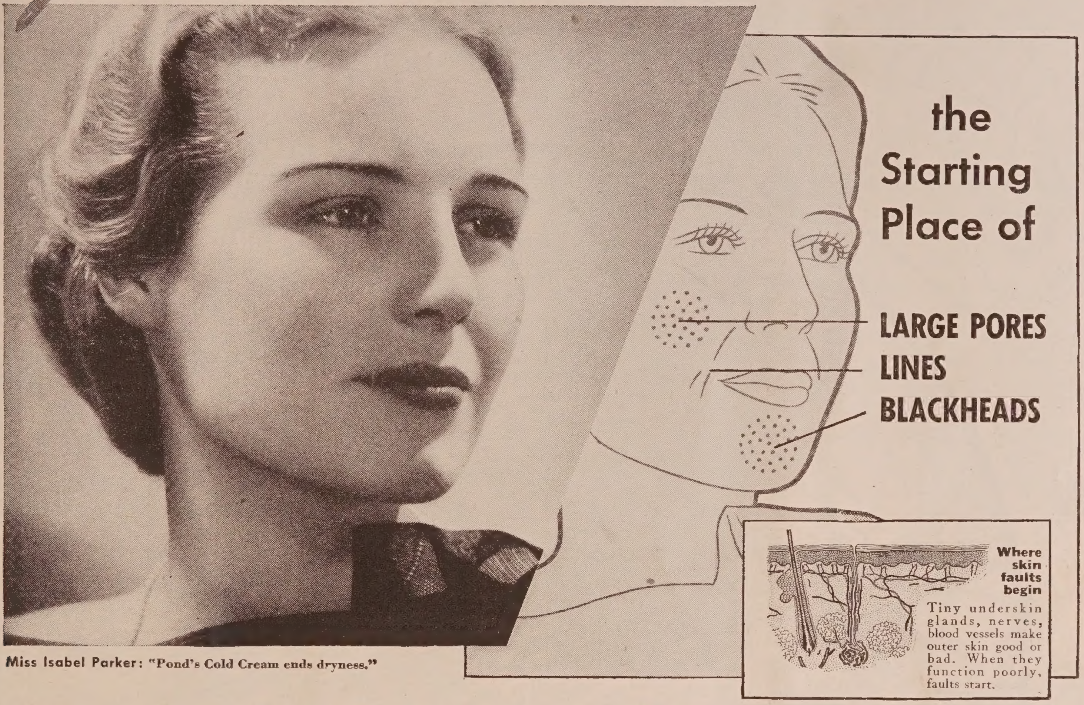
Now it's concentrated in Hollywood proper, Culver City, Burbank and Universal City. Hollywood and Universal City are within the corporate limits of Los Angeles. Culver City and Burbank are separate municipalities, as is Beverly Hills, where scores of film celebrities have their palatial homes.

IT'S a far cry from the split reelers, mostly imported from France, and bearing the Pathe Freres trademark which I used to see in Cincinnati in 1902 to such productions as *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, the latest Warner Brothers-First National opus.

Whether super-productions demanded more palatial presentations in de luxe picture palaces, or whether the ambitious exhibitors who financed, built, or leased these cinemansions put the producers on their toes to be sure the picture was worthy of its frame is a question not to be tossed lightly to one side.

But anyway production and exhibition advancing in seven league boots, has made motion pictures the outstanding entertainment of millions all over the globe, and you can depend on it, that, "When Better Pictures Are Made, Hollywood Will Make Them."

Get at that Faulty Under Skin


the Starting Place of
LARGE PORES
LINES
BLACKHEADS
Where skin faults begin
Tiny underskin glands, nerves, blood vessels make outer skin good or bad. When they function poorly, faults start.

Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *underskin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

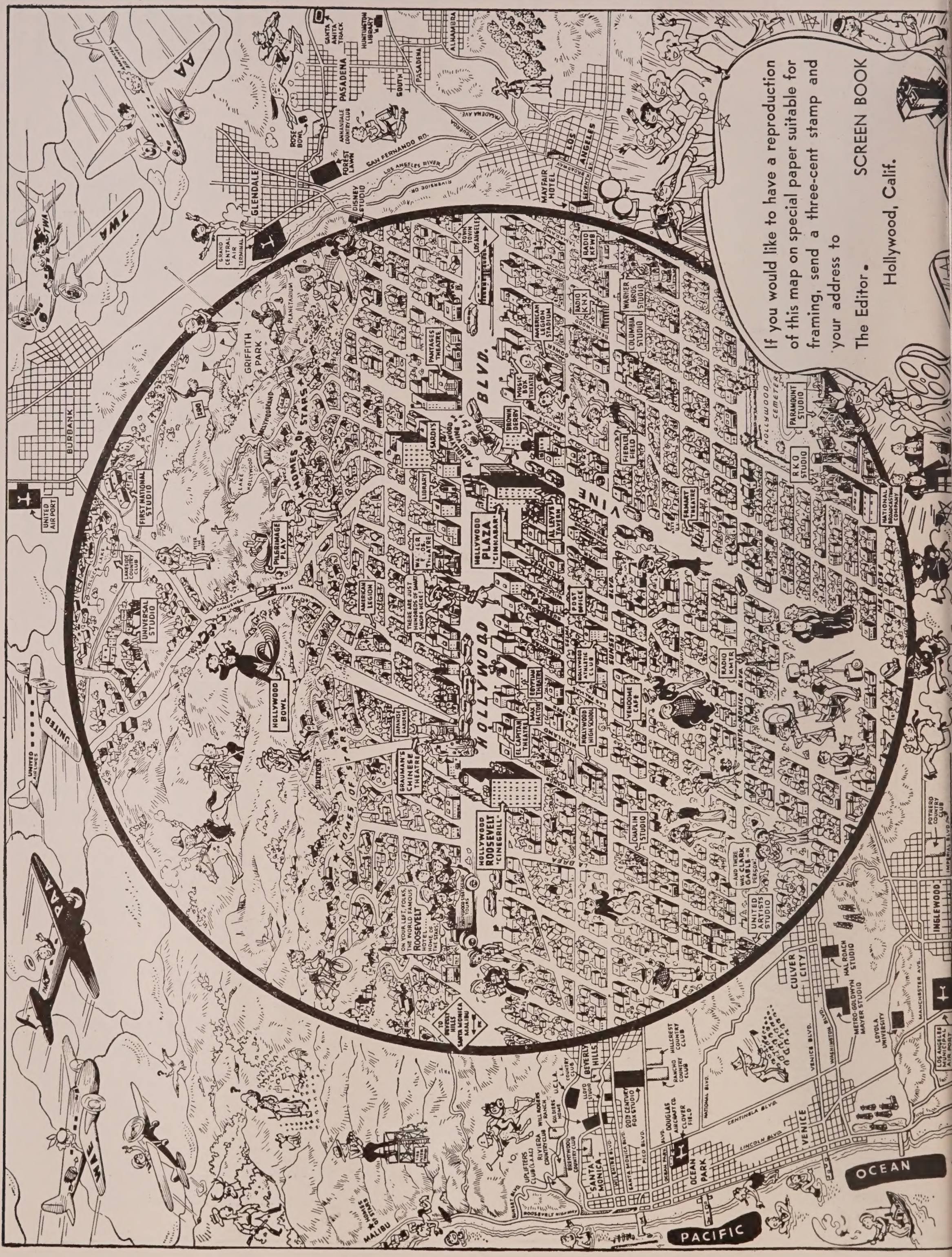
Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State__________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Turn This Page To The Right So You Can Study This New 1937 Map of Hollywood



If you would like to have a reproduction of this map on special paper suitable for framing, send a three-cent stamp and your address to

The Editor.

SCREEN BOOK

Hollywood, Calif.

AA
TWA
UNITED
UNITED AIRLINES
PAA
WAE
BURBANK
UNITED AIR PORT
GLENDALE
GRAND CENTRAL AIR TERMINAL
DISNEY STUDIO
FOREST LAWN
SAN FERNANDO RD.
LOS ANGELES RIVER
RIVERSIDE DR.
ROSE BOWL
ANNANDALE COUNTRY CLUB
PASADENA
SOUTH PASADENA
SANTA ANITA TRACK
HUNTINGTON LIBRARY
ALHAMBRA
PASADENA AVE.
FIGUEROA
LOS ANGELES
MAYFAIR HOTEL
BROADWAY
SEVENTH ST.
GRIFFITH PARK
PLANETARIUM
ZOO
LAKE HOLLYWOOD
HOMES OF STARS
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO
LAKESIDE COUNTRY CLUB
UNIVERSAL STUDIO
CAHUENGA PASS
PILGRIMAGE PLAY
HOLLYWOOD BOWL
AMERICAN LEGION
THERE ARE JUST HUNDREDS OF SMART SHOPS HERE!
PANTAGES THEATRE
SARDI'S
LIBRARY
BROWN DERBY
MUSIC BOX THEATRE
HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
VINE
HOLLYWOOD PLAZA "CINNABAR"
AL LEVY'S TAVERN
DOWN TOWN LOS ANGELES
RADIO KFWB
RADIO KNX
AMERICAN LEGION STADIUM
WARNER BROS. STUDIO
COLUMBIA STUDIO
FIELDS FIELD
HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY
PARAMOUNT STUDIO
RKO STUDIO
NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
FILMART THEATRE
POST OFFICE
SUNSET BLVD.
RADIO KMTR
SANTA MONICA BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD ATHLETIC CLUB
VENDOME CAFE
HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL
MAX FACTOR
EL CAPITAN THEATRE
GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE
HOLLYWOOD ROOSEVELT "CINEGRILL"
CHAPLIN STUDIO
AND THERE WAS CLARK GABLE—IN PERSON!
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO
ON YOUR LEFT, FOLKS, THE WORLD FAMOUS ROOSEVELT HOTEL... HOME OF THE STARS!
BEVERLY HILLS SANTA MONICA MALIBU
BEVERLY HILLS
U.C.L.A.
L.A. COUNTRY CLUB
20TH CENTURY FOX STUDIO
HILLCREST COUNTRY CLUB
RANCHO COUNTRY CLUB
CULVER CITY
HAL ROACH STUDIO
METRO-GOLDWYN MAYER STUDIO
LOYOLA UNIVERSITY
INGLEWOOD
POTRERO COUNTRY CLUB
LOS ANGELES MUNICIPAL AIR PORT
MANCHESTER AVE.
WASHINGTON BLVD.
VENICE BLVD.
NATIONAL BLVD.
CENTINELA BLVD.
LINCOLN BLVD.
VENICE
OCEAN PARK
CLOVER FIELD
DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO.
SANTA MONICA
PICO BLVD.
WILSHIRE BLVD.
SOLDIERS HOME
WILL ROGERS RANCH
RIVIERA COUNTRY CLUB
BRENTWOOD COUNTRY CLUB
UPLIFTERS CLUB
ROOSEVELT HIGHWAY
SUNSET BLVD.
MALIBU
HOMES OF STARS
PACIFIC
OCEAN

JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS

"WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.

Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard proprietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

**functional disorders*

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn. Massachusetts, U. S. A.

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 10]

that either he or Dixie had ever been out of the country. In the letters that they wrote home, Bing said that he was getting a lot of exercise—swimming, fishing, and bicycling. Relatives said, "Good old Bing! He needed some exercise. He'll be in great shape when he gets back!" Well, Bing brought back pictures of himself indulging in these sports. He had swum on a paddle board, fished from a padded rocking chair, and bicycled with a motor attachment to make it more difficult! Now Mr. Crosby is dieting!

The Crosbys have the last word in houses—their new house at Toluca Lake is really something! The only room unoccupied is the one next to theirs. But the dining room! It is so large and so be-draped that Bing feels sort of uncomfortable in it, so the kids use it as a play room and have marvelous games of hide-and-seek among the draperies.

IF ROBERT TAYLOR and Barbara Stanwyck ever do marry—and there is much doubt on the subject in Hollywood then it will be a big surprise to one fine woman in Hollywood—Bob's mother.

This from a close friend of the Taylor family.

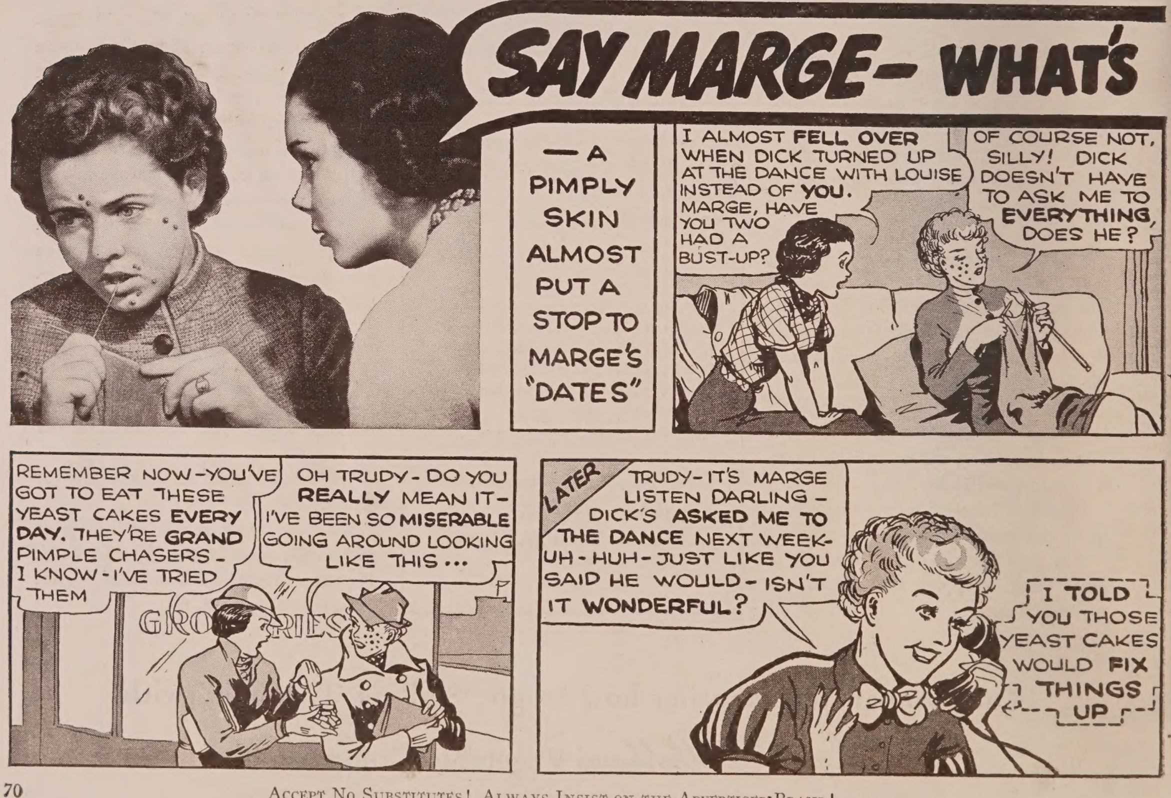
M-G-M HAS A NEW feather in its cap—a young man on its contract list who has one of the highest titles in the world. He is the Earl of Warwick, a great friend of King Edward the Eighth, and whose House of Warwick is the next in rank to the House of Kent. He is young, attractive and will no doubt be hounded to death by Hollywood hostesses whose favorite dish is a title for dinner. It's quite amazing that a man of his rank would consider a career in the movies, but when asked why he came to Hollywood, he retorts with the identical question, "Well, why did you come here?" The same things—money and fame—evidently appeal to everyone. The Earl of Warwick has taken just an ordinary name for the screen—Michael Brooke. However, three to one he will be billed this way: "Michael (Earl of Warwick) Brooke."

Only one other higher ranking gentleman has yet deigned to tarry in Hollywood. This is the Maharajah of Indore who was here only on a visit. The Maharajah is the "world's wealthiest son." His father has an annual income of 125 million dollars—yep, 125 milllion bucks every twelve months. The Maharajah and his wife are great tennis fiends and made many friends in and around Hollywood's tennis colony . . . The Freddie Marches, Connie Bennett, Gail Patrick . . . and on leaving for Honolulu invited many of their new friends to visit them on an extensive houseparty there. The Maharajah is one of the few personalities of the world who is entitled to a twenty-one gun salute in any Naval Base where he happens to be. You can imagine how Hollywood eats that up!

THE SECOND Dionne Quintuplet film, *Reunion*, has been finished and a 16 millimeter print of it made and sent to Dr. Allen Dafoe. The studio has given Dr. Dafoe a home projection machine, equipped to reproduce sound, so the good man can watch and listen to his five famous children in his own home. The Doctor also has a home projection size print of *The Country Doctor* and it looks as though he will have quite a film library by the time the girls' movie contract runs out, for they are scheduled to make one picture a year until they reach their eighteenth birthday. It's the longest term contract ever to be signed.

Twentieth Century-Fox Studio is storing prints of all the Quintuplet films in the studio vaults, and will make them a birthday present to the girls when that far-off day comes.

THEY ALL HAVE different hobbies—something special they delight in collecting. Gary Cooper is spending his odd nickels and dimes on beautiful firearms, Ralph Bellamy has a yen for music boxes, Carole Lombard's menagerie is really something, Katie Hepburn collects spun glass miniatures, and for ten years Joan Bennett has


SAY MARGE— WHAT'S
— A PIMPLY SKIN ALMOST PUT A STOP TO MARGE'S "DATES"
I ALMOST FELL OVER WHEN DICK TURNED UP AT THE DANCE WITH LOUISE INSTEAD OF YOU. MARGE, HAVE YOU TWO HAD A BUST-UP?
OF COURSE NOT, SILLY! DICK DOESN'T HAVE TO ASK ME TO EVERYTHING, DOES HE?
REMEMBER NOW - YOU'VE GOT TO EAT THESE YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY. THEY'RE GRAND PIMPLE CHASERS - I KNOW - I'VE TRIED THEM
OH TRUDY - DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT - I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE GOING AROUND LOOKING LIKE THIS ...
GROCERIES
LATER
TRUDY - IT'S MARGE LISTEN DARLING - DICK'S ASKED ME TO THE DANCE NEXT WEEK - UH - HUH - JUST LIKE YOU SAID HE WOULD - ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?
I TOLD YOU THOSE YEAST CAKES WOULD FIX THINGS UP

been gathering salt and pepper cellars! Yes, seriously, and it's a collection that ranks at the top of cellar collections, believe you us! There is one that was used by Louis the Fourteenth, one from Ivan the Terrible's table and one that was owned by Saladin, the noted warrior of the Crusades. Now if Joan could only get Garbo's she'd have something!

THE LATEST romantic rumor to cross the Atlantic cables is the one involving Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Marlene Dietrich. We sorta feel that Marlene must have a pearl-handled shooter on which she takes great delight in "notching" her victims—we wouldn't venture to say just what notch young Doug is. However, his friends say that the young man has *never* been so in love! We often wonder how ex-sweethearts feel upon reading such a statement—in this case, Joan Crawford, Gertrude Lawrence and Miriam Hopkins. Well, there's no sense in feeling too badly about it, girls. Every dog has his day. . . .

THIS IS JUST to give warning to the tabloids to be on the lookout for any scandal leaks along about Easter time. Hugh Herbert, that dashing, dynamic, delightful, darned fool is going to publish his memoirs! Hughie realizes just what this might do to his married status, but since his wife has stuck by him for twenty-one years, he figures it has become a habit with her, and so looks for very little trouble from that end. Hughie has kept a diary for years, and has decided that it might make interesting reading. With Hughie as author and hero, it should indeed—oh, my goodness, yes! The title—he hasn't decided on one yet.

IT WILL PROBABLY be English wedding bells for Merle Oberon and David Niven. Merle left for London a short time ago and David is soon to follow. Incidentally Merle had a well known champion as traveling companion on the trip. Sure Shot III is his name and he is the champion mouser of Hollywood. He is kinda like an alley cat, but he is king of the Goldwyn lot . . . keeps any stray squeaks out of the Goldwyn productions. This cat has been trained to deposit his kill—the tails are all that is necessary—in front of the sound engineer's door, and he has piled up 230 of them during his lifetime. Miss Oberon felt that Sure Shot could be of help to English studios, and at the same time get himself quite a rep with the fellas in Hollywood. It gives you glamor to go over for a picture or two! But Merle had to promise to bring him back when she returns for her next picture.

ONE OF THE greatest excitements in Hollywood these days is the making of an ice skating musical with the famous ice skating champion, Sonja Henie (pronounced Haynie) as its star. She has a dimpled, round, fat little face the like of which we haven't seen since Madge Bellamy was a favorite. At first the studio, Twentieth Century-Fox hired skaters for the big chorus numbers, but had such difficulty teaching the skaters to dance in time to the music that they decided it would be easier to teach their dancers to skate. For one sequence Sonja had to dance for three days in a row, which just about did the poor girl in. Exhibition skating for even an hour is quite a feat.

GLORIA SWANSON at last comes back! Finally, after a long seige of bad luck Mervyn Le Roy, one of the important producers at Warners, has decided to make a picture with her. No picture has yet been assigned, but he is busy looking for a story. This is good news to her countless fans, and they won't be disappointed when they see her again. She is as young and glamorous as ever.

NOW IT IS Fred Astaire who rides around in a station wagon a la Hepburn, except that his is driven by a chauffeur. Anyone who doubts that the Astaires are not very happily married should know the torment Fred went through when Mrs. Astaire went to the hospital recently for a painful extraction of several impacted wisdom teeth. He cancelled all appointments for the day and stayed with her throughout the ordeal. Incidentally, Fred refers to her as "Mrs. A."

DURING THE stage run of George White's *Scandals* in Los Angeles, the producer, George White, offered the production intact to be screened with not much interest shown on the part of the major producers.

At the moment, White is trying to interest an independent producer in the idea and it may be a reality yet.

HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY
OOK - THERE'S DICK NOW! AYBE HE'S COMING IN! OPE - DIDN'T EVEN OOK THIS WAY_MARGE OU OUGHT TO DO OMETHING ABOUT THIS-
BUT, TRUDY - HOW CAN I ? YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY LOUISE IS - AND JUST LOOK AT ME WITH ALL THESE AWFUL PIMPLES
MARGE - I BET THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE. IF YOU GET RID OF THOSE PIMPLES EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT- LISTEN, FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED - C'MON, LET'S GET SOME NOW!

GOSH MARGE - YOU SURE DO LOOK PRETTY - SAY, HOW ABOUT MAKING A DATE RIGHT NOW FOR THE MOVIES TOMORROW?
I'D ADORE TO, DICK

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes *daily*—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Converting Club Women into MOVIE FANS

What does the intelligentsia think about motion pictures? A man who knows gives you the answer

By Barrett C. Kiesling

No longer are young actresses expected to pose in *dishabille*. No longer do movie-goers clamor for sensationalism in photographs or films

"CLUB-WOMEN and school teachers are unfriendly to motion pictures."

This false legend, unfortunately believed by some people, is as out-worn and untrue as the old medieval superstition that to keep out the "devils" of illness, bedroom windows should be tightly locked at nightfall. Or the now dead dietetic concept that milk and cherries should never be eaten at the same time.

To the contrary, there is not the slightest bit of difference in the general average attitude towards motion pictures and motion picture personalities; between the young blonde at the ribbon counter on the one side, and a sober college Dean of Women on the other.

The appeal of pictures gets 'em all.

The only real difference is that the members of your so-called "intelligentsia" have so many social and business preoccupations that their attendance is irregular.

But if they have gone to pictures at all . . . they are fans.

There was the dignified and nationally famous scientist in Boston who requested an autographed picture of Bob Taylor for his young daughter. And the famous Shakespearean scholar of a big eastern city who mildly objected that "the movies don't make enough rip-roaring westerns." Also one must not forget the gray-haired curator of an important scientific department of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C., who states with pride to everybody he meets that he hasn't missed seeing at least two movies a week for the past twelve years.

But here . . . I am giving you a lot of specific instances without telling you really what this is all about.

IT CAME to pass in this manner.

The industry has long conceded, without a dissenting voice, that for foresight the late Irving Thalberg was without a peer.

It was his opinion that mass movie-going growth had pretty well reached the saturation point.

He felt that if more picture-show attendants were to be reached they would have to come from the least active group of the public, cinematically speaking . . . the so-called intelligentsia.

He disagreed with those who felt that club and school leaders were "unfriendly." He considered it true that these people [*Continued on page* 80]

These two portraits of Ginger Rogers typify the changing tastes of cinema patrons. At the right, the old; above, the new

Let's Go to the Movies!

[*Continued from page* 53]

dom. But the district attorney, with his eye on a higher political office, ignores their evidence because he wants his "brilliant" conviction to stand. As the hour of execution draws close, the prisoners in death row riot so that the hour of execution for the innocent boy passes, and Beal is given fifteen minutes of grace. During those moments events have come to light that turn the tide. John Beal is excellent. There may be some incongruities in this depiction of prison life—I can't say for sure, never having been incarcerated—but it does give the impression of fidelity. The characters you meet in the execution cells will remain in your mind for days. This is recommended fare. It's different.—*Produced by RKO-Radio.*

Pigskin Parade
★★★

EVEN if you don't like football pictures (we don't!), you'll think this great fun because it satirizes collegians and their enthusiasms. The story concerns a tank town college's being invited by accident to play Yale in the year's big charity game. The new college coach is befuddled Jack Haley; Patsy Kelly is his sharp-tongued wife. When she breaks the star player's leg she scouts for a substitute. She finds Stuart Erwin pitching melons out of a farm melon patch with hilarious accuracy. Yes, he'd like to go to collitch and wear shoes and learn to read. The boys incite a screwy young radical student into a demonstration that lands him in jail, and Stu enters school on his credentials. The college vamp (Arline Judge) begins working on him. But why should we tell you the plot? You'll like the Yacht Club Boys and their snappy ditties, Dixie Dunbar's dancing and singing, Johnny Downs' bounding enthusiasm, Tony Martin's rather saccharine good looks. Judy Garland, a little gal new to the screen, scores with a neat performance and a good voice. But she sings too much. All in all, this will give you a jolly evening. The film is sprightly and well-placed. Stuart Erwin deserves some special applause for his swell characterization of the untutored farmer.—*Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.*

[*Continued on page* 77]

Now it's *Tarzan Escapes.* Above: Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan

CHARMING

Miss
Ernestine
Lollie —
with her latest
Permanent Wave
by Bernord az Guro,
New York City.

"I found my *whole appearance* improved after using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," *says Miss Ernestine Lollie of Vineland, N. J.*

WINNER of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH CONTEST for DECEMBER, lovely Miss Lollie admitted many of her friends commend her attractive appearance. "They all admire my golden hair," says Miss Lollie. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain added popularity. Glorious, sparkling hair will bring you, as it did Miss Lollie, the admiring compliments of your friends.

BLONDES—If your hair is dull, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's to bring back bright, sunny lustre of natural blonde hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash keeps your hair always the popular golden shade.

BRUNETTES—You will delight in a lovelier appearance once you rinse sparkling highlights into your hair with Marchand's. Or if you prefer, using Marchand's full strength you can completely lighten your hair to a golden blonde shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—Worried over unsightly hair on arms—and legs? Women everywhere now use Marchand's to make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable.* Invisible through even sheerest stockings!

Start to benefit from this effective home beauty treatment today. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use it on your hair—your arms and legs—tonight, at home.

Would You, Too, Like to Visit New York—FREE

Full details of Marchand's Blonde-Of-The-Month Contest in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or mail coupon below.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name..
Address..
City..State..M. G. 137

Winners Of The Movie Doubles Contest

[*Continued from page* 65]

These People Won Honorable Mention

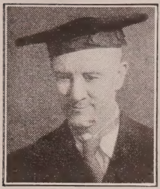

Photo of Jos. F. Gilmore, 7325 Coles Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Double for Stan Laurel) Pedro Molinar, Edison 140, Mexico City, Mexico. (Double for Stan Laurel), Harry L. Perry, 9021 184th Place, Hollis, Long Island, New York. (Double for Stan Laurel). Gerald T. Houts, 1221½ Broadway, Mattoon, Illinois. (Double for Stan Laurel)

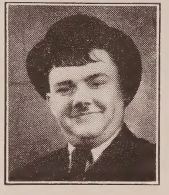

Photo of Bud Mulhern, 207 Academy Street, Elroy, Wis. (Double for Oliver Hardy). Lewis Horton, Amazonia, Missouri. (Double for Oliver Hardy). Don Rice, 139 Berkshire Ave., Springfield, Mass. (Double for Oliver Hardy). Frank Marsicek, 2207 Vinton Street, Omaha, Nebraska. (Double for Oliver Hardy)

Photo of Dorothy Adams, 178 Beaumont St., Winston-Salem, N. C. (Double for "Buckwheat"). Also worthy of mention are Paul Harrington, 99 Noel St., Springfield, Mass. (Double for "Alfalfa"). Alicia Ida Castanida, 2708 Ellendel Pl., Los Angeles, Calif. (Double for Darla Hood). James Willis Noethig, 1155 Delman Ave., San Jose, Calif. (Double for "Spanky")

Photo of Maurice Golden, 1122 8th Ave., No. Minneapolis, Minn. (Double for George Brent). Also worthy of mention are Elvis Hughes, 713 Le Clair St., Davenport, Iowa. (Double for George Raft). Robert Lewis, 336 E. Imperial Highway, Los Angeles, Calif. (Double for Warren William)

of Hollywood folk overlooked this printed rule and sent in their photographs anyway. To them we say thanks—but "rules is rules."

Why, W. C. Fields even came into the office one day chirping something about his "little chickadee." He wanted to enter his picture in the contest. Well, we thought it was Bill Fields because James May can fool anybody. In *The Great Ziegfeld* he impersonated Fields—but the picture ran so many feet over length that May was one of the faces on the cutting room floor when the picture finally was edited. If he'd been eligible under the contest rules he'd certainly have grabbed a prize, for he's a "double" if there ever was one.

A great flock of contest entries came in postmarked later than October 10th, and so, in accordance with the rules and in fairness to the other contestants, it was necessary to eliminate them.

Please do not ask for the return of your photographs. One of the specifications was that "no photos can be returned and no correspondence entered into regarding them." The pictures will be kept—and if any studio official should be interested he will have access to them—in your interests.

Complete information about movie talent scouts will be printed in February SCREEN BOOK.

Photo of Virginia Gibson, 5601 Emile Street, Omaha, Nebraska. (Double for Virginia Bruce). Also worthy of mention are Gael Trevor, 1536 Josephine St., Berkley, Calif. (Double for Norma Shearer). Joye Leaptrott, 322 8th Street, Augusta, Georgia. (Double for Luise Rainer)

Photo of Eugene Nugene, 160 Raymond Ave., Ocean Park, Calif. (Double for Freddie Bartholomew). Also worthy of mention are Janet De Gorgue, 325 Margate Rd., Bywood, Penn. (Double for Shirley Temple). Norma D'Ambrosio, 3846 N. Fairhill St., Philadelphia, Penn. (Double for Sybil Jason). Yiyi de la Vega, Animas 1—Apt. 108, Havana, Cuba. (Double for Shirley Temple)

Photo of Harry Nanos, 469 Stevens Ave., Portland, Maine. (Double for Will Rogers). Also worthy of mention are C. A. Gray, 2561 Taylorsville Rd., Louisville, Ky. (Double for Warner Baxter). Lou Cody, 1290 6th Ave., New York City, N. Y. (Double for Harpo Marx)

Photo of Patty Porter, Sandy Springs, South Carolina. (Double for Patsy Kelly). Also worthy of mention are Rosalie Virginia Murray, 332 So. 21st, Philadelphia, Pa. (Double for Louise Beaver), Rose Stanley, 1519 E. Maple Street, Glendale, Calif. (Double for ZaSu Pitts)

Photo of Fredric Braun, Jr., 518 Valencia St., San Francisco, Calif. (Double for Allen Jones). Also worthy of mention are Harry Conover, Shelton Hotel, New York City, N. Y. (Double for Robert Taylor). George Laine, 635 W. 174th St., New York City, N. Y. (Double for Richard Arlen)

Photo of Gladys Sweeney, Metropole Apt. 7, Spokane, Wash. (Double for Joan Crawford). Also worthy of mention are Miss Martie Dart, 623 Keith Ave., Waukegan, Ill. (Double for Jean Parker). Eleanore Slemaker, Liberty Road, Woodlawn P. O., Maryland. (Double for Marion Davies)

Win $500.00

[*Continued from page* 16]

Paramount's snow-capped mountain; RKO-Radio's stuttering radio tower; Twentieth Century-Fox's sky-scraper letters raked by searchlights; Columbia's Statue of Liberty, and so forth.

Don't imitate any of those symbols. Think up a new one.

You need not draw your idea; a simple told outline in words is sufficient. If, however, you wish to draw a rough pencil sketch, that will be welcomed.

Read the rules—and let yourself go! . . .

1. Contest closes December 20th, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than midnight, December 20th, 1936.

2. Any reader is entitled to enter except employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., or A Mervyn LeRoy Production.

3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark—you can outline your idea in words.

4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.

5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfield, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Publicity Director for Warner Bros.

6. Contest closes at midnight, December 20th, 1936.

7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

8. Submit your entry (or entries) to Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Hollywood, Calif.

9. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same. No entries will be returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone start home after an evening of night clubbing

A NEW TRAVEL PICTURE

Starring

★ FRED MacMURRAY
★ PAT O'BRIEN
★ RALPH BELLAMY
★ GEORGE RAFT

with VAL-A-PAK

Significant, isn't it, that when these men of the films travel, whether it's for a week-end at Palm Springs or a transcontinental hop, they keep their wardrobes wrinkle-free with their personal Val-A-Paks?

Alert to everything that's new and practical, Hollywood has naturally taken to Val-A-Pak—the only piece of hand luggage that actually air-cushions clothes against wrinkling and mussing.

In the illustration of the open Val-A-Pak below, you'll get an idea of its roominess and carrying capacity. There are separate compartments for each article of apparel and regulation hangers for your suits—everything easily accessible without fumbling through the whole bag.

Val-A-Pak comes in a wide range of prices, leather and fabric models. On sale at leading department stores, luggage and men's wear shops. Atlantic Products Corporation, Trenton, New Jersey.

★ Fred MacMurray, co-starred with Claudette Colbert in "Maid of Salem," Paramount Picture.

★ Pat O'Brien, Warner Bros. star, appearing in "San Quentin."

★ Ralph Bellamy, appearing in "Lady of New York," a Columbia Picture.

★ George Raft, currently appearing in "Yours for the Asking."

Full size suit hangers (room for two suits), bags for underclothes, pajamas, handkerchiefs, socks, shirts, ties, toilet kit, sundries, shoes, soiled clothing.

THE *Styled* Val-A-Pak WARDROBE

Patented.

Prices West of Mississippi 10% Higher.

Are you confused about

FEMININE HYGIENE

don't be-it is so easy, dainty the *modern* way

There should be no confusion about that intimate and important subject—feminine hygiene.

Yet how can women *avoid* worrying about methods they realize are old-fashioned—open to serious question? Do you ask yourself: *Must I stick to my messy and clumsy method? Is it efficient?* Do you exclaim: *My method is embarrassing, hateful! How—where—can I find the ideal method for feminine hygiene?*

Why just *hope* for the answers? Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, safe, effective, and, equally important—*dainty!*

Zonitors, one of the latest developments of modern science for feminine hygiene, offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snowy-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and *completely* removable with water, Zonitors maintain the long effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power yet freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

SNOWY WHITE
Each in individual glass vial

Zonitors
FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
GREASELESS

Zonitors, 3458 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. *Send, in plain envelope, free booklet,* A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

Name..

Address..

A ZONITE PRODUCT

3 LIPSTICKS Free

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE, each in a different, fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs. Glorify your lips with FLAME-GLO . . . send coupon TODAY!

Flame-Glo
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., DEPT.S5, 395 B'WAY, N. Y.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks; enclosed find 10¢ (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost
NAME..
ADDRESS..

10¢ AND 20¢
AT LEADING
5 & 10¢ STORES

The Greeks Had a Word for Him!

[*Continued from page* 31]

came into his head in class. For some reason, Bing's lapses from grace didn't annoy the professor. Possibly it was because he took his punishment as though he knew he deserved it.

Professor Shipsey, one of the most popular teachers in the school, cured Bing and some of the others of their little pranks by laughing with the boys when anything was pulled off in class, and then punishing them afterwards, punctually and efficiently.

I RECALL one day when Bing and Bal Albi, who sat across the aisle, were engaged in that highly intellectual pastime, "tit-tat-toe" during recitations.

Professor Shipsey noticed and called upon Bal to recite.

"I didn't quite understand the question, Sir," stammered Bal.

"Mr. Crosby will tell you the subject of our discussion then," the professor replied.

Bing began to get red, then turned his engaging smile on the professor and said in an incredulous tone:

"You know, sir, it's the most astonishing fact, but I didn't quite understand the subject of the discussion either."

After class Bing and Bal were called to the front of the room by Professor Shipsey, who had a ruler in his hands.

"I am going to punish each of you with three slaps on the palm," said he. "You know why, don't you?"

"It's because we didn't understand your question, sir," Bing answered with all the naïvete he could muster.

The professor laughed.

"You could think of a better reason if you tried very hard, couldn't you Mr. Crosby?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Bing answered. The punishment was carried out.

THEN there was the presentation of the late Mr. Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." Some of us embryo actors, who later became hardware merchants or bank tellers, were pathetically intense in learning our lines and when to accent them and when to soften them.

Bing, however, was his usual careless self, and refused to get excited. He was the Second Citizen in the play. Also he "doubled" behind the wings with a guitar to provide the sound effects for the imitation lyre played by Lucius, a servant of Brutus, in the camp near Phillipi.

The night of the play Lucius came into the darkened camp, tired and lonely. He bethought himself of his trusty lyre and slowly stroked its strings. His eyes closed and his head dropped. He fell asleep. Now all this had been rehearsed, but what followed was certainly no part of the play as we understood it.

For suddenly, though no hand touched it, the audience heard the lyre burst into wild song. Was it Caesar's ghost? You'd better ask Bing Crosby about that.

Later, one of the actors reproached Bing and the hapless Lucius in the lines of the play, angrily bawling out:

"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things."

FOR some unknown reason Bing became tremendously interested in the study of Greek. It was, and is, a tough subject and not one to catch the imagination of many students.

One time when he and "Harp" Donovan and a bunch of us were down with requisitions for athletic equipment, he was unfortunate enough to mention this peculiarity.

"You know," he said seriously, "this Greek is great stuff. I'm getting along in it too. I can speak it pretty well now."

All of us gave him the razzberry, and finally somebody made the inspired suggestion that we take Bing down and make him try out his Greek on Gus, the Hellenic bootblack we all knew.

Bing was something less than anxious for the test, but he knew we would drag him down anyway, so he agreed.

When we arrived Bing spluttered the classic Greek equivalent of "me want feet clean," which was as near as he could come to "I want my shoes shined."

Gus hadn't the faintest comprehension of his meaning and said so.

"Don't you speak Greek?" Bing asked imperiously.

The bootblack's reply crushed Bing and gave us something to laugh over for weeks.

"Yes," he said.

THE years passed. We graduated from the junior high school section, the high school and entered the university. Bing spent two years in liberal arts and then transferred to law school. Our paths, educational and otherwise, drifted apart then.

He became more serious in regard to his classes when he entered college. But I guess his spirit didn't change much. Almost the last time I saw him (in person) was at the annual debate between the Law and Liberal Arts departments of the university.

It was a solemn affair, with the professors in attendance and most of the student body. Bing had been asked to sing as the program opener. But unwisely, the chairman of the evening had left the selection to the singer.

Sedately he mounted the platform and waited for his sister, Catherine, who accompanied him, to finish the introduction. Then he embarked upon his song.

The audience gasped, a few furtive chuckles broke loose, Bing's voice was lost in a roar of laughter.

He had chosen "When the Moon Shines Over the Moonshine," a mildly scandalous ditty, certainly not designed as a prelude to a debate on the question "Resolved that the unicameral system of legislation is superior to the bicameral."

I don't suppose we knew that Bing was destined to become known the world over. I doubt if kids ever really contemplate the destinies of their fellows. He stood out, but then others have stood out in school and have not gone so far afterwards.

But now as I see his name in lights, on bill boards and hear it pronounced over the radio, it brings back the Bing Crosby I knew. From what I've read, he hasn't changed so much—less perhaps than most the rest of us.

But anyway, change or not change, we, his old school fellows, wish him health, wealth and happiness. The world can't give him too much to suit us.

Let's Go To The Movies!

[Continued from page 73]

Tarzan Escapes ★★½

THE kids will go to town in this best of all Tarzan operas, featuring as it does the most lively combination of thrills and comedy yet. Melodrama in the ape man's escape from an iron cage to dispel savages brought on a safari through a white man's villainy is tempered by riotous rib-tickling in the superb antics of Herbert Mundin, as an English cockney man's man, and Cheetah, Tarzan's simian pet. Cheetah's hilarity at unavailing efforts by Mundin to mimic Tarzan's rope-swinging takes the cake. And you will not soon forget the grotesque horrors of the slimy cavern overrun by reptilian monsters who square things in the end by devouring the villain. Weissmuller turns in his best Tarzan, matched by a demure Maureen O'Sullivan as his mate. You will be tickled by the Rube Goldberg gadgets in the Jungle Lord's tree mansion. A four star picture for the youngsters, this film is recommended to ma and pa for relaxation after a hard, disagreeable day.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

General Spanky ★★½

THIS is a kid picture with Spanky McFarland, "Buckwheat" Thomas and Alfalfa Switzer dividing honors in bright juvenile cast work. One of the better *Our Gang* pictures, *General Spanky* has the typical comedy background melodrama of yore. Phillips Holmes and Rosina Laurence furnish the love interest while Irving Pichel is the dastardly meanie. You don't resent such technical inconsistencies as the fact that although it is supposed to be a Southern background during the War between the States, there are no Southern accents except the drawlings of the few negroes in the cast. Don't expect too much if you're in a classic mood.—*Produced by Hal Roach.*

IT'S A TREAT

Are you one of the many persons who have found out how much your enjoyment of a movie is enhanced if you have read the fiction story from which the movie was made?

If you are not one of those persons, you owe yourself a treat. Ask your newsdealer for ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES magazine. This magazine publishes the exclusive fiction story of coming movie hits.

In the big issue now on sale you will thrill to the fiction stories of CAMILLE, with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor; MAID OF SALEM, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray; YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE, with Henry Fonda. Sylvia Sidney; WHITE HUNTER, with Warner Baxter and June Lang. Ten big movie fiction stories in all, each story illustrated profusely with scenes from the coming picture.

ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES is only ten cents at all newsstands. Get your copy today and discover how much it adds to your enjoyment of a movie to read the fiction story before seeing the picture.

We're Saving a Chance ...FOR YOU!

JEANE MEGERLE, Fort Thomas, Ky., August "Search for Talent" winner.

There's still time to enter HOLD-BOB'S "Search for Talent" —Still a chance to win a FREE Screen test . . . $50.00 in cash and an opportunity for a motion picture contract.

THE popular "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, closes December 31, 1936. Don't overlook this chance—you may be one of the lucky girls for whom Hollywood is searching.

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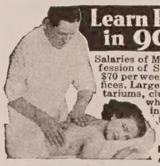

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He's Your Fan!

[*Continued from page* 50]

And I frankly admit that every time someone asks me for my autograph, I get a reminiscent thrill from the memory of that night. I agree with Will Rogers' celebrated theory on autograph hunters . . . 'the time to start worrying about them is when they stop worrying about you.'"

John went back to Hollywood then and began his climb to fame. He made occasional personal appearance tours. An incident that occurred in Boston, during one of these tours, made him decide that they should be a regular part of his life.

"A blizzard started that afternoon. And it was a bad one. The stores were closed at three in the afternoon so the employees could get home safely. At four the streets were deserted, except for the bitter northeasterly wind and the flying snow. I huddled into an overcoat and went down to the theater and told the manager I hoped he and the orchestra would enjoy my act, as they'd probably be the sole audience.

"When I came out on the stage that night, I couldn't believe my eyes. In fact, I couldn't trust myself to speak for a moment. That house was packed. The sight of that crowd who had come out on that icy night to see me did something for me. And so I decided to make the tour a regular thing . . . not to have my fans see me . . . but to see them."

The goodwill tours have been biennial events in the Boles program ever since. He has met his fans . . . and sometimes his meeting with them has left significant impress on their lives.

THERE was the girl in Chicago. She telephoned Mr. Boles from the hotel lobby just as he was preparing to leave for the theater one evening.

"I'm from the *Gazette,*" she announced. "I just *have* to have a story. Can't I see you just for a few minutes?"

"I'm due at the theater in half an hour," John told her. "But I can let you have twenty minutes, if you come right up."

He admitted her at the door. She was a pretty little thing, obviously ill at ease. Mr. Boles seated her and waited for a barrage of questions. None came.

"Well," he prodded at last, as the clock ticked on, "just what would you like me to tell you?"

The girl stood up and faced him defiantly.

"I lied," she said stonily. "I'm not from any paper. I just said that . . . so you'd let me come up . . . I have to get in pictures! I just *have* to! I know I'd be a success. And I want you to help me!"

It was a rather large order to be executed in what was left of the twenty minutes. But if you think he did the obvious thing . . . said "Sorry," and shoved the young lady out, you don't know your Mr. Boles.

What he did say was, "Why don't you meet me and Mrs. Boles for a little supper after the show? Then we can talk about Hollywood."

The girl agreed. And after the show, over a table for three, they talked about Hollywood. That is, John talked. He told about the movie aspirants who haunted casting offices daily and worried about rent nightly. He told about the cynical faced girl who had once had ambitions for stardom and who now had ambitions only for oblivion. He drew the curtain of illusion from the despair that is as much a part of Hollywood as the triumph, and let the movie-struck young woman look.

He talked until he was exhausted. He knew this youngster didn't have anything for pictures except her aspirations, and he was trying to keep her from a disillusionment that would cost her too dearly. But when the girl finally left for her home, the Boles weren't at all sure that they'd accomplished their purpose. All she said was, "Thank you." Not a word to indicate that the advice she had been given had taken root in her mind.

SOME weeks later after John Boles had returned to Hollywood, he received a note from this girl, postmarked Los Angeles. She wanted to see him. He shrugged his shoulders and prepared to be the recipient of a hard luck story. He'd heard one or two before. But he made a date for luncheon.

To his surprise, the young movie aspirant appeared looking happy, even blissful! She was attired in a new suit, and by the arm, she pulled along a happy, red-faced young man.

"It's my husband," she said to John Boles. "You see he wanted to marry me all the time. And after you persuaded me not to go in pictures, I did . . . marry him, I mean. And we both want you to know how happy we are!"

The luncheon was turned into a post-wedding celebration, which Mrs. Boles hurried down to join.

"And," says John, "If that trip east hadn't accomplished anything else, that girl's adjustment to the kind of life she was meant for would have justified, in my mind."

THEN there was the lady in Connecticut who telephoned Mr. Boles at his Hartford hotel. It seemed that the lady was a collector of antiques. Would Mr. Boles be interested in seeing her collections? Mr. Boles was interested . . . but he was also leaving town. However, a correspondence grew out of that telephone conversation. It began with antiques, and ended with professions of warm friendship. The Boles have never seen the Connecticut dowager's collection. But when she was in Hollywood last summer, as their house guest, she saw theirs.

RIDDLE ME THIS

Here are the names of the people whose pictures appear on page 54

1. Maureen O'Sullivan
2. Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in *Love on the Run*
3. Mary Carlisle
4. Virginia Bruce
5. Binnie Barnes

"And that friendship," cites Mr. Boles complacently, "was a swell reward for *that* tour. Fans are nice people!"

Then, too . . . and perhaps this is John Boles' outstanding experience with fans . . . there was the chap who started a conversation with John Boles in an eastern barbershop. The conversation began with a request for an autograph, and ended up over a table in deep discussion of polo. Get two polo enthusiasts together, and what's the result? Well, what do you suppose was awaiting Mr. Boles when he returned to Hollywood? No, not the polo player. Better yet. A pair of polo ponies, with the compliments of another fan who had become a pal.

"And," quotes Mr. Boles enthusiastically, "*What* a pal!"

THE goodwill tours aren't always made through urban centers. Last year John Boles got behind the wheel of his car and started on a pilgrimage through the deep South. He stopped at small towns along the way, went into the general stores, which are the community centers in the small-town South, and made his business to get acquainted with that strata of the fan world. He sat on cracker barrels, snitched apples, and exchanged views on politics and climate and moom pitchers with the citizens. Some of them recognized him. Most of them didn't.

"What's your line, stranger?" one bearded southerner wanted to know.

"I'm an actor," John Boles said.

"Wal, I'm surprised," retorted the old gentleman.

"And why?" queried Mr. Boles.

The old fellow pulled at his beard and looked embarrassed. Finally he blurted it out.

"You seem such a *regular* fellow!" he said.

Mr. Boles treasures that as one of the sincerest compliments he ever received.

GREENVILLE, Texas is always a high spot in the Boles tour. The town turns out *en masse*. They're fans to a man . . . woman, and child. Greenville is John's home town.

The last time he was there, they asked him to make a speech. They wanted him to address the high school on . . . yes . . . on "How to Succeed." He decided to give them a real talk . . . the kind that would send the youngsters out of the auditorium determined to sacrifice all for glory.

Just as he was on the point of beginning this inspirational speech, John happened to glance toward the back of the auditorium. There, with the light of judgment in her eyes, was an old teacher of his.

"That lady had had occasion to lay down the law to me a time or two," Mr. Boles remembers sadly. "There was a little matter of putting a cat in her desk drawer. There were several indictments on hookey charges. And she'd been instrumental in intercepting notes between me and the girl who sat behind me.

Now, seeing the old lady fixing me with that coldly glinting eye . . . my heart failed me. Instead of making my eloquent success talk, I broke down and confessed all my youthful crimes. The high school loved it. I suppose I shouldn't have done it . . . but I think whatever those youngsters decide to do, they'll do it better if they never forget that they're normal and human."

John Boles ought to know about that. Remember, if you're his fan . . . he's yours.

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What

JOAN CRAWFORD

Thinks of

JOAN
CRAWFORD

All of us are more or less introspective, but would we dare speak out loud and let the world know what we think of ourselves? We dare say, no! But, Joan Crawford, first glamour lady of the screen, isn't ashamed. She comes right out and tells us frankly and honestly what she thinks of Joan Crawford in the January issue of MOTION PICTURE

And while Joan turns the spotlight on herself, we turn it on Shirley Temple, Robert Taylor, Gene Raymond, Margo, et al

MOTION PICTURE
10 CENTS
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Converting Club Women Into Movie Fans

[*Continued from page 72*]

had been bombarded with exaggerated statements directed against the industry by individual headline-hunters. But he felt that these exaggerations could be dispelled if the simple truth of the bigness of picture-making, its tremendous advances in quality . . . greater than those of any other creative art . . . could be placed before this particular cross-section of Americans.

He felt that the members of the "intelligentsia" were eminently fair; that they would respond sympathetically to any well-planned effort to meet them on their own ground.

Once these important people could be shown that it is futile for them to talk, to say "Wouldn't it be nice if we had more better pictures?" . . . unless they themselves made such pictures possible by their attendance . . . it was Mr. Thalberg's opinion that producers would have passed their last hurdle in their ambitious efforts to give to a world public a greater content of real literary classics.

I had the honor of being Mr. Thalberg's mouthpiece in this effort.

The reason I know perhaps more than anyone else in Hollywood what the slang-titled "upper crust" are thinking about pictures is that this past summer I travelled 37,000 miles to forty-three cities of the United States and Canada. In each city I talked before groups including the heads of local colleges and universities; presidents of the forty-two national clubs; superintendents of public and parochial schools, etc. I ended my tour as the first studio person ever invited to speak before the national convention of the National Education Association, which drew 20,000 teachers to Portland, Oregon, in mid-July.

"Better Motion Pictures" was my general topic. *Romeo and Juliet* provided the specific instance of a picture deserving of support beyond that afforded by the standard movie public.

Some 48,000,000 United States and Canadian citizens, teachers and students were contacted in this manner, through their elected or appointed leaders.

Of these about 26,000,000 are fairly regular attendants at pictures.

Twenty-two million go irregularly, on the average, not more than nine times a year.

It was Mr. Thalberg's opinion that it was the industry's fault they had not reached this last 22,000,000. These are the people who have many preoccupations, who normally do not read the regular theater page advertisements.

It was Mr. Thalberg's idea to set up a special mechanism to reach this group. It was his feeling that if they could be induced to attend not nine pictures a year, but twenty, the whole problem of better pictures would be solved. Classics could be made without even a moment of doubt . . . because this new audience of 22,000,000 would pick up the slack if a picture came along too advanced for the lower intellectual levels of movie-goers.

And it was not difficult to crack the shell of this particular egg.

But to make a long story short, Mr. Thalberg, with this movement, definitely started something.

Romeo and Juliet was carried into the field in this manner. To thousands it was their "first movie." And the work is still going on. At this moment men and women are contacting the same groups for *Last of the Mohicans.* Similar activity will be launched for *The Good Earth.* The idea is no longer an experiment. The industry is proceeding to open up for itself this comparatively untouched strata of customers.

WHAT sort of questions was I asked in each city?

In twenty years as a motion picture press agent I have been asked questions about pictures by bums in the slums and by princes from palaces.

High and low there is never any difference in the questions about pictures and picture people which interest the general public.

The only difference is how they ask them.

If I was in a department store and a lady clerk wanted to ask me about Robert Taylor and his curly hair, she'd blurt her question right out in public. School teachers and club women asked me endless questions about Taylor, Gable, Montgomery *et al* during my trip . . . but always they would take me to one side when they had a query about a player.

It was amazing to me the number of teachers, particularly, who study the technical side of our business as a hobby.

Before I left the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios I "boned up" on sound with Douglas Shearer; on color photography with John Arnold; on film developing with J. M. Nickolaus, but even prepared as I was I was not always "set" for the very searching questions on technical matters which were shot at me! This was particularly interesting because Hollywood has assumed that the public is not interested in anything about the movies save the stars.

Particularly in every city did I get the third degree on three subjects: third dimension, television, and "double-billing"!

It was surprising to me the number of big shots in each city who love to play amateur movie director.

I was either shown or invited to see dozens of sixteen millimeter film dramas, made by mayors and professors and dowagers.

And of course this is the group which has the greatest percentage of amateur writers.

Not interested?

Why these people are more genuinely interested in motion pictures than any other group. They deserve more concentrated attention than the movies have given them in the past. They want to be our friends, and it is our own fault if we permit those unfriendly to us to get in the first arguments.

If you're a Dick Powell fan don't miss
I CARRY THE TORCH
FOR DICK POWELL
We won't tell you who the girl is.
You'll have to read the story
in February
SCREEN BOOK

Beauty Isn't Important

[*Continued from page* 27]

to decide whether I should be made up with dark eyebrows or light, full lips or thin lips, dark rouge or bright rouge.

"IN THOSE early screen days of mine, I had bad tests, bad make-up, bad advice, bad costuming, bad everything else. I made countless mistakes. But I spared myself one mistake, at least—and saved my career because of it. I never tried to imitate anyone else. I never wanted to imitate anyone else. I never envied anyone else.

"I knew that if I was to amount to anything, it had to be with my own face—a face that had never won a beauty prize, and never would.

"I hated my high cheekbones then; people told me that my eyes were too large; and there were complaints about my mouth. And I did the wrong things about them. I tried to 'cover them up,' de-emphasize them with make-up. I didn't see that they were the very things that gave my face whatever individuality it possessed.

"Now I know better. Now I make assets of my liabilities. I'll keep on trying to improve my face, but I'm through trying to change it."

When she was testing for the rôle of *Katie O'Shea* in *Parnell,* the make-up man asked Joan: "Wouldn't you like your face made up to be round and full?"

And Joan's answer, I happen to know, was: "Why? I wouldn't feel like myself."

By personal experiment, by "trial and error"—not by copying anyone else—Joan Crawford has learned both how to use make-up, and how *not* to use it. But her self-education in cosmetics explains only a small part of her complete attractiveness today. She has not confined her self-improvement to her face.

"When I was in school, I only wished that I could dress like the other girls. I thought that was what I wanted. I would say to myself, '*I* could be attractive, too, if I had clothes like theirs.' Countless girls today have the same thought about movie stars. And it's so foolish, so mistaken! Variety in a wardrobe is not the answer to 'How to dress more attractively—*be* more attractive!'

"I used to think it was. I used to scrimp so that I could buy clothes, clothes and more clothes. If something appealed to me, I wasn't content until I had it . . . It has taken time and self-study to curb that impulsiveness, to make me realize that there are glamorous clothes in which *I* wouldn't look glamorous.

"I have become conscious of *line*. That is the important thing in clothes. For example, I have wide shoulders; they demand clothes of certain lines to look their best. I have discovered that; and I have discovered that there are certain types of hats that I can't wear because they make my face look too angular. I have learned the attractiveness of simplicity, so far as my own clothes are concerned; I know that frilly doodads, fur and such are not for me."

Joan weighed 145 pounds when she came to Hollywood. A tall girl—five feet, four—she carried her weight well. She was a dancer from the Broadway stage; every ounce of that weight was solid . . . Today, she has one of the most alluring figures in the world. And that, too, is the result of experiment. Diet and exercise have helped her to attain it.

IT'S difficult for the rest of the world to see how she could be more attractive than she is. But Joan is not through experimenting. She isn't satisfied, and she probably never will be.

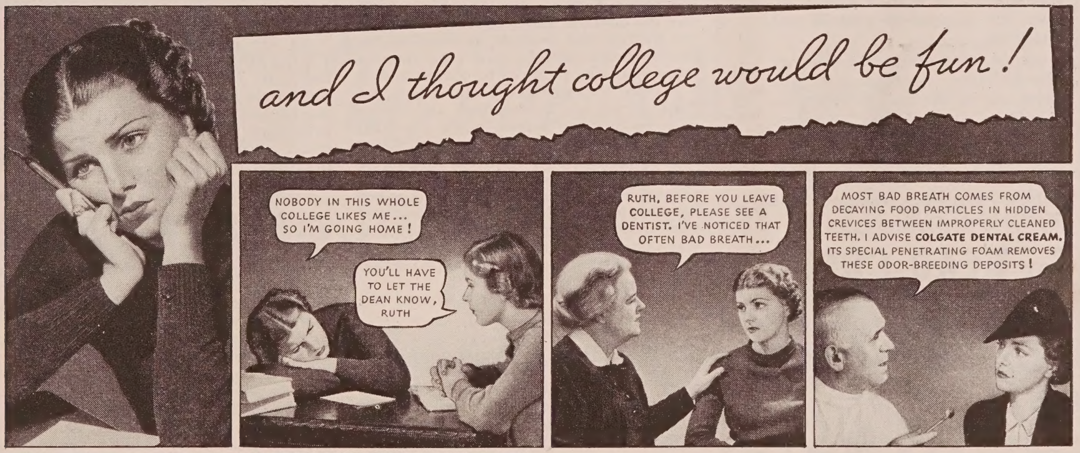
She may find even a better make-up than she has already discovered, or more attractive coiffures. She is planning to go blonde. She may find that clothes of other lines would be more flattering to her than those she now favors. Revisions of diet might be beneficial.

However, the metamorphosis of Joan Crawford has not been entirely an outward manifestation. A great part of it has been inward.

There is an eagerness for life in her eyes that cannot be explained by eye make-up. There is crisp confidence in her voice; it is not the voice of a girl afraid of life. There is self-assurance, without swagger, in the way she carries herself.

Yet this girl, who has won the admira-

[*Continued on page* 83]


and I thought college would be fun!
NOBODY IN THIS WHOLE COLLEGE LIKES ME... SO I'M GOING HOME!
YOU'LL HAVE TO LET THE DEAN KNOW, RUTH
RUTH, BEFORE YOU LEAVE COLLEGE, PLEASE SEE A DENTIST. I'VE NOTICED THAT OFTEN BAD BREATH...
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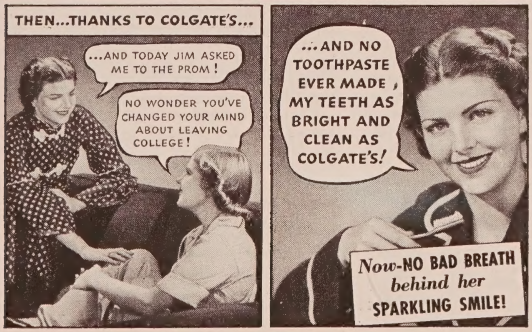
THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
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LAKE LABORATORIES

Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. F-15 Detroit, Michigan

Movies 'Round the World

[*Continued from page* 40]

tomed to sordid Soviet bastilles and OGPU inquisitions, the lads and lassies said firmly that no prison could be as comfortable as that depicted, or jailers so considerate. As a consequence they were annoyed over what they regarded as misrepresentation on Chaplin's part.

The theater continues to occupy first position in the hearts of the Russians. Second spots is held by American pictures, although rarely shown. In fairness to the Soviet, it must be stated that one of the reasons for not showing many which come up to their rigid standard, is necessity of paying for them in foreign currency. Another reason is the desire and intention to develop Soviet picture production to a fine art to meet with approval of the masses. By and large, home-made Russian films are pretty tasteless provender, and the proletariat will have little of it until they are hungry for entertainment. Hollywood has seen some splendid Russian films, but these are few and far between. There should be more of them; one day there will be. The producers—that is, of course, the State—are struggling for technical improvement and often send a group abroad to study and bring back the newest developments.

Unlimited resources are at command of the director. All actors in the Soviet Union are on an annual salary paid by the government; time means nothing. I stood in a Moscow studio three years ago and watched shooting of one scene which had required three days of rehearsal before the director was satisfied. I was told the picture had been in production for twenty-seven months and nine months more would be required to complete it.

All the theaters in French West and East Africa are in the open air. What happens in rainy season when a sudden storm rises, is nobody's business. And the mosquitoes . . . ! In one theater, a giant native projectionist wore a charm around his right arm. The local witch doctor guaranteed it would prevent the film breaking. On the native's left arm was fastened another charm to ward off the evil spirits that lurk in the projection machine.

When Western films are shown the theaters are mobbed.

CENSORSHIP incidental to foreign release drive American producers crazy. Every nation and many religions have their own peculiar prejudices. No film can be exhibited in a country which shows that country, or one of the same political set-up, or one with which it is on extra-friendly terms as a villain, no matter how bland, or even though it redeems itself in the end. I know of one big Hollywood studio which has halted production on a picture laid in Ethiopia because when the Italians heard about it they sent a representative to inform the producer that if Italy were depicted in an unfavorable light it would be just too bad for that company's market in Mussolini-land.

In Japan, osculatory scenes are clipped to irreducible minimum; frequently deleted entirely. The Japanese regard public love-making and emotional exhibitions as bad taste, disturbing to the morale of the younger generation. Japan can never be a heavy, but pictures suggesting that other nations are conspiring against Nippon are favored—for the effect they will have on the public.

Theater-attendance in Japan annoys most foreigners, including your author. At one side of the stage stands and interpellator, who tells the story as the picture unfolds. He elaborates on the theme according to his mood and personal interpretation. Elsewhere throughout the world sub-titles translate dialogue and clarify action for those unfamiliar with the language of the picture. In Egypt, there is a separate small screen alongside the large one across which Arabic characters flash constantly. Elsewhere, a small strip at the bottom is used to tell the story in the local language.

England is pretty finicky about what should be exhibited within her realm. Pictures are classified for adult, or adult and juvenile release, and woe to the exhibitor who permits children to attend adult performances. No film showing the Deity or any member of the Royal Family is ever sanctioned. *The Green Pastures* will never be shown in England. Queen Victoria was deleted from *Disraeli.* Among English purists there is consternation against pictures containing Americanisms. As a consequence censors eliminate as much American slang as possible—to keep the English language pure. Nerts, lousy and kindred colloquialisms are taboo. In common with other nations having colonial possessions, England will not permit the exhibition of pictures which suggest natives incited to rebellion.

DURING six months in Ethiopia my wife and I missed flicker pictures more than anything else. Three flea-ridden movie houses in Addis Ababa, offered programs of antiquated French irritations. After a few ventures we gave up in disgust. We did see Laurel and Hardy in something or other. It was so old it smelled. The sound track was in French, but together with the rest of the audience we howled our heads off and temporarily forgot the war. Then there was another opus with Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper and Robert Montgomery. The substitution of French for English dialogue was so botched we couldn't enjoy it. The local customers enjoyed it—which is, I suppose, all that matters.

I have observed that musicals are universally popular, because American music is universally popular. The plot doesn't matter; all the customers demand is catchy tunes. Disney's Silly Symphonies also have an international appeal because they are colorful and easily understood by all nationalities. I have seen Mae West lay 'em cold in the aisles from Harbin to Oslo, because she speaks a language everyone understands—SEX.

Claudette Colbert and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are popular in French-speaking lands because of the exquisite manner in which they speak the language.

Anna May Wong has never taken in China because it was considered that in her many screen rôles she did not conduct herself according to Chinese tradition.

People who growl over pictures in this country don't know how well off they are. Let them go abroad and endure foreign screen monstrosities or go without film entertainment.

Beauty Isn't Important

[*Continued from page* 81]

tion of the world by her amazing self-development, says: "I haven't conquered self-consciousness. I will always be self-conscious and timid among strangers. I still don't know if they will like me." And, amazingly, she adds: "I'm inclined to be self-conscious in the presence of beautiful women, particularly."

Perhaps she is thinking of an experience that she had a year or so ago. She was at a Hollywood night-club with a group of friends. The group was joined by a woman who was one of the few authentic beauties in Hollywood. Perfect features; the epitome, in appearance, of fascinating femininity. And sitting beside this other girl, Joan felt unnatural, less feminine; did not act like herself . . .

On the drive home later, she realized why; she had been nonplussed by the visual beauty of this girl. And she chided herself for forgetting, even momentarily, what she had told herself long ago: she might not have soft beauty, but she could cultivate an individuality that would tower over physical beauty.

That self-advice is the greatest explanation of why she is so striking today, so definite a personality. Was she impatient for self-improvement on the way up? Of course! She had to acquire patience —to keep trying, everlastingly trying, to be a doer, not just a dreamer.

In her career today, she is one of the busiest women in Hollywood. Yet she is not self-centered, not too busy to have a multitude of interests, to be a many-sided person. She is studying singing. She finds time for books, badminton, the theater, dinner parties, knitting, crocheting, travel whenever possible. Don't get the impression that she spends every spare moment in front of a mirror, experimenting with make-up or hairdress. There are too many other important things to do.

The most important thing in her life is her marriage to Franchot Tone. She says, simply, "Nothing else would be worth anything, if I did not have him to share it. It isn't much fun, having dreams by yourself. I learned that, but tried to fight off admitting it, before I met Franchot.

"TO ME, the first two rules of good grooming are cleanliness and neatness. In fact, they're practically all of the rules.

"Norma Shearer is an exquisite example of that. I have seen her in evening gowns, when anyone would *expect* her to be well-groomed. But I've also seen her in a sweater and slacks, coming to work—I've seen her leaving the studio, after a fatiguing day. And I've never seen her when she didn't look fresh and tidy . . . and attractive . . .

"She commands instant admiration more than any other woman I know. Search for the secret, and the secret is self-respect. Which is something entirely different from egotism.

"But the greatest secret of attractiveness is naturalness. That is another lesson I have learned."

That is why Joan says: "To me, there is only one kind of beauty worth the having—and that is the kind that comes from inside. There can be nothing artificial about that; and it will not fade.

"If you have an inner something, it will reflect in your face. And if you haven't it, not all the make-up in the world can put it there.

"I've heard people say that Katharine Hepburn isn't beautiful. To me, she has one of the most fascinating faces in the world. It glows with her personality. The same is true of Luise Rainer. A sun-arc turns on inside her, illuminating her whole face.

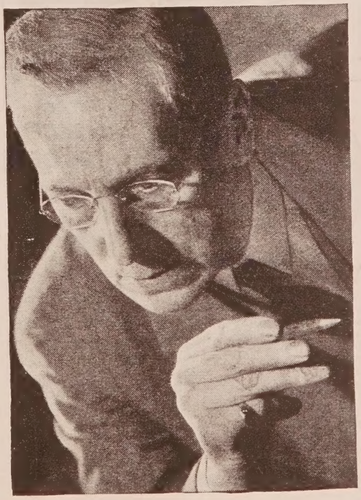
"Personality is more important than beauty—far more important."

And what is the greatest factor in the development of personality?

"Self-analysis. That is the beginning of all development. That, and the courage to be honest with yourself, and avoid self-pity. It isn't easy. I found that out before I ever came to Hollywood.

"Nothing can handicap any person, or dim any personality, as quickly as that can. Particularly self-pity about one's appearance. I have seen it defeat girls who need not have been defeated.

"If I had ever believed that I needed beauty, to get anywhere as an actress, I would have given up the battle without even trying, cowered in a corner, and pitied myself the rest of my days."



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Drama Off The Screen!

[*Continued from page* 47]

not know it, was dying. When he had only a few hours to live, he confided to her that if he could only be sure of a job when he got out, everything would be fine. But he was worried.

To Miss Robson it seemed a dreadful thing that worry should fill the last hours of that young life. From the hospital room she hurried to a telephone and made many calls before she located Henry Duffy, the theatrical producer. Tears choking her voice, she explained the situation. Duffy hurried to the hospital and offered the actor a part in a new play opening the next month. Never has Miss Robson done a finer bit of acting than when she smiled cheerily at her youthful friend and assured him that she knew he would make good. He died next morning.

The sea has given a number of the players their moments of adventure; moments which some of them would gladly have forgone. Mona Barrie was bathing at Pago Pago when a twelve-foot octopus twisted one of its tentacles about her and dragged her out of sight. A native boy with a knife bravely plunged into the water and hacked the tentacle off; as the octopus retreated, the foam turned black with octopus "ink."

NO OCEAN bathing for Edward G. Robinson, though, who has almost drowned twice and stays out of the water as a rule. But at Santa Barbara about a year ago a friend of his, swimming beyond the breakers, was in trouble. Hating and dreading the water, Robinson jumped in; as heroic a deed as the films themselves will ever record. He contrived to hold the swimmer until life savers came to rescue both of them.

But nobody helped Henry Wilcoxon. Long before the actor starred in DeMille's *Crusades*, he and other youths of the West Indies, where he was born, liked to dive for salvage in certain sunken ships that were not at too great a depth. Once Wilcoxon swam into a cabin that was full of flickering green twilight and began to rummage. Some movement he made in the water caused the cabin door gently to close.

Try as he might, Wilcoxon could not budge the door again. He was trapped in the flooded cabin with his lungs almost bursting. At last he managed to wrench open a port hole, squeeze though it, and struggle up to the air more dead than alive. Almost unconscious, he saved his life by a matter of seconds.

It was air, incidentally, that menaced Wally Beery. There'll never be an aviation sequence to give him the thrill he felt when the wings of his plane turned silver and then grew heavy with ice, and brought him to a forced landing as he headed for the High Sierras. But his experience, despite the possibilities involved, was commonplace beside that of Director Henry King; or Director William A. Wellman; or, indeed, Spencer Tracy.

King, flying alone at 10,000 feet en route from Chicago to Hollywood, had the novel sensation of almost colliding with the only other plane in an otherwise empty sky. The stranger, thousands of miles of elbow room around him, made straight for King at 150 miles an hour, and kept on coming. Hardly believing his eyes, the director waited for the stranger to swerve, and at last barely had time to swoop upward out of harm's way. It developed later that the second plane was flying blind from Los Angeles to Chicago; intent on his instruments, the stranger had not seen King at all.

Director Wellman, on the other hand, enjoys with Peverell Marley, ace camera man, the probably unique distinction of flying for quarter of an hour in a ship that had no pilot. With Marley in the rear seat of a double-control plane, he had climbed to a great height and started down between the violet Coast Range and the glittering Pacific. Each flier thought the other had the controls till, the ship wobbling, Wellman turned to ask Marley what in heck he was doing. For a few second afterwards, both had the controls; neither would let go.

Spencer Tracy and his flying instructor came within inches of crashing head on into a formation of three U. S. Navy planes in a fog off San Diego. Tracy was bound seaward when out of the murk flashed the trio, so near it looked as though the nose of the first was coming bang through their windshield. No time to dodge or rise. In a blur of gray and red the three roared under Tracy's plane, so close that the actor says his wheels swished over the fabric of the leader.

But when it comes to flying, Fred Stone has the prize experience. He was a boy with the circus in Kansas, up on the tight wire giving an outdoor performance, when almost without warning a cyclone hit the town. Before he could descend, the twister picked him off the wire and carried him in a whirling cloud of dust through the air as if he were held by invisible hands. Terrified, half strangled, he expected death. But the twister dumped him unhurt, on the roof of a shed.

Katharine Hepburn shows us both the old and the new: a costume worn by gentle ladies of the last century, who fainted on the slightest provocation—and a cigarette which is almost a symbol of the modern do-as-you-like girl. Did you know that Katie, reknown for her slacks and turtle-neck sweaters, has one of the most elegant wardrobes in town? But she saves her good clothes for her trips East. She's just finished making *Quality Street*

Here's That Man Again

[*Continued from page* 55]

of an old English inn. The wall-paper designs is old English hunting scenes and over the fireplace hangs a large portrait in color of the present King of England in hunting costume. Appropriate framed prints and etchings are hung throughout the room. And, of course, there are the bar, tap lines and wine cellar, all in the old English inn style.

AS MUCH of an institution as these Sunday gatherings are the Thursday night stags. They "just happened."

"Thursday, of course," he explains, "is the maid's day out, and the Mowbrays have to stay at home. My friends started to drop in that night because they knew I was sure to be there. Thus the Thursday night stag was born. The children are put to bed at their regular time and Mrs. Mowbray retires early, after preparing a buffet supper for us. The evening usually is spent in playing billiards."

Occasionally the Mowbrays entertain at small dinner parties but they make no effort to enter the giddy Hollywood social whirl. At these informal dinners there are never more than ten guests.

"Ten are all that a host can control," Mowbray says. "If you attempt to entertain more they split into groups, some are neglected and the charm and informality of the small party is lost.

"EATING doesn't seem awfully important to the Mowbrays. Our menus are plain. We are going to serve Southern fried chicken tonight. We leave the selection of the menu up to the cook who, incidentally, is a very excellent one (I hope she reads this!). The only thing I am particular about is the selection of the wines served with the dinner. I attend to that personally."

The guest lists of these informal parties are as unorthodox as Mowbray himself. An eastern banker may be seated beside a prize-fighter; artists, writers, directors, society folks and persons from every walk in life mingle and, what is more, as Mowbray points out, enjoy themselves. He attributes the success of the dinner parties to this mixing of guests.

The Mowbray home, with its paneled walls and fireplace in every room, is as British as any in Mowbray's native land. As for the actor himself, he does everything under the sun to dissipate the notion that he might be a dignified English actor. His skylarking on the set is for that purpose as well as to keep up the spirits of the unit. He has as many friends among the grips and stage-hands of Hollywood as he has among the stars.

Mowbray is as American in thought and action as the character he portrayed in making his film début—George Washington, in *Alexander Hamilton*.

Born and educated in London, Mowbray had just finished school when the World War broke out. Enlisting in the artillery, he went to France with the "Old Contemptibles," saw service in the flying corps and won five medals for gallantry in action.

After the Armistice he returned to London with no particular plans for the vocation he would follow in private life. He had never given a thought to an acting career, had never even appeared in amateur theatricals. It was quite by accident that he became an actor.

A CASE of mistaken identity brought him his opportunity. While waiting for a friend in an office he was offered a job by a theatrical producer who thought he was somebody else. The job was a small rôle with a road show of *The Cinderella Man*. He was an immediate success and soon became one of England's most popular actors.

Coming to the United States in 1923, he was with the Copley Players in Boston for three years and later toured with the New York Theater Guild. Since his film début he has built for himself an enviable reputation for versatility. One of the busiest actors in Hollywood, his friends like to "rib" him about his many assignments.

Recently a friend said to him, "I went to a movie last night and you weren't in the picture. Why? What's the matter, are you slipping?"

But Alan Mowbray is far from slipping. In a single week he rejected offers of term contracts from three big studios because he prefers the privilege of selecting screen rôles enjoyed by the freelance player.

The last several rôles Mowbray has portrayed eloquently speak of the versatility of the assignments. In *Ladies in Love* he was an Hungarian magician; in *My Man Godfrey* a dignified Harvard graduate; in *Mary of Scotland* an English earl of the Elizabethan period; in *The Case Against Mrs. Ames* an American attorney; in *Fatal Lady* a wealthy Brazilian; in *Give Us This Night* an Italian singer (and he actually sang!) and in *Rainbow on the River* a henpecked husband of the gay '70's period in New York City.

Producers, when perplexed with a knotty casting problem say, "Let's get Mowbray" and he gets the part. He has played practically every conceivable type of rôle, from low comedy to heavy drama, from the blackest of villains to the purest of heroes. And he has met death in about every possible way life can be ended.

Gifted as a writer as well as an actor, Mowbray has written several plays that have been produced both in London and in New York. He played the leading rôle on Broadway in *Dinner is Served*, which he wrote. A one-act version of this play was recently presented on the radio.

Devoted to his wife and family, he makes few plans which do not include them. His two children, Patricia, aged five, and Alan, aged two, have the craziest nicknames in Hollywood. They are called "A.M." and "P.M.," coined from the initials of their names. When papa wants to be severe he addresses them as "Morning" or "Afternoon."

Since "Pal," a police dog which he had for more than twelve years died, he has refused to acquire another pet.

While he holds a pilot's license and always travels by plane, he never personally flies a ship anymore because he thinks piloting is now very uninteresting. He holds a radio operator's certificate and is credited with having established the first airplane wireless station in Canada in 1928.

His hobbies are golf, squash and deep sea fishing. The biggest fish he ever caught was a 265-lb. shark.

His wife told me that!

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New Films

★★½

ROSE BOWL—College "rah-rah" with a big-game climax. Good comedy and excellent cast composed of Tom Brown, Eleanore Whitney, Larry Crabbe, Nydia Westman and others.—*Paramount.*

THE MAN I MARRY—Doris Nolan has delightfully sophisticated and sparkling vehicle as her first starring picture. Nigel Bruce, Marjorie Gateson, Skeets Gallagher and Cliff Edwards give especially good performances.—*Universal.*

SING ME A LOVE SONG—Hugh Herbert as a nitwit kleptomaniac steals everything, including this picture. Trite plot enlivened by singing and charm of James Melton.—*Warner.*

★

LOVE LETTERS OF A STAR—Indiscreet missives which lead to murder. Mediocre melodrama.—*Universal.*

NORTH OF NOME—Life in the raw with "our hero" Jack Holt and heroine Evelyn Venable.—*Columbia.*

Previously Reviewed

★★★★

DODSWORTH—Sinclair Lewis' novel of an average American husband indulging his wife's fancy for spurious love affairs to ward off old age is beautifully and honestly done. Ruth Chatterton, Walter Huston, Mary Astor and Paul Lukas take top honors.—*Sam Goldwyn.*

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937—A symphony in swing-time rhythm of sense and nonsense with a behind-the-mike background. Jack Benny—Burns and Allen—Martha Raye—Bob Burns—Shirley Ross and Ray Milland are only a few who add to the fun.—*Paramount.*

LIBELED LADY—Jean Harlow's rôle fits her like one of her dresses—and she almost steals this rich, rare and racy farce from Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy.—*M-G-M.*

THE DEVIL IS A SISSY—Rich in humanity and humor, loaded with appeal is this tender but two-fisted story of three boys: Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper. On your "must" list.—*M-G-M.*

ROMEO AND JULIET—Norma Shearer surpasses any performance given as Shakespeare's famous Juliet.—*M-G-M.*

★★★½

CRAIG'S WIFE—Rosalind Russell as the detestable, selfish and grasping wife of her "romantic fool" of a husband (John Boles) turns in a dynamic performance.—*Columbia.*

RAMONA—This color version of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel is entirely unlike the conventional kind of drama. Loretta Young is superb, while Don Ameche, Kent Taylor and others lend excellent support.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★

WEDDING PRESENT—Goofy farce with delightfully lunatic cast. Joan Bennett and Cary Grant, newspaper reporters, spend their time concocting colossal practical jokes. Don't miss it!—*Paramount.*

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Just as funny as the rowdy hit stage play. Frank McHugh is the greeting-card poet who is lucky with horse race bets. Joan Blondell is the girl.—*Warner.*

THE LONGEST NIGHT—It's hilarious. It pokes fun at the whodunit theme. Robert Young, Florence Rice and Ted Healy head a swell cast.—*M-G-M.*

DIMPLES—Shirley Temple's baby charms haven't diminished an iota as you will agree when you see her finest performance to date.—*20th Century-Fox.*

THANK YOU JEEVES—A cockeyed comedy in the best Wodehouse tradition, with Arthur Treacher as David Niven's butler-keeper and Virginia Field as the heart interest.—*20th Century-Fox.*

LADIES IN LOVE—Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon are the ladies in love who merge their talents in a meager story of Continental flavor.—*20th Century-Fox.*

PICCADILLY JIM—Witty, fast-moving comedy starring irrepressible Bob Montgomery. Eric Blore and Frank Morgan, Billie Burke and Madge Evans add to the fun.—*M-G-M.*

STAR FOR A NIGHT—Chorus girl, chauffeur and clerk deceive blind mother into thinking they are successful and celebrated—because she is blind. Beautiful story with all ingredients of fine picture. Jane Darwell, Claire Trevor, Arline Judge.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★½

VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE—Gladys George, a lady of easy morals and a heart of gold is turned from her life of shame by her love for two waifs—Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt.—*Paramount.*

DANIEL BOONE—High-powered melodrama of frontier days. George O'Brien's an excellent Boone.—*Hirliman-Radio.*

GIRL ON THE FRONT PAGE—Rollicking comedy. Eddie Lowe, newspaper editor, gives Gloria Stuart the "works" in tough assignments. She's the newspaper owner in disguise.—*Universal.*

★★

POLO JOE—A nifty comedy which will make Joe E. Brown fans hysterical. Skeets Gallagher and Fay Holden are good, too!—*Warner.*

15 MAIDEN LANE—Thrilling detective fare with Cesar Romero as the villain and Claire Trevor as the "smartie."—*20th Century-Fox.*

WANTED, JANE TURNER—An interesting melodrama mellowed by clever comedy. Lee Tracy and Gloria Stuart star.—*Radio.*

FUGITIVE IN THE SKY—Gangsters and "G-Men" take to the air with Warren Hull and Jean Muir looping the loops in fine style.—*Warner.*

THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE—Masculine comedy drama about rivalry between big-muscled steel workers: blustering, dim-witted Vic McLaglen and handsome William Hall. Binnie Barnes is la femme.—*Universal.*

THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY—President Roosevelt himself suggested screening this unusual mystery story—or economic dissertation.—*Republic.*

ALONG CAME LOVE—Amusing romance of struggling young baby specialist and salesgirl in department store basement: Charles Starrett, Irene Hervey. Irene Franklin as ex-burlesk mother steals acting honors.—*Paramount.*

★

CASE OF THE BLACK CAT—Another mystery solved—this time by Ricardo Cortez. Ho hum.—*Warner.*

THE CAPTAIN'S KID—Sea Cap'n Guy Kibbee tells tall stories to baby Sybil Jason. When he stands trial for murder she repeats his tales, almost proves his undoing. Unreal.—*Warner.*

(See page 52 for more reviews of this month's best pictures)

Letter Page

[*Continued from page* 12]

acted better than in *Rhythm on the Range*. I saw it four times. If the Fieldere person doesn't like to see Bing's pictures, why does she go? I have never been "inclined toward homicide" after seeing a picture—but I am violently inclined that way since reading that letter. The least you could have done would have been to print a letter from one of Bing's friends in the same column with that spiteful effusion. Wrathfully—*Grace Rounsevell, 417 Union St., New Bedford, Mass.*

$1.00 Letter

A Fan Meets Stars

I WAS fortunate enough recently to win a trip to Hollywood. I watched the filming of scenes for *Born to Dance* and was photographed with James Stewart and Buddy Ebsen. I met many film people and secured their photos and autographs. I now list a few impressions of these friendly and gracious people:

James Stewart—A boy living in embarrassing moments.

May Robson—Willing and eager to autograph.

Anita Louise—A China doll.

Guy Kibbee—Proudly introducing his two daughters.

Ruby Keeler—Frightened but smiling at her public.

Dick Powell—Looking proud with Joan Blondell at his side.

Norma Shearer—Her Juliet rôle has made her seem younger and sweeter.

Hollywoodland—A beautiful party with the stars playing host and hostess in the warmest and friendliest manner, to the eager fans, who have helped put and keep them on the screen.—*Floyd Smith, 509 N. Lake St., Madison, Wis.*

$1.00 Letter

Give Me My Boots and Saddle

EVERY magazine you pick up contains stories of such stars as Clark Gable or Robert Taylor. But how many of you have ever read any stories about Buck Jones or Ken Maynard? It's about time that they got a break. Let us look at the record.

Buck Jones has been a star continuously for over seventeen years and receives $5,000 each week, which is twice as much as the average famous international star receives. As for fans and fan clubs, Buck Jones' Club, "The Buck Jones Rangers," exceed 6,000,000. I ask you, which of the publicized sex appeal stars in Hollywood can equal that record?

Ken Maynard is another cowboy star who receives little publicity, yet his fan mail is exactly 20,000 letters a month, which will equal and maybe surpass many of the more famous stars. As a clincher, box office records show that Buck Jones earns more money than Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery or Fred Astaire.—*J. Scarpo, 91 Market St., Paterson, N. J.*

Do you want to meet a movie talent scout? February SCREEN BOOK tells you how.

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BY WIVES
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When bowels are sluggish, clogged and unable to dispose normally of food waste . . . poisons invariably spread throughout the system, and lead to nervousness, listlessness, headaches, bad complexion and so many other troubles.

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Now, NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy) have certainly proved to be a good, safe, *sensible* way to relieve constipation. NR tablets are entirely different from other kinds of laxative. You'll notice the amazing difference in action the first time you try them. So gentle and easy . . . yet so very thorough. This is because Nature's Remedy is made up of a perfect *blend* of the most effective vegetable laxative elements. NR's are not harsh or habit-forming. They are not artificial . . . they're *natural* and give gentle stimulation to the bowels so that you get an easy, refreshing, *natural* movement.

The morning after you take your first NR tablet . . . you'll wake up feeling more refreshed and rested and vigorous than you have in a long while. And you'll find that continued occasional use of Nature's Remedy will tone up the intestinal tract . . . to normal, regular functioning.

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Henry Fonda's Unique Society Marriage

[*Continued from page* 21]

Which was something. The Thames is a narrow river, and on Sundays it's jammed with small boats. Most of them aren't going anywhere. But we went upstream, past Maidenhead and Windsor Castle, as far as Eton.

"We had lunch at Eton on the boat, looked over the town a bit, then came back downstream, reaching London at dusk. When Frances and I shook hands at parting, what we said was, 'So happy to have met you.' Bob Kane said, 'Oh, you'll be meeting again. She's coming out to see how movies are made.'

"And she did come out, just before going over to Berlin to the Olympics. I told her that perhaps we'd meet there, I was going over as soon as I finished the picture. We made one of those 'indefinite' dates.

"When the last scene was in the camera, I boarded a plane for Berlin, marriage still was the furthest thought from my mind.

"I looked up Frances, and we saw not only the Olympics, but the zoo. From Berlin, she was motoring to Munich—and I decided that Munich might be interesting. From there we flew to Budapest, where we saw another zoo. Maybe"—he grins—"maybe it was zoos that drew us together. I'm crazy about them; so is she. Two people like us *ought* to marry.

"Anyway, by the time we reached Paris, we thought so. We told the reporters, and they told the world. And nobody believed it.

"There are so many romance rumors about movie stars that you usually discount the first news. Hundreds of 'is-it-true?' cables deluged the London studio—which didn't know what to answer, or how to get hold of me. I had no forwarding address. The cables didn't get answered until I returned to London—was dumbfounded to find them — and made the announcement all over again.

"We sailed from England about a week later. And when we reached New York, we found forty reporters—and fifteen photographers—waiting for us. 'When's the wedding?' they wanted to know. They had us there. We didn't know. We wouldn't know until I could get in touch with my boss—Walter Wanger—and find out when I could have time off between pictures.

"That was the first thing I did when I got ashore. I had a hunch that he'd tell me to fly right out to start *You Only Live Once,* opposite Sylvia Sidney. Instead, he told me to take a couple more weeks of vacation—because, when I started, I'd be working straight through two pictures without any time off.

"SO WE made plans to marry at the end of the fortnight; then fly out to Hollywood together."

For each of them, the quiet ceremony in Christ Church was a second wedding. Before either became famous, Henry was married to—and divorced from—Margaret Sullavan. Frances is the widow of George Brokaw, of the well-known New York family.

She was born Frances Seymour, in Canada; grew up in Fairhaven, Mass.; attended school in Boston; and went to New York to live when she was eighteen. "She can't help it if she's in the Social Register, any more than I can help it if I'm in the movie column," says Henry.

Frances isn't a total stranger to Hollywood. In fact, she saw the movie town before Henry—though she has never acted in her life. She stopped off for a week, on her way to and from Honolulu, two years ago.

When Jack Haley Senior gave a huge birthday party for his son, these children-of-the-famous whooped and romped with the rest of the tiny guests: Jack Haley Junior, Sandra Burns (Gracie Allen's and George Burns' adopted daughter), Wesley Ruggles Junior (son of Arline Judge), and Carol Ann Beery (she's the apple of Wallace Beery's eye, and adopted, too)

Honolulu, by the way, will probably be the site of one of their honeymoons. (They're planning several.) Another will find them in Italy—in the Spring—when Walter Wanger is taking his entire company over to make a color picture, rumored to be *Arabian Nights.*

Henry thinks Frances will like Hollywood, although he had his doubts during the first two weeks, when they couldn't seem to find a place to live. They're located now. The address is Pacific Palisades, beside the sea, and the house faces toward Hawaii.

"We couldn't live in my old bachelor quarters, because they wouldn't do for the baby . . . Yes, I've acquired not only a wife, but a little five-year-old girl, also named Frances. I'm looking forward to her arrival from the East. We're going to have fun together. Do I *like* children? Say, I happen to have two sisters who are doing very well, raising families. And I've been known to fly back to Omaha just to see the youngsters."

His "old bachelor quarters" have become legendary in Hollywood. A big rambling house, over-run with dogs and cats, and shared with James Stewart (actor), Joshua Logan (producer) and John Swope (assistant director). The four of them have been cronies ever since they used to starve in unison, and like it, back in their early stage days.

It was a terrific blow to the three J's when, out of a clear sky, the single H announced his intention to stay single no longer. But after one encounter with Frances, all was forgiven; in fact, all was applauded. And as for Frances—"Well, I think she's as crazy about them as she is about me."

A MAN'S bachelor friends usually drop away in large bunches when he marries. The bride usually chills them away. But not this bride! She has made the old foursome a fivesome.

And to know the Henry Fondas, you must know their closest friends.

"I've known them ever since 1928," Henry relates — "when I tucked my satchel under my arm (no kidding; it was that kind of satchel) and headed East. I was working in the Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Mass., when I heard about a company in Falmouth called the University Players. I went over to see them, liked them, and became one of them. That's where I first saw Stewart, Swope and Logan. Sullavan was there, too.

"All the Players were young people, all active in dramatic clubs in college. And working together, as we worked, was priceless experience for all of us. We took turns at everything that was to be done—acting, directing, scene-designing, ushering, and sweeping out. We shared alike in the profits, if any. The men lived on a converted sub-chaser, anchored nearby. The girls lived in a cottage. A Harvard boy was the camp cook."

The fact that he was one of that group helps to explain Henry Fonda today.

"You've heard of Little Theater groups and their impossible ideals. I even knew of one once in which the members used to hold seances and dip their hands in boxes of soil so that they would keep the feel of 'the earthy'! But we—I still insist we were different. We must have been. There wasn't a single member of that group who didn't become well-known later in some branch of the theater.

"We didn't go so arty that we stopped being healthy, wide-open, normal people. Our attitude was that the theater was

[*Continued on page* 90]

TO STARDOM ON MERIT

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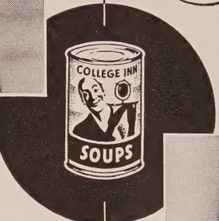

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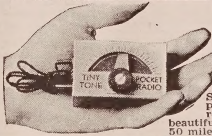

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Those months before baby comes put such a strain on mother's muscles, she frequently suffers for years.

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LUCONE CO., Dept. S-12, 621 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Henry Fonda's Unique Society Marriage

[*Continued from page* 89]

theatric, but it shouldn't seem to be. Acting should be so real that no one could say where it started to be acting.

"Stewart is a shining example of a person whose acting you can't analyze. He's so relaxed, so natural, so normal. Sullavan is another. Did you see them together in *Next Time We Love?*"

Yes, and we also saw Fonda and Sullavan (as they call each other) in *The Moon's Our Home.*

"FRANCES and I find that our sport enthusiasms are alike. She loves skiing and we're all going to the mountains for long sessions of it. Tennis. Frances enjoys a pool, and so do I—so we're building one, even though we're only renting. I've never wanted to own a place, never wanted to be tied down. Maybe I'll change my mind now. But I think Frances ought to live in California a year before we do any deciding about settling down here for life.

"Frances, Swope, Logan and I are entering a dizzy golf tournament here at the studio. You know, one of those things where there's beer on every tee and people set off firecrackers at difficult moments. As a golfer, Frances is about as good—which means about as bad—as I am."

They both like pets (as zoo-addicts should!)

"But I'm through being a *collector* of animals," Henry says. "The three J's and I had four dogs and thirty to forty cats. We never were sure about the exact number of cats. When Stewart and I took the house, we found one cat on the premises, and we decided to let it stay—to catch mice. The second day, it had a litter of kittens. They turned out to be wildcats. Nobody could catch them, to give them away.

"The mother cat produced more litters, and the litters produced litters, until finally we were over-run with cats—all wild, all the same color, and consequently all nameless. We couldn't shoot them, we couldn't poison them, and we couldn't catch them . . . And as for the mice, when we first moved in and there was only one cat, we used to see mice scurrying in shadows once in a while. But after a few months the mice started coming across the middle of the floor, standing up, and looking at us."

FONDA is a person of vivid enthusiasms—and contagious enthusiasms.

He became an amateur photographer during his first picture, *The Farmer Takes a Wife,* taking snapshots with a small box-camera to send back to Omaha. During his second picture, *Way Down East,* Director Victor Fleming gave him a Leica (the weapon of the candid-camera fiends) and told him he would have more fun if he started developing and printing his own pictures. He had so much fun that he turned one room into a dark room. (The new house will also have one.) From him, Stewart caught the Leica fever, and Swope, it is alleged, lived in the dark room while Fonda was away, with the result that he now has a collection to rival Fonda's.

Frances heard about the photography early in the courtship. In fact, she bought "a honey of a camera" in Munich. Moreover, she has endowed Henry with a 16 mm. movie camera "that can do all sorts of tricks." With this, he'll finish the color-epic that he and Stewart have hatched up together and have been working on since last year. With two sequences now completed.

The epic still is untitled. It also still is plotless—"and pointless," adds Henry. It is a burlesque of the things that are done over and over in the movies. It is also a burlesque of movie make-up.

Stewart plays every rôle.

"IN THE first episode, Stewart is a villian of the deepest dye. A Mexican bandit. He is on a low roof. He is having a duel with a peon who is on the ground and who is also Stewart. The bandit is shot. He falls off the roof. And keeps on falling. It looks as if he's falling ten stories. (We got that effect by having Jim topple off the roof ten times, while I photographed him ten times.) When he does finally land, his head falls back and beet juice runs out of his mouth. The peon walks up and kicks the villain. Then starts down the dusty road, walking into the sunset, a la Chaplin."

Frances thinks this episode is a bit macabre. But she likes the rich pulsating humanity of the second:

"In this, Stewart is a brush salesman, about to attempt his first sale. He is timid, beaten down in life. He wears a high stiff collar, a stiff shirt, a dirty string bow tie, a hat that sits on the top of his head. In one hand he carries an old mop and an old broom; in the other, an old bag filled with old worn-out scrubbing brushes and dog brushes and such. He shuffles up to the door of a house. He tries to knock, and he can't. He tries again, and can't. He takes out his instruction book. We have an insert about what the book says about how to be assertive. Now he practically beats down the door.

"Stewart answers the door, as the lanky colored maid! Stewart has an argument with Stewart, all in pantomime. And, in the end, the salesman walks down the road, into the sunset, a la Chaplin. Every sequence is going to have that ending . . .

"It will take years of Sundays to complete the picture. But by the time we're through, even if we never finish it, we'll have an education in movie-making."

In New York, when he and Stewart were trying to get on Broadway and $50 a week was big money, they took up the building of airplane models—to kill long, workless evenings. They bought a kit, cut out the pieces, put the model together in six weeks. And went on from there to more difficult models.

"Now we're ready to start one that will have a gasoline motor and a six-foot wing spread. One of Reginald Denny's models. You know, he manufactures them. Sure, it will fly—and stay up for hours."

As for going up in the air himself: "I've had fifteen hours of solo flying, and Leland Hayward, my agent, is after me to buy a plane. But I'm not doing it.

"Not that I'm afraid. I'm not. But you have to admit that I'm a married man now, with responsibilities." He grins, boyishly. "I probably like to dramatize the situation. But I'm getting a terrific kick out of saying, 'You owe it to your *family* to take care of yourself.' "

Blonde Dynamite!

[*Continued from page* 23]

wise-crack or a laugh from a Lombard or a Harlow—will send Jean Arthur flying to her dressing room in tears.

Tears flow from Jean's eyes with the readiness of water from a faucet. A casual interview, such as most stars take in stride as one of the duties of their job, leaves Jean often weeping the mascara and make-up into a mess. I don't think she can help it; I know it makes her mad—and chagrined.

That's why, the other day when she heard the knock on her beach house door and peeped out of an upstairs window to see who was there, she felt decidedly mortified. Because there were tears rolling down her cheeks right then—and the person at the door was a writer who'd seen her break down in tears before, during an interview.

"GOSH, you must think I'm crazy, or something," she apologized as she opened the door herself. "It seems I'm always crying when I talk with you."

The guest remarked "uh huh," or something like that, and Jean explained that this time it wasn't nerves or temperament, but a cat. A cat named Cricket, that she'd picked up on a Paramount-lot alley and taken home.

"I just sent Cricket to the doctor," she explained, "and he just told me over the phone that poor Cricket had an awfully tough life before she met me. She'd had too many kittens in her life, and she so young. . . . !" And here was an insight into a phase of Jean Arthur's make-up that's the other side of the picture from the temperamental one. She can be as hardboiled as blazes on the set, but about animals, she's as soft-hearted as a baby.

She's always collecting stray beasts and adopting them. Her husband never knows what kind of animal she's bringing home tonight. Even mice—!!!

And right now, she's planning to become the "Irene Castle of the West" by establishing and endowing a hospital, and home for stray animals—just like Irene Castle McLaughlin has established in Chicago, for dogs. It was dogs that brought romance into Jean's life; that's how she met her husband—through dogs.

You see, Jean's dad used to air Jean's dog, evenings, when she lived in Beverly. Down the street lived another old gentleman who took a dog out walking evenings, too. Naturally, the two old fellows got to talking. One day, the other man gave Jean's dad a couple of theater tickets. "My son—he's Frank Ross Junior—can't use these, and wondered if mebbe you could," he explained. So Papa took Jean to the theater. A few days later, Jean met young Ross on the street. She'd met him before, but never talked, of course. This time, courtesy demanded that she say thanks for the theater tickets. She did. And that started it. Before she knew it, Ross was taking her to the theater, and he was coming to dinner at her house. Then somehow they were both in New York together and eloping to the Jersey side of the Hudson, where they were married.

ROSS is no "Mister Jean Arthur." Jean may be a big shot at the studio, but at home, she's Mrs. Ross. One remembers, considering the matter, that Jean herself has said: "I have to have a strong hand at the helm—a man who knows what he wants. . . ."

Jean's home life is simple. It's uncomplicated by neighbors. Jean is not exactly a mixer, in the Hollywood hail-fellow manner. This is exemplified by the fact that although her beach house is built so close between two other houses in a row down there that one can almost reach out of one's own bathroom into that next door, still Jean does not know who lives on either side of her—not even their names!

This pleases her. Like it pleased her the day she was playing tennis down there, and heard a couple of girls playing next door talking.

"Oooh, that's Jean Arthur," said one. The other looked and said: "No, that isn't Jean Arthur. It can't be. She's not good-looking enough." (Jean didn't wear make-up that day; she usually doesn't off screen.) Jean was delighted by the nonrecognition. She doesn't like to be stared at. When she goes shopping, she wears denim overalls, no make-up, maybe a pair of dark glasses—nobody knows her.

Home life for Jean is pretty much a matter of routine—work routine, you might call it. She usually gets home about 6:30, in make-up. She doesn't hang around the studio taking it off. She does that at home—by seven. By eight, she's through dinner, and has her nightly hair-do. Then she plunges into the script and studies her lines for the next day's shooting. Usually, that takes the rest of her time—if it doesn't, she reads a book—and early to bed.

Once in a while she has what to her is a swell evening. She has a couple of guests in, to argue with! They're Writer Jo Swerling and Director Frank Capra, who live not far away. They argue Screen vs. Stage. Capra is all pro-movies; Jean is hot pro-stage. To Jean, the stage is the greater form of acting; the screen is secondary. And violently and earnestly, they argue far into the night.

[*Continued on page* 92]

SOLUTION to CROSSWORD PUZZLE

on page 6

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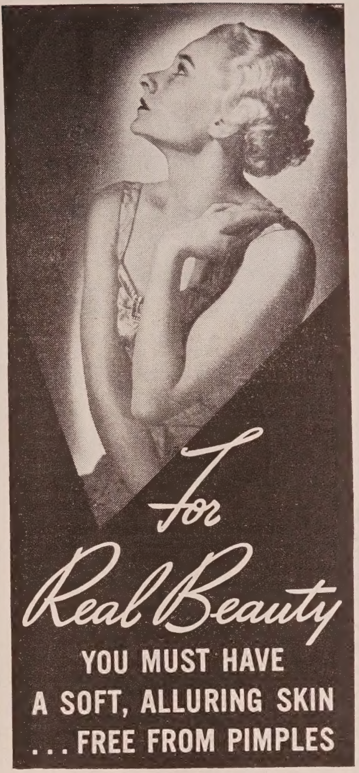

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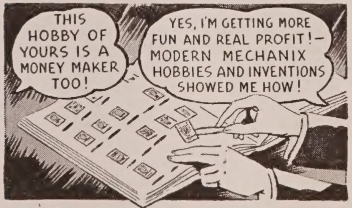
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These four dainty morsels of femininity are actually husky football players from the Southern California team. They turned actors for Paramount's picture *Rose Bowl*, but because of an athletic rule on publicity in connection with film work, their names cannot be mentioned. The girls, however, are Harriet Haddon, Lora Lane, Katharine Snell, Paula de Cardo, Larry Lane and Helen Mohler

Blonde Dynamite!

[*Continued from page* 91]

Jean's partisanship between stage and screen is further shown by the fact that her two favorite actresses are Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell—the former has turned her back on the screen after a whirl at it; the latter says to blazes with movies, she never wants to act in 'em.

Jean, however, gives all she's got to making movies. By six a. m., she's up and on her way to the studio. And then and there comes the metamorphosis from Jean, the wife of Mr. Ross, into Jean Arthur, the intensively earnest, serious-as-all-get-out, high-strung star, who's called "blonde dynamite."

ON THE set, there's no clowning, no kidding for Jean. Not like other stars, who chatter and laugh and have fun between takes. Jean almost invariably retires to her dressing room, shuts the door against intrusions, and lies down—working out her rôle, or planning new business, new inflections.

Recently, on *The Plainsman,* she unbent a bit. Gary Cooper did it—Gary Cooper and a Scandinavian pick-me-up he introduced in lieu of four o'clock tea. It's called "aquanit" and it has a potency and kick enough to supply that middle-of-the-afternoon lift that carries one at top fettle through the rest of the workday.

Gary has his "aquanit" every afternoon, instead of tea. One day, he offered DeMille a taste. Cecil liked it and joined Gary. Jean Arthur got interested, and Gary finally dared offer her a bit. She tasted it, and liked it too. For the rest of the picture, as religiously as mass every Sunday, the three of them stopped production for their afternoon "aquanit."

The Arthur-DeMille Mutual Admiration Society weathered even the severe strains of mayhem, committed on the august person of DeMille himself by Jean herself, one day during rehearsals of a tough scene.

It was the scene where Calamity Jane, heckled by a mob, strikes out with her bullwhip to cow them, to disarm one ruffin who is about to hurl a bottle at her. For the scene, Jean had been taking lessons in whipping the deadly bullwhip direct to its target. But when it came to rehearsals, DeMille wasn't satisfied with the way she sent it cracking toward the extra who held the bottle.

"Harder, fiercer," he commanded. Jean tried again, but it didn't satisfy DeMille. Cecil leaped to the extra, grabbed the bottle out of his hand. "Now come on, Miss Arthur," he commanded, "put some force into it. Here, I'll hold the bottle. Now give it to me."

Jean's face set. She was a bit tired, perhaps, of having to do this rehearsal over and over and over again. Maybe Cecil DeMille forgot that blonde dynamite business. Anyway, back went Jean's arm—and forward. Hissing like a snake, the bullwhip streaked straight to the mark, curled viciously around DeMille's wrist, snapped the bottle out of his hand, and dropped to the dust—*but DeMille's wrist was bleeding where the bullwhip had slashed into the flesh . . .!*

He was astounded for a moment. For just a moment, there was blankness even on great DeMille's face as he stared at Jean. Jean, by now, was all contrite.

They insist, all around, that it was pure accident. Perhaps it was. But anyway, DeMille didn't pick on the way "blonde dynamite" snapped the whip any more, after that. And for the rest of the picture, there weren't any more explosions, either.

Adventure in an Insane Asylum

[*Continued from page* 35]

rooms facing each other across the ward. Thus, two nurses were assigned to each ward, which was separated from the adjoining wards by locked doors.

"Each nurse wore a key chain around her waist, as well as a whistle, with which she might call for help. The keys, of course, were to unlock and lock the doors each time we passed through. I mention these points so that you may more readily understand what I am about to tell you.

"WHEN I had been in the hospital for perhaps two months, and contracted the jitters from the mad woman whose sons had died so horribly, a new patient entered my ward. At first, I paid her no particular attention. But soon I was frightened by her eyes that followed me constantly, although she seldom spoke a word.

"One night, just after I had gone to bed, I heard a scratching at my door. I jumped up, and there crouched the new patient, her hair down around her shoulders, her eyes glittering wildly. I asked her what she wanted, but instead of answering she turned and slunk back to her bed.

"Thereafter, I watched her more closely. And she watched my every move. It gave me a creepy feeling. Had I been as old then as I am now, I would have fled from that asylum. But youth sometimes doesn't use its head. Every night, from then on, she followed me to my door, when she knew I was going to bed. I didn't like the sullen gleam in her eyes, but I talked to her and coaxed her back to bed. She said very little. But the moment I went into my room I could hear her get up and stealthily crawl in my direction.

Fred MacMurray, after the last day's shooting on *Maid of Salem*, takes his 1690 costume for a ride in a 1937 automobile. Claudette Colbert is his leading lady

"This went on for several nights, her scratching and knocking on my door. I couldn't sleep, for each time I heard her I had to get up and go out to see her. It's no joke, I can tell you, to be awakened out of a sound sleep in the middle of the night by a lunatic prowling around just outside your room.

"Finally, I felt I could endure it no longer. I made up my mind I would ask that either she or I be moved to another ward. With this on my mind, I dropped off to uneasy slumber.

"I awoke suddenly. I tried to scream. Clammy hands groped at my throat!

"Bending over me, her face contorted, an unholy purr on her lips, stood the crazy woman!

"Before I could cry out, she half-choked me with her claws. Then, one hand still clutching my throat, she ripped the key chain from my waist—I wore it even in bed—and wound it around my neck, pulling it tighter and tighter.

"If you've ever struggled with an insane person, you know they seem possessed of super-human strength. And this woman was no exception. I knew that if I screamed, the other insane women would come tumbling into my room. When one lunatic attacks the rest follow suit.

"As silently as I could, I fought her off, with every ounce of strength at my command. Sheer desperation lent me unnatural power, but it was not enough . . . she steadily bore down on me.

"In the ward outside, I could hear a commotion, as the five other patients bounced from their beds and made for my room. I could hear them rush through the door. Then, I knew no more . . . I lost consciousness from the chain strangling me.

"When I came to, my first impression was that the chain still circled my neck. Then, I saw the familiar faces of doctors and nurses.

"My life had been saved by the other nurse in the ward. She was wakened by the din and reached me just in time. The crazy woman didn't offer any resistance when she hauled her off me and went back to her bed with the others.

"Since then, every time I see or hear a whistle I'm reminded of that dreadful hour. With a whistle and a good pair of lungs, I couldn't make a sound because the chain was wrapped around my neck. And with the heavy doors of the ward locked, it's doubtful if anybody could have helped me, if my partner in the other room hadn't heard the noise of my struggling."

When you see Binnie on the screen in *Three Smart Girls*, bear in mind that here is a girl who went through what most do not live to tell, if they are subjected to so harrowing a trial. Hers is a dramatic story one in a million . . . and in Hollywood that's saying a mouthful.

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See Page 12

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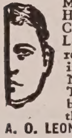

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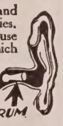

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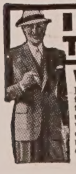

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Star by Accident!

[*Continued from page 34*]

THAT summer at home Don got his first job. He spent his time literally rounding all the square street corners of Kenosha! It gave him a pair of shoulders that made his football tackle a thing of joy to the coaches at Columbia College in the fall. But alas for their hopes. Don's explorative nature got the better of him. During the next four years he explored law books and carried the pigskin—at Marquette University, Georgetown, and the University of Wisconsin successively. In between times he worked as "puddler" in a road gang, a bolt tightener in an auto plant and a "stuffer" in a mattress factory. (It was while he was in the mattress factory, Don declares, that he got insomnia! He still spends most of his nights driving about, getting snacks at hot dog stands and listening for the "owl" edition of the morning papers. . . .)

At Wisconsin U he went in for dramatics—principally because he needed extra-curricular marks. And here is where the strange series of events begins that shaped Don's entire career. It's the reason he says today with that look of bewilderment. —"Everything that's boosted me along has been an accident. It just happened to me. I never planned anything like it. Simply stumbled along—and there it was!"

It started on Thanksgiving Day. There was a football game on but Don's shift of colleges had made him ineligible for the Varsity and he didn't want to sit in a rooter's seat. He decided to get tickets for *Excess Baggage. And*—here's the neat little way old lady Fate planned her own special first "act" for Don. . . .

Around eight a. m. one of the actors in the stock company of *Excess Baggage* was injured in an auto accident.

At eleven, the manager, trying frantically to get another actor, spotted Don at the ticket window. He remembered—that was the boy who played the lead in the last University play.

Twelve noon—Don had twenty "sides" to learn before the afternoon performance.

Three p. m. *Don was an actor. And he knew his career was set.*

DON had been with the stock company six months when he saw Honore again. In church. He waited for her afterwards and they had an hour together. She had come to Madison to see her sister, a co-ed. "We mustn't let things drop this time," they said. "We'll write." They never did.

Flushed with a year's success in Madison, Don swooped down on Broadway—without so much as a leaf fluttering. Seeing him around so often, the agents' patience wore thin. So did the sole of Don's shoes. He stuffed them with cardboard. He dined on beans for lunch and an apple for dinner. Pretty soon it was just the beans, and he found a place where you could get them for a nickel.

Write home for money? Not Don! He has the pride of an Inca and the persistence of an old sour-dough.

The bean period ended abruptly when Fiske O'Hara took him on in *Jerry for Short*. Then he played vaudeville with Texas Guinan's troupe. Finally he was offered the lead in the Chicago production of *Illegitimate Practice*. Reason told him not to leave New York where he was just becoming known. Impulse told him to go. He followed impulse. And *Illegitimate Practice* lasted exactly two weeks! *BUT*—

"It's *swell* having you here, Don," said an old friend from the Madison stock company on the last night of the play. "Lots of opportunities around Chicago. Tomorrow, for instance—there's a big audition over at the broadcasting company. Why don't you try out in it?"

"There'll be a million people there," objected Don. Then—"But I guess it wouldn't hurt to be the million-and-first!"

And the million-and-first has made radio history. . . .

Two days after his audition he was called to play in the *Empire Builders* program. He thought, "I'll be on the air for a week probably." He's been on for six years! Next to Amos 'n' Andy, Don has appeared longer in one series than any other radio star. For five years he's headed the cast of *The Little Theater Off Times Square*. Only now, of course, it's the *Little Theater On Hollywood Boulevard*—and he has to rush from the studio in makeup with a motorcycle police escort to get there on time for the broadcast.

AUDIENCES have palpitated, thrilled and rhapsodized to that voice of his. But back in 1932 it sent a queer throb of memory to a girl in an Iowa hospital. A girl with hair the color of sunlight on golden maples. Honore had become a dietetic expert—a hefty title for anyone so small. She knew an imposing amount about calories and vitamins and quite a little about love. Maybe that's why she went to Chicago at the earliest possible moment. But she didn't plan on meeting Don the very first night she was there. Especially not on a "blind date!"

It was a former schoolmate of his who arranged it. Honore wasn't too excited about a "blind date." Neither was Don when he was reached at the broadcasting station. "I never go on 'em!" he protested. Then surprisingly he found himself saying, "Oh, all right. I'll go—be there at ten o'clock."

Life began at 10:05 that night when Don danced his "date" across the floor of the Edgewater Beach club. . . .

Two hours later he was saying in Honore's ear, "Your time is *all* taken up for as long as you're here!"

Three hours later he was saying, "I'd like an option on your time *for good*! Honey, you can't go back to that hospital!"

"But I have to!" wailed Honey. She had a contract with the hospital. She had plans all mapped out to become a doctor. Plans that Mr. Ameche began disturbing mightily. He did a marathon between the radio station in Chicago and her diet kitchen in Iowa. He broke an Olympic record in the all-American romance run. Thirty-two round trips to her hospital from September—just after they'd had their "blind date"—to November. He got Honey to say "yes" in the charity ward! . . .

There was a homely, lovable little kid there who had been Honey's pet charge since his mother died. "Donny" his name was, too, and they plied him with gifts. Don took to ransacking the Marshall Fields store before he hopped a train for Iowa. It was something to see radio's prize hero go stalking out, pockets bulg-

Olivia de Havilland and Robert Taylor are caught by SCREEN BOOK's photographer, Charles Rhodes, in the act of rehearsing a radio program. It looks like fun, doesn't it? You won't be surprised, of course, to know that Barbara Stanwyck and Bob are still just like this, and that the marriage rumors are growing louder and louder

ing with toys and rompers under his arm. He and Honey were standing beside Donny's bed one day when he had the idea. "Let's adopt him!" he said. And then, just as if he hadn't been thinking of it for weeks, he added. "Let's get married first!"

IT WAS his old headmaster who had introduced them, Father Sheehy, who performed the ceremony. They were married the day after Thanksgiving—at one of the largest weddings Dubuque had ever known . . . But they didn't get to adopt "Donny." Someone else beat them to it. So there was nothing to do but have a "Donny" of their own. He's three now. Very blond and cute as Christmas. And he has an equally blond baby brother—Ronny.

In fact, Ronny was still seeing the world through the glass windows of the baby ward when Don got that telephone call from Hollywood.

He'd never expected it. He had even given up hoping. M-G-M had taken a screen test of him in New York but it registered exactly nothing in his life. Nothing until an agent long-distanced him. Two Twentieth Century-Fox producers, had seen the test—*by accident!* It had been on the same reel with the test of a girl singer they wanted to look at. They forgot the girl—and sent an SOS for Don.

Once out here, he took to sending an SOS for Honey and the boys. He did it by telephoning Chicago four and five time a day from the set and every evening from his hotel. After a month of it, she decided the one way to save the family funds was to take the train to California! And the day she arrived he signed a five year contract with the studio . . .

"Hollywood? No, I have no special feeling about it and what it might do to marriage. It's Don's work—acting. It's like any other job," she says simply. "From the very beginning the only rule we made was that when he came home he should leave his professional life behind. And he does. I've been trying to make a scrap book of his press clippings but he says that's infringing on the rule! And anyway he never knows what has been printed about him."

That being the case, it may be safe for me to bring in here a few strictly personal phases of this Ameche!

For instance, while he was playing the rôle of *Alessandro* to Loretta Young's *Ramona*, word reached him of his father's illness. The elder Ameche has lost quite a bit of money during the last few years and Don has been doing for his younger brothers and sisters what his father was unable to do for them. Sending them through college, giving them a start. Now he's bought a ranch for his parents in San Fernando Valley.

Don's work is something that has the movie moguls pop-eyed. In five months he has played four outstanding rôles. He eats them up, as the old troupers say. He goes after every one of them with intense sincerity and enthusiasm. Nothing stops him—not even a sting-ray!

While he was on location for *Ramona* he got a personal introduction to the little sea devil—with a six inch slash on his foot. If the sting-ray's poison hits the blood stream it's death. The studio wanted to send specialists down by 'plane, to suspend work. . . .

"Golly," said Don, "what's the fuss about? The doctor here sewed up my foot . . . Let's shoot!" And "shoot" they did—for eight hours under a broiling sun. . . . And he spent the evening yodelling cowboy songs down in the cantina with the "grips."

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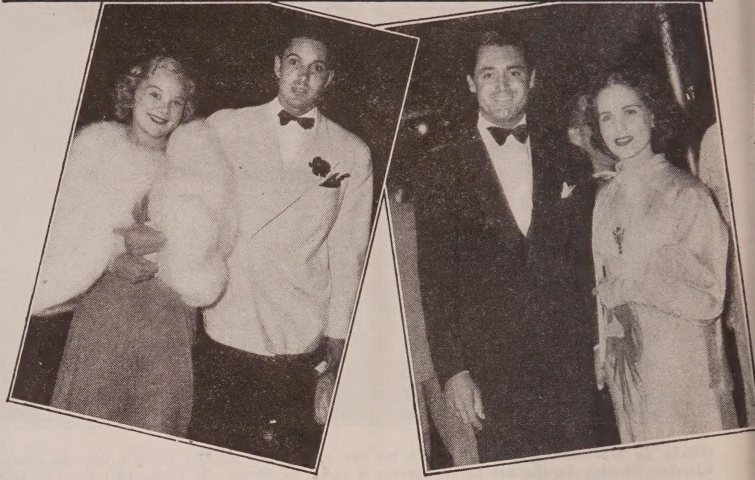
Our Hollywood Frivolities!

[*Continued from page* 15]

MIXED FOURSOME!



Champion figure skater Sonja Henie and actor Tyrone Power have been dining and dancing together so often that romance rumors are heard on all sides. On the right you see Cary Grant and Mary Brian. Well, you've heard about them. One night Cary invited Sonja to go dancing at the Cocoanut Grove. And they bumped smack into Mary Brian with Tyrone Power! They were four very astonished people!

afraid something might happen to their precious on the plane trip. Bob did the next best thing and phoned home and talked to everybody right down the line.

●

JAMES STEWART and Henry Fonda swore to be "pals to the end." But, according to Jimmy, the "end" has come!

Climbing out of his shower, Jimmy shivered his way to the front door to find an irate stranger glaring up at him.

"Do you own three dogs?" the stranger growled.

"Well, sort of," Jimmy chattered. "I'm taking care of them for a friend."

"All right," the stranger nodded grimly, "then you're responsible. Them dogs killed twenty-eight of my chickens and I want to be paid for 'em . . . right now!"

Slipping on his trousers, Jimmy went across the road, counted twenty-eight dead hens, took another look at the stranger's unrelenting face and paid up.

"And those doggone dogs belong to Henry!" he moaned. "My pal!"

●

MOLLY LAMONT gives us the laugh of the week. It happened on *The Jungle Princess* set, and Director Thiele was going over a scene with a native extra from Harlem.

"You are frightened!" gestured Thiele. "This other native—he tell you tiger is loose! You screw up face. Like this! You make the eyes wide! You open the mouth! You gasp!"

The "native" listened passively until Thiele finished. Then he said plaintively: "Boss, whadda you want fo' five bucks . . . Barrymore?"

●

SHIRLEY ROSS had the Los Angeles Police Department running for cover when she grabbed up a gun and blasted away at a target on the department's pistol range, the other day!

But, when they checked up, they found that Shirley had banged out a target score of 84 out of a possible 100! Which is better than half the men on the force can do, according to instructors! And Shirley declares she'd never had a gun in her hand up 'til then?

●

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Betty Jane Rhodes, who is playing the feminine lead in Universal's serial, *Jungle Jim,* is either leading a charmed life or else she can "take it."

During the making of the picture, Raymond Hatton had three "doubles" and every one of them was injured.

The first was bitten by a tiger. The second broke his hand when he swung at Bryant Washburn's chin and slammed into a post instead. The third suffered singed hair and a slightly burned face when the roof of a flaming hut collapsed unexpectedly.

A leopard pounced on Grant Withers' double, scratching him up a little.

But Betty Jane, who actually worked with the lions in the picture, went through the entire picture without so much as a scratch!

IF THERE'S one thing that Gary Cooper likes to do when he's indoors, it's to sleep. They'll tell you around town that the lean lanky Montanan will stroll off the set after a scene, compose his yards of bones and joints in improbable positions, smile contentedly and go to sleep in or on anything that happens to be handy. They could set off dynamite caps under his chair and he wouldn't quiver, much less wake up.

●

THE Paramount studio has been having a bit of a headache trying to glamorize Jimmy Ellison for the ladies. Jimmy has just finished his portrayal of Buffalo Bill in *The Plainsman*, and was known before that for his *Hopalong Cassidy* rôles. As you can see, he's just a lad who's been raised on horses and the desert. Still the studio tried hard to cook up a little romance between Helen Burgess, who plays Mrs. Bill Cody, and other delectable gals, but Jimmy gives them the slip each time.

On Saturday nights, instead of squiring one of Hollywood's fairest to a night club, he speeds to a little town a few miles from San Bernadino, and there leads the Virginia Reel at the weekly Barn Dance. We can't tell you anything about the country lassie, who attracts him there, because Jimmy won't reveal her name. But he does boast proudly of the fact that she doesn't know he's in pictures. It must be the real thing!

James Ellison's girl doesn't know he's an actor!

●

ON LOCATION with a Warner Brothers Company, two personable young extra men hung out of a window of the transportation bus and engaged in snappy repartee with a pair of good-looking gals who were driving alongside in a roadster.

"There's a dance at the hotel tonight," one of the lads called. "Want to come along?"

"Sure!" the girls shouted. "See you there!"

That evening, when the girls entered the hotel lobby, the extra lads sauntered up with all the nonchalance of William Powell.

"Here we are!" they announced cheerily. "How's about the first rhumba?"

The girls looked one of them over carefully. "Well, for crying out loud!" they said finally. "We thought you were Ross Alexander!" And, as they turned to walk haughtily away, one of them exclaimed: "Gee, what a gyp! And I brought my autograph book!"

●

IF ADRIAN, M-G-M's famous designer, would follow Betty Furness around, he'd discover a few costume tricks that aren't in the book.

Having difficulty in keeping her numerous dates straight, Betty evolved the clever idea of having a tiny date book enclosed in the buckle of her dress belt. A decorative pencil, slipped through two loops, holds the book in place and can be yanked out, at a moments notice, to jot down telephone numbers, addresses and the time and place of pending engagements.

Eleanore Whitney and Tom Brown had a lot of fun on the *Rose Bowl* set at Paramount. They were supposed to be soda jerkers, and for authenticity, a real soda fountain was installed on the set. A young gentleman who could flip up a mean sundae was hired to show the actors the accepted method of sneaking up on a banana split. They had trouble at first—and made a pretty mess of things. But by the end of the film, everything was under control. And were they proud! Then the big soda scene was cut out of the picture!

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Little Bergner the Great!

[*Continued from page* 45]

"My dear," interposed Dr. Paul Czinner, mildly. "If you go on like that you will only become homesick, and besides, perhaps this gentleman wishes to ask you some questions."

Dr. Czinner is a great director, a gentleman, and he is Elisabeth's husband. Now he may, as a matter of fact, be an excellent managerial influence, but when he interrupted the little Bergner with that remark about questions I could cheerfully have seen him vanish in smoke.

Because when she heard the word all her enthusiasm left her, the sparkle went out of her wonderful eyes, her mouth closed in what was nearly a pout, and I—I had ceased to be the friend who loved her Wien, and was again only the friend of a friend who was going to write about her.

"Yes," she said, dejectedly. "I am sorry. When I talk about my Wien I am always like that."

"Then let's talk about your Wien the rest of the afternoon," I said, eagerly. I was rewarded with a grateful smile.

Of what real use are questions when you are talking to a really great artiste? What does it matter if Elisabeth Bergner likes golf, or if she eats asparagus with her fingers, or if she thinks America is wonderful?

What you want to know is something more revealing of the woman than that. You want to picture her as she is. Well—she is the most remarkable person I think I have ever spent an afternoon with, but it is hard to tell you exactly why.

She's so small that she has the appeal of helplessness—the appeal of a child or a kitten or a bird. But when you are feeling most protective towards her, your masculinity becomes conscious of a sudden check. It is a trick of the eyebrows, a quirk at a corner of the nose—the right corner, a gleam of the eye that flashes on and off like sunlight seen in the prisms of a diamond. And you realize that the child is laughing at you!

Then again, her conversation — she talks English fluently now, with only the trace of an accent—is reminiscent of a child's, because she uses short words and short sentences and expresses assent and negation and wonder by an inflection of the word "ah." But these short sentences, while not thought *out*, are thoughtful. She says nothing unnecessarily at length, but there is a shrewdness back of every phrase. Thus, I asked her what she thought of a certain London play, which has taken the critics by storm.

"I did not like it," she said. "It was too clever. A playwright makes a mistake in trying to be cleverer than his audience."

Another observation she made on the same subject: "A great play is one which takes its lessons from the people, instead of preaching to them."

ELISABETH BERGNER is not beautiful if you count regularity of feature or the magazine-type as beauty. Her nose is a shade too prominent, her eyes deep-set, the line of her chin possibly a little boyish. But such is the character of her face that she can create the illusion of beauty—a sort of transfiguration difficult to describe. In profile her face resembles that of the late Réjane more than it does that of Bernhardt, but in this amazing inner spirituality that seems to spring alive from her features she has undoubtedly inherited the "divinity" of Sarah.

I did put one point-blank question to Bergner. I asked her if it was true she was afraid to go to Hollywood. Her eyes opened wide.

"Afraid? I don't understand," she said.

"I was told," I explained, "that you were afraid of 'Hollywood's glass houses.' That you thought life there would be too public."

"If you mean that I refuse to put myself on parade as apparently the American stars are expected to," she answered, "that is correct. I have two lives to live—my own and the public's. Half my life I give freely to the public. It is really more than half my life, for I am busy working for their pleasure most of the time. I have to be generous with that part of my life. I have a job—to please the people who pay for seats. To do this it is necessary to spend most of my 'leisure' hours studying, improving my technique.

"It keeps me very busy. So busy that the share of my time that I can afford to give to—myself, and to—" she looked at Dr. Czinner and smiled—"my husband, is quite small. Now, my feeling is that I—we—should be allowed this very small measure of privacy. I feel it is our right, and yet because I am so jealous of this right I have been accused of 'temperament.'

"Tom, Dick and Harry can see me on the stage, in their picture theaters. My whole career is dedicated to Tom and to Dick and to Harry. Now all I ask is that they should be satisfied, and not try to invade my home. Is that unreasonable?"

I said that Hollywood perhaps wasn't as bad as she had heard. I said she could have as much privacy there as in England, that she need see no one there except friends, that the great studios long ago had closed their doors to tourists.

She looked at me doubtfully and did not reply. From another quarter I hear that recently she refused one offer of $200,000 to make one picture in Hollywood, on the ground she did not like the plays they offered.

And only three years ago, when she came to London from Nazi Germany, and Charles Cochran (the English Ziegfeld) "discovered" her, any company in Hollywood could have had her for one picture for $25,000. Every one of them declined the "risk." She had no sex appeal, they said.

Perhaps she remembers that.

Elisabeth Bergner had had a birthday a few days before I met her. She was thirty-eight years old.

She looks to be, at the most extravagant estimate, about twenty-six. And at times, as I have said, like a rather naughty child.

SHE was born in that condition of life from which nearly all great actresses (and great anything else, for that matter) have sprung: the middle-class. Her family was of the bourgeoisie of Vienna. The little Elisabeth learned to cook and sew and keep house. Her parents, estimable folk, destined her for a career as wife and mother. Elisabeth had other ideas. Elisabeth, from her very earliest recollections, was theater-struck. Elisabeth spent all her pocket money on gallery seats. Elisabeth declared she wanted to be an actress. When her parents demurred, pointing out that she was a good housewife and probably would make a bad actress, and that the stage was no place for a child of theirs anyway, Elisabeth ran away.

Not for long, but long enough to secure her emancipation. She got an obscure job and worked her way through the Académie Dramatique. She graduated without honors, but a director saw her and gave her a tiny part at the Zuricher Theater. Her salary was ten dollars a week.

She spent what must have seemed an eternity in playing small parts, all over Mittel-Europa. She played in Budapest, in Zurich, in Berne, in Prague. All the time she was acquiring technique. Technique! That is Elisabeth Bergner's religion—the technique of acting.

Eight years after she had begun at the Zuricher theater she felt so sure of herself that she wrote to a Berlin manager telling him that she was "among the world's best actresses" and that it was absurd for her to be kept hidden any longer.

The manager happened to be in Zurich shortly after that and saw the little Bergner, and was so impressed that he booked her for a part in Wedekind's *The Marquis of Keith.* After that she played in several parts in Berlin and Vienna and finally became leading lady in a Munich stock company.

And there, if you please, she stayed—this girl who believed in herself—for seven years! At the end of those seven years justification came in a blaze of glory. She played *Rosalind* in *As You Like It,* in Berlin, and Berlin went crazy.

The little Bergner was Germany's greatest actress! So they boasted, and so they acclaimed her.

She made a picture. She was not very good and neither was the picture. Why? Because Bergner, if anything, knew *too much* stage technique! The picture people said she would have to unlearn many of the rules so painfully acquired throughout her acting career. So Bergner began to study film technique.

She met Dr. Czinner, who created for her *Nju,* by Ossyp Dymow. The film was an artistic triumph. But the little Bergner thought she was terrible. She cried for days. She said she would never make another film. Then she said she would, but she must study first.

So, after she had studied, Dr. Czinner, with infinite patience and understanding, put her in *The Fiddler of Florence, Ariane, Dreaming Lips, Fraulein Julie*—and then came Hitler.

"The Greatest Actress in Germany" was lost to Germany. She and Dr. Czinner came to England. England admitted cautiously that it had heard of La Bergner, but would she please show them?

She made *Catharine the Great,* in which many people thought she was miscast. This was the period when Hollywood producers were lamenting her lack of sex appeal. Then came *Escape Me Never.*

Well—no more question of sex appeal!

A woman of thirty-eight who could be the *gamine* of *Escape Me Never* didn't need any sex appeal—even though it seemed, now, that she had had it all along. The top-notch stars of Hollywood went four and five times each to the Four Star Theater on Wilshire Boulevard where *Escape Me Never* was shown. They went to study the Bergner technique.

She could have anything she likes in Hollywood, now—if only she would go there. And—I'm only whispering this, because it came to me through a very private source indeed—I know that another offer has been made to Dr. Czinner for the services of himself and his wife. And the offer has been so couched that I do not see how they *can* refuse.

Jean Harlow's secretary confesses some interesting things about Jean in February SCREEN BOOK. You'll enjoy her story.

Portrait of a lady having a portrait made. Dolores Del Rio has an almost perfect "camera face"—which lightens the responsibility of Whitey Shafer, Columbia Studio's ace photographer. That's John Reed adjusting the lights. Dolores' next is *Women Are Wise*

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The Proof of the Pudding

[*Continued from page* 13]

Margot Grahame sends her pudding recipe as a Christmas greeting. You will enjoy her gift!

two-thirds full to allow for normal swelling.

Be sure the rack or similar device on which the mould is placed is not too near the bottom of steamer or water line, so the steam can circulate around the pudding thoroughly, and have the steamer tightly covered.

Here is Margot's recipe and your chance to serve a bit of old England at your Christmas dinner.

HOLIDAY PUDDING

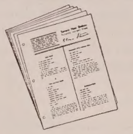
½ cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup grated raw carrots
1 cup grated raw potatoes
1 cup seeded raisins cut in pieces
1 cup chopped nut meats
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. cloves
½ tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. soda
1 tbls. hot water
2 tbls. chopped citron
1½ cups all purpose flour

Cream shortening and sugar, add carrots, potatoes, nuts, raisins, and citron. Sift spices, flour and salt together several times and add to mixture. Dissolve soda in hot water and add, mixing well. Pour mixture into well greased individual mould or one large mould and steam until firm in center, being sure that steamer cover is tightly closed. Remove mould from steamer and place in oven until dry on outside, then remove pudding from mould. While warm, coat with syrup and place in oven for about ten minutes until syrup becomes dry and glossy. Decorate with pieces of candied cherries and leaves cut from citron. For individual puddings, use small sized flat cans such as Tuna fish cans that have been cleaned and aired. Grease containers well to insure well shaped puddings.

HARD SAUCE

¼ cup softened butter
1 cup powdered sugar
⅓ tsp. lemon extract
⅔ tsp. vanilla extract
Pinch salt

Cream all ingredients together until light and fluffy. Serve over hot pudding.



Good News! A New Set Of Film Stars' Favorite Recipes!

Due to the fact that our former leaflets had such nationwide appeal, we have collected another set of delectable recipes—autographed by the stars—which you may have for only fifteen cents! If you have our other leaflets—by all means augment your Stars' Cook Book by ordering these listed below. However, the present offer alone will prove invaluable to you in planning tasty menus.

Printed on heavy stock, size 8½x 11 inches, and punched for loose leaf note book cover, every recipe, of which there are many, has been kitchen tested and found worthy of your approval.

Ruby Keeler's Delicious Cheese Dishes
Margot Grahame's Peppy Salad Dressings
Anne Shirley's Popular Candies
Pat O'Brien's Midnight Snacks
Joan Blondell's Variations on Vegetables
Glenda Farrell's Famous Appetizers
Anita Louise's Tempting Rice Recipes
Ann Dvorak's One Dish Meals
Dick Powell's Favorite Pies
Olivia de Havilland's Refreshing Drinks

Address your letters to Joan Davis, SCREEN BOOK'S Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.

Maybe those romance rumors about Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs aren't true. Anyway, they have a lot of fun together. This was taken on the *College Holiday* outdoor location

'Raye For Our Side

[*Continued from page* 33]

"But we did go to school for a while. It was when we came in from the road to New York—yep, on a day off—and Mamma enrolled us at the Professional Children's School. I had never been to school before, but anyway they put me in the Fifth Grade because I was pretty big! Gee, was I thrilled. There was a boy that sat near me and he had a round face and freckles and nice brown eyes and *his hair was smoothed down,* and did I take a tumble right off! First crush I ever had. Then I found that all the girls had crushes on him . . . that he was the most popular boy in school. Know what his name was? Tom Brown! Gee, was he a cutie pie! But indifferent! Yeah, ma'am. He doesn't know it but he gave me my first touch of an inferiority complex. I used to get all dressed up, come in the room and carry on like mad. But he never even looked my way. The other kids did, though, in sort of a big silence, as much as to say, 'Gosh, look what's here!'

"I guess I was sort of a fright. I used to sneak lipstick from the make-up boxes and pile it on an inch thick. And one day I thought I'd at least get his sympathy by looking sick so I put on some white grease paint, then powdered over it. But even the teacher took one look at me and ran. Fortunately soon after that we took to the road again.

"I remember for years I'd looked forward to having my first evening dress, and Mamma got one for me on my sixteenth birthday. It cost only four dollars at a rummage sale but I couldn't have liked it any better if it had come from Milgrim's. I didn't have any place to wear it, so I wore it to bed for four nights in a row. Then Mamma caught me and made me stop.

"THE first time I ever really stepped out was in a night club . . . but that wasn't any date either. I worked there. And was it tough! You know I think that phrase 'Don't mind me; I only work here,' must have been originated by some night club singer. Because those drunks and those sweeties and those clumsy, noisy waiters, they sure don't mind you, nohow. I used to dance, sing and tell jokes—to myself.

But anyway I learned plenty working in night clubs. I picked up a lot of ideas for routines there. I used to watch people, specially women, when they'd be drinking too much, and follow them around, and into the ladies' room just to hear the goofy things they said, and to try to imitate them, and that's how I worked up that drunken act that I did in *Rhythm on the Range.* I really made my biggest success with that act, I guess. I played it around in vaudeville for a long time even before I ever got into pictures. It even helped me get my contract with Paramount.

"Oh, yes, I always wanted to get into pictures, only I never let myself think about it. I was sure it would never happen. Of course, when I was little and didn't know I was going to turn out to be so big-mouthed, I thought about it a lot. I used to go to see Mary Pickford on the screen . . . she was my favorite and I loved her . . . and I'd go back to the theater and practice expressions. And I'd get Mamma to curl my hair in long curls just like hers, and I'd sit there and think of the rich man I was going to marry—like Mary always married in her pictures. I don't know, I guess I thought I was sort of pretty until that time I got turned down on a job for *not* being pretty. It was kind of a blow. After that I decided to just be content with being a comedienne."

AND therein, to digress a moment, lies the irony, the beautiful irony of it all. From her birth—she avows that she was born with her mouth open, siren screaming—she was destined to be a raucous comedian. Yet in her heart of hearts, poor little girl, she wanted to be another Mary Pickford. Still in her early 'teens she had the good sense not to fight a losing battle, but to pick the more promising side and carry through to a most triumphant victory. Her interest may not have been in it at first, but the rent and food threat carried her on, and now her struggle has been repaid.

At sixteen she branched out on her own, singing with Paul Ash's orchestra in Chicago. Next she signed up with Benny Davis, famed master of ceremonies, and the two of them in an act together toured the vaudeville world. Later she appeared in another act with Jackie Heller, Hal Le Roy, Sonny O'Dea, and Buddy and Vilma Ebsen. Following that came parts in Earl Carroll's *Sketch Book* and Lew Brown's *Calling All Stars.* After seventeen years of trouping, since the tender age of three, she landed in Hollywood to cavort first at the Casanova Club and later at the Trocadero. And it was there that Paramount found her . . . at the end of a long struggle trail.

Now all the things that she yearned for, and lacked, in her youthless girlhood are made possible at last through the thing that was only second choice to her—a comedy career. Martha's family now has the first car they ever owned. Martha has good looking clothes, beautiful things around her, and if she raves ecstatically now, maybe you can understand why. Now, too, she has the time to have friends, to go out on dates, time, even, to fall in love. Now, too, because she is established on the screen as a funny-faced comedienne in her private life she can afford to "dream it up a bit"—wear smart coiffures, becoming clothes, look her best. And when Martha does dream it up—yeah, ma'am, she's so much better looking than she is on the screen.

After her first big success in *Rhythm* she went dancing with her beau, Jerry Hopper, who works in the music department at Paramount. The waiter said, "Oh, good evening, Miss Raye. We have a lovely table for you right here, Miss Raye. Right this way, Miss Raye."

And as Martha explains it herself: "Gee, I didn't know who he was talking to. You know, I sort of gave him that double take. Nobody in night clubs ever called me anything but 'Hey, Butch', or 'Hey, Satchel'. Gee, it sure is great to be a star!"

That, more than anything will show you the genuine sort of person she is. Everyone who knows her loves her . . . you can't help it.

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If you want the names and addresses of the movie talent scouts read February SCREEN BOOK.

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She's Everybody's Baby!

[*Continued from page* 49]

normal growth into womanhood, even in the crowded hours of her rocket-like success.

Olivia does not participate in the gaieties of Hollywood's social life. Not once has her name been linked romantically with producer, director or actor.

SHE explains this quite logically.

"I have no time for romance. Right at the moment my most satisfying joys lie in work. My world is bound by cameras and microphones. This may strike you as amusing—when I'm making a picture I'm perfectly healthy; but when a production is almost finished I begin getting ill. It's either a cold, or a tummy-ache, or some other queer ailment.

"Now if I weren't making a picture just started I wouldn't dare to sit here with wet feet. I'd know I'd get a very bad cold. But since I have lines to learn and to read, costumes to worry about, interpretation of a character to concern me, I'm perfectly safe. Nothing ever happens to me on the company's time.

"But seriously, I think it's a mental thing. I haven't any life apart from work—and when the end is in sight, my unhappiness affects me physically.

"I think perhaps this attitude towards my profession, my absolute immersion in it, is rather alarming to the male sex. So no man ever falls in love with me. I have many impersonal friends, of course. Boys with whom I go swimming and walking, but I haven't yet met the man of whom I could become terribly fond.

"I do think love is important and when I do fall I want it to last. None of these casual romances for me.

"I have a lot to learn about this job called *acting*. And I am trying to learn it in the only way possible. I go to all the plays which come to Los Angeles—not once, but many times. I go to as many pictures as I can cram into my schedule. Sundays and holidays and on free week days. Not so much to see the play or the picture, but to study the mechanics by which the actors and actresses get their effects.

"I'M NOT planning much ahead. I have an idea that if you take care of the day, the future pretty much takes care of itself. I have vague hopes of someday going to England because I understand the public there is always loyal to old favorites. That in itself is assuring to an actress.

"Marriage, yes—of course. Every girl should marry for ultimate and complete happiness."

At the studio Olivia is everybody's baby. She is one of a kind—a girl who has remained as sweet as she was. From prop-man to top-man she is watched over zealously.

Very recently she appeared in a picture with an actor whose emotional escapades are known to everyone in Hollywood. His persuasive voice and words have been instrumental in turning many a young girl's head. But by seeming accident he never was able to engage Olivia in an intimate chat. An electrician would drift over and make it a three-some. And when his duties called, automatically someone else took his place. At the end of the production Olivia and the gentleman were still at the nodding stage of acquaintanceship.

She is "Baby;" "Rabbit;" Liv, Livie to everyone. *Never Miss de Havilland.* If the crew on a picture is slavishly devoted to any one player, it's a sure indication of rare character and personality.

A dozen times during this interview someone stopped at our table. "Are you being nice to my baby?" each one asked me. It wasn't a question; it was more in the nature of a warning.

Recently I watched Olivia make a scene with Errol Flynn for *The Charge of the Light Brigade.* It was one of those scenes which haunt the dreams of company and players and directors. It couldn't go wrong. The slightest slip-up meant a loss of thousands of dollars, of weeks of work, of the most careful timing routines by technicians.

A ONE-TAKE sequence!

The survivors of the siege of Chukoti are attacked by the Arabs are boarding boats supposedly for a safe conduct to the British lines. They are ruthlessly massacred. (This motivates the Charge of the Six Hundred).

Olivia had been drenched for hours. The air was cold. As the cameras began recording the machine-gun action on every side, with one camera trained for close-ups on Flynn's rescue of Olivia, Errol's sword flashed too near her face. She was knocked unconscious for a moment or two. Errol was frantic. As she returned to consciousness she heard him asking over and again "Are you hurt?"

"Stop talking—go on with the action—they're shooting. I'm all right."

The two swam to shore, and according to the script, escaped.

Then only was it discovered that Olivia had suffered considerable injury. Her face was swollen to twice its size—and tears of pain mingled with the river-water clinging to her face.

A good trouper, this kid!

A girl who has kept her head in a town where losing it is the custom!

No wonder she is Everybody's Baby!

Marsha Hunt is the girl behind the tinselled and Cellophane-wrapped Christmas boxes having fun. Who gets the big one, Marsha?

Something Funny About a Director

[*Continued from page* 57]

returned to take a post graduate course in zoology—of all things.

IN A few months the adventurous young man was in Alaska where an uncle owned and operated a fish cannery. For David Starr Jordan of Stanford University and Theron Kinkaid of Washington, both famous professors, he made an extensive study of sea anemones and a peculiar species of little pond fish that are found in the tiny pools of water that dot the tundra. For his uncle, he engaged in the marking of salmon, attaching metal tags and marking certain scales, turning the fish loose on their four-year journeys in the ocean, with the hope that science might some day find where these strange fish go during the missing four years.

Today, McLeod freely admits that so far as he is concerned science still remains in complete darkness as to the origin of the tundra fish and the four years' binge of the salmon.

But, to get back to Hollywood.

Here was a young man of scholarly mein and intent, albeit an all-around athlete and adventurer. In the University of Washington, believe it or not, he had not only won his letter W in basketball, but he was the amateur champion intercollegiate light-weight boxing champion of the United States.

Granted Norman McLeod has never at any time looked like a boxer, and certainly not when his lanky six-foot kid frame decorated a scant 133 pounds. But, what a left jab he had, boys!

To this day, Bing Crosby and Dick Arlen claim they start the fights, and that quiet, reserved Norman has to finish them.

Here he was tinkering around the arctic wastes, dabbling away with fish in one form or another, not entirely sure of what the future held in store for him. Vaguely he wondered from time to time whether he ought to listen to the siren song of the prize ring and the golden shekels.

At this important moment a wire arrived from Jack McDermott. "Come to Hollywood immediately," he wired, "I got that job for you in pictures."

A few days later in the year 1919, Norman McLeod arrived in the movie capital, as green a sprout as ever wondered how movies were made or what play actresses were like in real life.

"You're my assistant director," shouted his old pal. McDermott when McLeod finally found his way into his first movie studio, Christie Comedies. This all sounded simply splendiferous to him. He was willing to be practically anything as long as he didn't have to take care of the fish.

For the benefit of those who don't know Jack McDermott, I may say after some twenty years acquaintance, that he is a very impulsive and somewhat eccentric gent, but very clever, too.

Out on a location the next morning, bright and early, McDermott sat in his director's chair. Right next to him, sat assistant director McLeod, enjoying the scenery. What a life!

After an odd wait, director McDermott finally shouted: "Where in h— are Betty Compson and Bobby Vernon?"

Finally his gaze fell on his pal McLeod. He repeated the query: "Where the h— are Compson and Vernon?"

McLeod looked anxiously and helpfully around.

"I give up," he acknowledged, "where the h— are they?"

THE director threw up his hands with a shriek of indignation. "Where are they?" he yelled, "you blankety-blank idiot, that's your job. Didn't you call them?"

McLeod looked astonished and pained.

"Call them," he retorted, "No, I didn't call them. Why should I? I've never met them."

Let us draw a veil over the subsequent scene.

A few days later, McDermott came to a parting of the ways with the Christies, and here was McLeod without a job, and 2,500 miles away from home. McDermott was also broke because nobody in Hollywood believed in keeping money in the good old days. So, he was no help.

Disconsolate, wondering how to get back home, McLeod was idly toying with the title cards that were to be used in the comedy. How plain and uninteresting they were!

The IDEA was born. Norman McLeod had never taken an art or drawing lesson in his life. In fact, he had seldom had the inspiration or inclination to draw or paint.

At this moment, he had both. An all-absorbing yen came over him to draw some funny little characters; men, women and animals to decorate the title cards, and make them attractive, if possible. He hastily sketched a few crude little figures along his sudden IDEA and shyly but firmly persuaded Al Christie to give them the double-O.

At first, the comedy producer was a little profane, but . . . maybe there might be something in these screwy little figures after all. That night a thrilled young fellow toted home the title cards and went to work. Although he had to live for three days on hamburgers, he finished his IDEA, took the title cards back to Al Christie, who took one long unbelieving look, threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"They're really funny," he said, "you're hired. Twenty-five bucks a week, and I want all my comedies done that way."

Imagine, a guy who has never been to art school in his life, being forced to lecture to art and cartooning classes at the University of Southern California and other institutions!

A great Italian portrait painter sighs with envy because he can't catch the McLeod spirit. He would give almost anything to draw these quaint little characters, he loves them so.

Today, we find Norman McLeod still a quiet, reserved scholarly guy, with a deep sense of humor and satire. He is ranked as one of the best directors in pictures. He still draws for his own amusement and because they won't let him stop.

He has been happily married for twelve years to the former Evelyn Ward, a Kansas City socialite.

He doesn't fly any more, he plays a mediocre game of golf despite his association with Crosby, he never fights unless he has to mop up his pals, and he takes his funny pictures seriously and conscientiously, as benefits the man.

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Try Jean Harlow's Beauty Schedule!

[*Continued from page* 51]

the face. It stimulates the circulation in the face and makes the skin feel wonderfully alive and tingly. Do this for seven minutes. Then put on your skin and tissue cream—and so to bed."

TUESDAY

Tuesday the extra ten minutes go to the hair. Remember it's the "frame of the face" and the wrong frame spoils many a picture! Give it all your attention. Are you dressing it in the most becoming way? Study other hair styles. Try them out if possible. Then *brush* your hair. Brushing removes all the surface dust and aids the circulation at the roots of the hair. Brush *up, up, up* from the nape of the neck. (Incidently that is the best thing in the world for soothing nerves.) Now add a touch of brillox to give a new luster to your hair and reset your wave. You'll have that "groomed look" for the rest of the week!

WEDNESDAY

This is *Special Make-up Day.* You may not be going to a party, but give yourself and your family a treat in the evening by putting on a *glamour make-up.* Experiment in front of your glass. See what a real evening eye make-up does for your eyes, what that new vermillion lipstick does for your lips. The evening you're going to that big dance is no time to try out effects in make-up!

"Make-up at night requires more accent than during the day," declares Max Factor. "You need a lighter shade of powder, brighter tones in rouge and lipstick. For instance, there's a rouge called simply No. 18 that remains natural and lovely looking under any artificial lighting. And if you're in the habit of using *rachelle* powder, try *flesh* at night. Or *natural* if you've been using *brunette* or *olive* powders. . ." This is the time to do something especially decorative to your face—and make the middle of the week a thrill!

THURSDAY

Manicure day. The day to make the hands attractive across the bridge table, the dinner table—or to hold! Begin by washing the hands in luke-warm water and a mild soap. Then rub in your skin and tissue cream, beginning at the wrists and massaging down to the fingertips. In manicuring, the nails should be filed to conform to the natural shape of your fingertips. *Never* use a sharp instrument to clean under them. Use a flat-tipped orange wood stick. Instead of cutting the cuticle, push it back gently with the orangewood stick. Remove the old polish. Wash your hands again, using a nail brush. Then apply your liquid nail enamel and your whiting under the nails. A weekly manicure, with the regular cleaning and shaping of the nails in between times, suffices to keep the hands smart and well groomed.

FRIDAY

Friday is the time to give yourself a general check-up on the Little Things. Such as your elbows . . . Give them an extra scrubbing with your nail brush. Then massage them with tissue cream.

How's your throat? Have you been using your creams on it just as you do on your face? If you have even the shadow of a double chin make up your mind to do something about it. Start taking off those extra ten pounds you've accumulated. Start some strenuous patting under the chin, using the back of the hand with the fingers held close together. Use those extra ten minutes on Friday to take a *Beauty Inventory*!

SATURDAY

Shampoo Day. Says Jean, "Don't take your hair for granted! It needs just as much attention as the skin. I've discovered that oil shampoos are really the best. I prefer one of hot castor oil. It's an odorless variety that is rubbed into the scalp, allowed to remain for several minutes and then rinsed out with water. Following this is a shampoo of castile soap and water. If I have time, I like to have my hair dry naturally instead of under a drier. I sit in the sun brushing my hair with a stiff bristled brush—and I find the hair responds better to any kind of headdress that way. I think this shampoo is best for all types of hair."

SUNDAY

Relax. Take a long walk out in the open. It's one of the best aids to beauty that there is. Plan to do something special on Sunday—even if it's only for an hour. Something that you can thoroughly enjoy and look forward to. It gives you a fresh start for the week!

"By following a schedule," says Max Factor, "you'll find you're *making a habit of beauty.* You'll *always* be at your best —and glamorous!"

Wherever there's a possibility of fun, there you find Arline Judge. So when the Ritz Brothers gave a birthday party, she was there

Marion Talley Pays Off!

[*Continued from page* 60]

good," Miss Talley said thoughtfully, "but I suppose that according to the law of averages that is about right. I know that I am terribly happy to feel that I have been helpful in offering an opportunity. It is the opportunity that counts most in life; capacity to take advantage of it lies with the individual."

"You have never told me, Marion," said Erik, "how you happened to offer that chance to all of us; it means much to each and every one of us. For me, it meant my start in show business."

For quite a space Marion Talley was silent. At last she said, "I owed a great debt to a big city, to people who loved me there, and I wanted to do something, not only for the sake of paying the debt, but to carry on for the cause. And that cause was—MUSIC!

"You see, opportunity had come to me because a newspaper, a city and two men had faith in me. J. A. Harzfeld and John T. Harding, prominent attorneys in Kansas City, and the *Kansas City Star,* had sponsored the concert which raised the money to send me to New York to study.

"I never believe in repaying favors. That is, in repaying them to those who grant them. To do that is stepping backward. I would much rather step forward. Besides, if a favor has been granted in the proper spirit, the donor is paid in the satisfaction and pleasure gained in the giving.

"Even if I had wanted to, I never could have repaid the men who sponsored my concert, or the newspaper, or the city. The men nor the paper would not have accepted it, and the city couldn't because there was no way of paying back those who bought tickets.

"So it fit in with my belief that good work carried on always repays a debt. Two years later when I returned to Kansas City after studying in New York and gave two concerts there, and two more in the neighboring cities of Emporia and Lindsborg, raising $13,000 with which to continue my studies abroad, I determined to pay for the wonderful opportunity that had been given to me by making this same opportunity possible to others.

"After my début at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and the success and acclaim that it brought, I felt that the time had come for me to pass along to others some of the good that had been done for me, so I returned to Kansas City and gave my Scholarship Concert."

"I'll never forget what that year of study meant to me," said Erik. "Dramatics, singing, private coaching in Italian and German, and perhaps greatest of all, the chance to study opera at the opera, and to see the best the theater offered in dramatic and musical shows. It seems odd, of course, that after four years of singing in musicals on Broadway that I should be doing comedy on the screen, with nary a song thrown in. But I suppose that's Hollywood. And maybe someday they'll discover I can sing; won't that be a surprise?"

Marion laughed. "Hollytown is funnytown for sure," she said. "But you know this talk has given me an idea, and that is to set up some motion picture scholarships after I have done a few more pictures—scholarships that will give opportunities to potential cinema stars, opportunities to sing on the screen, and also on the radio."

OAKIES THRONE
ROCKING CHAIRS GOT ME
BLUE T

Jack Oakie is Jack Oakie's best publicity man. He's always doing something to attract attention and amuse on-lookers. He has attached all the "comforts of home" to his chair on the set where the new Lily Pons musical is filming, omitting only the "God bless our home" motto

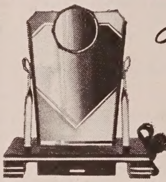
TOMORROW
You'll look like a different person

USING THE SAME COSMETICS YOU USE TODAY!

When rouge or lipstick looks too heavy or uneven . . . or powder shows . . . or lashes are too dark . . . 9 times out of 10 it's because the light threw shadows as you applied your makeup. Sad but true . . . one defect in makeup spoils your entire appearance.

THE SECRET OF HOLLYWOOD STARS

Emerge tomorrow . . . glamorously perfect! Follow the stars. . . use Hollywood Makeup Mirror. The *non-glare* light clearly reflects your features without shadows, permitting natural, uniform makeup. The *optical magnifying mirror* makes possible true line work on brows, lashes, eye shadows and lips. Thrill at the flawless *professional* beauty you are hiding today. At leading stores everywhere. An ideal gift.



Hollywood **MAKE-UP MIRROR**

De luxe model illustrated . . . Solid walnut and golden metal inlay . . . with automatic cosmetic drawer . . . **$3.50**

***Utility model* $1.95**

AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO.
530 Throop Street, Chicago, Ill.

boyer **MYSTERY CLEANSING CREAM**

● The basis of all beauty is a clean skin. Try this smoother, softer, more penetrating cream, which removes all surface dirt and pore secretions. It's pink-tinted, alluringly scented. 50c at dealers or send for test jar. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.

ELEANOR HUNT
Co-Star with Conrad Nagel in "Yellow Cargo."

BOYER, *Society Parfumeur*
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MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

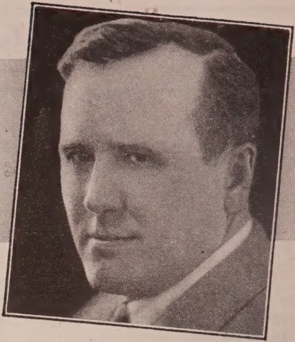
An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

THE PUBLISHER'S OWN PAGE

Homespun Anecdotes of the Life of Adventure Enjoyed by the Publisher of SCREEN BOOK

W. H. FAWCETT



EDITOR'S NOTE

This is the first of a series of personal adventures and experiences encountered during the past half century by the publisher of this magazine. His life has been a colorful one and we hope our readers will enjoy his friendly fireside chat each month.

W. H. Fawcett's adventurous life has carried him to out of the way places of the world. He has smiled at adversity and embraced success.

Among the friends and acquaintances that we will hear about are Jack Dempsey, Eddie Rickenbacker, S. W. (Roxy) Rothafel, Jimmy Gleason, Annie Oakley, Generals Robert Lee Bullard, John J. Pershing and Leonard Wood; Walter Hagen, Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers, Harold Lloyd, Gary Cooper, David Wark Griffith, Clark Gable, Claire Windsor, Dolores del Rio, Wally Beery, Jim Tully, "Red" Sinclair Lewis, Herman Knickerbocker, Doctors Charles and Joseph Mayo, Floyd Gibbons, and Tommy, the Sheriff of Ramsey County.

He will tell of the fights he arranged between Gene Tunney and Bartley Madden, Tiger Flowers and Jock Malone.

He has lived a colorful life and among his friends may be counted Senators, Governors, famed fishermen and big game hunters. At twenty years of age, "Bill" Fawcett was an expert rifleman in the United States Regular Army, which, years later led to his appointment as Manager and competitor of the Champion American Olympic shooting team at the Paris games.

Paraphrasing a side show barker: "He's been everywhere and seen everything."

IT'S been Indian summer in Hollywood all year.

It's always summer in California; at least the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce says so.

This year coming to a close has seen redskins galore drawing pay checks from producers, and plenty of pale faced stars and starlets bronzed with make-up to resemble the only real native Americans.

Cecil B. DeMille's "The Plainsman" and United Artists "Last of the Mohicans" were responsible for the influx of the Hiawatha Pocahontas types. "The Plainsman," they tell me, will be one of the year's great epics.

All of which reminds me of my own personal introduction to the copper colored chieftains with whom "whoopee" was a war cry and not a touch of hey-hey, nonny and a hot cha-cha.

It was in the late eighties that we—editorially speaking — were awakened to life by being roughly dragged from a sod-house and tossed into a box car. We could barely see but plainly hear a band of Indians on a nearby hill. They were prancing crazily and pounding loudly on tomtoms. It was the Sioux or Blackfoot on a war dance and the redskins were telling us in their own picturesque but forceful way "Get to Hell out of here."

Jim Hill, of railroad empire fame, had just finished a branch line from Church's Ferry in midwest Dakota to the new townsite of St. Johns, close by to the Canadian border.

A Catholic priest who resembled Gary Cooper took command of the settlers when the Indians commenced swinging tomahawks and advancing downhill. The freight was ready to start southward and the Whites were out of danger in the box cars. Your reporter was quite too young to recall the facts, but this much we do know: the Man of God advanced alone for a parley with the Indian chiefs and in a comparatively short time the hundred or so impoverished settlers were back in their sod-house again. This harmless Indian escapade registered strongly with the group of scattered settlers, and at the age of four or five years our trigger finger began to itch. Ancient muskets and muzzle-loading shotguns were almost as common as dishpans. The lone hardware man of the village was kept busy weighing black powder and leaden pellets.

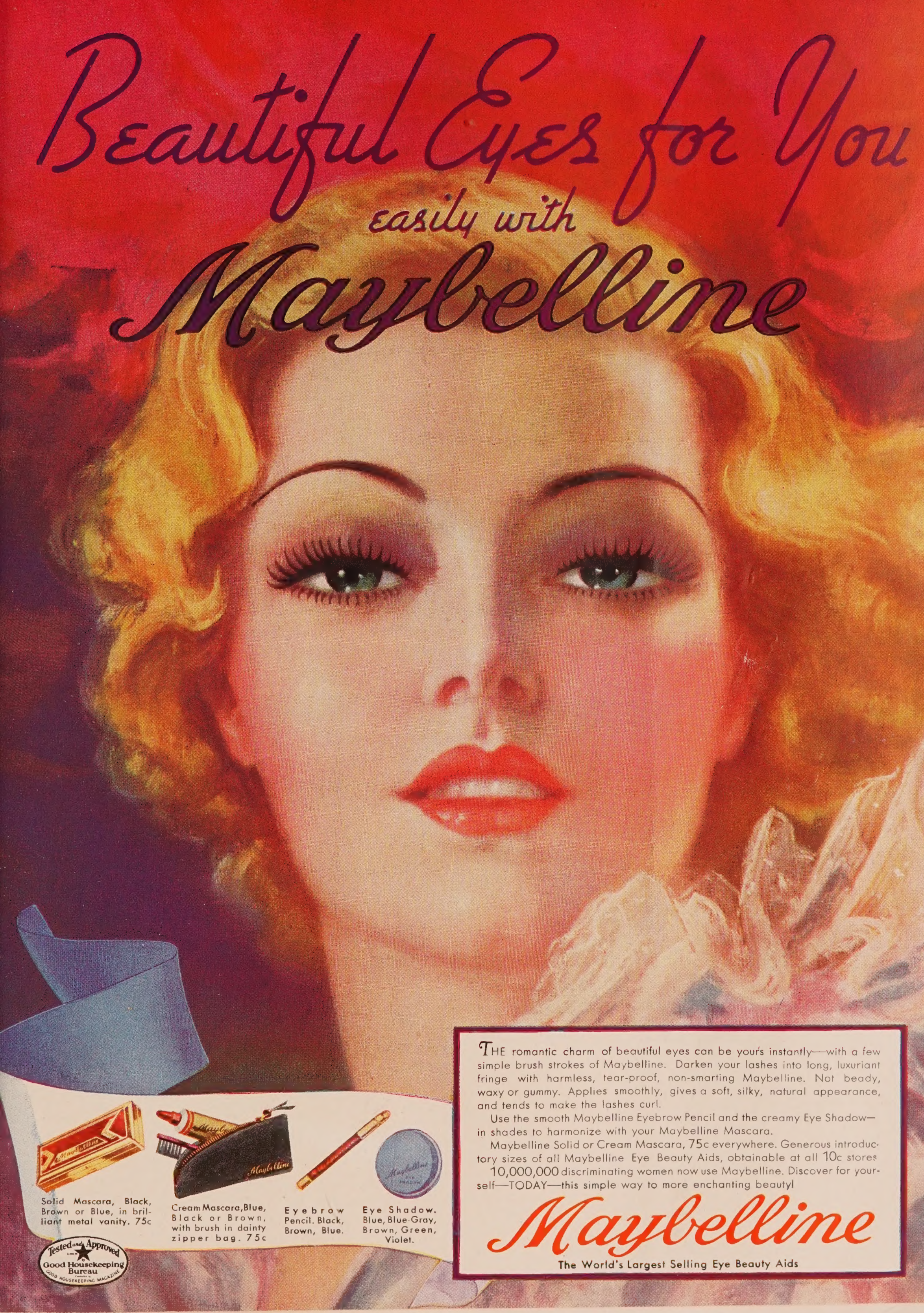
The smell of gun powder came to me with the first sight of bands of antelopes, snowshoe rabbits, crows and shidepokes. Grouse, wild ducks and Canada geese were everywhere. Life unfolded rapidly as a grand dream of happy hunting grounds.

THE future roamings of a vagabond had set, before we knew anything about school days and charming lassies, barn dances and moonshine. At the age of six a bow-legged kid of Scotch-Irish descent had already decided to "go places and see things." He did, or did he?

Two noble redskins of inquiring minds inspect the latest model motion picture camera in Hollywood now considered the *happy hunting ground* by braves, squaws and papooses, who lived the *life of Riley* in the making of Cecil B. DeMille's *The Plainsman* for Paramount

Beautiful Eyes for You

easily with Maybelline



THE romantic charm of beautiful eyes can be your's instantly—with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline. Darken your lashes into long, luxuriant fringe with harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting Maybelline. Not beady, waxy or gummy. Applies smoothly, gives a soft, silky, natural appearance, and tends to make the lashes curl.

Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and the creamy Eye Shadow—in shades to harmonize with your Maybelline Mascara.

Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara, 75c everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, obtainable at all 10c stores

10,000,000 discriminating women now use Maybelline. Discover for yourself—TODAY—this simple way to more enchanting beauty!

Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids

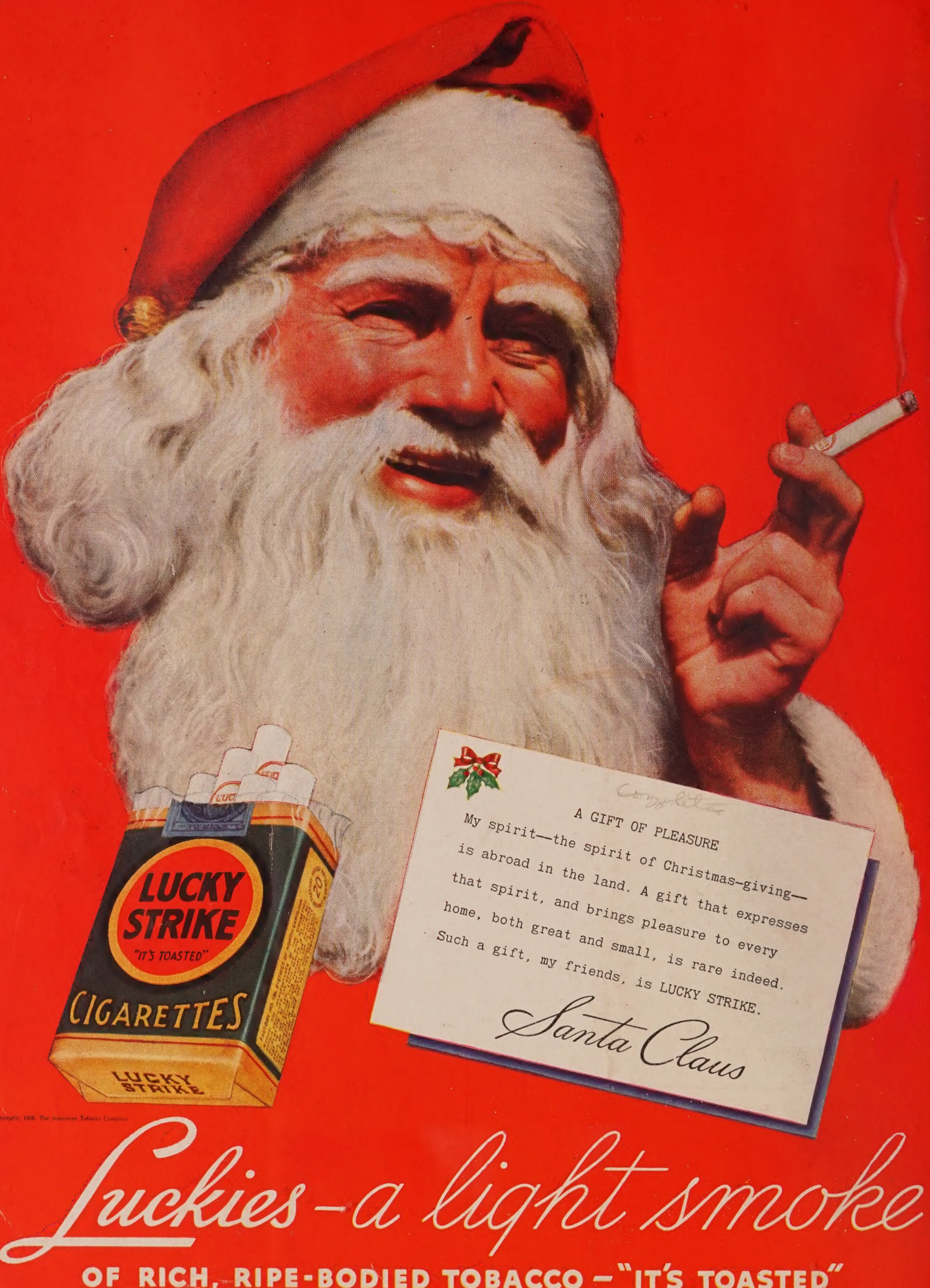
Solid Mascara, Black, Brown or Blue, in brilliant metal vanity. 75c

Cream Mascara, Blue, Black or Brown, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c

Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies–a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO–"IT'S TOASTED"

Complete

A GIFT OF PLEASURE

My spirit—the spirit of Christmas-giving—is abroad in the land. A gift that expresses that spirit, and brings pleasure to every home, both great and small, is rare indeed. Such a gift, my friends, is LUCKY STRIKE.

Santa Claus

Copyright, 1936, The American Tobacco Company

Beginning—A HOLLYWOOD LOVE THIEF CONFESSES

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE
NSC

APRIL

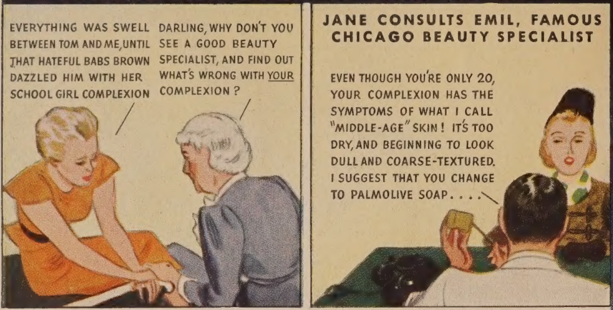
SCREEN BOOK 10¢

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

HOLLYWOOD Selects CAST FOR 'GONE WITH THE WIND'

Sweethearts Again

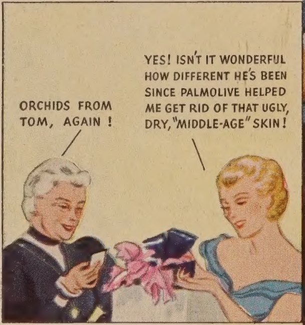
SINCE JANE LEARNED THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN THREATENS EVEN A GIRL OF 20


EVERYTHING WAS SWELL BETWEEN TOM AND ME, UNTIL THAT HATEFUL BABS BROWN DAZZLED HIM WITH HER SCHOOL GIRL COMPLEXION
DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU SEE A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST, AND FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR COMPLEXION ?
JANE CONSULTS EMIL, FAMOUS CHICAGO BEAUTY SPECIALIST
EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ONLY 20, YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK DULL AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP....

WHY EMIL RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emil Rohde


ORCHIDS FROM TOM, AGAIN !
YES! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW DIFFERENT HE'S BEEN SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED ME GET RID OF THAT UGLY, DRY, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DOES *your* complexion show even a hint of dryness, dullness, coarse-texture? Then *watch out,* famous beauty experts warn. For these are the symptoms of a condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance . . . ugly, heart-breaking "middle-age" skin!

Use Palmolive regularly, these same beauty experts advise. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your complexion soft, smooth and *young!*

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

Lovely lashes demand her attention but not a second for her tender gums

—ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

LET her labor over her lashes until she is late for the show...let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her *dull, dingy* smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Yet she *could* have—*can* have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness... a smile both good-looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush—knows it and *does something about it!*

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

"Pink tooth brush" is a distress signal. When you see it—*see your dentist.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that need the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

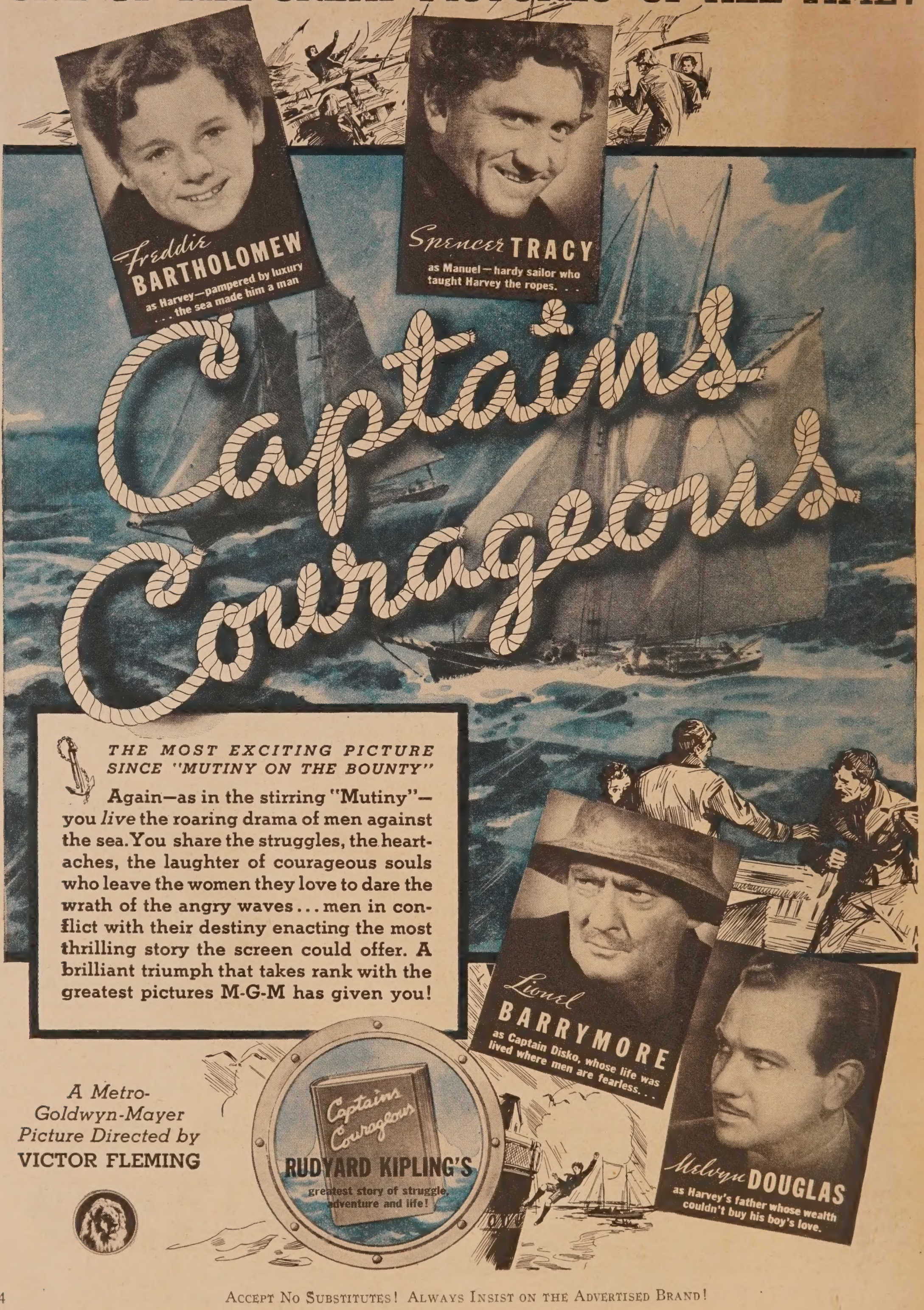
Play safe. Even before you see that tinge of "pink," schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—*and safer!*

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

IPANA
Tooth Paste

ONE OF THE GREAT PICTURES OF ALL TIME!



Freddie **BARTHOLOMEW**
as Harvey—pampered by luxury . . . the sea made him a man

Spencer **TRACY**
as Manuel—hardy sailor who taught Harvey the ropes. . .

Captains Courageous

THE MOST EXCITING PICTURE SINCE "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

Again—as in the stirring "Mutiny"—you *live* the roaring drama of men against the sea. You share the struggles, the heartaches, the laughter of courageous souls who leave the women they love to dare the wrath of the angry waves . . . men in conflict with their destiny enacting the most thrilling story the screen could offer. A brilliant triumph that takes rank with the greatest pictures M-G-M has given you!

Lionel **BARRYMORE**
as Captain Disko, whose life was lived where men are fearless. . .

Melvyn **DOUGLAS**
as Harvey's father whose wealth couldn't buy his boy's love.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING

Captains Courageous
RUDYARD KIPLING'S
greatest story of struggle, adventure and life!

SCREEN BOOK

VOLUME XVIII No. 9 APRIL, 1937

TED MAGEE
EDITOR

AL ALLARD
Art Director

EDITORIAL OFFICE

7046 Hollywood Blvd. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

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★

Beautiful Jeanne Whitney of Duluth, Minnesota was winner of the November "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS. She receives a FREE screen test, $50.00 in cash, and an opportunity to make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studio.

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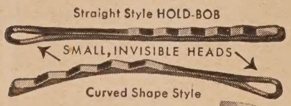
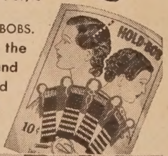


★Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name . . .



HOLD-BOB
The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

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EDITOR'S VIEWS

By TED MAGEE

W. C. FIELDS has been ill for many months but the lovable "old coot"—that's what his friends call him—hasn't been forgotten. Recently Fields was asked to speak over the radio from his hospital bed. He did, briefly.

The results were amazing for two reasons. W. C. showed a sudden improvement that the doctors were not expecting. Enough so that he began immediately to work on a script. Before long he hopes to be well enough to make the picture. The other surprise was the sudden rush of fan mail that flowed into the hospital. Thousands of Fields' admirers poured letters into his sunny room.

Of course it pleased him! A person confined in bed is likely to think he has been forgotten. Stacks of letters certainly deny such fears.

* * *

For being the most successful character actor in 1936 and taking it like a gentleman, someone should award a prize to Walter Brennan. He did marvelous work in *Come and Get It*, *Barbary Coast* and *Banjo on My Knee*.

Two years ago he was getting nowhere fast. Now he is in great demand and making a welcome income. The fanfare is in full swing but Brennan sharply remembers when it wasn't. I wish more stars would take that attitude.

* * *

Poor Bob Taylor. In the Garbo picture *Camille* the advertisements shout, "Taylor loves Garbo." And now that he has begun a picture with Jean Harlow, the exploitation promoters are screaming out "whispers" of a romance with her.

But when night time comes and the studio is left behind, you'll still find Bob running around with Barbara Stanwyck. Did I say poor Bob? I am wrong. It must be more embarrassing for Barbara. But that's Hollywood for you.

* * *

Hollywood has just emerged from a very expensive month. The cost ledgers have soared unbelievably, but all our producers could do was charge it off to Acts of God.

First and greatest loss item, was the epidemic of influenza and pneumonia which struck Hollywood, which was far more prevalent than the newspapers would admit, and which scared the wits out of everyone.

When Clark Gable collapsed on the set, the news hit front pages everywhere. But while he was suffering from influenza, so were dozens of others—Bob Montgomery, Errol Flynn, William Powell, Olivia de Havilland being just a few. Craig Reynolds nearly died of pneumonia.

How to stop epidemics and colds is a subject that will always interest the producers. When a star becomes ill during the latter part of a picture, scenes not requiring his presence probably have already been shot and there is nothing to do but suspend production and wait. That, my friends, costs real money.

* * *

Warner Brothers tried to fool the epidemic by spraying valuable noses and throats several times each day. At the slightest sniffle people on the sets were ordered home like they had Black Plague. But despite every precaution, the losses mounted as pictures came to a standstill.

But the flu was not the only offender. Southern California was dealt the insult supreme when an unheard of cold wave settled down over the valley. You could actually see icicles on eaves—gross treachery!—and the nearby mountains were piled deep with snow.

In Hollywood the thermometer never dropped officially below 30, but out on the desert a few miles away it was only 15, and just east of Los Angeles in the valley temperatures of 20 and 25 degrees threatened the orange and lemon crops. Every night thousands of smudge pots glowed.

That was the trouble. Came the dawn, and studios would send large production units out on location for country scenes. The alleged dawn wouldn't show up for hours. A great pall of smudge smoke inevitably hovered overhead. By noon the technicians would give up in disgust, and find their way homeward with headlights gleaming through the smoke.

The smudge pots may have had something to do with keeping temperatures above the danger zone. Personally I think the film companies deserve some credit. A lot of hot-heads said a lot of heated things while the frost threatened crops.

how to play the hot trumpet in Panama in 4 easy lessons

1

"**Listen, Carole,** till you've heard Old Maestro MacMurray play 'I Hear a Call to Arms'. . . *you just haven't lived. . .*"

2

"**Okay, Fred.** You're wonderful all right. I never heard sweeter notes. But cut it out, will you, *before you break my heart.*"

3

"**Arrest him,** gendarme! Si, senor disturbing la peace with sis instrumento . . . more hot playing an si senor *quick start a revolution! ! !*"

4

"**Yeah** . . some hot trumpet player you are. Here you get Carole in a worse jam than you did in *"Hands Across the Table"* and *"The Princess Comes Across."*"

CAROLE LOMBARD
FRED MacMURRAY
"SWING HIGH SWING LOW"
with Charles Butterworth • Jean Dixon
Dorothy Lamour • Harvey Stephens
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
A Paramount Picture

(Advertisement)

Don't be a fade-out!

SAYS

Jane Heath

• Do you always seem to fade into the background when some more glamourous girl arrives? Don't let her get away with it! A woman's most expressive feature is always her eyes . . . so play *yours* up! A careful touch of SHADETTE on the outside corners of your eyelids is absolutely imperceptible in daylight, but how it does bring out the natural color of your eyes! SHADETTE offers 12 subtle tints, with gold and silver for evening. 75c.

then use this

• But be sure you let your lashes do their part to put you in the foreground. Darken them mysteriously with LASHTINT compact mascara. It comes in a purse-size little case with a sponge compartment so you can whisk it out ready to use at any moment. And it insures even, natural applications. Black, brown, blue or green to choose from. $1.

and always this

• Most important of all! KURLASH, to curl eyelashes so that eyes look bigger, brighter, more glamourous! Just slip your lashes into KURLASH, a neat little gadget that, in 30 seconds, has your lashes curled for all day—without heat, cosmetics or practice. $1.

Kurlash

MAIL THIS TODAY

To: Jane Heath, *Dept. F-4*

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3

Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.

*Eyes*______ *Hair*______ *Complexion*______

*Name*______

*Address*______

*City*______ *State*______

(*Please print plainly*)

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

The story being told by Director Frank Tuttle (left) must be funny, but Martha Raye's hysterical laughter (extreme right) seems to go over bigger. It happened during a lull in *Waikiki Wedding.* Others in the photo are Isabel Stuart, script girl; Anthony Quinn, Bob Burns, Writer Bobby Vernon, Shirley Ross and Bing Crosby

NOT QUITE two years in this country, Luise Rainer isn't yet on to all of our American customs. The last one that tripped her up was when she and Clifford Odets decided to marry, and went to the City Hall for their license. They both signed the papers, then Luise threw her arms around Odets, hugged him tight and said, "Oh, darling, I am so happy! I must call somebody up!"

Before he quite realized what she was up to, Luise dashed to a phone booth and called one of her friends in the publicity department at Metro. She was almost incoherent in her excitement . . . "You'll never guess," she said, "so I will have to tell you. I have just got married! Isn't it too wonderful! Isn't it marvelous! Yes, you can tell everybody!"

●

Of course, as her husband-to-be soon informed her, Luise was a little "previous." They still had to go through the marriage ceremony . . . just a small detail but it has its advantages!

●

When Jean Harlow and Bob Taylor were cast together in *The Man In Possession,* and W. S. Van Dyke was assigned to direct it, "Woody" is said to have jokingly commented that if he wanted to, he could break up the romance between Bob and Barbara Stanwyck before this picture was finished, and create a new romantic couple, Bob and Jean. Such, he asserted, was the power of a director in bringing two people together . . . particularly if there were plenty of love scenes to help him along.

But evidently he decided that he didn't want to, for these two still seem to be immune to each other. The other day, on the set, after a love clinch, Jean broke away from Bob and rushed to the sidelines to greet one of her favorite cameramen who had come on the set to visit her. She threw her arms around his neck, and gave him just as eager a hug as she had been bestowing on Bob only a few minutes before.

"What!" exclaimed Bob, in a kidding vein . . . "You can go right from my arms to his!" And Jean threw over her shoulder a laughing, "Any time!" (Of course you never can tell about these women . . . maybe she was just trying to make him jealous.)

●

The rumor of a Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone rift started one evening at eight-thirty, and was all over Hollywood within the next thirty minutes. Franchot appeared at the Ballet without Joan, but with several other people. Later he explained that these friends had been dinner guests at the Tone home earlier in the evening, and that Joan had planned to accompany them to the theater, but a cold had kept her home at the last minute.

But of such little things, rumors are made—and even now that rumor persists. Still, seeing is believing, and these two together are as they have always been. You can tell more in little ways about their feelings than you can even from their denial statements to the press.

●

Joan has been working terribly hard lately, and couldn't even find time outside of

[*Continued on page* 10]

HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! . . . as an international idol comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!

Warner Bros.
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR
PRESENCE AT THE COMING-OUT PARTY OF THE
FAMOUS CONTINENTAL SCREEN STAR

FERNAND GRAVET

IN HIS FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE
IN MERVYN LEROY'S PRODUCTION

THE KING and the CHORUS GIRL

With JOAN BLONDELL
EDW. EVERETT HORTON
Luis Alberni ∘ Mary Nash
Alan Mowbray ∘ Jane Wyman
Kenny Baker and Others
Story by Groucho Marx & Norman Krasna
R.S.V.P. *Your Favorite Theatre*

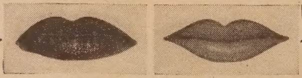
See a real French revue with the world's loveliest mademoiselles singing those reigning hits of the air by Werner R. Heymann and Ted Koehler
"FOR YOU"
"ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"

TANGEE FOR
Youthful Lips

Tangee's Color Change Principle assures your most becoming shade ...Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to a natural blush-rose...Paris bans a "painted look". Tangee *isn't paint!* Use Tangee Rouge on cheeks. Also has magic Color Change Principle.

Tangee Lipstick's special cream base keeps lips soft all night... Always apply Tangee at bedtime ...39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee's special offer.

• BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee — don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

TANGEE
TANGEE

"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name_______ (Please Print)
Address_______
City_______ State_______ F47

Hollywood Whispers

[*Continued from page* 8]

working hours to pose for her portrait which the well-known portrait painter Azaidi Newmann asked to do. So between scenes she posed for it on the set. While Joan was on the dais one day Franchot came in, and she couldn't get down off it fast enough to run into his arms and greet him warmly. They're also planning a vacation together soon, at Sun Valley, Idaho, so you can see that there is no cooling of affections here.

Nor has Joan changed in any other way. Her kindness to others, if anything, seems to increase with the years. Not long ago she discovered that one of the Metro publicity writers had been taken with pneumonia (Joan always has a way of ferreting such things out!) and even though the two rooms which she always maintains at a Hollywood hospital were full, she arranged at once for another room for him, and ordered all bills to be sent to her.

●

You've heard that Garbo has changed, that she is no longer the melancholy, despondent woman that she once was—but now comes one of the most concrete examples of her new self. Recently she moved out of her old dressing room which was done in a drab grey and a sombre shade of old rose. But the new one! Well, that is something to behold. The walls and ceiling are a gleaming white, and everywhere there are touches of brilliant cardinal red! Thus Spring comes for Garbo at last.

●

House hunting stars can learn a point or two from Else Argall, the European actress who arrived in Hollywood recently. She was looking for a place to live and found exactly the house she wanted, but it happened to be rented at the time. This didn't deter her at all, however. In the guise of a real estate agent she called upon the tenants and told them of a house which would be more ideally suited to their needs.

She didn't make much headway during the first visit, but after numerous calls, telegrams, telephone calls and what-have-you, she finally presuaded them to look at the other more expensive home, and, what's more, finally rented it to them. Then on the day they moved out of their old home, Miss Argall moved in. If she goes after American stardom with the same determination and subtlety you can expect to be hearing more about her soon.

ANNOUNCEMENT

If you are one of the entrants in the Mervyn LeRoy Trademark Contest, it will interest you to know—

Due to the many, many thousands of entries sent into Fawcett Publications in the Trademark Contest, Mr. Mervyn LeRoy called for another month in which to judge the winners.

We will make announcement of winning ideas in the May issue of SCREEN BOOK.

Dixie Lee wasn't quite posed when our photographer snapped this one of her entering the theatre. Hubby Bing Crosby trails behind

●

W. C. Fields is one good old trouper who never loses his sense of humor. He's been ill for almost a year now, but still carries on. Just recently he denied he was in the hospital because he was sick. "No, it's not that at all," he barked. "You can see that I am rapidly approaching my normal weight again . . . that I am in the full flower of my customary vigor and manhood. It's them dratted doctors! They're keeping me under lock and key because I have the only radio in the joint and if I move out they won't be able to hear Jack Benny any more on Sunday nights. So I'm stuck!"

Still, though Fields makes jokes about it, it's a pretty pathetic thing. Can you imagine the whole hospital gang gathering in Field's room to listen to Comedian Benny do his stuff, while one of the greatest comedians in the world lies there on the bed, unable to work!

●

Any one who doubts that Jane Withers has a practical streak in her, may think otherwise now. She and Jackie Searl were sitting on a Twentieth Century-Fox curb stone together talking over the weather when Jackie began sharpening a knife on his shoes. "Wait a minute, Jackie," Jane said quickly. "There's no use in wearing out your shoes. Here, do it on mine . . . they're wardrobe shoes!"

●

While we are in the children's department we might also mention that though

[*Continued on page* 67]

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT...in Paris

BOYER MEETS GIRL (Ah, it's Mrs. Deeds!)

And how MRS. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN!

They're on their way to your local theatre...to make history...and love!

WALTER WANGER *presents*

Charles Jean

BOYER · ARTHUR

in

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

with **LEO CARRILLO** *and* **COLIN CLIVE**

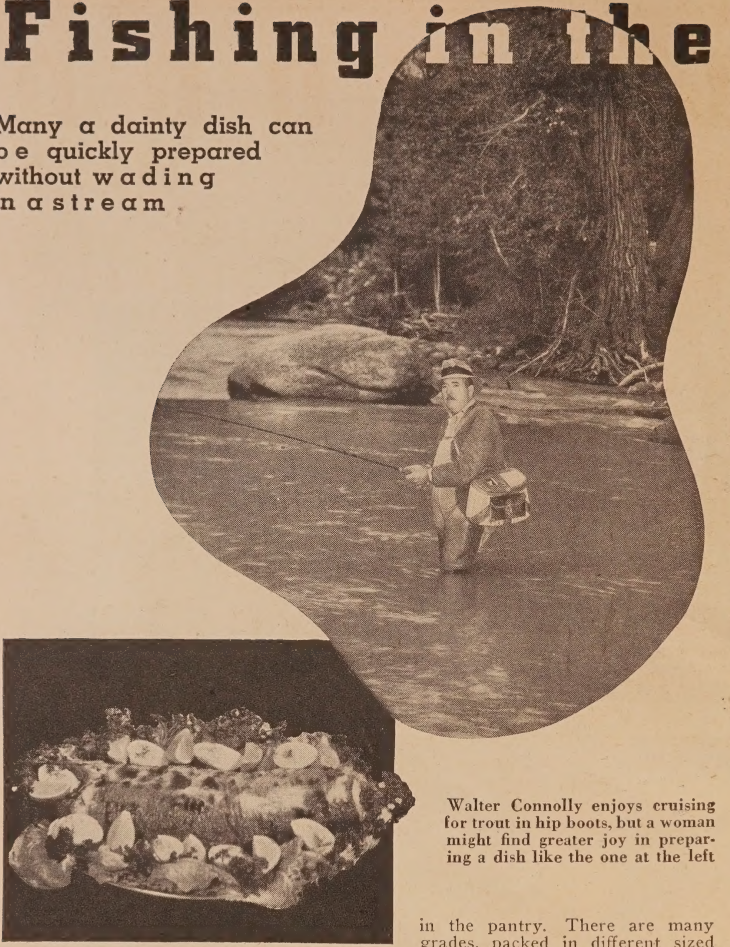
Directed by **FRANK BORZAGE**

Original Story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Fishing in the Pantry

Many a dainty dish can be quickly prepared without wading in a stream



Walter Connolly enjoys cruising for trout in hip boots, but a woman might find greater joy in preparing a dish like the one at the left

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

PERHAPS you occasionally enjoy putting on "waders" and spending the entire day standing in an icy pool casting "flies" to entice a wary trout or salmon, but wouldn't you women prefer to put on an apron and go fish from the pantry shelf? Why get tired and soaking wet, and perhaps return disappointed of a mess o' fish, when by stepping into your comfortable kitchen you may snare the finest possible catch of every seafood from sturgeon to sardines?

Canned fish, smoked or salted fish, make possible to the menu-planner delicious meals of daily variety throughout the entire Lenten season. No bones to remove with painstaking care, no waste, no skin, every can or tin of fish means an assured 100% of solid edible food from the deep. And with no unpleasant cooking odors, a well selected canned assortment assures quick and easy preparation of salads and cocktail snacks as well as the staple main dish of the menu.

Salmon is deservedly a popular "catch" in the pantry. There are many grades, packed in different sized cans to meet different cooking needs: the *Chinook* is of fine texture, deep pink color, rich oil, excellent flavor, with the flesh breaking on the slightest pressure. Use for salads or for serving entire from the can. The *Sockeye* has firm golden red flesh, with a rich oil, and is a staple for all uses; the *Cohoe* is paler in color and lacks taste and oil; the *Pink* salmon is the best of the low-priced grades, since it has a fine flavor and light pink flesh, with no oil, while the *Chum*, almost white, has a soft texture and unusual taste. The light-meated packs are just as nutritious as the more highly colored flesh. The pantry shelf should be stocked with the 1-pound tall, the 1-pound flat or "steak" salmon, and a supply of ½-pound small flat cans for small portion use.

Tuna, a fish of the mackerel family, without scales, is another important member of the canned fish catch. The homemaker knows three main varieties: the *Albacore*, all white meat; the *Yellow Fin*, with meat slightly pink; the *Blue Fin*, slightly darker. It is well to remember that only the choice meat of the *Albacore* may be labelled "white meat flakes." Supreme for salads, the tuna is also a versatile fish with which to make hot creamed mixtures, to use in cheese "wiggles," and to take seriously for oven use, especially in the form of a fish pudding or soufflé. Here is a recipe for—

TUNA FISH SOUFFLE

¼ cup butter
¼ cup flour
1 cup milk
2 egg yolks, well beaten
1-pound can tuna
½ cup grated American cheese
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon minced parsley
Salt, pepper
¼ teaspoon onion juice
2 egg whites, beaten stiff

Make a white sauce of butter, flour and milk. Cool, and add well beaten yolks. Flake fish, add grated cheese and seasonings, and combine with white sauce. Last, fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites. Pour into greased casserole and bake 15 minutes, quick oven (450° F), or until firm. (Serves 6).

The "sacred Cod," mainstay of Boston and old New England, now comes from wharf to pantry in new forms which make it easier for the hostess to use. Here's a zippy idea for something new to pass with cocktails—Codfish Cocktail Fingers—and here's how: simply shape ready-to-fry codfish cakes into inch-long fingers. Drop them for a sizzling second into hot deep fat. Fish them out, crisp and crunchy mouthfuls, ready to help get your dinner off to an extra good start.

And here are some other suggestions for quick-appetite teasers, concocted from a can of flaked fish and a little imagination:

Mix flaked fish with chili sauce, spread on triangles of toasted bread, garnish with pimiento stars, shower with grated egg yolk, and your canapes are ready.

Mold bits of fish in seasoned gelatin in thimble size glasses, unmold, and serve with toothpicks as hors d'oeuvres.

Combine fish with medium cream sauce, spread on finger rolls, toast in oven, and serve piping hot.

Mix chilled fish with highly seasoned tomato juice, and serve in cocktail glasses.

[*Continued on page* 82]

AN EXPERT JOINS THE STAFF

Beginning with this issue, SCREEN BOOK will have as its home economics editor Mrs. Christine Frederick, author, lecturer and famed economist. Widely known as a newspaper and syndicate writer on food and household problems, Mrs. Christine is the author of the book, "The New Housekeeping" which has been translated in seven languages, and several other home books.

Mrs. Frederick is the founder and present director of the Applecroft Home Experiment Station in Greenlawn, L. I. Besides achieving renown in advertising and marketing fields, she is famous as an architect and designer. Write her your problems, or ask for the *free* leaflets with star recipes. See the coupon at the end of this article.

GOING HOLLYWOOD WITH

HARRY HAMMOND BEALL

IS THE Hays office weakening in its censorship of scripts? After seeing in preview "You Only Live Once," Walter Wanger's latest contribution to the 1937 United Artists program, one is inclined to wonder.

Marvelous entertainment with Sylvia Sidney at her emotional best, and Henry Fonda as her stellar opposite, the film is packed with lightning-like action, big moments, well timed suspense and all the elements to keep an audience on edge. However, if there was ever a film that glorified the criminal, this is it.

Henry Fonda at the beginning of the picture is already a three time loser just about to be paroled through influence of the public defender in a large city. Sylvia, secretary to the p. d., is in love with the big boy in the big house, and because her boss loves her he uses his influence in favor of Fonda.

Before his three major raps, in each case his guilt being established, he did a reform school stretch. He adheres neatly to the terms of his parole by knocking out his boss because the latter fires him, and reminds him of his recent environment in stir when he pleads to be taken back; he retains possession of a vicious automatic; fails to avoid company of undesirable companions; and when six are murdered by bombs in a bank holdup his hat is found near the scene. Conviction follows with the last mile to the hot seat indicated on his road map by the judge. On the eve of his execution he fights his way out of prison and as the chaplain tries to tell him that federal officers had discovered the real perpetrator of the bomb killings and that he is free, he shoots down the holy man.

Sylvia, about to become a mother, still idolizes the gorilla, and they start a flight for the border. The public defender, in violation of his oath of office, aids in the escape, thus becoming a criminal himself. In transit the baby is born and they bring it back to her sister's home where, defying all mother instincts, she deserts the week-old infant to carry on with the gangster she loves.

Riddled by machine gun bullets they die in each other's arms.

Possibly this proves that crime does not pay, but the final scene shows the apparition of the murdered priest welcoming them vocally to the pearly gates.

Dr. Watson, what do you make of it all?

• • •

It was a pleasure to help "Uncle Carl" Laemmle celebrate his 70th birthday a few Sunday nights ago at his Benedict Canyon home near Beverly Hills.

If it had not been for the little Napoleon of Laupheim, Germany, the pictures might have been in as tight a monopoly as the telephone. It was he who led the battle of the independents against the trust, and brought film admissions to the level of the masses.

C. L. is one of the most human producers I ever knew during my twenty odd years in Hollywood. And one of the most canny. He has his faults and his weaknesses but that's what makes him human.

Years ago labor unions of Los Angeles were promoting a carnival to raise funds to pay off the mortgage on the labor temple. I was in charge of the advertising, exploitation and publicity. On one floor we had a '49 camp with all of the gambling games of the period. The play was fair, the winnings for the house satisfying, but not phenomenal.

Carl Laemmle came to town. The rumor spread he loved faro. The committee decided on a

[*Continued on page* 75]

IT'S *thrilling* TO OWN THIS SERVICE of the STARS

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF GRACIOUS *Gladys Swarthout* STAR OF "CHAMPAGNE WALTZ" A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION

COLCHESTER ONE OF 3 LOVELY PATTERNS

Yes, it's thrilling to have this gorgeous silverware on your table—and there's an additional thrill in knowing that Gladys Swarthout and other Hollywood Stars, choose this same lovely silverware. Ask your dealer to show you a Service for Six, with Mirror Stainless Blade, Hollow Handle Knives, in a handsome Tarnish-Proof Chest . . at only . . $14.75

SAMPLER OFFER

THE HOLLYWOOD HOSTESS SERVER

A "hit" at Hollywood parties—for cheese, jellies, etc. Offered by your dealer—for a limited time—at only 25¢ REGULARLY $1.00

1881 ROGERS

MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

HERE'S YOUR CINEXAMINATION

1. In this list are the names of two colleges attended by Robert Taylor together with the fraternity to which he belonged. Can you check the three correct answers? (1) Stanford; (2) Harvard; (3) Ohio State; (4) University of Nebraska; (5) Sing Sing; (6) Pomona; (7) Elmira; (8) Joliet; (9) Phi Beta Kappa; (10) Sigma Nu; (11) Phi Delta Phi; (12) Acacia; (13) Phi Delta Theta; (14) Psi Upsilon.

2. Having checked the two colleges Taylor attended what other famous Hollywood star attended the same institution of learning and to what fraternity did he belong? (1) Warner Baxter; (2) Richard Dix; (3) Joel McCrea; (4) Edward Everett Horton; (a) Alpha Delta Phi; (b) Sigma Tau; (c) Sigma Alpha Epsilon; (d) Kappa Alpha.

3. Of the five western stars named here which one means suicide in Japan? (1) William S. Hart; (2) Buck Jones; (3) Harry Carey; (4) Hoot Gibson; (5) Ken Maynard.

4. What famous comedian is destined to become Shrine potentate in 1939? (1) Jack Oakie; (2) W. C. Fields; (3) Harold Lloyd; (4) Charlie Chaplin; (5) Jack Benny; (6) Bob Burns; (7) Oliver Hardy; (8) Stan Laurel.

5. Cecil DeMille's middle initial B. stands for (1) Basil; (2) Barker; (3) Borris; (4) Blount; (5) Bathtub.

6. Schildkraut is the name of (1) a favorite German dish prepared from cabbage grown in the dark of the moon; (2) an actor featured in *The Garden of Allah;* (3) disease caused from overeating underripe gooseberries on mountain peaks in the Swiss Alps.

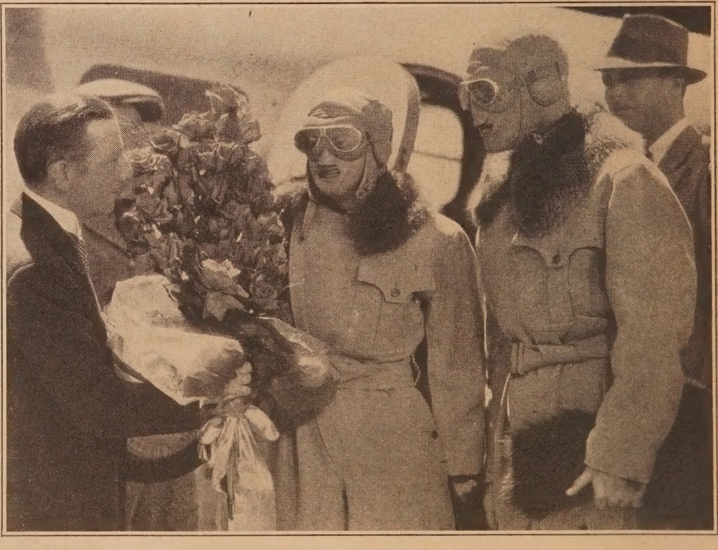
7. Give the names of the wives of the following: (1) Edward Arnold; (2) Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; (3) Darry F. Zanuck; (4) Richard Arlen; (5) Bing Crosby; (6) Basil Rathbone.

8. Identify which of the following actresses is married to a film man whose name sounds like Klaxon Honk, but isn't: (1) Margaret Sullavan; (2) Aileen Pringle; (3) Gladys Swarthout; (4) Myrna Loy; (5) Priscilla Lawson.

9. Check which of the following statements are true: Howard Hughes is known as (1) a movie producer; (2) world's fastest transcontinental flier; (3) a rich oil man; (4) the man who sent Jean Harlow toward stardom; (5) Katharine Hepburn's boy friend.

10. Montage is: (1) the name of a Hollywood night club; (2) a prominent film director; (3) a style of photographic composition; (4) a dessert served in a gob of whipped cream.

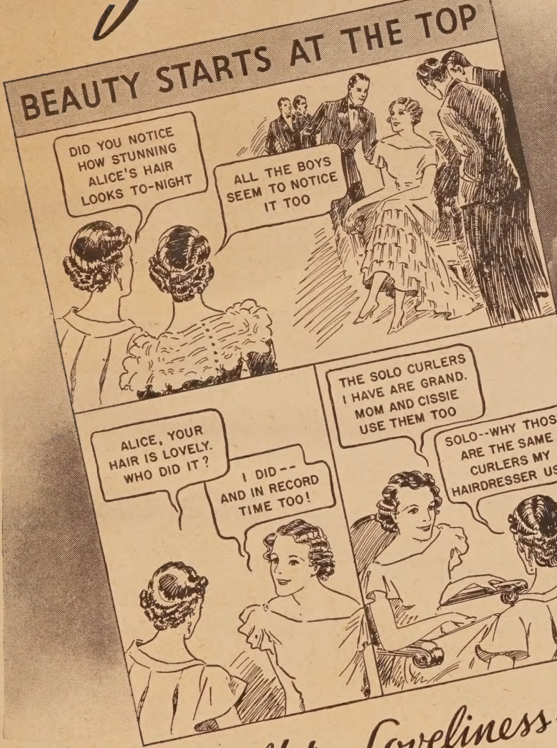
11. Anne Shirley changed her name from Dawn O'Day because (1) she liked sunsets better; (2) she was infatuated with the role of *Anne of Green Gables;* (3) a Russian girl doesn't go for Irish names; Shirley made a successful name for Miss Temple.



12. These queer masked creatures are: (1) Newsreel cameraman just back from Madrid where they filmed the fiesta; (2) a famous flier and his wife receiving posies for having crossed the Andes en route to the Bering Sea from Hollywood; (3) Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris playing hide and seek with the gendarmes; (4) Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in a silly picture; (5) two movie stars whose identical photo was recently published in SCREEN BOOK. (Check two correct answers.) Answers on page 67.

Flattering Hair

CAUSES FLUTTERING HEARTS


BEAUTY STARTS AT THE TOP
DID YOU NOTICE HOW STUNNING ALICE'S HAIR LOOKS TO-NIGHT
ALL THE BOYS SEEM TO NOTICE IT TOO
ALICE, YOUR HAIR IS LOVELY. WHO DID IT?
I DID -- AND IN RECORD TIME TOO!
THE SOLO CURLERS I HAVE ARE GRAND. MOM AND CISSIE USE THEM TOO
SOLO--WHY THOSE ARE THE SAME CURLERS MY HAIRDRESSER USES

CAROLE LOMBARD AND FRED MAC MURRAY AS THEY APPEAR IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "SWING HIGH SWING LOW"

Men do notice lovely hair. In any gathering, you're sure to find it's the girl with flattering hair that causes fluttering hearts.

The beautiful curls and waves that you've often longingly admired . . . secretly desired can be made quickly—easily in your own home. Do what millions of beautiful women are doing daily. Use SOLO Curlers and Wave Clips.

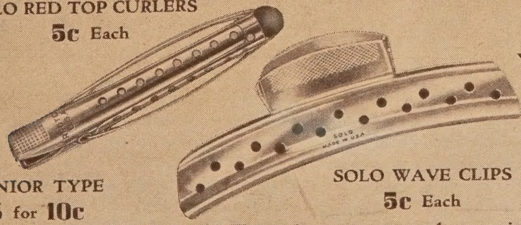
Just moisten your hair, insert the SOLO Curlers and Wave Clips. That's all! SOLO does the rest. Help yourself to greater loveliness. Say "SOLO" at the notions counter to-day . . . and you'll say "Thanks a million" to-morrow.

Help Yourself to Loveliness-

USE **SOLO** CURLERS AND WAVE CLIPS

Sold by all leading Department Stores, Dry Goods, and 5 & 10 Cent Stores

SOLO RED TOP CURLERS
5c Each


SOLO MADE IN U.S.A.

JUNIOR TYPE
3 for **10c**

SOLO WAVE CLIPS
5c Each

There are SOLO Curlers and Wavers in every type and every size.

SOLO
CURLERS • WAVERS • BOB PINS • HAIR NETS

Heavy date..
..but look at her Nose!

KLEENEX HABIT
saves noses during colds!

● Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. So put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex Tissues the instant sniffles start. Because Kleenex tends to retain germs it checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room. Save Steps — Time — Money

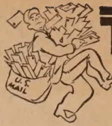
To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . *And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

KLEENEX
DISPOSABLE TISSUES

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)



THE POSTMAN RINGS

Just to prove that Gary Cooper wears glasses in real life. Joan Bennett looks startled as Gary pulls them out, but never mind — Joan wears some herself!

$15.00 Prize Letter

The Power of Suggestion

HOW about a wee bit of helpful suggestion in place of a load of "constructive" criticism?

Today, the motion picture industry in the United States is closer to the cultural and artistic life of the nation than any other type of commercial or industrial enterprise. In fact, it depends, in a large measure, for its success as a profit-making venture, on the creative activities and artistic accomplishments of writers, playwrights, actors, musicians, singers and other artists in their respective fields.

Implied, if not direct, recognition of art and literature as important parts of the national structure, is contained in the relief measures extended the habitues of Greenwich villages—(recruiting stations for Hollywood).

Why not go one step further? Have the big studios, supported by the press, art associations, art patrons, music lovers, stage and screen fans, launch a nation-wide movement to create a federal department of art and literature. In the matter of rank, it should be entirely independent and have for its head a member of the President's cabinet. The foundation of such a department, upon which to build and develop, would be distributed over a national academy of science and letters, a national academy of painting, a national opera and conservatory, and an academy of drama. Think it over.—*Mr. Arvid E. Gilmount, P. O. Box 62, Santa Ana, California.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Haunted By a "Hack-writer"

I WANT to take issue with you, SCREEN BOOK, for that piece, *I Carry the Torch for Dick Powell*, in your February number. It was something to take up space, sure, but I always thought you, SCREEN BOOK, desired to give us fans something about the stars other than the usual hum-dum of press agents. And if, *I Carry the Torch for Dick Powell* wasn't a "hack-writer's" bit of a piece, then I'm darn well mistaken. If you're to give us such stories you might at least make them ring true. That one sounded like brass. Why? Well, for one thing,

[*Continued on page* 18]

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, Hollywood, Calif. The first prize letter published each month in this letting-off-steam department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

TOP OF THE TOWN

BRILLIANT BEAUTY! GORGEOUS GIRLS! SPARKLING SPLENDOR!

Busy With Entertainment!

George Murphy • Doris Nolan
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude
Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

LOU BROCK
Associate Producer

RALPH MURPHY
Director

Songs You'll Rave About!

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling
Coming On" • "There Are
No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To Be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where Are You?" "Jamboree"

CHARLES R. ROGERS Executive Producer

"THIS FLAVOR IS TOPS"
BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM

"You're right, daughter—I've been partial to Beeman's for years! It's so delicious and fresh-tasting—that clever air-tight package keeps it fresh as the day it was made. And I like that bit of tang! Beeman's actually perks me up—it's a real help to digestion, too, you know—makes a person feel mighty good!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

The Postman Rings

[*Continued from page* 16]

women just ain't made that way. And while I'm at it I think that one about Sonja Henie was overdone, too. But maybe I'm just an old cynic. So what? So I'll be looking for that March number, as usual.

Yours, for a better SCREEN BOOK.—*Mr. Thomas N. Pappas, 5336 Summer Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee.*

$5.00 Prize Letter
Heroine With Glasses

WHY don't one of the many producers who crave for something unique, show their fellow producers that they can have a heroine in a picture wearing glasses without the public ridiculing her?

The public is continually asking for more realism in pictures and less glamour. Well, why don't you give it to them in another form? A heroine who could get away with wearing glasses—what could be more real? The young girls who have to wear glasses are sadly neglected. She may be the jolliest girl in her set, the best dancer, etc. But she wears glasses!

We've had pictures in many forms, educational, and so forth. Give us a picture that will give the girl with this handicap more confidence.—*Snooky Strinati, 324 East 56th St., New York City, New York.*

Reader Strinati should be interested in the photo at the top of page 16.—*The Editor.*

$1.00 Prize Letter
Reeling From Too Many Reels

MY PET peeve happens to be News Reels. I mean the repetition in them. I have seen the Army "sink" the Navy no less than six times, I have seen the Queen Mary dock, and the President trolling in southern waters the same number of times. Can't something be done about the camera men all rushing to the same games, fires, etc.? I appreciate their efforts and know that they risk life and limb to give us certain shots. I suppose too, that they would get the very devil if they failed to "scoop" certain news. But doesn't it cease to be news when it is repeated time after time? I like to know what is going on in the world and I also like to see it, that is the first time it is shown, but after the third time—well, it is no longer news, and its repetition becomes irksome.

They might flip a coin to see who should go to which game, or which parade!—*Miss Bessie Toles, 514 North Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo.*

$1.00 Prize Letter
Unreeling Her Opinion

I CANNOT help but look upon people who criticize newsreels as being ungrateful. Granted that the newsreel is not always filled with unusual and interesting articles. Granted, too, that there are usually many military pageants and horse races for fillers. Yet, Jerome Davenport, (On page twelve, January SCREEN BOOK) should realize that one does not make news. It makes itself!

Surely after seeing in the past the impressive shots of Lindbergh's triumphant return, the dramatic court scenes of the Hauptman trial and the timely revealing shots of fire, murder and sudden death, we can easily afford to occasionally sit through trite naval maneuvers.

I think at times we forget the hardships and dangers the newsreel cameraman exposes himself to. When we remember this and realize that no matter what might happen there will be a cameraman on the job to bring us all the timely details, I am sure we shall find only praise for the newsreel.—*Miss Agnes Specht, c/o Colonial Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio.*

$1.00 Prize Letter
Old Faces Are Best

WHY all the cry for new faces? As for myself, I'll take the old heads every time. They haven't done so bad in the past, and surely, by taking advantage of their long years of experience, they can do better in the future.

Your retort is that nobody wants to see an old star since they know exactly what he will do next. Perhaps you do know what will come the following moment, as you watch him play, but this isn't his fault. Because he succeeded in that type of role once, he was given the same thing over and over again, only with a different accent, and a new hair-dress.

Let's hope that the monotony will be broken by an avalanche of new plays instead of new faces, and thereby restore our old friends to their former popularity.—*Mr. John Allen E T S T C Dormitory, Commerce, Texas.*

$1.00 Prize Letter
Music Hath No Charm

I AM a musician and I like to see them do well, of course, but several good pictures have been spoiled for me because music was used as a background when there was conversation on the screen.

In, *Ladies in Love,* the entire picture was ruined because I couldn't hear the voices above the music.

I admit there are love scenes and scenes of pathos that may need a background, but even then I would rather hear the lover's voice or the heart-broken sob.—*Mrs. R. A. Collins, Route 4, Wichita, Kansas.*

Fortunately for readers of SCREEN BOOK, only a few readers received their March copies late, but for those who didn't get theirs on time, Fawcett Publications is glad to explain why.

Not many of our readers know that not only SCREEN BOOK, but other magazines published by W. H. Fawcett, are printed at the Dearing Printing plant, located in Louisville, Kentucky. With the flood waters creeping up to the very doors of the plant, the men worked night and day with determination that "the printing presses must be kept turning" just as old troupers exclaim, "the show must go on!"

They kept the presses turning until the raging waters flooded the power plants. Then and not until then did work cease. To the Dearing Printing Company and its stalwart employees, Fawcett Publications extends its heartfelt thanks for fast, expert repairing of damage and resumption of work.

LISTEN, MR. *Scrub-Hard,*

Why waste that high-powered brushing? Your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste, too!

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . . NO CHALK . . NO GRIT . . NO PUMICE
—Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent gently floats film away —instead of scraping it off.
—Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent, with massage, stimulates gums and promotes free-flowing saliva.
—Refreshing!

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM

Change to
PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE
containing
IRIUM

Gently removes film . . . wins flashing new luster . . . makes daily brushing extra effective!

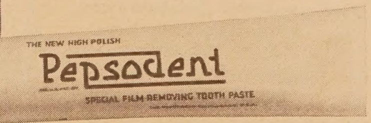
Are you one of the Disappointed Scrub-Hards who brush faithfully day after day—yet still have dingy, film-stained teeth? . . . Then here's *news* for you. Now proper brushing gets *results*—in teeth that sparkle with natural brilliance!

New Pepsodent ingredient ends disappointment

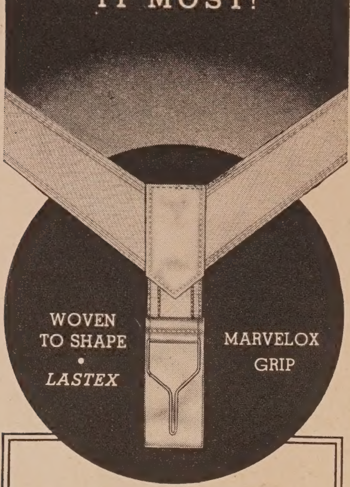
IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—steps up cleansing efficiency and provides smooth *washing* action instead of hard abrasion. IRIUM makes Pepsodent a wonderful tooth paste. One that responds *instantly* to your brush—penetrates between teeth—speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like magic.

It's an amazing advance in tooth hygiene! You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing is *useful*. Your teeth quickly win that glowing luster that everyone *notices*.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it. The days of Scrub-Hard Disappointment will be over!



All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.



Comfort . .
WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST!

HICKORY
Sanitary Belt

Enjoy complete comfort and peace of mind in Hickory's newest Lastex Sanitary Belt. Permanently woven-to-shape on the loom; fits your figure perfectly. Easy stretch Lastex banishes binding. Boilable—durable—economical.

The "Marvelox" grip is tiny, lightweight, unobtrusive. Adjusts instantly, is permanently secure. Ask for Number 1325, illustrated, at your favorite Notions Counter. Other Hickory Sanitary Belts—35c and up.

If you don't find Number 1325 at your dealer's send us 50c with his name and we'll supply you. State size: small, medium, or large. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Ill.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Good Earth—★★★★

M-G-M

After a full year of spasmodic filming, and much more time in actual research, Metro has finally brought to the screen this famous version of Pearl Buck's book. As far as we can tell from our American point of view, the product reflects richly the soul of China, thanks to Sidney Franklin's meticulous direction and some amazing work by Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in the leading roles.

Good Earth inevitably has its sullen and depressing moments. Any good picture of China must have these ingredients, but in this case a fine blending of the lighter things mitigates moroseness.

Muni is superb as the poor peasant whose marriage and early farming success makes him a swaggering, ignorant farmer. Almost imperceptibly he changes character, carefully following the trend of his role. But he does not overshadow Luise Rainer, the faithful wife who never questions openly the decisions of her master. For her goes sympathy in trouble, sympathy born of an understanding she conveys to the audience. Lustrous eyes have nothing to do with Rainer in *Good Earth;* she is a great actress here, and nothing more.

Walter Connolly and an excellent cast deserve more praise than we have space to give them. For the rest, whatever *Good Earth* may lack in outright entertainment, it makes up with thought-provoking drama.

Luise Rainer and Paul Muni gave up American ideas of appearance for Oriental make-up in the spectacular M-G-M production of *The Good Earth*

Humphrey Bogart becomes a member of the clan—a dramatic moment in the Warner production, *Black Legion*

On the Avenue—★★

20th Century-Fox

This weary critic's eyes grew a little tired watching the behind-the-stage stuff of *On the Avenue.* So many pictures have been

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray play leading roles in *Maid of Salem*, a story of laughing eyes in a somber atmosphere

done in that vein. But our ears did not fail us—the audience, on the whole, seemed pleased with Dick Powell's cavorting, Madeleine Carroll's icy blonde beauty, Alice Faye's very warm yearning, and the mad (oh, indeed!) Ritz Brothers.

Miss Carroll makes a very appropriate "richest girl." She looks the part, plays the part. But the photographer has not been as kind to her as we would like. You will see her as the infuriated heiress who finds herself caricatured on the stage by Alice Faye, who has a fearful yen for Leading Man Powell. When the heiress decides to do something about it, she succeeds in falling in love with Powell herself and the scramble is on.

Irving Berlin did the music. We don't think it's either his best or worst. One song, something about This Year's Love Isn't as Good as Last Year's Crop, looks like a sure fire hit.

Compare this picture with Dick Powell's last job at Fox—in *Thanks a Million,* and you will be disappointed. But let the film stand on its own feet and you will probably find it quite satisfactory.

The Maid of Salem—★★★

Paramount

Witchcraft persecutions may hardly seem to be good subject matter for entertaining films, but Frank Lloyd's directorial wizardry has delivered in *Maid of Salem* a fine blend of liberalism versus superstition, Virginian freedom versus New England Puritanism.

Claudette Colbert in the title role has perhaps the best screen part ever to come her way. Your reviewer has nothing but highest praises for her work. As the young Puritan maiden with romantic ideas but a stern sense of duty, she is excellent. Yet Claudette does not rise to her full powers until the persecutions begin. Then, when the town of Salem is ablaze with suspicions and fears, she bears the cross of

Romance never came her way

. . . UNTIL SHE LEARNED THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING . . . FRAGRANT BATHS WITH **CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**

WHY RISK OFFENDING?

Don't forget that nothing gets you "in wrong" with a man so surely as just the slightest taint of perspiration odor! So don't start "going places" until you've bathed with Cashmere Bouquet! This lovely perfumed soap keeps you so safe from fear of offending—*ever!*

BE FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

That's the way you feel after your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its rich, luxurious lather is so deep-cleansing! It removes so completely every trace of body odor. You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so *fragrantly* dainty!

HOW GLAMOROUS YOU ARE!

And how much more *alluring*—when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way! For Cashmere Bouquet's subtle perfume lingers for hours . . . gives your skin a delicate, flower-like fragrance men adore! And this wonderful soap costs only 10¢ a cake!

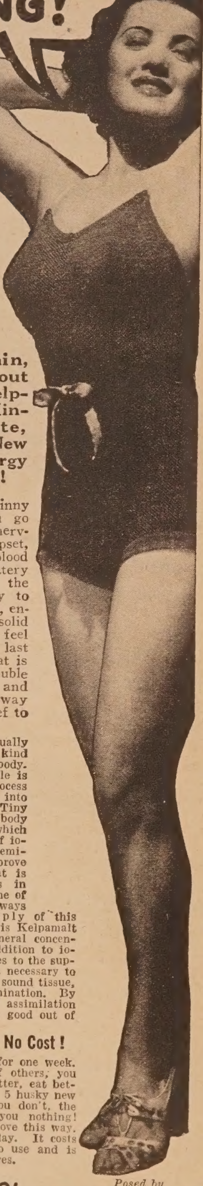
MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for both your face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets down into each pore—removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Your skin grows clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

IF YOU ARE SKINNY PALE, WEAK AILING!



Without Cost—Test, For 1 Week, This New Sea-Plant Iodine!

Thousands of Thin, Sickly, Tired-out Folks Report Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate, Adds Extra Lbs., New Strength and Energy the First Week!

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and probably lacks the nourishment necessary to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to what is frequently the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new quick way which has brought relief to thousands.

The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. Frequently the real trouble is assimilation—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of iodine (not the ordinary, chemical iodine, which may prove toxic, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.) One of the simplest and quickest ways to get an adequate supply of this precious needed substance is Kelpamalt—the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. In addition to iodine, Kelpamalt contributes to the supply of other vital minerals necessary to aid digestion, building of sound tissue, good blood and proper elimination. By thus aiding digestion and assimilation you are able to get more good out of the food you eat.

Satisfactory Results Or No Cost!

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week. See if, like thousands of others, you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, and add at least 3 to 5 husky new lbs. the first week. If you don't, the trial is free. It costs you nothing! Your own Doctor will approve this way. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. It costs but a few cents a day to use and is sold at all good drug stores.

Posed by professional model

SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating, instructive 50-page book on How to Build Weight, Strength and Energy Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the Human Body. New facts about Iodine. Weight and Measurement charts, daily menus, etc. Absolutely free. No obligation. Seedol Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1133, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Flora Robson as Queen Elizabeth and Leslie Banks as the ardent Leicester are two featured players in the London Production, *Fire Over England*

the guiltless with utter conviction. Fred MacMurray has no such opportunity as the Virginia cavalier who flees to Salem with a price on his head. Nevertheless, MacMurray's charm provides adequate contrast to the frozen, stern attitude of Puritanism, and the actor himself handles the role as it comes.

Most outstanding of the lesser players is young Harvey Stephens who, as the doctor friend of Miss Colbert, overshadows MacMurray with an excellent interpretation of his role. Stephens never before has had an adequate chance to display his ability; we suspect that under Paramount's guidance he will become a major screen personality.

Louise Dresser, Donald Meek, Bonita Granville, Benny Bartlett, Edward Ellis—these and many other members of the big cast contribute soundly to the success of the film.

Black Legion—★★★

Warner Brothers

Cruel injustices committed by hooded terrorists is the absorbing theme of this Warner Brothers picture, made, they insist, without deliberate reference to the amazing ring uncovered in Detroit a few moons ago. You can decide this matter for yourself while viewing an action picture of truly high calibre.

Humphrey Bogart portrays the role of a factory worker who, through failure to gain a promotion, finds an outlet to his disappointment in the Black Legion. Bogart lends thorough conviction to the moods he portrays—rebellion at first, then satisfaction, climaxed by fear and remorse.

On the other side of the picture is his wife, Erin O'Brien-Moore, who tries to save him from a danger she cannot see. The heartbreaking moments that come her way are substantial fare for this actress. Ann Sheridan and Dick Foran competently handle the young love problem.

Black Legion impressed this reviewer because it so cleanly depicted the overwhelming consequences of mass hysteria, especially when masked injustice holds sway. And in spite of the studio's pointed denial of factual background, you get the feeling that the tragedy before you is the screen counterpart of genuine broken homes and hearts.

A Doctor's Diary—★★½

Paramount-Schulberg

Because John Trent was too good looking to be a mere airplane transport pilot on an important American airline, he lost his job. He lost the position because B. P. Schulberg hired him as an actor; therefore technically the job lost him.

Trent as leading man in *A Doctor's Diary* fulfills his task so admirably that the preview audience honestly felt like cheering. It is no easy task to step into a top role with no previous experience, but Trent can be labeled as more than promising.

The young actor plays the role of a doctor in a hospital where the directorate permits a young violinist to lose the use of his arm through delayed operation. The case results in a court trial where Trent is faced with the dilemma of telling the truth or covering up for his associates.

Helen Burgess, a nurse in love with Trent, and George Bancroft, country doctor sort of fellow, give solid support to Schulberg's young discovery. This picture is strong medicine and a serious indictment of unethical medical practices, yet it never veers from the straight course of good entertainment.

You Only Live Once—★★½

Wanger-United Artists

Improbability stretched to the point of utter unreality and Sylvia Sidney's smile-through-the-tears philosophy are the high points of this prison-crime picture with which Walter Wanger surprises us. Surprises us, we insist, because he falls for such story.

And now that your critic has tossed this off his chest, he hastens to add that the picture nevertheless makes good entertainment and has large doses of thrills and heart throbs. How Wanger obtains those thrills is the thing we don't like.

For instance: Henry Fonda is a "four-time loser" facing the chair for a crime he didn't commit; a few hours before his appointment with High Voltage our Mr. Fonda manages to escape from his cell despite a small army of guards; while this is happening the police suddenly discover proof of Fonda's innocence; a pardon arrives just as he is making his break for freedom.

This, we maintain, is stretching our credulity from Pole to Pole, with a detour via the moon. And probably Mr. Wanger shouldn't glorify a criminal and his moll, either. But then, you will probably enjoy the picture, toss praises to Fonda and Miss Sidney, with an extra special batch for Barton MacLane. Which is strictly your privilege. . . .

Arthur Treacher lets Helen Flint take charge of things in *Thank You, Jeeves*, a picture that could be better than it is

Fire Over England—★★

London Films

How Queen Elizabeth and her valiant pirates heckled Philip of Spain into moderate oblivion is the subject matter of this picture. The title is utterly deceiving; the "fire" over England being, in fact, the threat of the Inquisition.

Love holds a strong place in the film. The Earl of Leicester (Leslie Banks) loves the Queen (Flora Robson). Young Michael Ingolby (Laurence Olivier) is totally taken in by the beautiful young Cynthia (Vivien Leigh). Michael's job is to portray utter fidelity to his sovereign and utter devotion to his bride-to-be. He has the personality of a star and the impetuosity of a growing child; all in all his performance is well above par.

Our choice for thespian honors is Miss Robson, whose characterization of the

[*Continued on page* 25]

LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!

THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE!

Here's How to Deal with Them

By Lady Esther

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?

They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin!

They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores.

This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

Like Black Little Candles In Your Skin

This dirt is stiff and waxy. It's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, soot and dead skin cells.

It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.

It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.

When dissolved, they can be removed with a simple wiping of the face which is the right way! When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good.

You destroy delicate skin tissue and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

Dissolves Waxy Dirt

Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way.

It softens it—dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.

There is no taxing of your skin, no stretching of your pores.

When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear. Also your pores automatically come down in size. Responding to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

I'll Pay for a Test!

Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take 15 minutes.

Notice how soft your skin is after this cleansing. That shows you are softening the dirt within the pores—dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.

As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

Clean Pores Become Small

As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

Act Now!

But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

*City*____________ *State*____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

"I am 'tops' again
– because I feel and look like my old self once more"

**"How did I do it?
"I just reasoned sensibly."**

YOU just can't be happy and enjoy life when in a run-down condition. Poor health and poor looks won't let you.

Fortunately, straight thinking tells us that vitality and pep are produced by energy created from within...so is the skin beautified and made clear from within.

How natural it is then to turn to the force which makes all this possible...those precious red-blood-cells.

Quite often these cells are reduced in number or in strength. Even a common cold kills these cells in great numbers. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells.

Science has solved this problem in S.S.S. Tonic because it helps you regain your blood strength within a short space of time. Its action is cumulative and lasting.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic because of deficient stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells to restore lost weight...to regain energy...to strengthen nerves...and add glow to your skin.

Be 'tops' again with more vitality...more pep...a clear skin by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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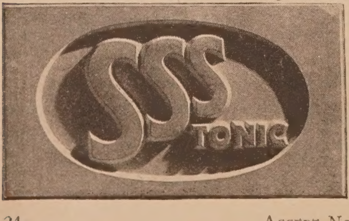


INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

What is Johnny Weissmuller's address?—asks W. M. and H. K.

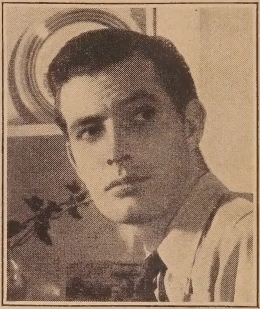
It is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California. Johnny did enter movies through his swimming prowess, and will probably make other Tarzan pictures though he would like to try a "civilized" role.

At what studio does Janet Gaynor work?—O. W. inquires.

She is a free lance actress after years with Fox and Twentieth Century-Fox. Her present work is with Selznick International in *A Star Is Born* and several other studios want her next.

Can you give a brief biography of Lanny Ross?—O. W. also wants to know.

Born in Seattle of a theatrical family, he was raised on the stage and went to Yale where he was an important athlete and worked his way through, singing on the radio. His air voice won him fame and later a contract with Paramount, for whom his first picture was *Melody In Spring.*



Frank Shields made his screen debut in *Come and Get It.* If he makes as good an actor as a tennis player, he'll be getting somewhere!

Is Nelson Eddy popular in Hollywood?—queries J. C. along with other questions.

Very popular. He smokes cigarettes. Was born in Providence, Rhode Island. Eddy is his real name.

Is *My Best Girl* being made into a picture again?—J. A. F. asks.

Not at present.

What nationality is Gertrude Niesen?—inquires A. M. N.

She is Swedish.

Is Clark Gable in love with Carole Lombard?—queries W. C.

He is seen with her at Hollywood night spots and local resorts. Gable is his real name. Write to Clark or the studio for a photograph of him.

Who played the part of "Tony" in *Come and Get It*?—D. W. inquires.

Frank Shields played the part. His real name is given as Francis X. Shields.

What is Barbara Stanwyck's, Ann Dvorak's, Clark Gable's and Robert Taylor's nationality?—asks H. C.

They are all American born.

W. M. T. asks several questions about Robert Taylor.

He is fond of Barbara Stanwyck but no one knows whom he will marry. His present address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California. Although he has not yet been to England, he thinks it a very fine country.

What will be Eleanor Powell's next picture?—queries M. C.

Broadway Melody of 1937. Eleanor is American, is neither married nor engaged, and enjoys gardening and hiking very much.

How old is Mickey Rooney?—asks E. J.

He is 14.

What are the film wages of Shirley Temple?—L. R. inquires.

They were $66,000 during 1935, according to government figures published in January.

Who played the wife and daughter of Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur*?—L. R. queries.

Josephine Hutchinson played the wife while the daughter was portrayed by Anita Louise.

How old is Robert Taylor and what picture did he most enjoy playing in?—quizzes D. G. S.

He is 25 and enjoyed most playing in *Camille* with Greta Garbo.

Did Dick Powell have children in Indianapolis, Indiana?—W. G. S. asks.

Although he was married when in the East, he had no children by that union.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Hollywood, Calif.

Our Critic Goes to the Movies

[*Continued from page 23*]

golden-hearted but thoroughly unattractive queen leaves a lasting impression. Leslie Banks is suave as the unrequited lover.

Chief fault of this film is a rather dreary pace, with the highlights suffering considerably from shadow. One would expect, with considerable reason, to see quite a spectacle when Britain's small fleet sets out to battle the great Spanish armada. But deliberately or otherwise this crisis is thoroughly underplayed, with obvious savings on the budget and damage to the picture. The film story locks horns with history, manages to ruin the armada by setting its ships on fire.

Don't Tell the Wife—★★
RKO

Guy Kibbee, Una Merkel and Lynne Overman provide considerable comedy in this yarn about a gold mine stock-selling racket. Overman organizes the gyp scheme, lures Kibbee, the small town journalist, into heading the company. Both Kibbee and the gambler's wife (Una) believe the plan legitimate. When the rookery starts, the law steps in. Kibbee discovers the mine is a bonanza and you can guess the rest.

Strong acting by Kibbee and Miss Merkel make the picture entertaining along with considerable low comedy. Overman, Lucille Ball, and Guinn Williams add substantially to the total effect.

Dangerous Number—★★
M-G-M

Frothy comedy with nothing serious in theme is the sole claim of *Dangerous Number.* To keep things fast stepping M-G-M put Robert Young in charge of complications as the leading man, borrowed Ann Sothern to add a dash of grief and laughter, mixed in Cora Witherspoon and Reginald Owen for good measure.

Result is fast, gay stuff. Young marries Miss Sothern and promptly thinks he made a mistake. When the couple part, Young makes a date with a strange girl who is co-operating with Ann. The rest of the story is something of a riot. Yes sir, M-G-M's second raters do a first class job of entertaining—if you like this kind of a dish.

How much more enjoyable a motion picture is when it has been made from some novel or story you have read! You can get this added enjoyment from every motion picture you see if you read the fiction stories of new movies in MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE before seeing the motion picture.

This magazine (now on sale at your newsdealer's) is the only ten-cent magazine printing exclusive fiction stories of coming movies. Included in the big April issue are *Seventh Heaven,* starring Simone Simon; *Parnell,* with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy; *Internes Can't Take Money,* with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. Ten big fiction stories in all. Ask your newsdealer for MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE.

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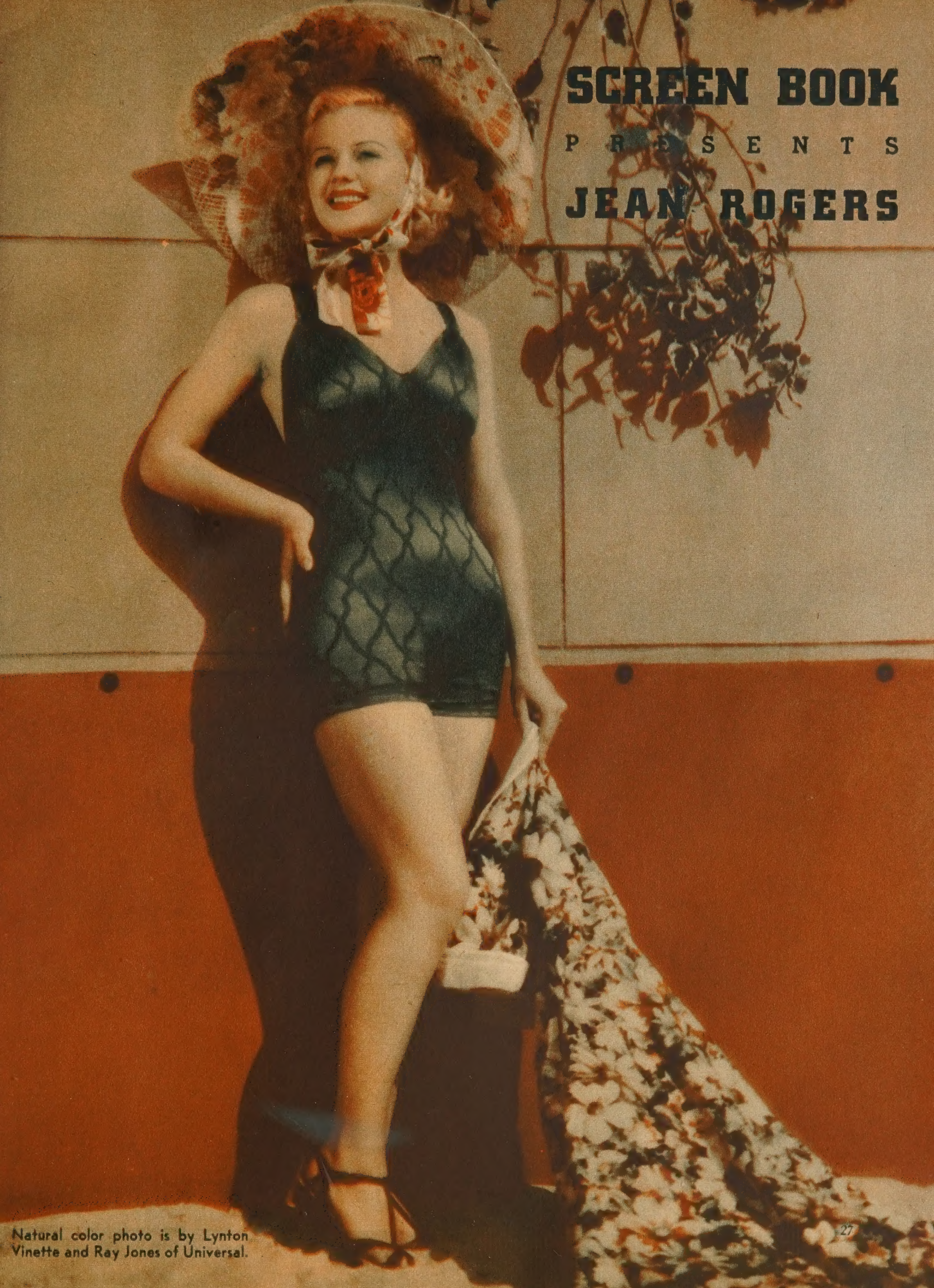
JANE DARWELL • STEPIN FETCHIT
PAULINE MOORE

Directed by Tay Garnett
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production

20th CENTURY-FOX

Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses . . . their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill . . . the world thrills with them . . . and so will you! — especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!

SCREEN BOOK PRESENTS JEAN ROGERS



Natural color photo is by Lynton Vinette and Ray Jones of Universal.

A Co-ed Pal Tells

From collegiana to cinematurity almost overnight! We tip-toed around until we found the person who could tell the real story of Bob Taylor's life at Pomona—and here it is on a platter of saucy gossip

Here's the Bob Taylor you see in the role of Armand on the screen, carrying his dying Camille (Garbo)

Director George Cukor, Greta Garbo and Bob Taylor stroll during the filming of *Camille*. Contrast these photos with Taylor as a college actor in the same play. In circle, a recent photo taken at M-G-M

"HOLD your breath, Maxie, you're just about to meet the most handsome man in the world. Glance at the dark guy sitting in the corner over there and feast your eyes upon the latest addition to our estimable college. Arlington Brugh by name, 'collar ad' and 'sheik' to the gang."

It was at one of those informal get-together dances at Pomona college that are given at the beginning of each school year in order that newcomers to the campus may meet the students and get acquainted.

The lad who pointed Robert Taylor out to me and later introduced me to him was one of his fraternity brothers at Pomona, a Phi Delt. It didn't take me long to figure out that Mr. Brugh was just a bit too good looking for his own good. During the next year of Taylor's stay at Pomona, we who saw him now and again and heard about him from the co-eds, felt sorry for him; sorry that he was so darned good looking and sorry that, through no fault of his own, he had been dubbed the "collar ad."

That was in 1931 and '32. Just the other day,

Tales on Taylor!

By MAXINE STOREY

Chuck Fitts and I were chatting about Brugh (you see his college friends still call him by that name). Chuck, incidentally, was stage manager of all the campus plays and a very close friend of Arlington there at Pomona.

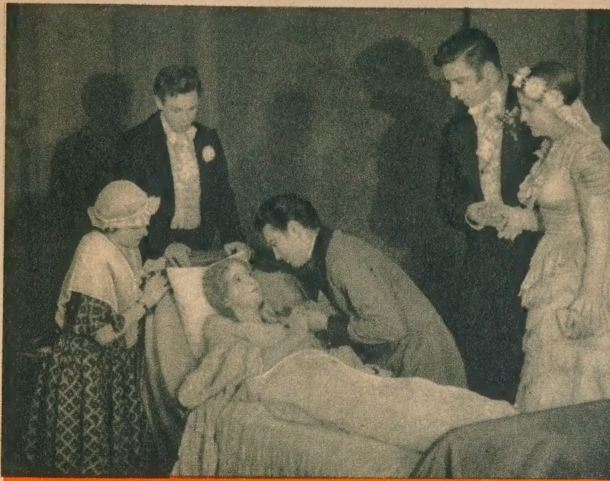
"Brugh," said Chuck, "had an awful tough time of it when he first came here. Somehow, he just didn't 'click.' He was too good looking for one thing. The fellows made it hard for him by calling him sheik. He was very quiet and didn't mix well, he seemed to sense that the fellows on the campus thought he was a bit slick looking and, being naturally very sensitive, that made it all the harder for him."

That was in the fall of '31. Taylor's professor of music at Nebraska, Professor Gray, had come to Pomona to teach music and had persuaded him to leave Nebraska and come out to Pomona to continue studying the cello.

"The trouble with Brugh," one of his co-ed classmates told me the other eve when we were chatting about Taylor at an informal party, "was that he was too good looking. He was so darned handsome that he was conspicuous. Consequently, we girls at the dorm sort of stayed clear of him because we were afraid of the razzing we'd get. We just didn't want to be conspicuous."

"I remember how we used to wonder about him," another girl added. "He used to walk about the campus all by himself and he hardly ever looked at a girl. He was pretty shy and we certainly didn't make it easy for him at all. Students never

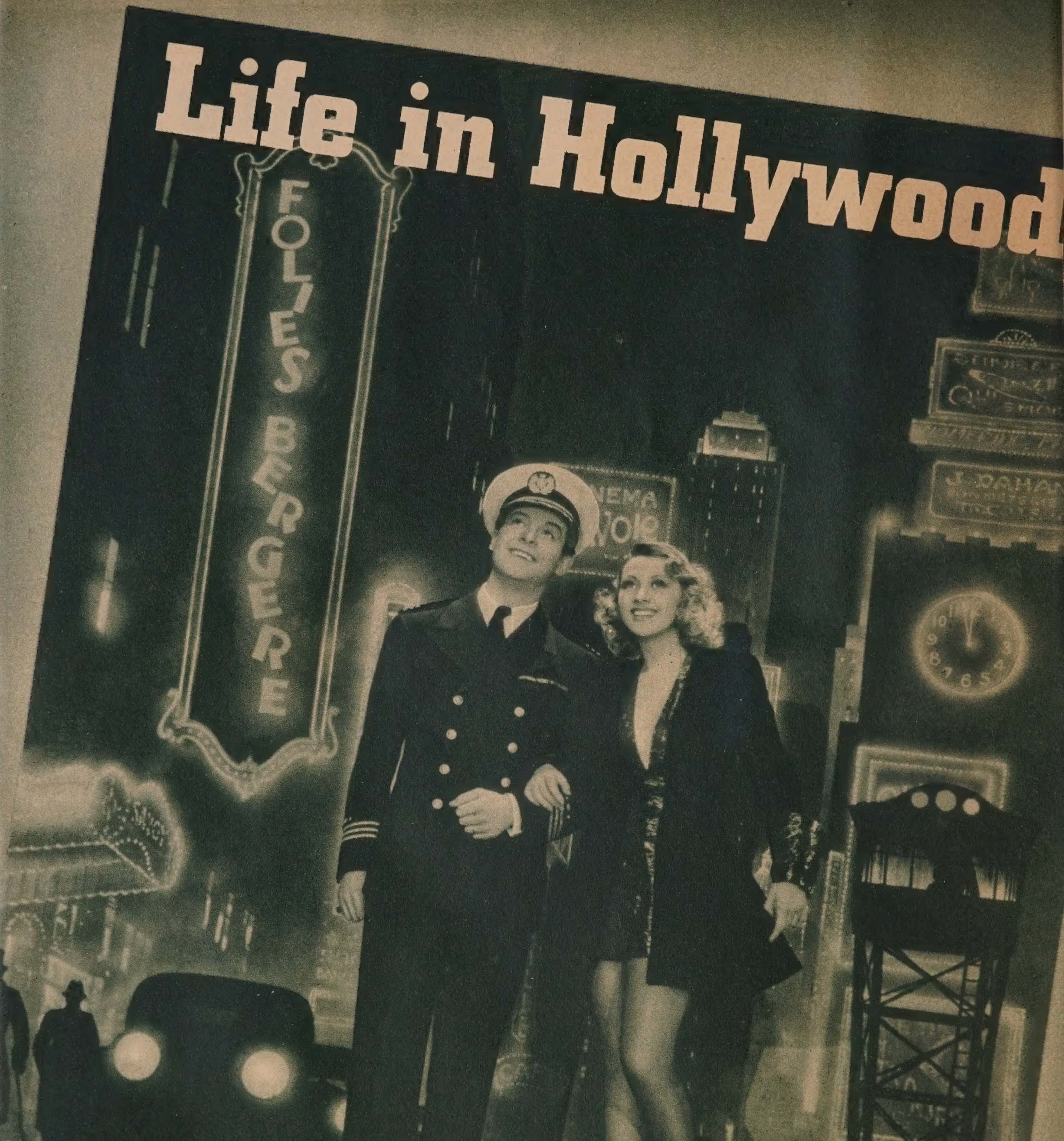
[*Continued on page* 62]



Camille's death scene, as Taylor played it in amateur theatricals. The costume is nearly the same, and he doesn't look much different from the modern Bob Taylor

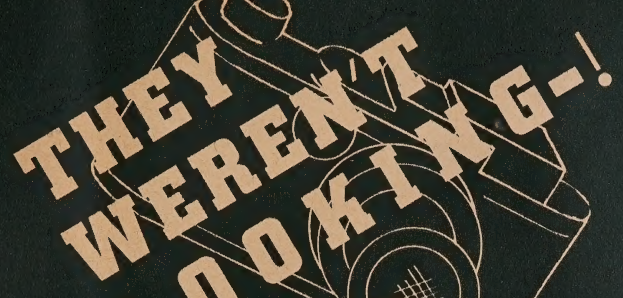
It was only Yesterday in Bob's life when he was a campus leader at Pomona. Here's how he looked (above and left). They called him "a collar ad" in those collegian days

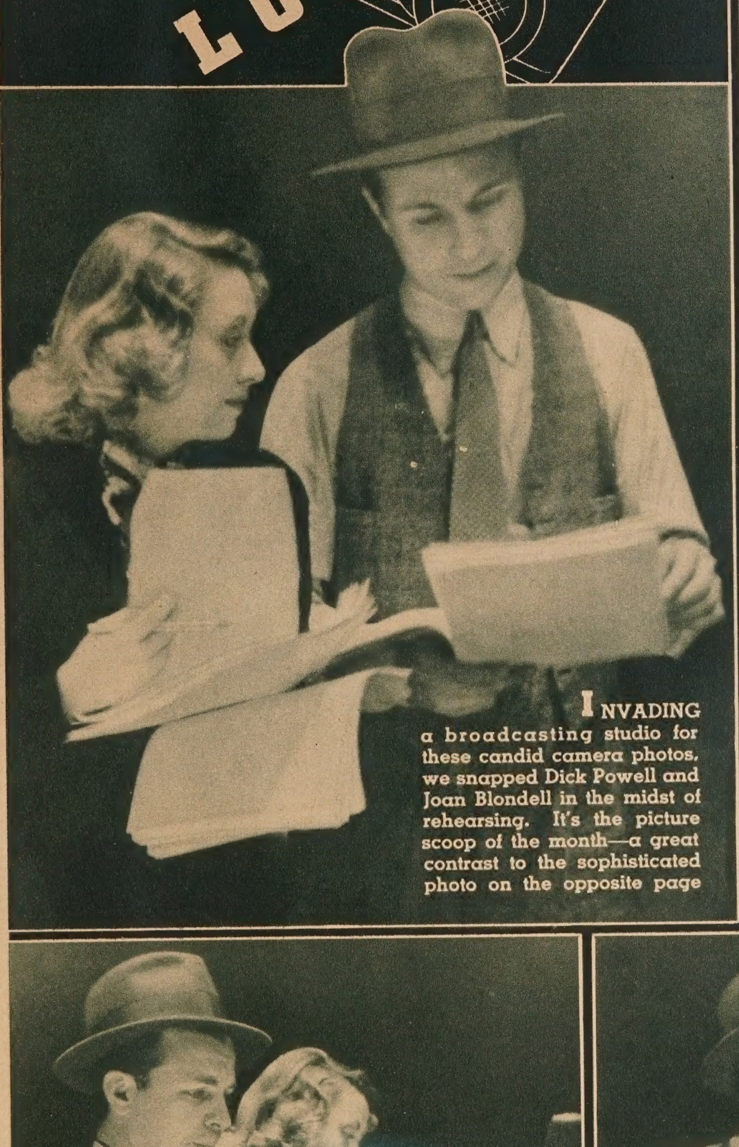
Life in Hollywood



BECAUSE this looks to be the most appealing photo of the month, we launch our candid camera section with Fernand Gravet and Joan Blondell stepping out of a scene for "King and the Chorus Girl"

THEY WEREN'T LOOKING—!





INVADING a broadcasting studio for these candid camera photos, we snapped Dick Powell and Joan Blondell in the midst of rehearsing. It's the picture scoop of the month—a great contrast to the sophisticated photo on the opposite page

OWLING AROUND AT MIDNIGHT

Virginia Bruce, Spencer Tracy (puffing on a cigaret), Frances Farmer and Cecil B. DeMille were anxious to finish this broadcast and join their friends in midnight rambling

It's growing late at the Cocoanut Grove. Balloons pop, Margot Grahame holds her ears and a friend roars with laughter

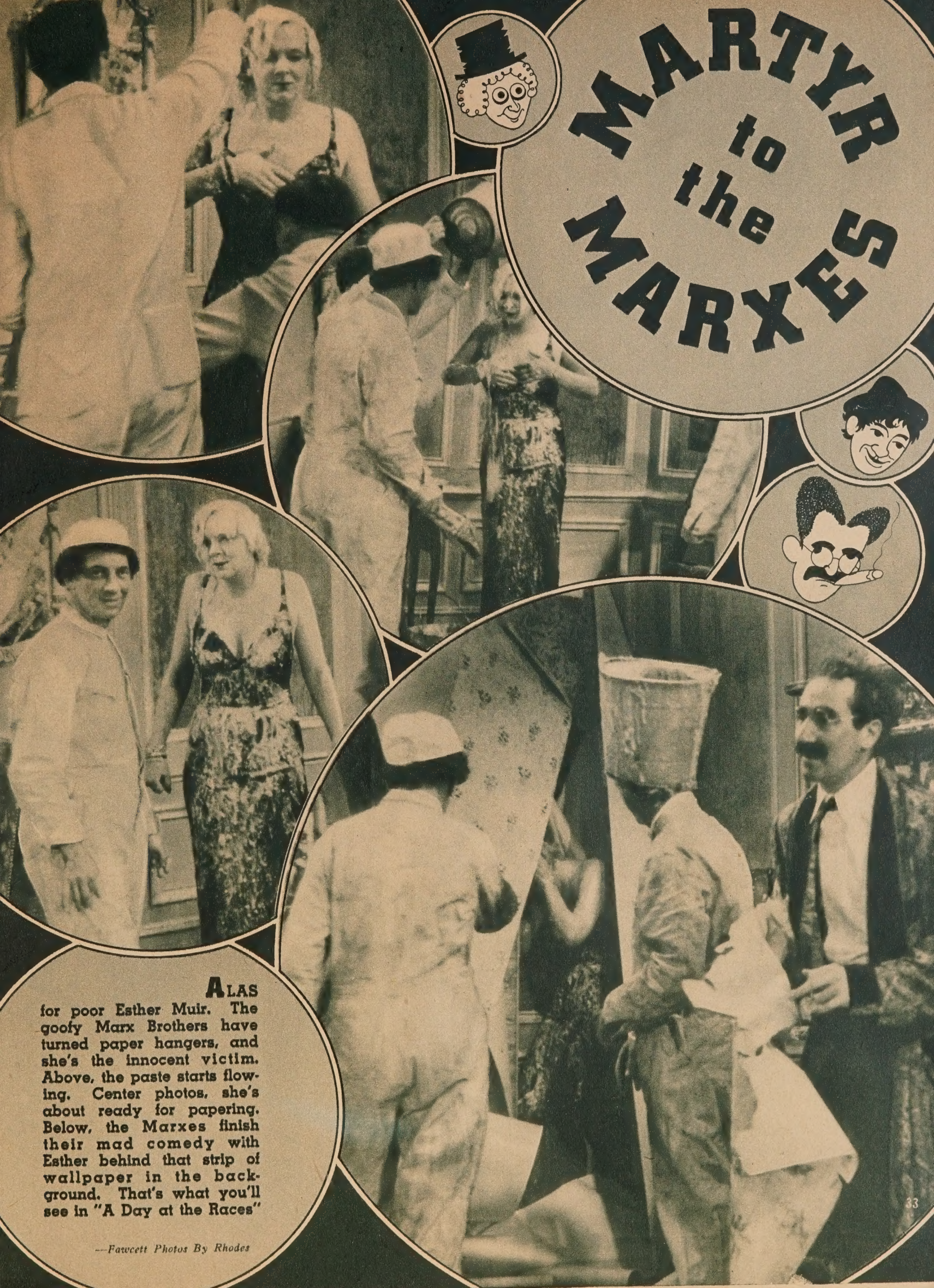
"Not me—him," says Ginger Rogers as the camera snaps. Her escort here is Jimmie Stewart

Guests at the Hal Roach birthday party were Warner Baxter and his wife

The truce is still on in the Errol Flynn menage. At least we snapped Errol and Lili together (above) at the Ballet Russe. Clark Gable seems mildly amused as your cameraman steps up and snaps a picture of him with Carole Lombard, still his favorite playtime pal

Photo Credit Rhodes

MARTYR to the MARXES



ALAS for poor Esther Muir. The goofy Marx Brothers have turned paper hangers, and she's the innocent victim. Above, the paste starts flowing. Center photos, she's about ready for papering. Below, the Marxes finish their mad comedy with Esther behind that strip of wallpaper in the background. That's what you'll see in "A Day at the Races"

—Fawcett Photos By Rhodes

The shrouding years have brought more mystery than ever into the death of Thomas Ince. Was it murder—was there some sinister hand behind his passing? Now you can read the whole, complete story and know the truth!

THE PRODUCER

Thomas Ince, top photo, was at the height of his career when he suddenly died after a short illness. Among the last to see him alive and active were Seena Owen, far left, and Elinor Glyn, in second photo of strip. Immediately above and to the right on this page are Dorothy Dalton and Charles Ray, two film personalities developed by Ince

DIED AT DAWN

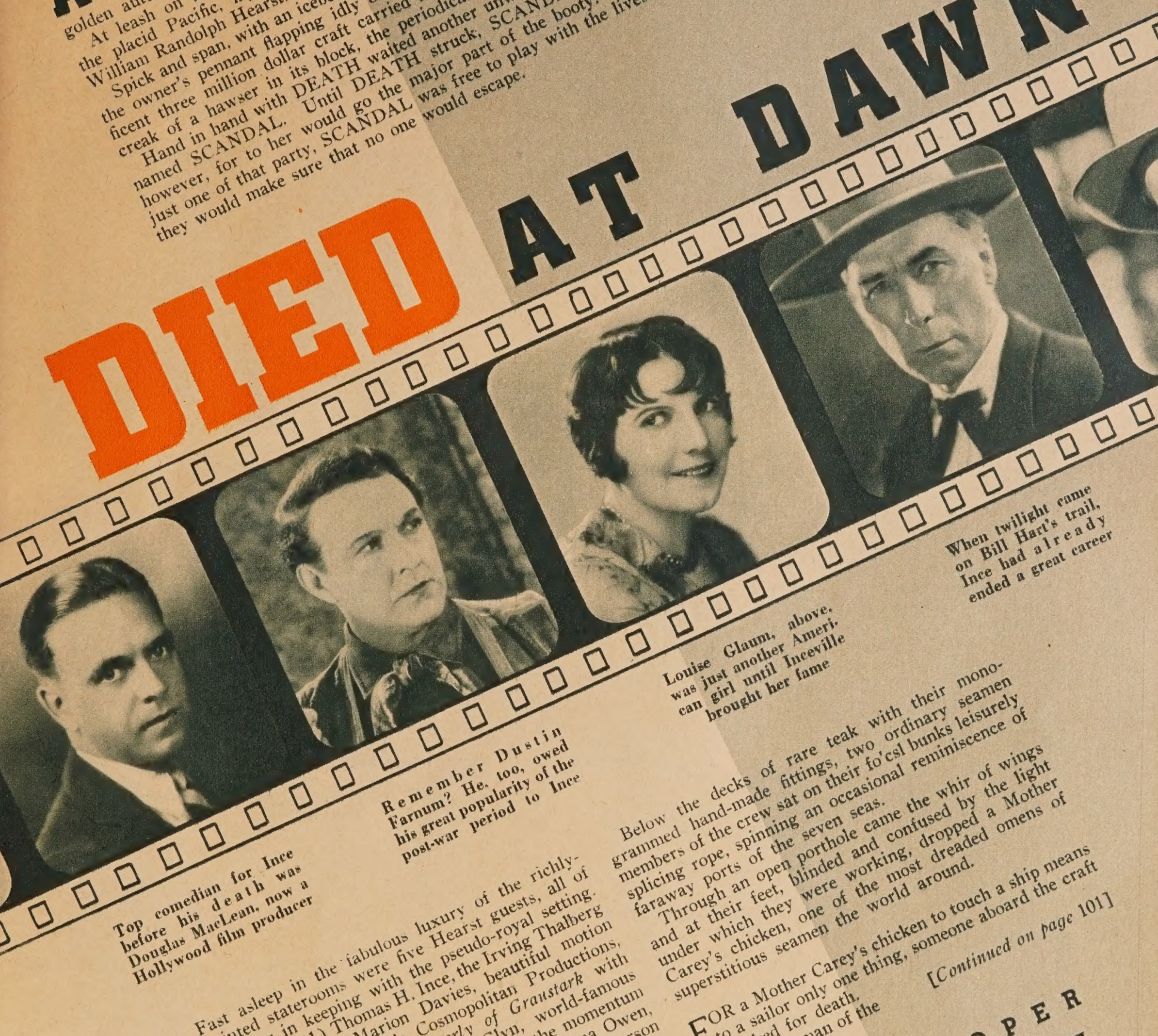
BY MARION COOPER

A BROODING midnight stillness, surcharged with a presentiment of evil, enwrapped beautiful San Diego bay, gem of Balboa's discoveries, as a golden autumn moon rode high the night of November 16, 1924.

At leash on her anchor chain, swaying gently in the ebbing tide of the placid Pacific, lay the palatial yacht of the multi-millionaire publisher, William Randolph Hearst.

Spick and span, with an iceberg's cold white gleam, only her anchorage lights burning, the owner's pennant flapping idly on the topmast at the suggestion of a breeze, the magnificent three million dollar craft carried neither sound nor sign of life aboard save the occasional creak of a hawser in its block, the periodical chime of the ship's clock.

Hand in hand with DEATH waited another unwelcome guest. An ugly, malicious presence named SCANDAL. Until DEATH struck, SCANDAL must wait. She could afford to wait, however, for to her would go the major part of the booty. For whereas DEATH would take just one of that party, SCANDAL was free to play with the lives of all the rest. Between them, they would make sure that no one would escape.



Top comedian for Ince before his death was Douglas MacLean, now a Hollywood film producer

Remember Dustin Farnum? He, too, owed his great popularity of the post-war period to Ince

Louise Glaum, above, was just another American girl until Inceville brought her fame

When twilight came on Bill Hart's trail, Ince had already ended a great career

Fast asleep in the fabulous luxury of the richly-appointed staterooms were five Hearst guests, all of a standing in keeping with the pseudo-royal setting. They were (1) Thomas H. Ince, the Irving Thalberg of his day; (2) Marion Davies, beautiful motion picture star of Hearst's Cosmopolitan Productions, who was then making *Beverly of Graustark* with Antonio Moreno; (3) Elinor Glyn, world-famous English novelist, who was still riding the momentum given her career by *Three Weeks*; (4) Seena Owen, another picture star, and (5) Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, vice president and general director of the Hearst picture enterprise, International Film Service.

And DEATH, the unbidden guest, WAS RIDING THE TOPMAST!

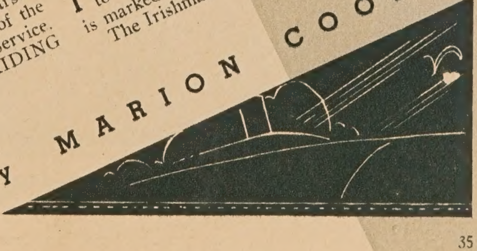
Below the decks of rare teak with their monogrammed hand-made fittings, two ordinary seamen members of the crew sat on their fo'csl bunks leisurely splicing rope, spinning an occasional reminiscence of faraway ports of the seven seas.

Through an open porthole came the whir of wings and at their feet, blinded and confused by the light under which they were working, dropped a Mother Carey's chicken, one of the most dreaded omens of superstitious seamen the world around.

FOR a Mother Carey's chicken to touch a ship means to a sailor only one thing, someone aboard the craft is marked for death.

The Irishman of the

[*Continued on page* 101]



Cornering the stars between trains is rare sport —and hard work! This enterprising reporter brings rare reminiscences to print for first time

CHASING CHOO-CHOOS

By LOUISE LEUNG

HOLLYWOOD is 2,000 miles from Chicago, but in the six railroad stations of that middle-west metropolis newspaper reporters who have never seen Hollywood boulevard are covering the lives and loves of filmland.

Distance is no barrier, for it is a case of the mountain coming to Mahomet. Every day some movie star changes trains in Chicago, and while dashing from a Los Angeles limited to one New York-bound, or vice versa, is trailed by photographers and reporters in zealous pursuit of the latest Hollywood lowdown. There is a system to these caught-on-the-fly interviews, for Chicago reporters can extract—in spite of train whistles, screaming air brakes, autograph-seeking fans, and luggage-seeking redcaps—more information on the celebrity's philosophy and love life in five minutes than is usually forthcoming in an hour.

"Heah's yo' thirteen suitcases, Miss."

"You're my favorite star and I thought you were marvelous in your last picture and—won't you please sign my autograph book?"

"Let's have something different. How 'bout posing on the train steps?"

"Everyone says you two are already married. Is it true?"

In this bedlam of popping flashlights and questions shooting from all directions, the poor star—wiping cinders from her eyes and thinking of the train that MUST be caught—answers, some way. She may be sorry when she sees it in print, but then it's too late.

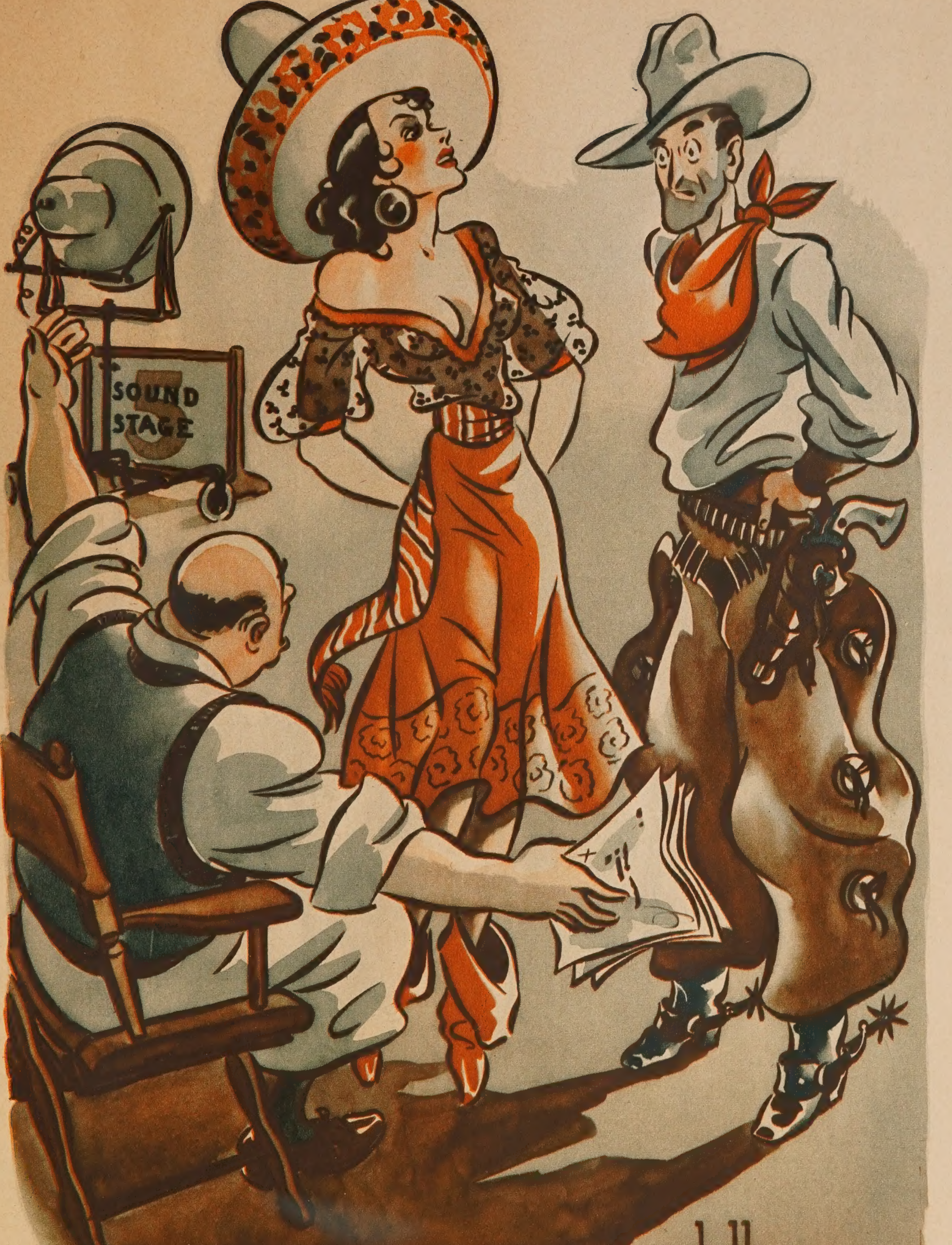
Ginger Rogers was a frequent train traveler. Reporters sized her up—guessed wrong!

Anna Sten, left, couldn't talk English when she reached America, so your reporter found out nothing. But with Greta Garbo, right, it was a case of matching wits

COVERING Hollywood was part of my job on a Chicago tabloid, and reminiscences of those railroad station interviews present a rather accurate picture of the happenings in Hollywood homes and on the sets in those days.

There was, for example, the morning Mary Pickford stood in the sooty Dearborn street station and said: "A career in the movies is the most terrific tragedy than can happen to young people."

Good stuff, that. Our pencils raced on bits of copy paper as Mary continued: "It gives them a false idea of the real values of life. You should see those youngsters, full of enthusiasm and happiness at the huge salaries, the publicity, the glamor. Then you see the worried look come over [*Continued on page 94*]


SOUND STAGE 5
r.c.dell +RU

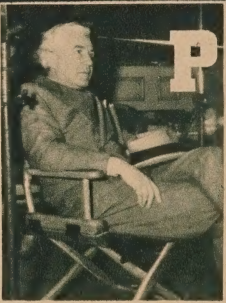
"She says you'll have to take off those spurs during the love scene!"

ABLE GABLE, COY LOY

Quiet, please! Have a sneaking look with us at these two great stars in an intimate love scene! It really is a rare privilege, not freely granted

By EDWARD LAWRENCE

The prelude (above) is sweetly handled by Myrna herself; at the left we have the approach, and below—success! That's how lovin' is done in Hollywood



Director John Stahl

PEEPING from behind a protecting bit of scenery, I watched Director John M. Stahl rehearse Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in a love scene.

"Let's take a chance," Charles Whittaker had suggested a few seconds before as we stood hesitantly before a green sound-stage door.

An ominous sign barred the way. "POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE!!" it commanded authoritatively. The two exclamation marks, not the customary one, caused more than the usual trepidation.

Squeaking noisily, the door violated the sanctity of the quiet stage.

Softly we tiptoed to a secluded corner, bathed in deep shadows.

Clark and Myrna waved silent greetings, but Stahl, fortunately, never looked up.

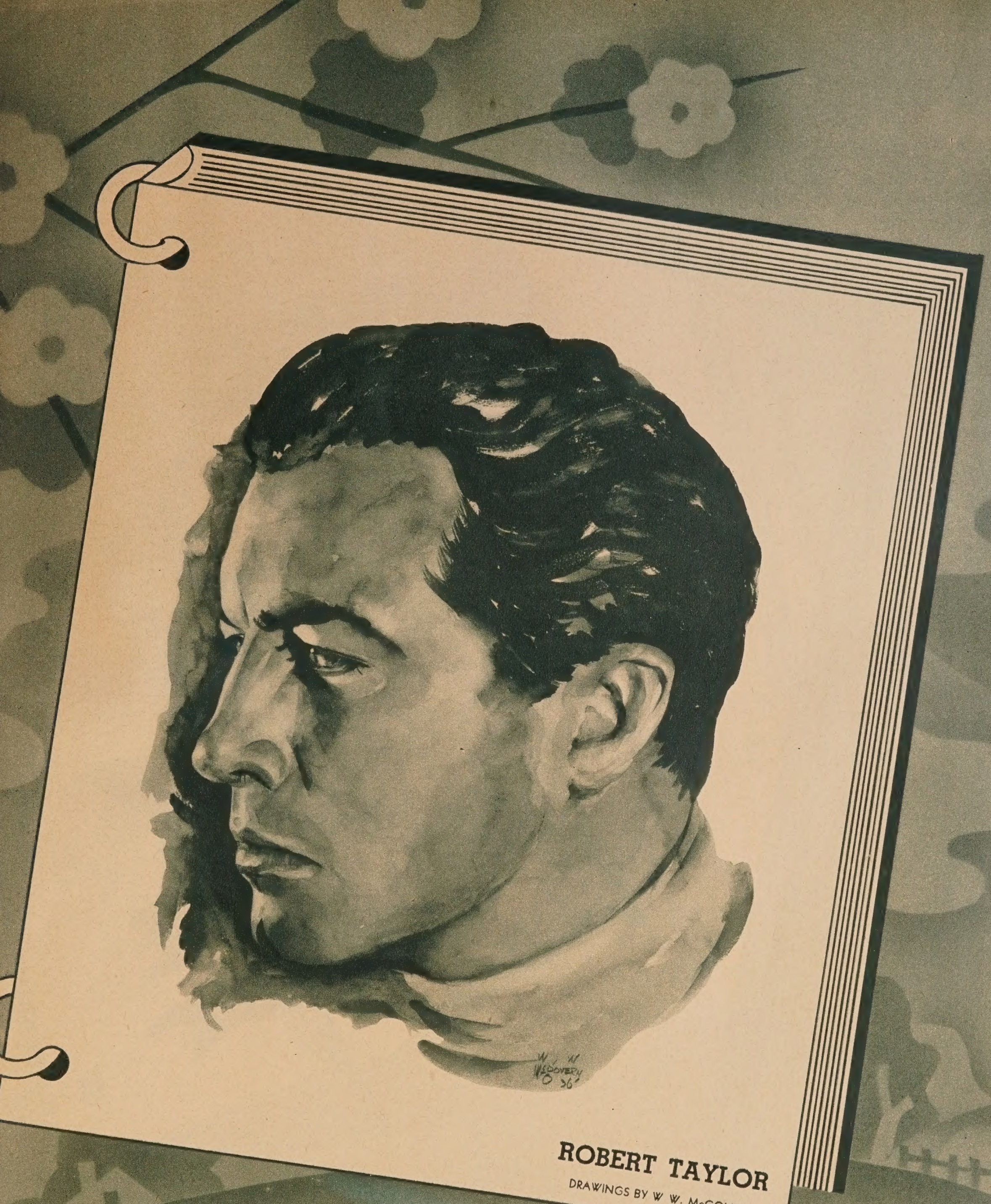
"This is the way John likes to work," Whittaker whispered.

You'll meet Whittaker later. He's the historian and technical adviser on *Parnell*, long-time friend of Stahl, who has every fact and figure about Charles Stewart Parnell and his sweetheart, Katie O'Shea, at his finger tips.

Whittaker is like an automat. A question presses a button, and out pops the answer.

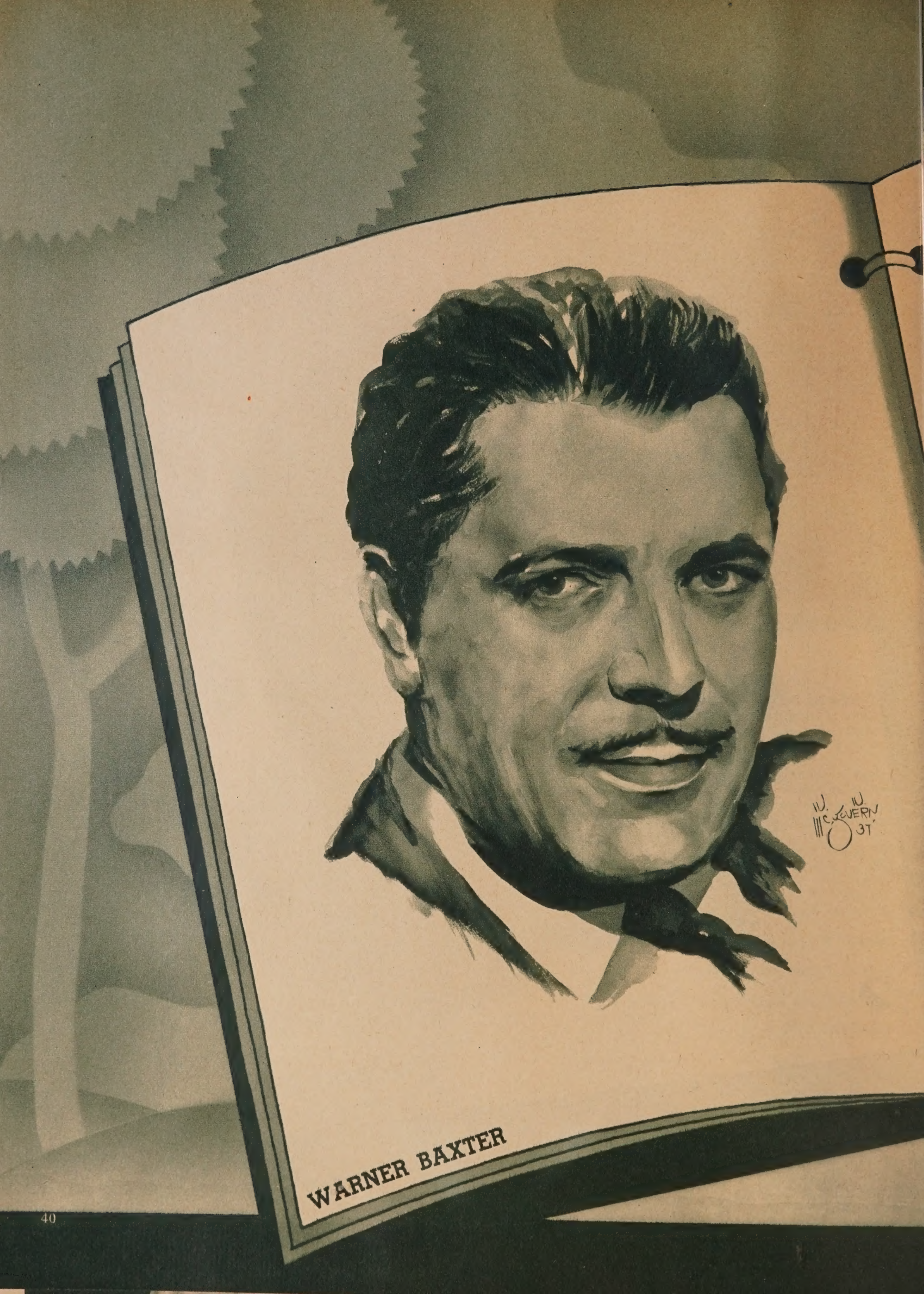
Earlier that morning, Stahl had cleared the stage, except for the stars, his assistant, Red Golden, and the script clerk, Major. Stahl, a meticulous workman, master of tempo, of simple but stirring human emotions,

[*Continued on page* 95]

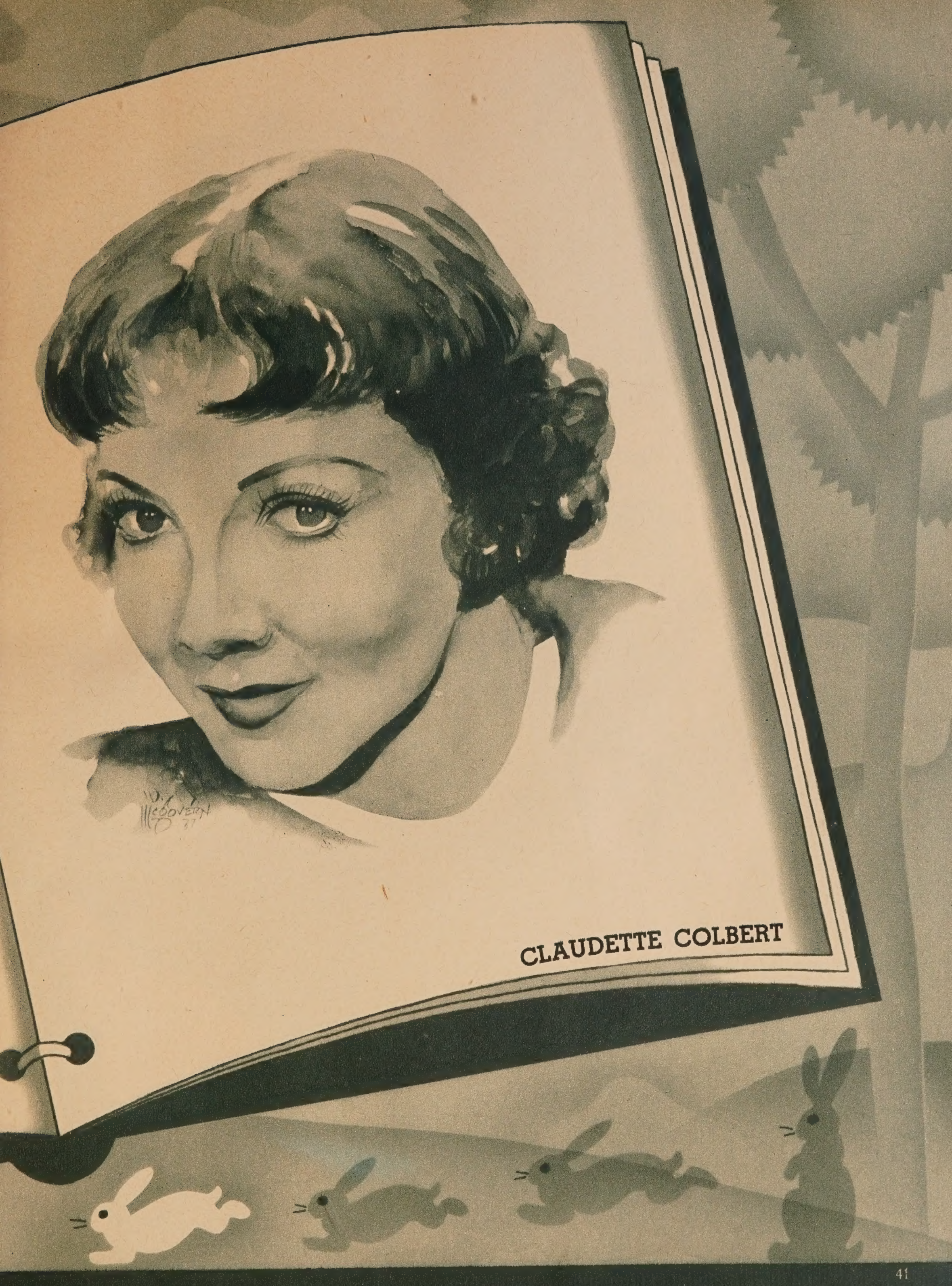

W. W. McGOVERN '36

ROBERT TAYLOR

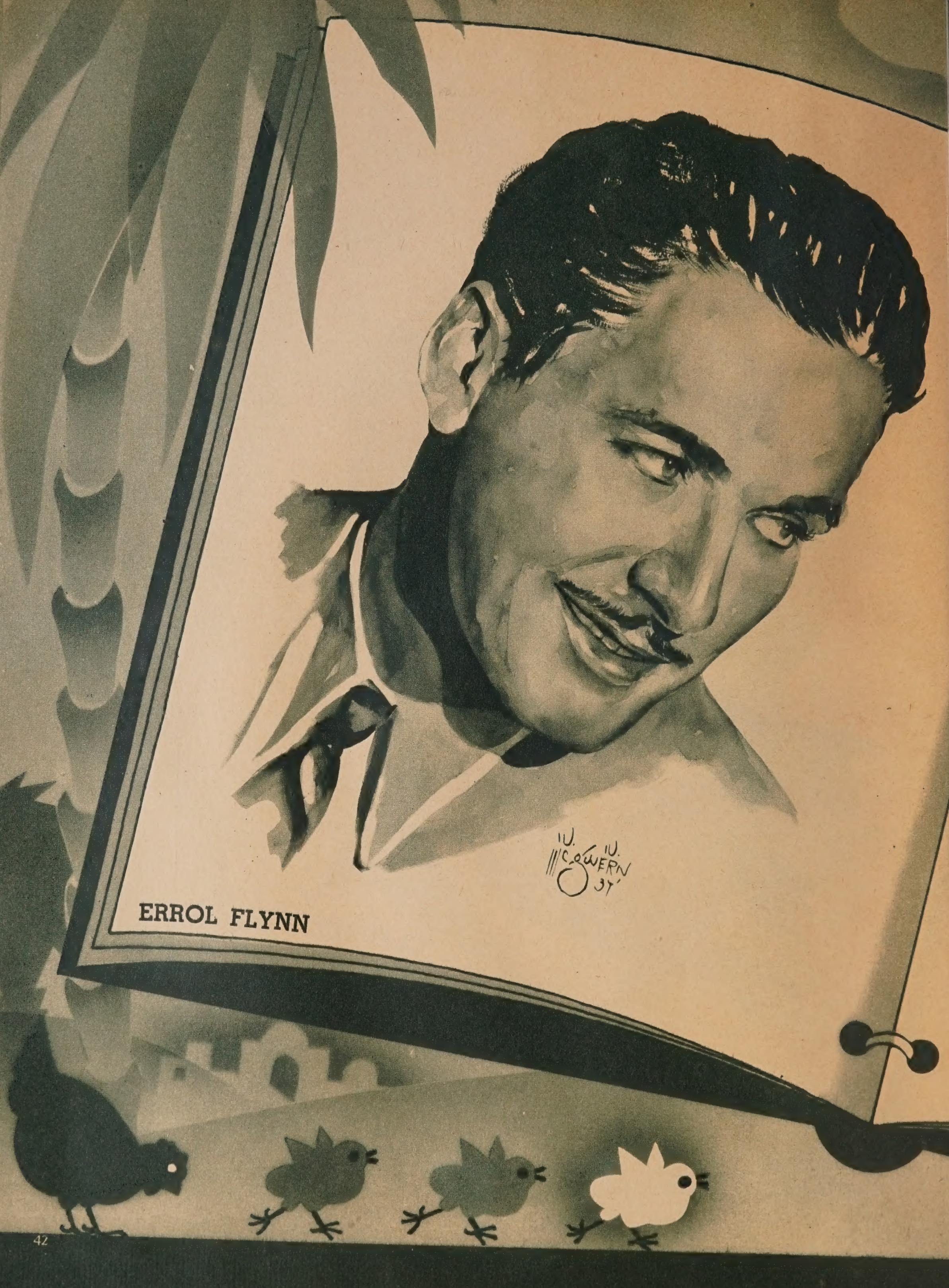
DRAWINGS BY W. W. McGOVERN


W. W. McGOVERN 37'

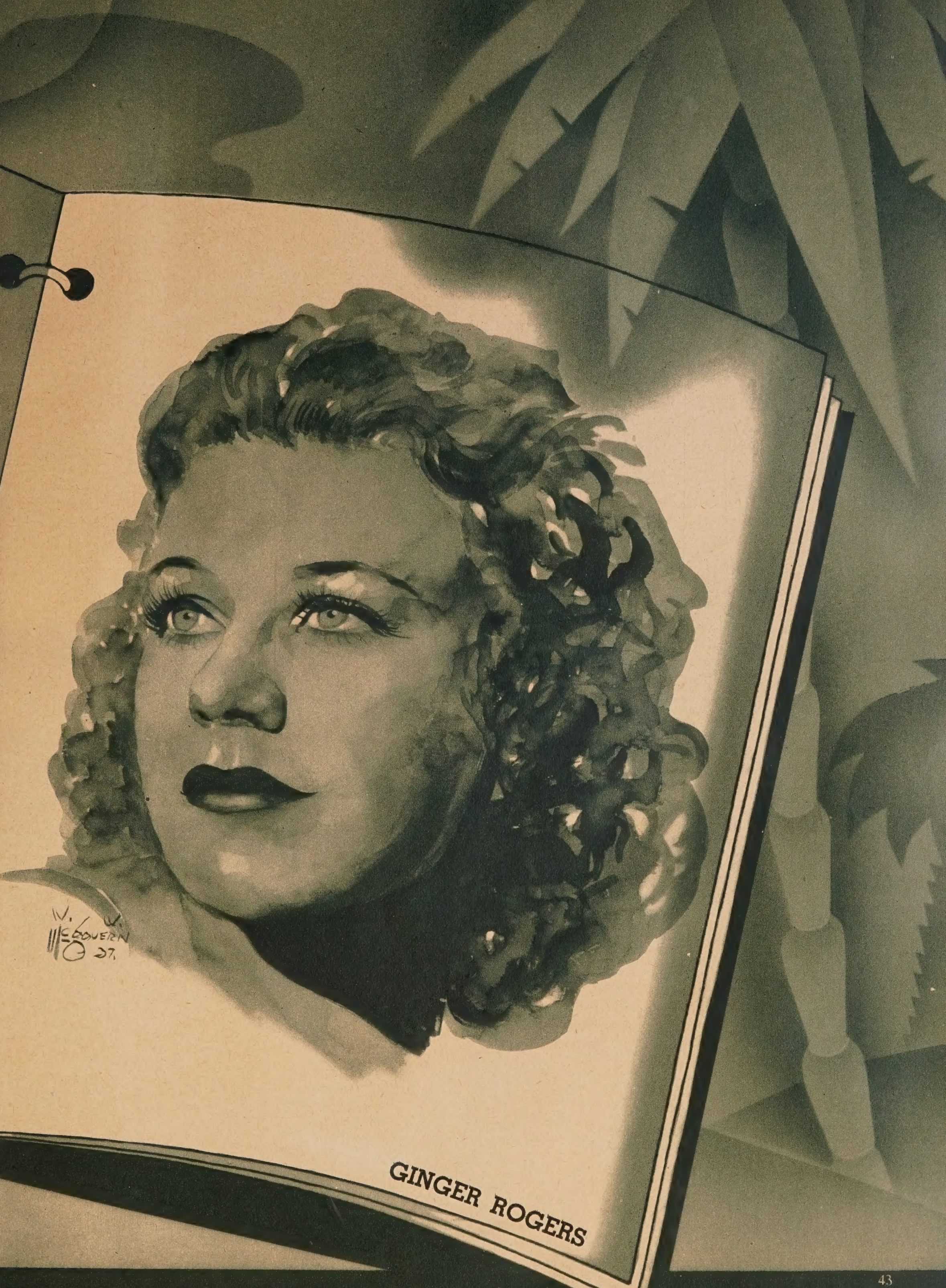
WARNER BAXTER



CLAUDETTE COLBERT


W. W. McGOWERN 37

ERROL FLYNN



W. W. McGOVERN 37.
GINGER ROGERS

DINING OUT

In Ten Languages

IT WAS only a little kitchen where, among the powdery smells of Oriental spice, the No. 1 Chinese cook waved a meat cleaver wildly, shouting instructions in his native tongue. Beyond the sizzling stove, out of the way in a corner, stood Barbara Stanwyck with Robert Taylor, both as gleeful as runaway children.

Nobody paid them any attention whatever. They were just two more customers.

On the fringe of the Los Angeles industrial district, far from the path of the smart diners, this was the last spot where you'd look for famous stars.

Everybody has heard of fashionable restaurants like the Brown Derby, Vendome, Cinegrill and Al Levy's. But there's a group of other eating places—some hardly more than hot dog stands—where, unknown to the general public, stars occasionally drop in for a favorite dish. Egg foo yong, or cheese blintzes, or South Sea poi.

Chinese, Armenian, Hungarian, Tahitian—Hollywood is eating in ten languages including the Scandinavian. Including even the American.

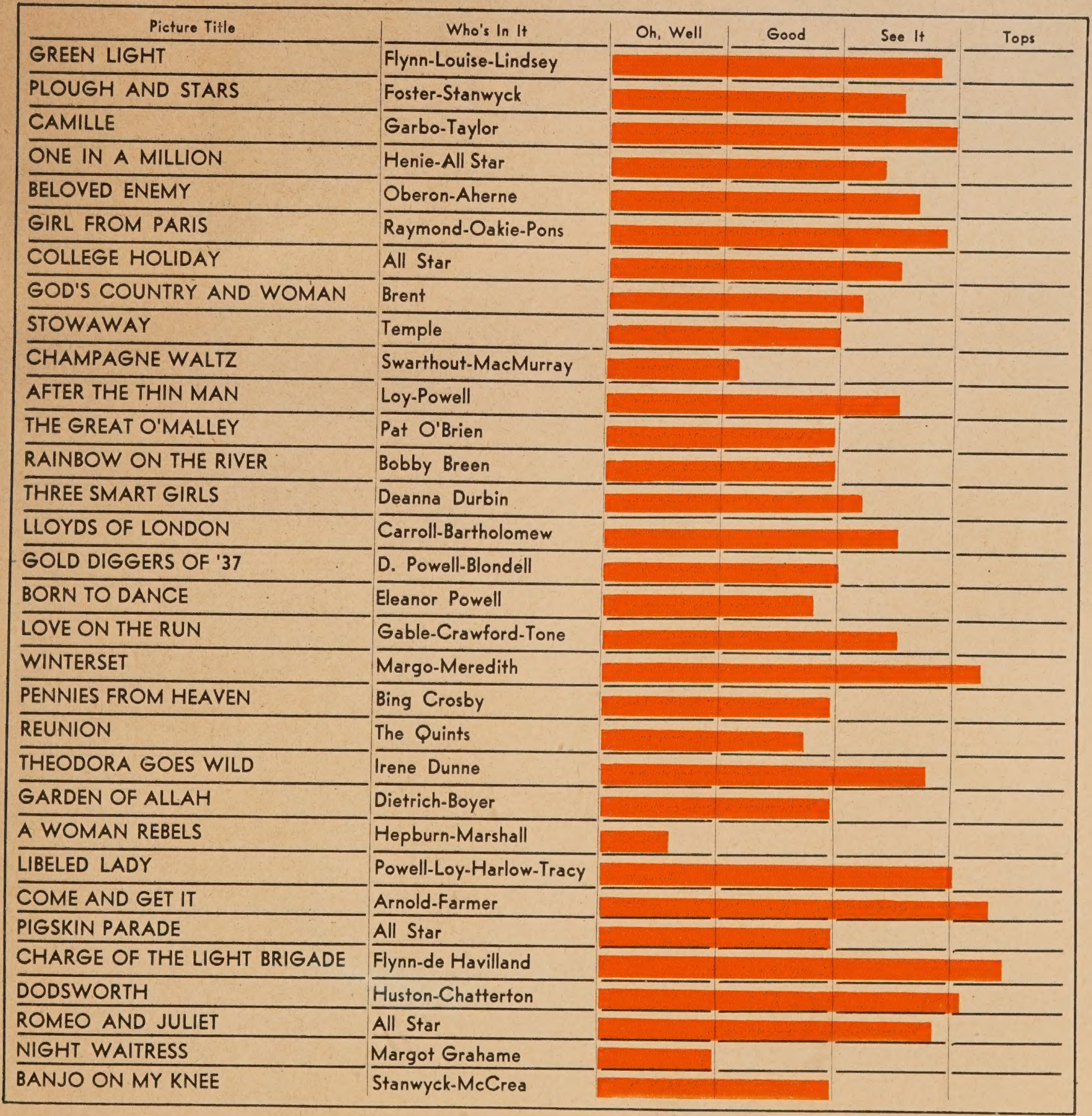
[Continued on page 97]

SCREEN BOOK'S REVIEW CHART

Brian Aherne and Merle Oberon are indeed *Beloved Enemies* in Samuel Goldwyn's picture of the Irish revolution

For glamorous love scenes and an appropriate amount of tears, don't miss Greta Garbo and Bob Taylor in M-G-M's *Camille*

Blonde Anita Louise, brunette Margaret Lindsey, both in love with Errol Flynn. That's one of the problems in *Green Light*



Picture Title	Who's In It
GREEN LIGHT	Flynn-Louise-Lindsey
PLOUGH AND STARS	Foster-Stanwyck
CAMILLE	Garbo-Taylor
ONE IN A MILLION	Henie-All Star
BELOVED ENEMY	Oberon-Aherne
GIRL FROM PARIS	Raymond-Oakie-Pons
COLLEGE HOLIDAY	All Star
GOD'S COUNTRY AND WOMAN	Brent
STOWAWAY	Temple
CHAMPAGNE WALTZ	Swarthout-MacMurray
AFTER THE THIN MAN	Loy-Powell
THE GREAT O'MALLEY	Pat O'Brien
RAINBOW ON THE RIVER	Bobby Breen
THREE SMART GIRLS	Deanna Durbin
LLOYDS OF LONDON	Carroll-Bartholomew
GOLD DIGGERS OF '37	D. Powell-Blondell
BORN TO DANCE	Eleanor Powell
LOVE ON THE RUN	Gable-Crawford-Tone
WINTERSET	Margo-Meredith
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN	Bing Crosby
REUNION	The Quints
THEODORA GOES WILD	Irene Dunne
GARDEN OF ALLAH	Dietrich-Boyer
A WOMAN REBELS	Hepburn-Marshall
LIBELED LADY	Powell-Loy-Harlow-Tracy
COME AND GET IT	Arnold-Farmer
PIGSKIN PARADE	All Star
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE	Flynn-de Havilland
DODSWORTH	Huston-Chatterton
ROMEO AND JULIET	All Star
NIGHT WAITRESS	Margot Grahame
BANJO ON MY KNEE	Stanwyck-McCrea

HOLLYWOOD SELECTS

By SONIA LEE

Clark Gable, Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee and Franchot Tone—these are filmland's nominees for leading roles in the screen version of America's greatest selling book. You asked for this amazing roundup—and here it is!

Franchot Tone (above) runs just ahead of Melvyn Douglas for the role of Ashley

Who could better fit the role of Melanie, the happiness crusader, than Frances Dee?

Clark Gable as Rhett Butler, the dynamic leading character, is almost a unanimous choice

If the stars had their way, no hesitation would be shown in signing Miriam Hopkins as Scarlett O'Hara, the non-conformist. Lacking her, Bette Davis would be another choice

THE CAST FOR "GONE With the WIND"

Irene Dunne's selections hit 75 per cent of Hollywood's concensus on this highly debated subject

WHO is going to be starred in *Gone With the Wind*? That is the burning question in Hollywood right now, and among our readers, too, from Half Moon Hotel in Coney Island to the Golden Gate. This much is news: Four unknown girls will be tested for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in Margaret Mitchell's sensational book. They are: Susan Falligant, University of Georgia student; Louisa Robert, Atlanta debutante; Alicia Rhett, Charleston, S. C., socialite, and Adele Longmire, New Orleans stenographer. Whether one of these girls will land the role of Scarlett is highly questionable. But opportunity knocks! Meantime, Hollywood has selected its own cast for the film—a cast featuring the biggest stars.

During the taking of this casting poll, which we present to you, production was halted on many sets while everyone, including the crew, passionately championed individual choices.

Gone With the Wind will cost Mr. Selznick a lot of money to produce, but it already is proving expensive at many studios in time lost from the jobs at hand, while the free-for-all argument on its casting goes on interminably.

There are four principal characters in Mrs. Mitchell's book. SCARLETT O'HARA, the frighteningly vital non-conformist to tradition; RHETT BUTLER, cruel and courteous, deriding and devoted, a man who fashions events for his own uses. There is ASHLEY WILKES, the dreamer, the bewildered misfit in a changing world. And MELANIE, his wife, the tiny crusader for the happiness of others.

HERE we present Hollywood's vote on *Gone With the Wind*:

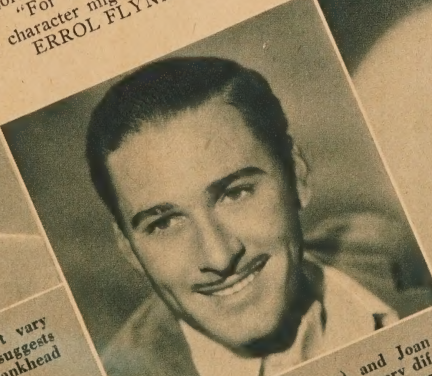
JOAN CRAWFORD: "*I* want to play Scarlett—for here is a varied personality—an arresting creature of strange moods and great strength, an intensely absorbing character.

"For Rhett Butler, *Clark Gable*, of course. The character might have been tailor-made for him."

ERROL FLYNN: "My [*Continued on page 90*]

Joan Crawford's honesty flares forth again. She would like to play the role of Scarlett O'Hara

Dick Powell's nominations might vary sharply from yours. For Scarlett he suggests the former favorite Tallulah Bankhead



Errol Flynn (above) and Joan Bennett (right) have two very different ideas on casting this story

HOLLYWOOD

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

IN THE darkened theater they didn't see me. I heard one girl whisper as my image flashed up there on the screen, "Gee, she's lucky. With all the men crazy about her . . . It must be great to be loved like that!"

Loved like that . . .

They didn't know, of course. They couldn't. But I hope they read this story. I'm writing it for them. And for girls like them who envy Hollywood stars, their fame and glamour—and romance. In thousands of letters they have asked me about love. *Me!* There's only one way to answer. I'm taking that way now.

Of necessity the names I use are fictitious but every incident is true. If it saves one girl from breaking her heart—and breaking others—I'll have paid my debt in some small way. For I owe a debt to those who believe in me, to those who think I epitomize love in its most romantic sense.

I? *I killed love!*

I thought it was something you played with. I thought you wore each new "conquest" like a bright feather in your cap, that the excitement of the chase never let you down. *Dear God! . . .*

We had been in Los Angeles only about a week, my aunt and I, when I met Dick Witters. He and another man had the place next to us in a little bungalow court off Melrose avenue. Dick was a good-looking, quiet boy with the dark eyes of an idealist. "A writer," I thought. And he was—of a sort. He was in the publicity department of World Famous studios. When I found that out I decided to meet him. A man with real studio contacts! All my life I had adored acting and I'd dragged my aunt to Hollywood after a good deal of argument. "We haven't enough money," she protested, "and besides I read in the papers where a person has only a ten thousand-to-one chance of making good in the movies and . . ."

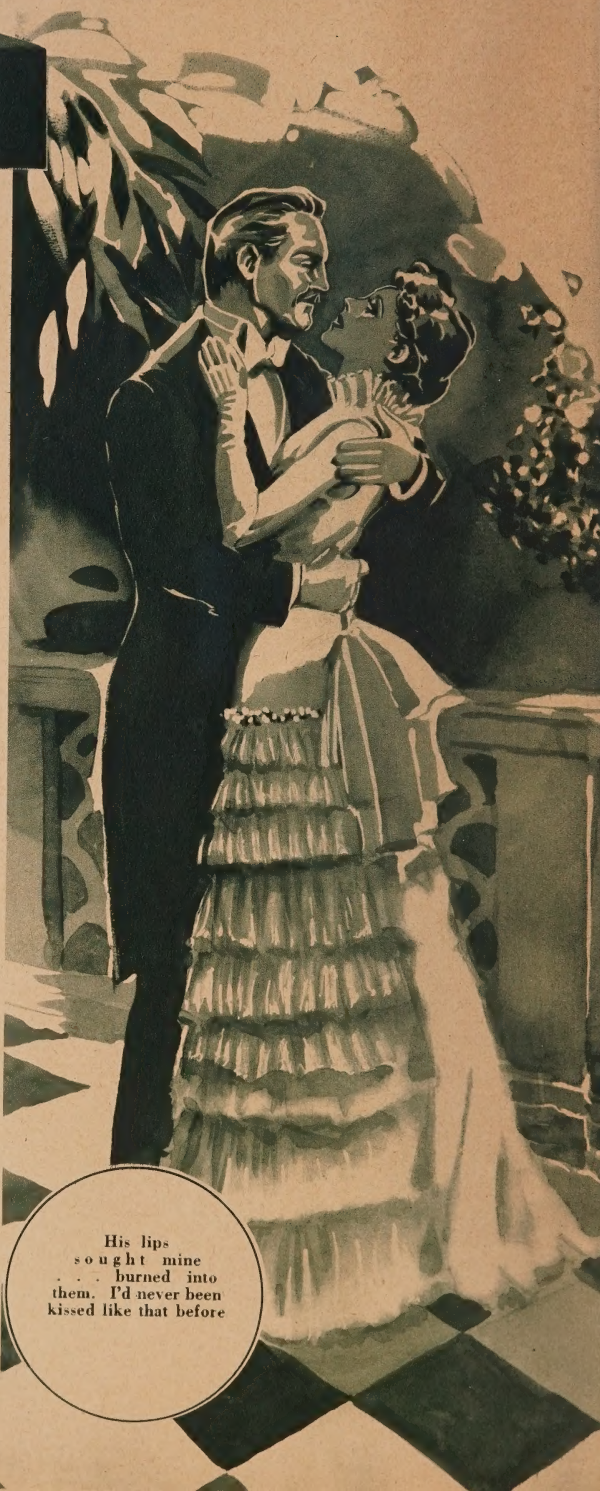
"You watch *me*," I said confidently.

DICK, I decided, was as good a point to start from as any. We exchanged smiles over the milk bottles one morning and the next evening he took me to the neighborhood theater for the nine o'clock show. "Like a busman on his night off," he laughed. "I *think* movies all day long—and go to see them at night."

"I wouldn't mind being that kind of busman!" I retorted. He laughed again. "So the bug has bitten you too, eh?"

"I'm out here to go into pictures," I said solemnly. He patted my hand and tucked it under his arm. "You're a cute little thing. *Dorothy Doner*—that would look swell on a marquee all in lights. I tell you, Dorothy, you come over to the studio tomorrow and I'll arrange for you to meet our casting director . . ."

That was the way it started.



His lips sought mine . . . burned into them. I'd never been kissed like that before

LOVE THIEF

The lurid love life of a film star—revealing her innermost thoughts! You've never read a frank confession like this, baring the blackest depths of a woman's soul. Don't miss a word of it!

Illustrations by Bruno

I got quite a bit of "extra" work after that. And oh, how I studied the stars and tried to mimic them in front of my mirror at night! Dick and I fell into the habit of having dinner together over at Sandy's or the West End Grill. Usually some of his crowd were there. Other boys from the publicity department or newspapermen. After a while, because I was Dick's girl, they began running my picture in the papers whenever they could, and putting in little notices.

"You'll get there, Dot, don't you worry," he encouraged me. "You're pretty enough with that red-gold hair of yours and those eyes. But it's something more than that. That little smile you have—I tell you, honey, it gets under a fellow's skin . . ."

"Does it get under yours?" I said softly.

For answer he caught me to him, kissed my throat, my lips. "You adorable kid!" his voice was rough-edged with feeling. I let myself melt against him, respond to his kisses.

WE BECAME engaged that night. At last we had an "understanding." And the following morning he telephoned me exultantly from the studio. "Great news, honey! I've wangled you the job of Queen of the Flower Show! It means your picture spread all over the roto section next Sunday—and baby, it ought to bring results!"

It did. Pierce Overman saw it. *The* Pierce Overman. He sent for me. Afterwards I never knew quite how I got out to Professional Productions and managed to find his office. He was a tall man with graying hair and a rugged, well-groomed look. I had heard that women were mad about him and that he remained strangely indifferent to most of them. But his smile now was kindly, considerate. "This is a historical production, the one I'm directing now, Miss Doner," he explained. "Frankly, I want a new name for this particular role. It's not a big role but it *can* mean a lot to you."

There was a test. A very careful test that Overman directed himself. Then I was signing a contract. I hate to think what I was like during those first days on the picture. So strained and awkward with fright. If it hadn't been for the infinite patience of Pierce Overman I would have been a miserable failure. He taught me how to get meaning into my lines, how to act. "You look so darn' *vulnerable,*" he told me once. "If the camera can catch that . . ."

He worked furiously. Fourteen, sixteen hours a day. When I was near the breaking point it was his arm that supported me. "Poor tired, little kid," he'd say gently—and let me curl up in his lap.

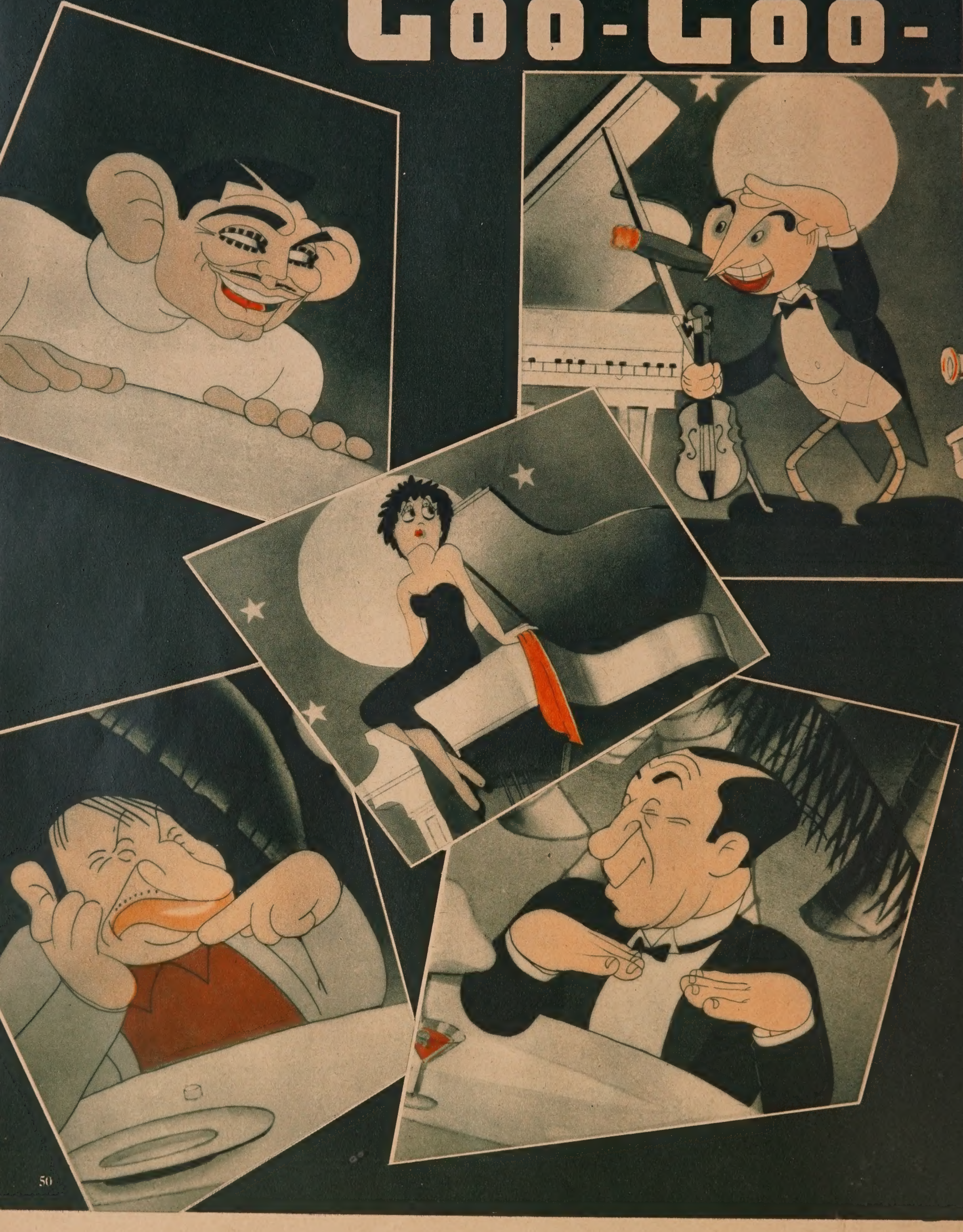
I knew well enough my power over men by this time. They never made a "pass" at me. Their attitude was tender, protective. It never occurred to me that that power was not something to play with, that it could be a terrific instrument of destruction.

The night the new Overman epic was previewed every critic of consequence was on hand. I sat between him and Dick clinging to both of them in a frenzy of fear all through the picture. The next day Pierce Overman sent for me again. He was smiling. Dozens of press clippings were on the desk in front of him. "You're a sensation, Dorothy. When this picture is released you'll be the star of the hour. And in the meantime—I'm signing you for the lead in *Star Dust.* Don't you think we might celebrate this evening?"

I felt a rich thrill sweep

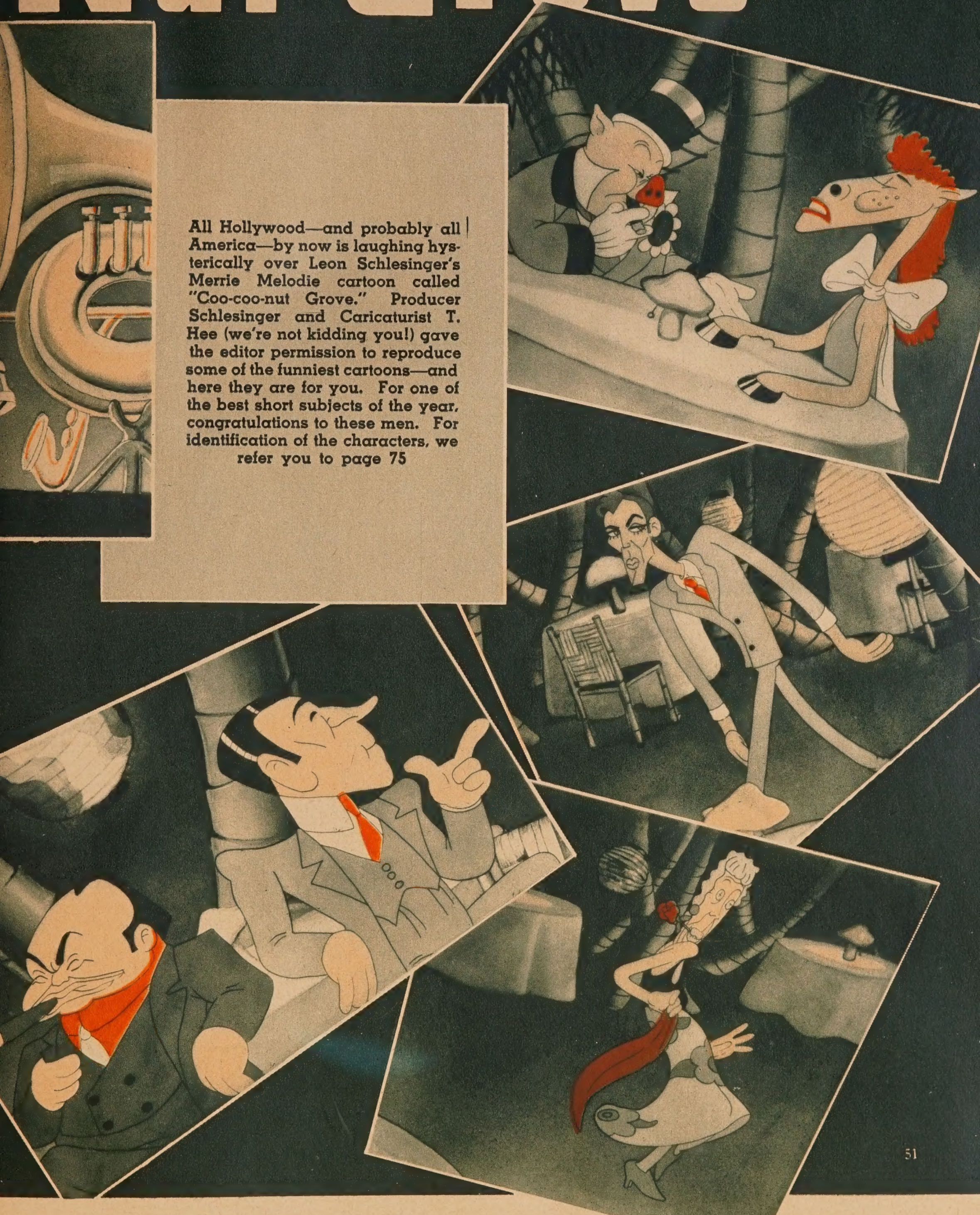
[*Continued on page* 88]

Coo-Coo-



Nut Grove

All Hollywood—and probably all America—by now is laughing hysterically over Leon Schlesinger's Merrie Melodie cartoon called "Coo-coo-nut Grove." Producer Schlesinger and Caricaturist T. Hee (we're not kidding you!) gave the editor permission to reproduce some of the funniest cartoons—and here they are for you. For one of the best short subjects of the year, congratulations to these men. For identification of the characters, we refer you to page 75



CLAUDETTE CONFESSES with BUSHELS of BLUSHES

We frankly asked this star about her sex appeal. She was covered with confusion! What followed was an earful

By HARRY LANG

Playing the role of Cleopatra, above, Miss Colbert had plenty of sex appeal. Center, how she looked as a stage actress in 1927. Below, she shows that amazing sparkle while sipping cokes with Fred MacMurray, left, and Robert Young

AHEM! - - -

. . . if your shock-and-blush point is a bit too low on the caloric scale, or if you're a teeny-weeny mite squeamish about the elemental business of Sex Appeal and how to put it on—well, if you're like that, then maybe you'd better just skip this story . . .!

Because (as Mae West said when she refused to be the first woman to kiss Ripley's never-been-kissed youth) "I wouldn't have it on my conscience!"

Not that this story is *about* Mae West. Oh, no! It's about a girl who packs more sex-appeal in one swish than Mae West does in two reels of wiggles! It's about Claudette Colbert.

And right at the outset, here's a double-barrelled "Hollywood inside" about Claudette:

Barrel No. 1—By the practically unanimous opinion of Hollywood's sophisticated males — directors, writers, fellow-actors, and just plain lookers-on —Claudette Colbert holds the current sex-appeal championship of the screen, against *all* comers.

Barrel No. 2—But (and this is really astounding!) Claudette herself actually blushes and stammers in embarrassment and confusion, like a 15-year-old schoolgirl, when you tell her so!

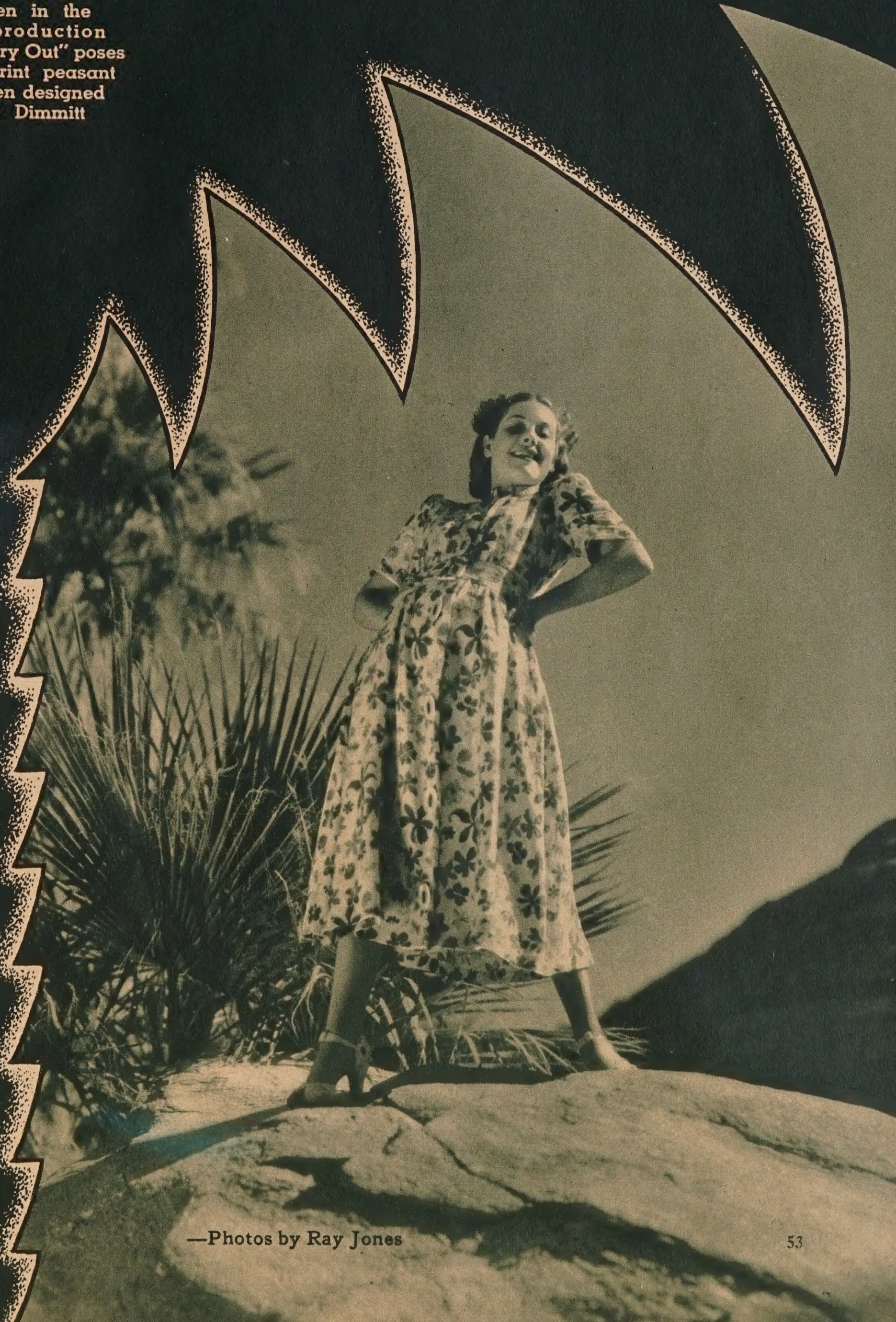
At least, she did when I told her so and asked her to give her Recipe for Sex Appeal, so that other girls might read and study and get their man. Honestly, believe it or not, Claudette sat there on the couch in her dressing room, and blushed furiously.

Now that blush, by the way, really told a great deal more about Claudette, in the minute it took to come and go, than 10,000 words of interview. Because, after all, it's easy for an actress to "put on an act" for an interviewer, and it's easy enough for an actress to say words in an interview, whether she really means them or not. *But you can't fake a blush!*

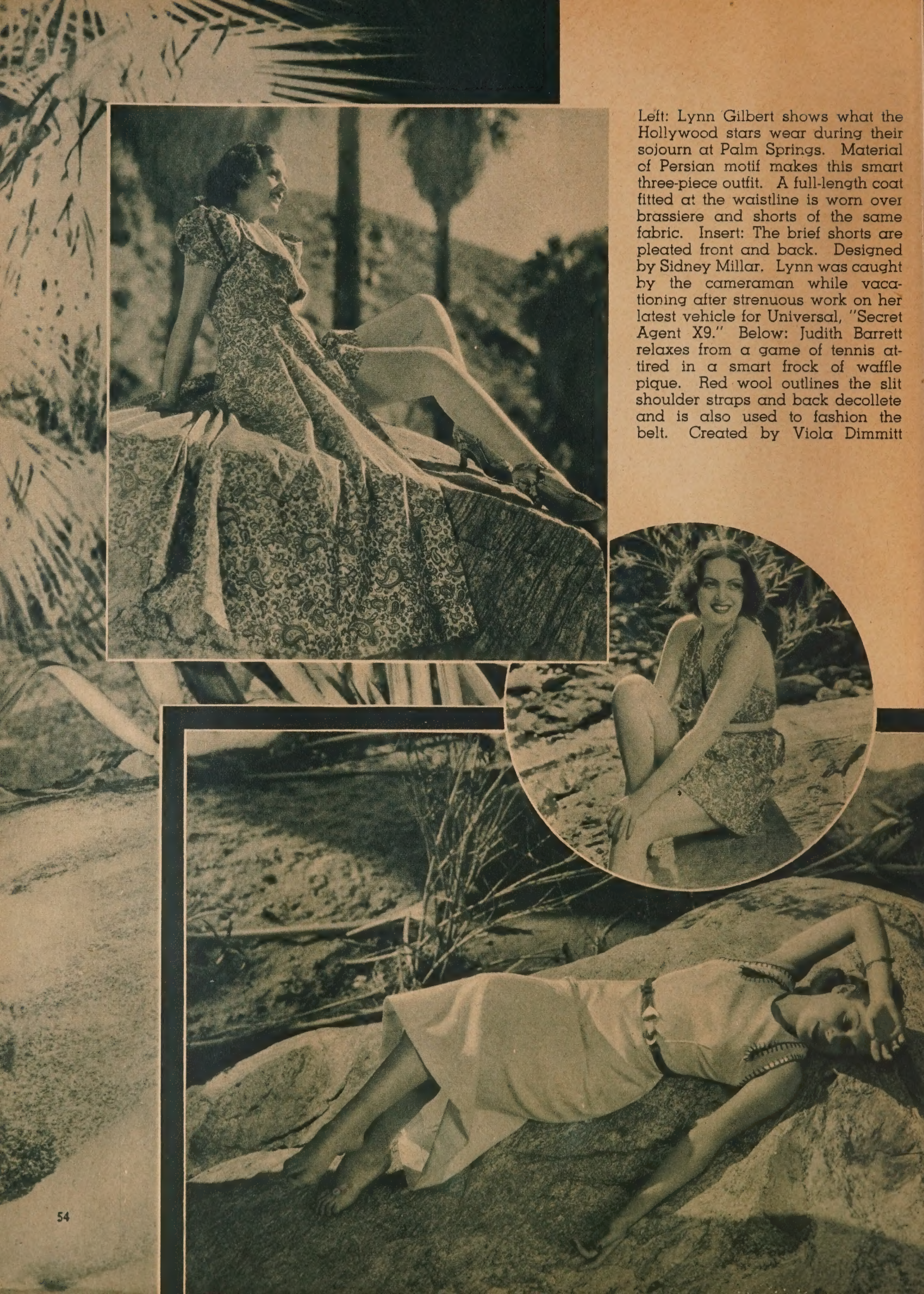
And any girl who, after achieving Hollywood [*Continued on page* 84]

PALM SPRINGS

Judith Barrett soon to be seen in the Universal production "The Stones Cry Out" poses in a gay print peasant dress of linen designed by Viola Dimmitt

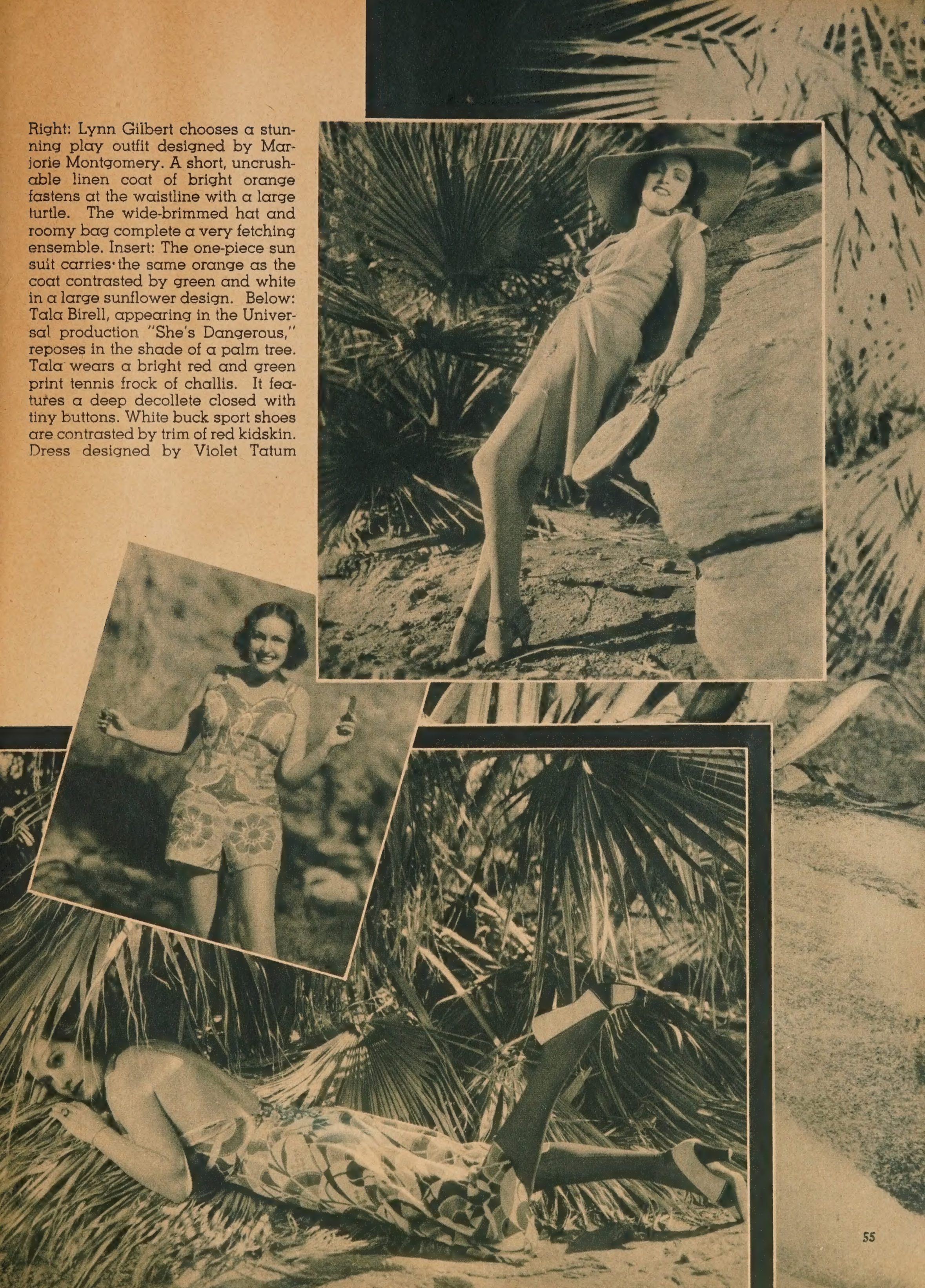


—Photos by Ray Jones

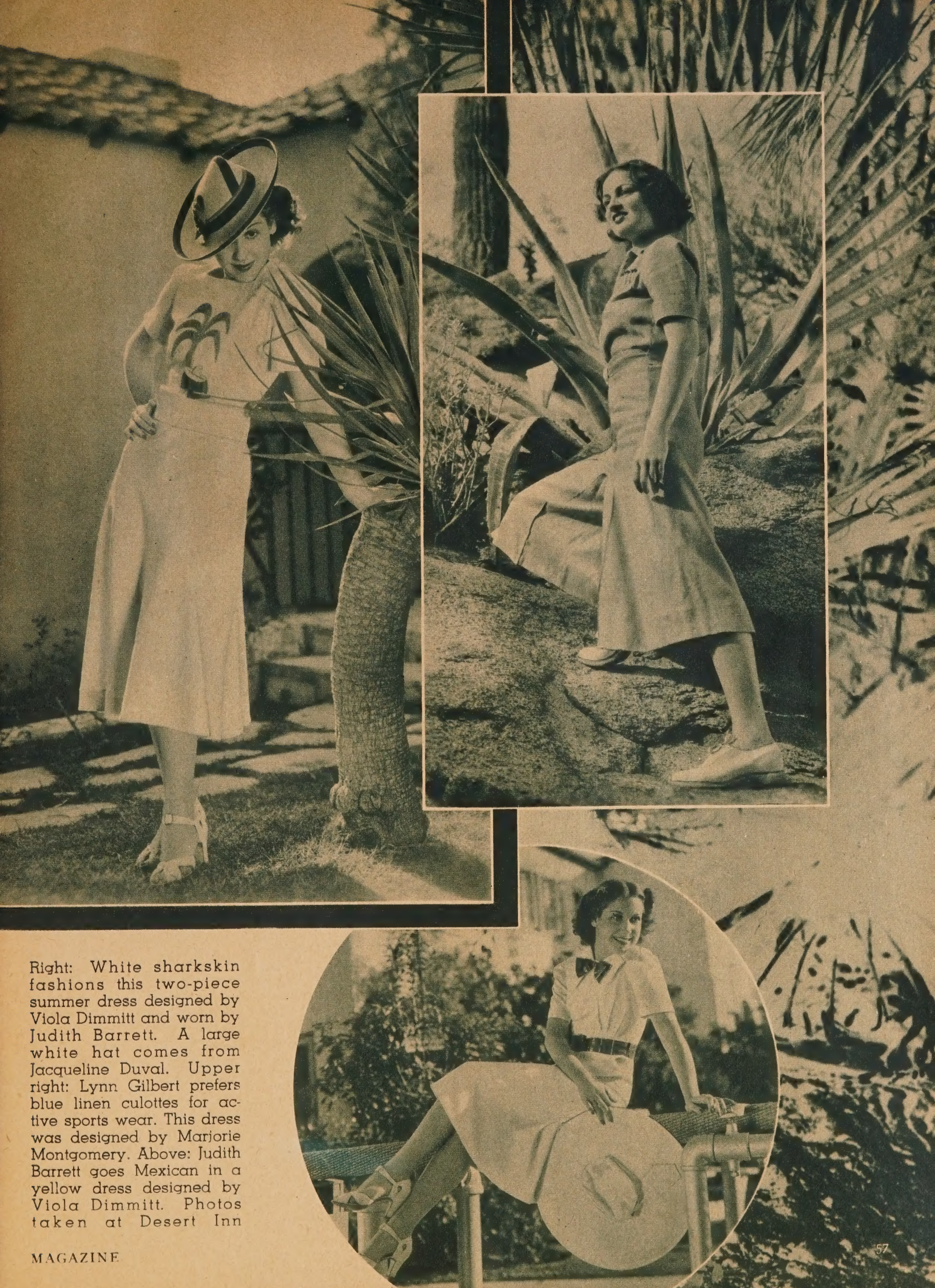


Left: Lynn Gilbert shows what the Hollywood stars wear during their sojourn at Palm Springs. Material of Persian motif makes this smart three-piece outfit. A full-length coat fitted at the waistline is worn over brassiere and shorts of the same fabric. Insert: The brief shorts are pleated front and back. Designed by Sidney Millar. Lynn was caught by the cameraman while vacationing after strenuous work on her latest vehicle for Universal, "Secret Agent X9." Below: Judith Barrett relaxes from a game of tennis attired in a smart frock of waffle pique. Red wool outlines the slit shoulder straps and back decollete and is also used to fashion the belt. Created by Viola Dimmitt

Right: Lynn Gilbert chooses a stunning play outfit designed by Marjorie Montgomery. A short, uncrushable linen coat of bright orange fastens at the waistline with a large turtle. The wide-brimmed hat and roomy bag complete a very fetching ensemble. Insert: The one-piece sun suit carries the same orange as the coat contrasted by green and white in a large sunflower design. Below: Tala Birell, appearing in the Universal production "She's Dangerous," reposes in the shade of a palm tree. Tala wears a bright red and green print tennis frock of challis. It features a deep decollete closed with tiny buttons. White buck sport shoes are contrasted by trim of red kidskin. Dress designed by Violet Tatum



Left: Violet Tatum created this striking print dress worn by Tala Birell. Jacqueline Duval designed the blue felt hat. Upper left: A dash of the peasant and a bit reminiscent of the overall is this dude ranch attire worn so charmingly by Judith Barrett. This typical California sports dress was designed by Viola Dimmitt. Above: Another Violet Tatum creation is this waffle pique evening gown worn by Tala



Right: White sharkskin fashions this two-piece summer dress designed by Viola Dimmitt and worn by Judith Barrett. A large white hat comes from Jacqueline Duval. Upper right: Lynn Gilbert prefers blue linen culottes for active sports wear. This dress was designed by Marjorie Montgomery. Above: Judith Barrett goes Mexican in a yellow dress designed by Viola Dimmitt. Photos taken at Desert Inn

Who's Afraid of the Big Bad KARLOFF?

He's the Walking Dead, Frankenstein, and other equally awful things—but like as not he's a good host, along with his charming wife who is pictured above in the spacious garden with him

By ALEEN WETSTEIN

A werewolf's only a werewolf, but a good, rousing scare's no joke

I'M GOING to be a very good girl, I told myself, and go smack dab up to Boris Karloff's house without getting goose-bumps once, because he is probably a very nice man underneath. Just because I've seen him chop somebody to bits, burn somebody at the stake and dissect somebody alive, all in the movies, is all the reason more why he should be gentle and tractable between pictures. Besides, I thought, I'll be scared enough without him committing mayhem.

So I drove thoughtfully up the loveliest canyon, and stopped in front of Karloff's house. It had a big, high fence about it with a little white gate, and the house itself was set in a swarm of trees. I walked up to the gate and tried to get it open, but it wouldn't open. I even said, "Open sesame." But nothing happened.

This is funny, I thought, 'cause I had an appointment with Mr. Karloff at three-thirty and it's ten-after-four now. (I'm always late.) So there was nothing else to do, as I am too much of a lady to yell for somebody to open the door, so I climbed over it.

This was hard to do, and I had to stop somebody in the road to give me a boost, but finally I was across the fence and in a garden. I was just looking about, thinking how nice it would look in Technicolor, when I was suddenly pounced upon by three dogs. One dog, or even two dogs, I might have taken in stride, but three was too much for me, inasmuch as they all looked alike and might have been sisters.

They had me completely surrounded and I was just ready to wave a white flag or a flesh-colored leg in their direction, when I realized they weren't angry at me at all. In fact, they were very glad to see me and this was their way of showing their enthusiasm. Of course, I thought one got a little TOO enthusiastic when he wiped his tongue across my face, but I didn't say anything. Anyhow, they were very excited, and so happy, they leaped all over me, and

[*Continued on page* 68]

A FEW more days and the world's easiest contest will close forever—and with it the chance to win any one of 64 cash prizes totalling $1,000.00!

Here is one contest you cannot afford to miss. To compete for the prizes all you have to do is name your favorite star. Then tell why you made that choice, using not more than 20 words. Didn't we say it was easy?

The movie star you vote for is your own business and has nothing to do with winning the contest. Winners will be selected on a basis for merit when the judges consider the 20 word statements submitted by each contestant.

And here's another important item. This magazine wants to know who is America's ranking screen star in the hearts of the fans. So when you vote for the actor you like best—and NOT just the one you think might win—you will be doing that star a priceless favor. This is YOUR chance to show your loyalty to your favorite screen personality, no matter how insignificant he may be. The editor expects some comparatively unknown star to shine in this contest because his (or her) fans stuck by their guns.

Don't let the photos on this page sway you! We want your honest selection from the thousands of screen players you have seen. Remember, it's EASY to enter. Just clip the coupon, write down the name of your favorite, tell why you chose him (or her) in 20 words or less. That's all. The contest closes April 1, 1937. Mail in your ballot NOW! You may win a big cash prize.

PRIZES

$1,000.00 In Cash—64 Big Prizes

1st Prize—$300.00

2nd Prize—$200.00

3rd Prize—$100.00

4th Prize—$ 50.00

5th to 15th Prizes—$10.00 Each

15th to 65th Prizes—$ 5.00 Each

There's Still Time!

Enter The $1,000 Popularity Vote!

Will Shirley Temple, above, win first place in this big contest? She may, because she has many loyal followers. But so do Fred Astaire, Kay Francis, Clark Gable and Joan Crawford (above), as well as many others. Your vote for YOUR favorite will help determine the outcome

CONTEST RULES

1. To enter this contest it is only necessary to name your favorite screen player (man or woman) on the coupon published for that purpose, and tell why you voted for this star in twenty words or less.

2. Prizes will be awarded those contestants supplying the best and most original reasons (in twenty words or less) for voting, regardless of the position held by the stars in the final standings. The entry chosen as best by the judges will receive the $300 first prize; the second best entry will receive $200 second prize, etc. In case of ties, duplicate prizes for the amount named will be awarded tying contestants.

3. Contestants may enter this contest, and thus vote for their favorite, as many times as they desire; but each entry must be printed, written or typewritten on a ballot coupon as published in this magazine.

4. Editors of Fawcett Publications and Motion Picture Productions are judges in this contest and their decisions shall be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding entries in this contest. Entries will not be returned.

5. No employees of Fawcett Publications and Motion Picture Publications or members of their families are eligible to compete in this contest.

6. This contest closes April 1, 1937. Entries postmarked later than that date will not be considered in this contest. Elaborate and bulky entries in this contest are discouraged. As prizes are to be awarded for reasons given for voting for your favorite screen player, your chances of winning will not be enhanced by sending in an elaborate entry.

7. After you have filled out the coupon, send it by mail to SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. You may paste your entry on the back of a postcard, or send it in an envelope, first class mail. It is not necessary to accompany your ballot with a letter.

Send this ballot to:
Screen Star Popularity Contest
7046 Hollywood Boulevard,
Hollywood, California.

Send this ballot today. It may elect your favorite player No. 1 Star. and win $300 for you.

Of all actresses and actors appearing in motion pictures, I prefer:

.. (Name only one player)

Now tell in twenty words or less why you voted for the above named player:

....

....

....

....

My name is ....

Street address .... **City** .... **State** ....

(B)

For lovelier hands, follow advice offered by charming Margaret Lindsay

HANDY facts

By JANET LYNN

"WHAT a place for a beauty interview!" laughed Margaret Lindsay as she slapped and brushed at the "snow" which powdered her dark hair and clung in little wintry ridges to her fur coat.

I had come to see Margaret on the *Slim* set at Warner Bros. Studio, a picture in which she plays the only feminine role . . . and had thereby stepped into a swirling, howling, man-made blizzard. Actors stood muffled to the eyebrows, as artificial snow raced in a white frenzy before the onslaught of powerful wind machines.

"And if you dare to say one word about 'Gone With the Wind' . . ." Margaret threatened.

"Not a word," I promised. "But there *is* something wrong with this picture—where are your mittens?"

"It would be hard on my hands if it were real snow, wouldn't it?" she smiled. "But as it is, I'll soon be out taking a sun bath, covered with oil and getting a nice tan. There . . . they've stopped the wind machines."

Lily-white hands have no place in Margaret's scheme of beauty, she told me. "I believe the hands should match the color of the face and arms," she said, "and since I go in for sun-tanning the year 'round, I try to keep my hands the same shade as the rest of my body."

In cultivating her golden-tan coloring, Margaret gives the same protection to her hands as she does to her face and body by covering them with oil before exposure to the sun's rays. And here's a little secret which you can put into use this summer when the thermometer goes up and up and you begin considering the effectiveness of a rich tan with your new white clothes. To a bottle of her favorite sun-tan oil, Margaret adds two or three drops of iodine, which she [*Continued on page* 74]

Margaret explains the care of her hands and the art of posing them gracefully

Pretty Girl

Don't let Blackheads..Large Pores..Blemishes spoil your looks!

Miss Virginia Harris says: "I've learned to fight hateful blackheads and blemishes with Pond's Cold Cream. It keeps pores fine, too!"

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN: "I depend entirely upon Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin clean, smooth, and free from skin faults. I use it night and day. It's indispensable."

Fight them with rousing UNDER SKIN treatment

MEN get the difference at a glance! Blackheads, blemishes, even coarse pores make the prettiest girl into a "plain Jane."

Well, you don't *have* to be plain!

Those little faults that dot your skin are easy to reach. They start just *underneath!*

Begin today to use the rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment. It tones up faulty oil glands—chief cause of blackheads and blemishes. Livens circulation. Invigorates the under tissues, so your *outer* skin will be clear . . . fine textured . . . flawless! The fresh unspoiled skin that makes people say "Pretty girl."

Do this twice daily . . . Here's the simple Pond's treatment hundreds of women follow. It's easy to do.

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions, wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly.* Rouse that faulty underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, unblemished skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

Do this regularly. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CD, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________State__________

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A Co-ed Pal Tells Tales On Taylor!

[*Continued from page* 29]

seem to help the shy fellows along much, they're pretty tough on the chap who is quiet and backward.

"Well, we didn't understand Brugh and consequently he didn't get along very well for quite awhile after he came out to Claremont. He used to go down to 'Mom Salde's' place (that's the college 'hangout' restaurant) and just sit there for hours during his time between classes and read a paper or a book. One day I walked in there with one of the girls and he was sitting at the counter. I finally decided that it was a bit boorish of us not to be nice to him once in awhile so I mustered up a bit of courage and spoke to him. Gosh! you could have knocked me over with a feather when he spoke to us and seemed quite human. From then on I understand that if someone would be a bit decent to him, he'd really be a pretty good guy."

THAT same girl phoned me the other day to tell me a bit excitedly that she'd happened to see Robert Taylor in the Vendome at luncheon recently. "I thought, just for fun, that I'd catch his eye and see what happened," she said, "so I did. And he immediately came over to my table, and sat down, 'Gee! it's nice to see you, Aileen,' he greeted me, and we sat and chatted about Pomona for about an hour. You know, Maxie, that Taylor is really a swell guy. Boy! how he's changed."

Bob Taylor had a head start on screen manners when he took college campus dramatics. Here he is shown in a scene from a play staged at Pomona College, a small school forty miles east of Hollywood

I didn't tell her that those who really understood Arlington Brugh out at Pomona know that it isn't he who has changed, but the students. The students were the ones who had to learn to understand Brugh. He understood them all right but couldn't get them on the right track 'cause it was a case of one guy trying to put some three-thousand students straight.

Knowing the natural reticence and quiet nature of Taylor at that time, it would seem hard to figure out how he ever became interested in college dramatics. Especially when you know that Bob started out in life as a stammerer. It's a fact, and there's an unusual story behind it.

Bob's father used to take the child to medical classes when Bob was only two and a half years old. But when the baby himself tried to make his little mouth pronounce long medical terms, he began to stammer. The parents moved to the country, and after a few weeks of romping in the open, Bob overcame his difficulty. But nevertheless during these formative years he was, as his mother will tell you, very high strung and sensitive. Discouragement frequently upset him—and still does. In high school he

[*Continued on page* 99]

HOT NEWS!

Now You Can Learn the Newest Dance Steps from ARTHUR MURRAY —World's Greatest Dance Instructor FREE!

IT WOULD COST YOU $5 EACH PRIVATE LESSON TO LEARN THESE STEPS IN ARTHUR MURRAY'S NEW YORK STUDIO

Start Now
a Good

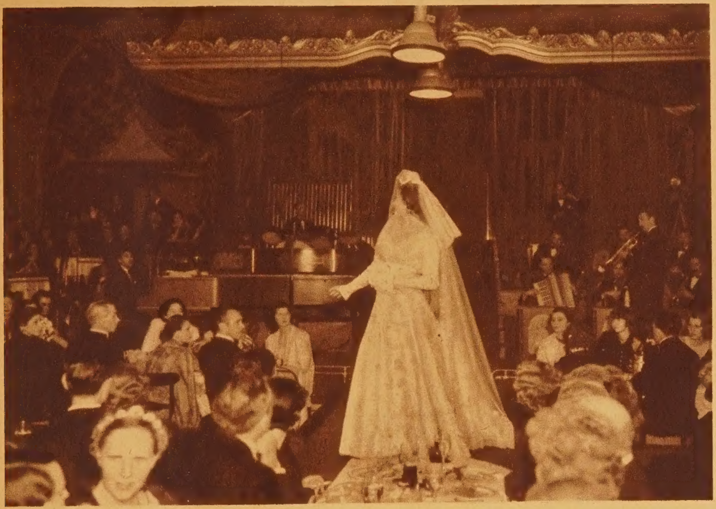
WISH THIS WAS A MASQUERADE - LOOK AT MY FACE - NO BOY'S GOING TO ASK ME TO DANCE

4 WEEKS LATER
LOOK DAD, I'VE PASTED IN THE LAST LABEL - I CAN'T WAIT TO GET THAT ARTHUR MURRAY DANCE BOOK. MY, I'M GLAD RITA GOT ME TO EAT YEAST
IT FIXED YOUR FACE UP FINE - I'LL SAY!

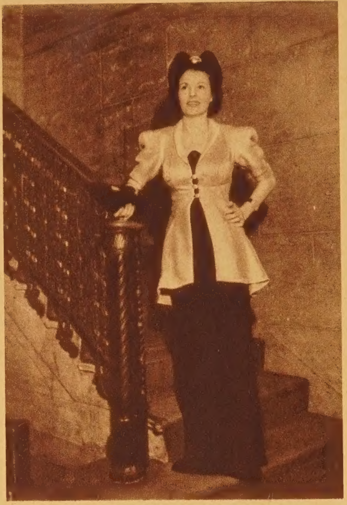
FEW DAYS LATER
RITA - COME OVER QUICK - THE DANCE BOOK'S COME AND IT'S TOO MARVELOUS!
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER. DON'T YOU LEARN ANY MORE TILL I GET THERE!

YOU SURE KNOW ALL THE LATEST STEPS ALL RIGHT
DOESN'T SALLY LOOK GORGEOUS TONIGHT -
I KNEW YEAST WOULD CLEAR UP THOSE HICKIES SH HAD

Hailing Hollywood Fashions



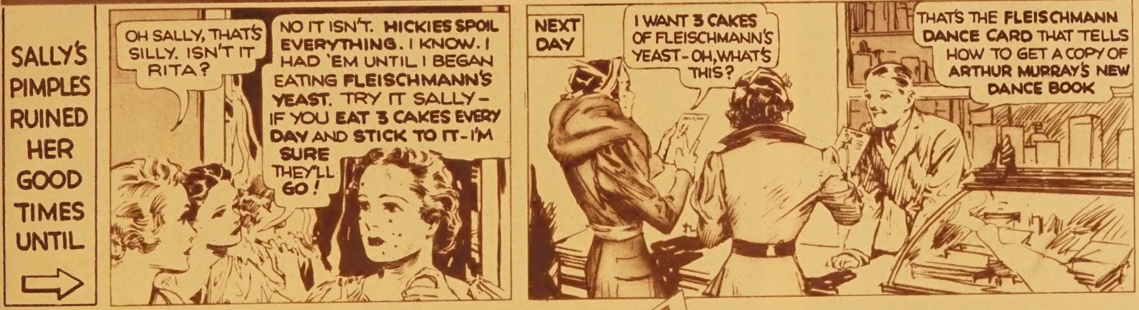
Hundreds of fashion experts attended the Spring Style Pageant at the fashionable Biltmore Bowl, staged under the direction of Sally Martin, SCREEN BOOK's fashion editor. Members of the Associated Apparel Manufacturers were among the guests who saw this wedding gown modeled by lovely Marjorie Weaver



This striking crepe and metal cloth dinner costume was modeled by vivacious June Horn. All major studios cooperated to present an amazing array of gowns

---

to Clear up your Skin! Make yourself Dancer! *WIN POPULARITY!*


SALLY'S PIMPLES RUINED HER GOOD TIMES UNTIL
OH SALLY, THAT'S SILLY. ISN'T IT RITA?
NO IT ISN'T. HICKIES SPOIL EVERYTHING. I KNOW. I HAD 'EM UNTIL I BEGAN EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. TRY IT SALLY— IF YOU EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY AND STICK TO IT—I'M SURE THEY'LL GO!
NEXT DAY
I WANT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—OH, WHAT'S THIS?
THAT'S THE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD THAT TELLS HOW TO GET A COPY OF ARTHUR MURRAY'S NEW DANCE BOOK

GET THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD FROM YOUR GROCER

It's easy to become a good dancer with the help of this exciting new book by ARTHUR MURRAY! Learn the newest popular steps . . . how to lead . . . how to follow smoothly! Diagrams . . . photographs make every point clear.

Remember—this book is NOT FOR SALE. The way to get a copy is to save Fleischmann Yeast Labels. Paste these on the FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD you get from your grocer. Send it in—the book is yours!

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, you can still get the book by sending the 81 labels in an envelope, or pasting them on a piece of paper. Be sure to enclose your name and address. Mail labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington St., New York City. (This offer good until August 31, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states West of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

"Eat it regularly," says Dr. R. E. Lee, famous physician, "and **Fleischmann's Yeast** will help clear up **ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."**

● After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25—important glands develop and final growth takes place. The whole system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out!

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is helpful in clearing up a pimply skin because it clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat *3 cakes every day*—a cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water.

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

YOU'LL LIKE
All three

"Princess Chic"

LASTEX FOUNDATIONS

Styled by

HICKORY

PRINCESS CHIC, exquisitely fashioned of two-way stretch Lastex, gives you all the comfort you want and the perfect control you need. Its exclusive feature—the double-knit panel across hips and tummy—trims and slims your silhouette to the moment's mode.

To be fair to *both* your wardrobe and yourself, you should have all three. The All-in-One for Formal, the Girdle for About-Town, and the Pantie for Sportswear.

YOU'LL WANT ALL THREE BECAUSE YOU NEED THEM

$7.50 for the Set of Three. May be had separately, of course.

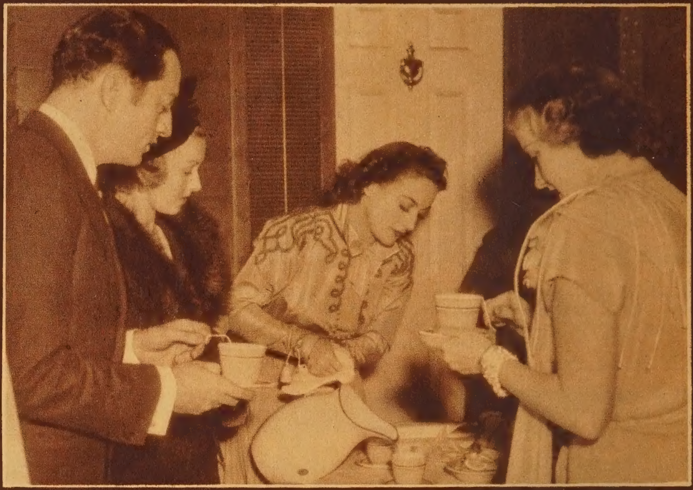
FOUNDATION: Perfect uplift bra. Side bust control. Streamlined back. **$3.50**

GIRDLE: Shrewd censor of unruly curves. **$2.00**

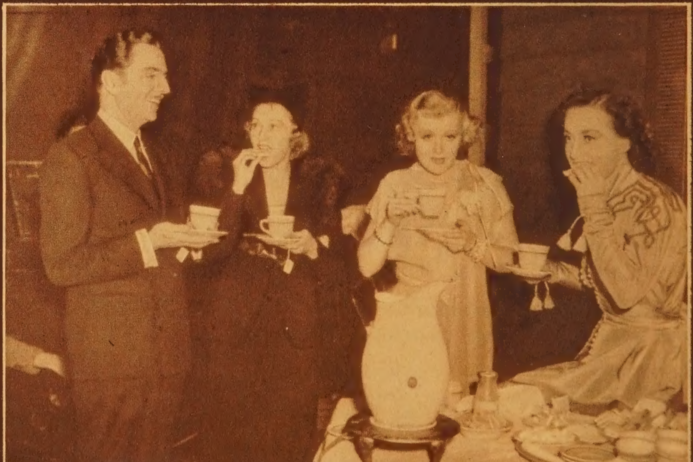
PANTIE: Streamlines your hips. **$2.00**

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

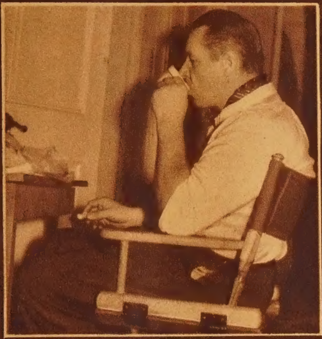
Gay Party—then The Parting



Production on M-G-M's *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* was nearing a close when Joan Crawford coaxed everybody to take time off for this party. Here she pours tea while William Powell and others supervise



Ah, Bill, old fellow, we knew you'd take this like a gentleman! An English gentleman, at that, talking pleasantly with a visitor. The young lady looking at the camera is Phyllis Claire



Here's the sombre tragedy of it. Director Richard Boleslawski, above, joined the gay party, had a cup of tea and a sandwich. Next day the parting came—Boleslawski died of a heart ailment

The show went on, of course, but no one felt quite the same. Powell and Miss Crawford were no happier than they appear in this scene

But you've got to keep smiling in the show business. That's no silly tradition. The picture depends on it. So Bob Montgomery joins his two friends in a happy fadeout . . .

CREATE A NEW "YOU"

WITH A NEW POWDER SHADE!

A New Face Powder Shade May Give You a New Personality—a New Glamour—a New Charm!

By Lady Esther

You know what color in clothes can do for you. One color puts you out like a light. Another makes you look and feel your best.

But no color in clothes has half as much effect on your personality as your face powder shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-blood *part* of you.

Yet thousands of women and girls are actually wearing the *wrong* shade of face powder. Every morning they commit beauty-suicide, right in front of their own mirrors. They quench their personality, destroy what ought to be their glamour and charm—with a dull, drab, dead shade of face powder!

Far better, I say, to use no powder at all, than to bury yourself alive under such a disguise!

Use the Magic of Color!

Yet for each of these girls and women—for *you*, too—there is a *right* shade of face powder. It won't subtract from your beauty. Nor will it leave you just as you were. No! This right shade will add the magic of living, glowing color. It will flatter you, glorify you, create right before your eyes a new "you" that you never dreamed you could be!

The reason you haven't found this right shade long ago is probably because you've been choosing according to your "type"—a blonde should wear this, a brunette that. *This is all wrong!* You aren't a type. You're yourself. And how lovely that self can be—how vivid, alive and alight—you'll never know till you try on all five of my basic shades in Lady Esther Face Powder.

See for Yourself!

To let you prove this to yourself, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of cost.

When you have tried all five shades and have discovered the one that was made just for you, you will be instantly aware of many things. You will see a new glow, a new warmth in your skin. You will see a new beauty in your face, in line as well as color. You will see a new radiance about your entire person.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Your mere request on the coupon below brings them to you postpaid and free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, I will also send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

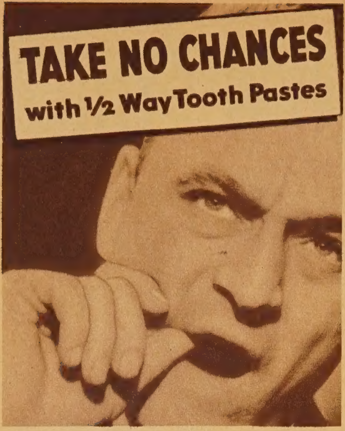
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)



TAKE NO CHANCES with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes

Give teeth the Double Protection they need

If you are now using an ordinary tooth paste, your teeth *may* be white and sparkling; but unless your *gums* are sound and healthy, you are running the risk of serious dental trouble.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was developed by an eminent dental surgeon to do both vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums.*

End *half-way care* today by adopting this simple method: Brush your teeth with Forhan's, then massage a little into the gums, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how fresh and clean the whole mouth feels! Buy Forhan's today. The *big, new* tube saves you money. *Also sold in Canada.*

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH / SAVES GUMS

COLOR YOUR HAIR

THE NEW FRENCH WAY

No matter how gray, faded, streaked your hair is now, it will soon possess again beautiful lasting color by the use of our new discovery **SHAMPO-KOLOR. Shampoos and colors the hair at the same time.** No experience necessary. Takes a few minutes only. Will not rub off. Colors gray hair close to scalp. Can be Permanent waved. Free Booklet, Valligny Products Inc., Dept. 19-A, 254 W. 31 St., N.Y.C.

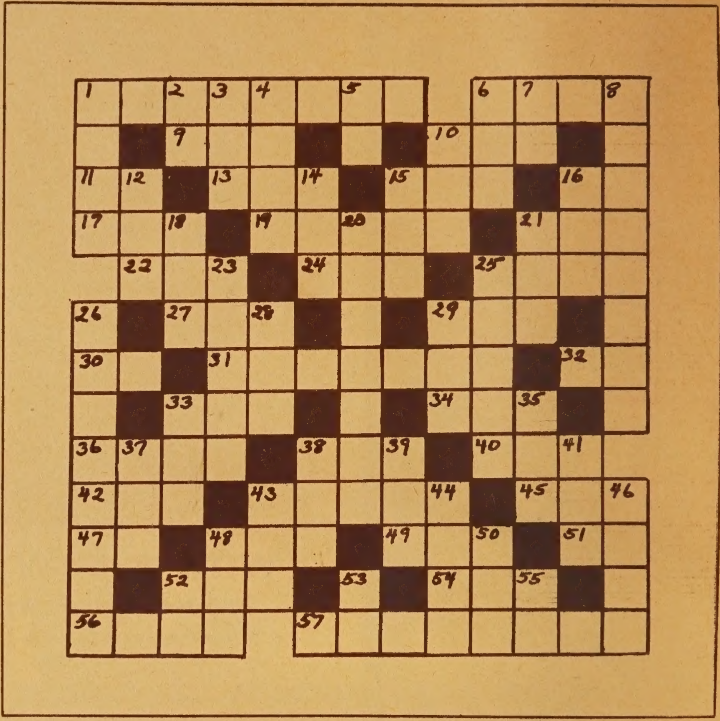
WILL YOUR *Eyes thrill Him?*

***NEW SECRET OF* CLEAR EYES**

WINS THOUSANDS! Will he see red veins . . . or clear, bright whites? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after late hours, overindulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; stainless, safe; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores; also 5 & 10c stores.

EYE-GENE Good Housekeeping Bureau

TRY THIS CROSSWORD!



ACROSS

1. She lately became Mrs. Leland Hayward.
6. Lee Tracy talks thus in films.
9. His last name is Healy.
10. Descriptive of climate where *The Garden of Allah* was filmed.
11. Initials of opera star who sang in *The Gay Desperado.*
13. Descriptive of movies with an unhappy ending.
15. What *Flying Hostess* traveled through.
16. Madge's initials.
17. *Annie Oakley* was a crack shot with this.
19. Whose role was that of *Karie* in *Come and Get It?*
21. Name of M-G-M lion.
22. *Satan ——— a Lady.*
24. She plays opposite Cagney in *Great Guy.*
25. What Louis Armstrong directed in *Pennies from Heaven.*
27. Nickname of Miss Mackaill.
29. Descriptive of pitch of Wallace Beery's voice.
30. His last name is Kendall.
31. The governor's wife in *I'd Give My Life.*
32. Charles Boyer's nationality (abbr.).
33. You've seen him ride Tony in westerns.
34. Ameche's birthplace (abbr.).
36. *Gov. Philip Crandall* in *Reunion.*
38. She was *The Smartest Girl in Town.*
40. Guy Standing's title.
42. *———'s Country and the Woman.*
43. Feminine lead in *Daniel Boone.*
45. Roy ——— Ruth directed *Born To Dance.*
47. Initials of Sally Blane's sister.
48. Wallace Beery was ——— *Hutch.*
49. Existed.
51. Initials of one who played opposite 47 Across in *Ramona.*
52. Fred MacMurray comes from Kankakee in this state (abbr.).
54. Anne Shirley, ——— Dawn Paris, was once known as Dawn O'Day.
56. Anita Louise was born on this date in January.
57. First name of 1 Across.

DOWN

1. ——— *of the Saddle.*
2. Lyle's initials.
3. Short for first name of Ann Dvorak's husband.
4. Biblical character seen in *The Green Pastures.*
5. Elisabeth Bergner stars in ——— *You Like It.*
6. *Valiant Is the Word ——— Carrie.*
7. *Charlie Chan ——— the Opera.*
8. Irene Dunne's title role in recent film.
10. *In ——— Steps.*
12. Descriptive of Harpo Marx in movies.
14. *Boulder ———.*
15. What "yes men" say in nautical films.
16. *Three ——— on a Horse.*
18. He is famous for his "dead-pan" expression.
20. What Eleanor Powell excels in.
21. Villains often break this.
23. Her first name is Genevieve.
25. First name of star of many "horror" films.
26. He won award for best screen performance of 1935.
28. Mary Brian was born in Corsicana in this state (abbr.).
29. Short for Director Milestone.
33. ——— *Holiday.*
35. *Gunny Saks* in *Born To Dance.*
37. Feminine lead in *After the Thin Man.*
38. Connecting word used in co-star billing.
39. Ruth Chatterton was born in ——— York City.
41. Gene Autry starred in ——— *River Valley.*
43. Remember ——— *Quiet on the Western Front?*
44. Actress formerly known as June Vlasek.
46. *The ——— of the Mohicans.*
48. He appears with Chic Johnson in *The Country Gentlemen.*
50. John Wayne had lead in ——— *Spoilers.*
52. *The Luckiest Girl ——— the World.*
53. State in which Jack Holt was born (abbr.).
55. Miss Risdon's initials.

[**Solution on page 81**]

Hollywood Whispers

[Continued from page 10]

Bobby Breen may bring tears to your eyes with his thrilling soprano voice, to his pals at Black Foxe Military Academy, he's just another baseball player and good enough to be elected captain. And anyone who dares to call him sissy, can just start running—for his life!

●

It seems one of the Marx brothers is always late in arriving on the set of *A Day At The Races*. Recently it was Groucho who was tardy, and Chico lit into him. "Now, what is it? What kind of an alibi can you think up this time?"

"I couldn't get my car out of the garage," Groucho explained. "You know it rained last night and the doors were so swelled they wouldn't open."

"Oh, yeah," Chico snarled. "And I suppose you had to pry 'em open with an ice pick!"

"I couldn't find an ice pick," Groucho said, "so I had to dry them off—with a blotter!"

●

"An orchid to you" became more than a phrase recently when Walter Winchell arrived in Hollywood to do *Wake Up and Live* with Ben Bernie. On the first day of the picture every girl on the set . . . all the wardrobe girls, the make-up girls, etc. . . . received a lovely orchid with a card which read "An orchid to you" and which was signed "W. W." This of course caused Ben Bernie no little consternation . . . here was Winchell "going him one better" again.

"Oh, well," he remarked, "Winchell just wanted to be sure of getting the Number One powder puff, and the Grade A Comb. And with a face like his you can't blame him for taking precautions."

Answers to Cinexaminations

[Continued from page 14]

(1) Bob Taylor attended the University of Nebraska and Pomona. He also belonged to Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

(2) Joel McCrea attended Pomona and belonged to Signa Tau fraternity.

(3) Hari Kari.

(4) Harold Lloyd moves up to become Shrine potentate in 1939.

(5) Cecil DeMille's middle initial stands for, Blount.

(6) Schildkraut is the name of the actor in *The Garden of Allah*.

(7) The names of the wives are: (1) Mrs. Edward Arnold; (2) Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; (3) Mrs. Darryl F. Zanuck, etc.

(8) Myrna Loy is married to Mr. Arthur Hornblow.

(9) All of the statements in number nine are true.

(10) Montage is a style of photographic composition as illustrated in April SCREEN BOOK in the story entitled, "Dining Out in Ten Languages."

(11) Anne Shirley changed her name from Dawn O'Day because she was infatuated with the role of *Anne of Green Gables*.

(12) The masked creatures are Clark Gable and Joan Crawford, and the photo appeared in a recent issue of SCREEN BOOK.

"Oh Mother!
I'VE LOST MY JOB!"

THE job she needs so badly. The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn't know *why* she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

Underarm perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in business or in social life.

And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid — with Mum!

Quick and easy to use. Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm — and you're safe for the whole busy day.

Harmless to clothing. You can use Mum any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And another important thing — Mum doesn't interfere with the natural perspiration itself. Its work is to prevent the ugly *odor* of perspiration.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

LET MUM HELP YOU IN THIS, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about offending.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

DUART
creme
of
milk
PERMANENT

NEW!

LOVELY JOAN MARSH

a permanent lipstick that actually softens the lips instead of making them dry and cracked . . . .

No longer do you have to take your choice of a lipstick that was permanent or one that would keep your lips soft and youthful. Duart's Creme of Milk Lipstick is both permanent and softening.

NEW CALIFORNIA COLORS

According to your complexion, choose one of the four glamorous new California shades. WINE for brunettes with dark skin, SPANISH for medium brunettes, DESERT FLAME for blondes, and a thrilling new shade to wear at night under bright lights —CINEMA... also for those who wish a shade just a little darker than DESERT FLAME.

DUART
creme of milk
LIPSTICK

SEND FOR AND TRY THE GENEROUS 25c SIZE
LARGE REGULAR SIZE $1
At all Drug and Department Stores
Mark your shade—Mail Coupon

Duart, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin). Please send me the shade of lipstick marked below

☐ Wine ☐ Spanish ☐ Desert Flame ☐ Cinema

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________ 13

Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Karloff?

[*Continued from page* 58]

tripped me, and I fell flat on my face.

It was sort of peculiar to find myself suddenly on my stomach in Mr. Karloff's garden, but that's just where your little interviewer was—prostrate. How drama does follow that man, I thought. I was just pulling my nose out of the turf and raising my ears out of the grass, when my eyes glanced upward and there was Mr. Karloff's face suspended before me.

I don't know where it had loomed up from, but it looked down at me and I looked up at it. There was a tense still moment, and then I said "Boo!"

"WELL, right from the beginning Mr. Karloff wasn't a bit afraid of me. I mean, that's the way our relationship started off. He peeled me off the grass, and he smiled right at me, and I didn't scare him a bit. The way I felt about him—well, I'm not talking. I felt pretty dumb, though, brushing the twigs off my coat and shaking like I was.

But pretty soon the dogs, Mr. Karloff, and I were walking about the garden and I forgot all about his leer when he tears little children limb from limb, and I was completely living in the present, which was a very nice present, dominated by Mr. Karloff's sweet smile and cultured voice. He had a very brown face and his hair was pretty long and greyish, and tufts of it blew about agreeably in the mild wind.

Mr. Karloff likes agriculture in a nice quiet way. "I don't know much about it, but I like to watch it grow," he said.

"There are two things I came out here to the coast to find out. One is if Robert Taylor could care for Garbo as the billboards claim, and the other is how flowers know when it's summer in California."

"They don't . . . the flowers, I mean. Of course, I can't speak for Robert Taylor. But look, my bulbs don't know what's going on in the world. That's how ignorant they are. I put them in at the wrong time and now my irises are in bloom, though it's January. That's how easily bulbs are fooled."

We walked on until we met two white ducks with red faces. "Oh, are those yours?" I asked excitedly, because they were the cleanest, whitest ducks I had ever seen, all except their faces which were so crimson they seemd to be blushing furiously.

"Yes, they're pets of mine."

"Ask them to quack, please," I said. It had been a long time since I'd heard a real genuine duck quack, and I sort of wanted to check up on Donald Duck and see if he were on the right track.

I SHUT my eyes and listened but all I heard was Mr. Karloff saying, "They're quackless ducks," so I opened my eyes again. "All they ever do is hiss."

"Well, gee," I said, "there is certainly something funny about an actor who puts up with a lot of hissing all the time."

"Oh, there's something cozy about listening to my ducks hiss," he said. "I know so darn well they're only ducks."

Just then one of the ducks called me to the attention of the other duck, and both of them thrust out their necks and hissed at me. "No, no," I said, "Him, not me," but Mr. Karloff might have been about to strangle Rasputin in a cave and the ducks would have ignored him completely. There was something about me that got them.

"Let's get away from here," I cried. "I haven't felt like this since I played Attila at boarding school."

Mr. Karloff laughed and led me up to the house. "And to think I always liked those ducks because they were so inarticulate," he said.

We came into a majestic drawing room —not majestic in the sense of elegance—well, not majestic in any sense. It was rather, a cross between a majestic drawing room and a comfortable living room. It had high white-washed walls, and raftered ceilings, and heavy carved furniture and deep-springed divans before a vast open fireplace. Heavy red drapes and thick rug, Spanish influence.

We all sat down. Well, I sat down first and then the three dogs sat down, on my lap, shoulder, and ear, respectively. When I was able to see through this dog blizzard which had fallen on me, Mr. Karloff explained that these animals represented three generations. "That on your neck is the grandmother," he said. "And there is the mother on your lap—"

"And this one just putting a run in my hose is the daughter?"

"Oh, yes." Mr. Karloff pried the younger generation away from me but it was too late. Mr. Karloff went out of the room to get some sherry for me because I guess he felt remorseful, and I spit on my stocking to keep it from running.

I felt so alone and secure, and it is a terrible thing to be caught spitting on your stocking by a tall, lovely fair-haired girl, especially when that girl turns out to be Mrs. Karloff. But she caught me doing just that, and we both laughed, and she sat down unceremoniously and said she was mad.

I asked her why, and she said she'd gone out to buy Boris a present and when she got to the shop the manager didn't want to take her order and she thought that was awfully funny. I thought it was funny too, and cooed encouragingly, and she went on to say she thought it was so funny she had wormed the reason out of the manager. And it seemed that Boris had already ordered the same present for her. It was a movie projector. When Mr. Karloff came back with the sherry she told him he was a naughty man and he admitted modestly that he was and I got laughing uncontrollably to think of him as a naughty man. So we all had our sherries, and then Mrs. Karloff went away.

BETWEEN grunts and remarks such as "stay out of ear, doggie" and "you're stepping on my hat, animal," I managed to ask Mr. Karloff a few questions.

In answer he told me how he worked into his parts. "I read the script," he said, "long before they begin to shoot. And I think the character over very carefully. I think about him a great deal and I reconstruct in my mind everything that ever happened to that character since he was born."

"Do you believe in the pre-natal influence?" I asked.

"Well," he said. "I start at about the time of birth, and I think what the character was like when he was a little boy, and I imagine what his parents looked like and the kind of life he led and I see him getting up in the morning and going to school and I see the way the other boys act toward him. I rebuild his whole life, and when I know, to my own satisfaction, just what kind of a person he was all these years until he comes into the action of the picture, I am able to understand him and act him.

"I'm about to go into another picture. It is the part of an old watchman. I already know, from my imagination, what has happened to this man every step of the way, making him what he is today. And now I am beginning to grow into the part. I am beginning to feel like him and talk like him."

"Then what you try to do," I said, "is to become the person rather than ape the person?"

"Oh, yes. If once I have committed murder in my life (the assumed life of the character) that will influence all my actions and I become a man who has committed murder."

"You sure get some nice sissy parts to play."

"I'd like to play a sissy part," he said. "I'd like to play a great diversity of parts. I've always rebelled against the label of 'horror' that has been applied to my work. It's really a misnomer. I play unusual stories, yes, usually weird ones, but they are not always 'horror' ones. I don't like to be thought of as the werewolf of the film industry."

"Well, I'll never think of you like that any more. Not unless you dilate your nostrils or something."

Just then we were joined by another member of the family, a black Scotty, who came in unannounced and sat at my feet. "Well, gee," I said, "who's he?"

"His name is Whiskey," Mr. Karloff said. "Because he's a Scotty, you see."

Whiskey had no sense of humor. He just sat where he was disdainfully and sneered at everything I said.

So I dug myself out of the dogs and stood up. Mr. and Mrs. Karloff took me to the shrub-encased veranda and when I went down the steps toward the garden gate and looked back, I could see them standing there like the grand finale in a musical comedy, with their three grey dogs, their two white ducks and their black Scotty.

Then Mr. Karloff made claws of his hands in midair, stretched his lips back over his bare teeth, narrowed his eyes and let out a ghoul-like shriek.

I ran like hell.

Just friends despite those romance rumors! Virginia Wiedler and Benny Bartlett share a chocolate soda

MERLE OBERON *glamorous star of Goldwyn's* **BELOVED ENEMY**

DUART THE ONLY WAVE APPROVED BY **HOLLYWOOD** ★

★ **DUART'S PERMANENT WAVING METHOD is the *only* one *approved* and *endorsed* by the MOTION PICTURE HAIR-STYLISTS GUILD. This Guild is an organization of all the expert hairdressers employed in Hollywood Motion Picture Studios. The Guild is responsible for the beauty care of every lovely star on the screen.**

HOLLYWOOD STARS simply can't afford to take chances with the beauty of their hair. And there is no reason why *you* should take chances with *your* hair either. But now, more than ever before, be on guard when you choose your permanent wave. Beware of trick methods of heating the hair. Remember that nearly every lovely star you see on the screen depends on Duart to guard the beauty of her hair. Just ask your operator for a Duart "TWO-TWELVE" wave, she'll know what you mean. Duart Waves cost no more than others, the price depends on the artistic skill of the hairdresser you select.

DUART
PERMANENT WAVES

SEND FOR DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY
Pages of smart screen-tested hair-styles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—enclose 10c for postage and wrapping.

DUART, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed please find 10 cents for my copy of DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________ 13

TUNE IN • JOHN NESBITT'S "PASSING PARADE" NBC RED NETWORK

SKIN LOOK YOUNG?
USE NEW TANGEE POWDER
SEE SOFT UNDERGLOW APPEAR

Ordinary powders often coat skin with a "powdery look", coarsen pores, accentuate lines.

See how Tangee Powder smooths your skin, dulls without coating, gives a youthful glow.

Tangee Face Powder contains same famous color change principle as Tangee Lipstick... Watch its magic bring youthful beauty to your skin...Powder with new Tangee and see a soft underglow appear... works like Tangee Lipstick to match your own natural skin tones. Watch shine go. Then comes clear, youthful color. Blended scientifically, Tangee clings for hours, yet never cakes or blotches. Because you use *less*, it is economical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 55¢ and $1.10. Or, tear out the coupon below for new "Two-Shade Sampler"—dedicated to a lovelier, youthful skin.

New 2-Shade Sampler—2 Weeks' Supply of Powder
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY 147
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please rush new 2-Shade Tangee Face Powder Sampler. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) (15¢ in Canada) . . . Send sampler checked:
Sampler #1 ☐ Contains Flesh and Rachel
Sampler #2 ☐ Contains Rachel and Light Rachel
Sampler #3 ☐ Contains Flesh and Light Rachel
Name (Please Print)
Address
City State

New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration

1. Cannot irritate skin, cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID 39¢ a jar

WANTED: A TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL

STAR SEEKS STAR
Adv.—A prominent motion picture star has joined in a search for some girl, today unknown, who believes herself eligible for the title "Miss Typical America". Girl must be fifteen or older and ready to take screen test if requested. Object: Motion picture career. Reply Box 422.

WHO is he? Who is this mysterious "prominent motion picture star" as mentioned in the ad above?

The answer is, it's Fred MacMurray, star of *Swing High, Swing Low*, with Carole Lombard, *Maid of Salem* with Claudette Colbert, and many other Paramount pictures.

And before we go any farther, let us explain, that ad above did not appear in any newspaper—yet Fred MacMurray is looking for just such a girl as the ad describes, and he hopes the girl selected as Miss Typical America will be starred in movies. Whether or not she's starred, she will get $500 cash, her picture on the cover of a national magazine and a trip to New York or Hollywood.

Fred MacMurray

Here's the low-down on the whole thing:

Oscar Serlin, as head talent scout for Paramount pictures is the man who discovered Fred playing a saxophone in an orchestra. It's really Mr. Serlin who is looking for Miss Typical America, but Fred has consented to help. In fact, Fred and Mr. Serlin are going to be judges in a nation-wide contest to award the title: Miss Typical America, to some lucky girl.

Do you have to be a beauty to enter this contest? The answer is, not at all. "Hollywood," says Mr. Serlin, "is not looking for beauty. We want typical American girls."

Mr. Serlin, by the way, knows of what he speaks. As head of the Paramount Pictures talent department he pioneered the studio "talent school" idea as now conducted by all major studios. Gladys Swarthout, Frances Farmer, John Howard, Eleanore Whitney — those are just a few of the screen personalities he has discovered.

Oscar Serlin

And here's how this great search for "Miss Typical America" got started: Mr. Serlin was having lunch with the editor of a nationally known women's magazine and told this editor that the best short description of the girl the movies are looking for are the three words, "Miss Typical America."

"Few, if any, of our prospects for stardom are scintillating beauties when we get them," he went on. "For the most part they are ambitious, reasonably good looking. The make-up department accents

Not raving beauties, but "Typical American Girls" are these seven who attended Paramount's school for talent. One of them, Frances Farmer, (second from right) has already reached stardom. All but two of these were discovered by Oscar Serlin, talent scout. Now Fred MacMurray has joined Serlin in the hunt for Miss Typical America. Left to right, the girls are: Betty Burgess, Olympe Bradna, Eleanore Whitney, Rosalind Keith, Jane Rhodes, Frances Farmer, Marsha Hunt

When Talent Scout Oscar Serlin arrived in Hollywood from New York, two of his discoveries, John Howard and Eleanore Whitney, met him at the train

their best points, subdues their bad points and makes the most of their appearance. The studio talent school improves their diction, removes stage fright tendencies, and makes them ready for the camera."

Then the editor interrupted with the idea that somewhere among the readers of her magazine, there must be many girls he would like to interview for screen possibilities—that she would help him find "Miss Typical America" through her magazine.

SERLIN was enthusiastic. He told Fred MacMurray about the idea, and Fred MacMurray has joined the search too, as one of the judges.

And now the contest is on. The winner, as stated, above, will get $500 cash, the title "Miss Typical America," and a trip to Hollywood or New York for a personal "talent" interview with Mr. Serlin—and Mr. Serlin has reserved the right to interview as many of the entrants (other than the winner) as he desires. He hopes he will be able to find a dozen, or hundreds of girls worthy of coaching for stardom.

You can enter this contest today. The official entry blank is published in the issue of *True Confessions* Magazine now on sale (April issue). There are hundreds of dollars in cash prizes for those who do not win first prize. Don't forget, the only entry blank is in *True Confessions*, ten cents at all newsstands.

If you are fifteen to twenty-seven years old get your entry blank and enter today. The contest closes soon. If you don't care to enter, do some likely friend a favor by telling her about the contest.

Lounge under palm trees

You'll see wild animals

Enjoy gorgeous mountain scenery

Visit movie studios

JOIN THE THIRD ANNUAL

Hollywood Tour

Would you like to see Hollywood "inside and out"? See and meet the stars? Visit their homes and the big studios?

You are invited to enjoy these rare pleasures with Fawcett Publications. We are taking two tour parties to Hollywood. The first leaves Chicago July 11; the second on August 8.

Plan your vacation to fit these dates. Two weeks on a traveling "house party" with us will give you a perfectly grand vacation. We circle the West on the Burlington, Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and the Royal Gorge Route. We see *all* of the Pacific Coast—not just California alone, but Washington, Oregon and California—all three!

In Hollywood, gates will open to welcome you, if you can join us. Send for our free folder describing the trip. Read it over. Decide for yourself. No obligation on your part whatsoever. Ask questions, please. The very low cost from your home city for the complete two weeks vacation trip will surprise you.

Tour Manager, Fawcett Publications, Inc.
360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free booklet describing your Hollywood Tours.

*Name*________________________
*Address*________________________
*City*________________________
*State*________________________

THIS BEAUTY SAYS:
"I never let more than one day go by"

Do you keep tabs on yourself? Most physicians agree that regular habits of elimination and proper diet are best for health and beauty.

If more than one day goes by, give Nature gentle aid by taking Olive Tablets. Originating as the formula of a practicing physician, it has become one of America's best known proprietaries.

Keep a supply of Olive Tablets always on the bathroom shelf as a reminder to the whole family not to let more than one day go by. Three sizes —15¢—30¢—60¢—At all druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Here's a Queer Way to *Learn* Music!

NO teacher—no monotonous exercises or confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—averages only a few cents—a day. No "grind" or hard work. Every step is clear as crystal—simple as A-B-C throughout. You'll be surprised at your own rapid progress. From the start you are learning real tunes by note. Quickly learn to play "jazz" or classical selections—right at home in your spare time.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Don't be a wallflower. Send for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful home study method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. Mention your favorite instrument. **Write NOW.** Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
364 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Pick Your Course
Piano
Guitar
Violin
Saxophone
Organ
Mandolin
Cornet
Ukulele
Trombone
Harp
Piccolo
Clarinet
Flute
'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Trumpet
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps

Join the Movieland

In the spacious gardens of Basil Rathbone's home lucky members of the 1937 Tours will hobnob with prominent film personalities

FULL speed ahead, plans for the Movieland Tours of 1937! Two weeks of glamour climaxed by a personally escorted tour of the high spots of the world's most romantic city, Hollywood!

Have you made your reservations yet? For only $5 you can reserve yourself a place in the select company of fans who for a price the same as railroad fare and expenses for any transcontinental trip will be given a round trip through the American West and be taken into the sacred precincts of Hollywood studios, which many of the world's most famous and wealthy tourists have sought, in vain, to crash.

All you have to do to join this splendid party is mail in your reservation. SCREEN BOOK will do the rest. You'll travel through the Bad Lands, the Rockies, the marvelous Mt. Ranier National Park, Seattle and the great Pacific Northwest, historic old San Francisco—then Hollywood and a share in the private life and work of the stars!

The breaks for you on this joyous trip include luxurious travel on private trains, special service de luxe en route, sightseeing trips on the way, bridge tournaments and gay parties at big hotels, and then a few days of what you have always yearned for—mingling with your favorite screen idols.

The first tour leaves Chicago July 11, the second August 8. Identical party plans have been arranged for both transcontinental house parties, so only your convenience need dictate your choice of the most convenient date for your vacation.

Your special train will bring you right to the door of the Clark Hotel, in the heart of the theatrical district. The Clark is famous for its cuisine, and very convenient to all street car lines on Hollywood Boulevard and Vine, most important corner in the city of the stars.

The dizzy round of delights which awaits you in sunny California opens with a day left to your own pleasure, be it a mountain jaunt to Lake Arrowhead, a cruise to magical Catalina, a swim at Balboa or another of the southland's numerous beaches, a desert dash to Palm Springs, or visits to relatives and friends.

Hollywood's famous Wilshire Bowl night club with internationally noted musicians and entertainers will be at your service that first memorable night. Hobnob with the stars in glamorous Cocoanut Grove or wine, dine and dance at any of Hollywood's scores of famous night clubs.

Here's an example of the fun on last year's Tours. Don Woods signed autographs atop Craig Reynolds' head while fans looked on

Tours . . .

The following day is Sunday. The morning is yours to do as you like, but in the afternoon a cocktail party will be held at the home of Basil Rathbone. That night Movieland Tour guests will be treated to a full program at magnificent Grauman's Chinese Theatre, most famous premiere show-house on earth.

Monday morning SCREEN BOOK will take the party through Paramount studio, the home lot of Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Martha Raye, Bob Burns and Bing Crosby. Here Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur made *The Plainsman.* Here Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney and hundreds of skilled performers made the pictures which thrill you.

After seeing how sound is made, what directors do to get perfect "takes," the manner in which sets are constructed, and the various precautions the company takes to lend perfection to picture art, you will lunch with the stars in Paramount's commissary. That afternoon you will adjourn to the home of James Gleason for a second delightful cocktail party.

You will see an uncut and unedited picture in its first release Monday night when Paramount presents especially for you a big preview of a recently completed picture. Your reaction to the flicker will have an urgent influence in the final readjustment of the film before its release to the audiences of the world.

After these glorious hours you will have a pleasurable trip home via Las Vegas, Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs.

For further details write for the free illustrated booklet containing complete information about the 1937 Movieland Tours, being groomed to be bigger and better than the sensational tours of 1935 and 1936.

Better still, to make sure of obtaining one of the rapidly dwindling supply of available reservations, send in $5 per person to reserve a ticket on the excursion.

S. B.

— USE THIS COUPON —

Fawcett Publications, Inc.,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $.................. . Please enter my reservation for .... persons, to insure a place for us on tour No. ....

(A deposit of $5 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 11, or tour No. 2, leaving Chicago August 8.)

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

"I'll never be guilty again!"

QUEST . . . is completely effective ON SANITARY NAPKINS

● Why take chances now that *complete* protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

Quest is utterly effective. Even on sanitary napkins it makes personal daintiness a reality. It prevents perspiration offense; assures all-day-long body freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin or clog the pores.

Try Quest today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins. Also after the bath, under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, which means it can't interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume.

And, surprising as it may seem, Quest costs no more than other kinds . . . only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter. Buy it today.

QUEST

FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

Use it with Kotex

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Kotex
Kotex
Quest
The Positive Deodorant Powder

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a *"counter-irritant,"* NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates surface circulation, helps to draw out local congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG U.S. PAT OFF

PHOTO Enlargements

ONLY 49¢

Clear enlargement, bust, full length or part group, pets or other subjects made from any photo, snapshot or tintype at low price of 49c each; 3 for $1.00. Send as many photos as you desire. Return of original photos guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days postman will deliver beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send 50c—3 for $1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.

3 for $1.00

11 x 14 inches

BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FRAME FREE! To acquaint you with the HIGH quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all pastel colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames for your choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today. Write NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
11 E. HURON STREET, DEPT. 719 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

YOU, TOO, CAN EARN $30 A WEEK

Nancy E——'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E—— is making $30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for:

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 38 years has been training men and women, 18 to 60, *at home and in their spare time*, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The course is endorsed by physicians. Complete nurse's equipment is included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of the hundreds of men and women earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how *you* can become self-supporting as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 84, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name ....

City .... *State* .... *Age*....

Handy Facts

[*Continued from page 60*]

says acts as a mild antiseptic and gives that delicious coffee-and-cream coloring to the skin.

"No matter what color the hands, whether tanned or delicately white, they should be protected with a good hand cream or lotion to keep them smooth and soft," Margaret continued. "I keep a bottle of lotion handy on my bathroom shelf for use each time after washing my hands."

Every girl should make it a rule to counteract the drying effect of frequent washing by lubricating and protecting her hands with a good lotion. Ill-kept or rough hands reveal age more frequently than the face or hair.

A new nail polish leaves your fingertips a rich wine color

A reliable bleach cream will keep arms "spotless" for short sleeves

Good grooming for your feet comes in a kit containing three preparations

A lotion that has been one of my favorites for several years has a delightful fragrance and is an ideal softening and protecting agent for the face as well as the hands. A few drops massaged briefly into the skin will give it that smoothness and suppleness so essential to good grooming and comfort. There are three sized bottles priced at 35c, 50c and $1.00 and I'll be glad to send you the name upon request. The fragrance of this lotion will linger on your hands for several hours after use.

MARGARET told me that in studying her mannerisms on the screen in early roles she was conscious of the fact that her hands were too much in evidence. Recognizing her hand habits as a stumbling block to her career she conscientiously strove to correct them.

"Unless the hands are occupied with a definite task," she explained, "I feel that they should be as unobtrusive as possible and used as a part of the body rather than as separate entities to wave and flutter about in a hundred useless gestures.

"One should cultivate the ability to let the hands fall in relaxed, graceful positions. For the girl who is overly conscious of her hands—and nothing can be more painful or destructive of charm—I would suggest first that her hands be perfectly groomed and manicured. She will feel much less like sitting on them if she knows her hands are in good condition and her nails colorfully and becomingly tinted."

Margaret's own hands are small and

[*Continued on page 78*]

Going Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 13]

Universal night in C. L.'s honor, commissioned me to handle details, and to be sure the Universal tycoon was present. I delivered him, and in the '49 camp a faro bank was established. They smiled when he sat down to play, figuring on a handsome house take. But when he arose the smile was a. w. o. l. for C. L. had won $1,600.

It was an old Universal custom for many years when "Uncle Carl" arrived from New York for a band of cowboys to ride to the station waving banners, "Welcome, Carl Laemmle, King of the Movies."

When Bill Sistrom became general manager at Universal City and the writer the studio publicity chief, once we omitted this reception, and rumors reached us through the various relatives that we had practically been guilty of lese majeste.

So-o-o-o, as Ed Wynn would say, on Laemmle's next arrival we set up a production cost sheet as though we were planning to make a picture, charged up all preparations, horses, cowboys, banners, etc., to it, and arranged the old-fashioned greeting at the depot.

C. L. beamed all over once more, but the next morning when the cost sheet showing in excess of $3,000 approximate expense, with completed features costing in those days only $11,000 to $16,000, was laid on his desk, the aspirin urge caused him to say:

"I think from now on we cut out all that foolishness."

• • •

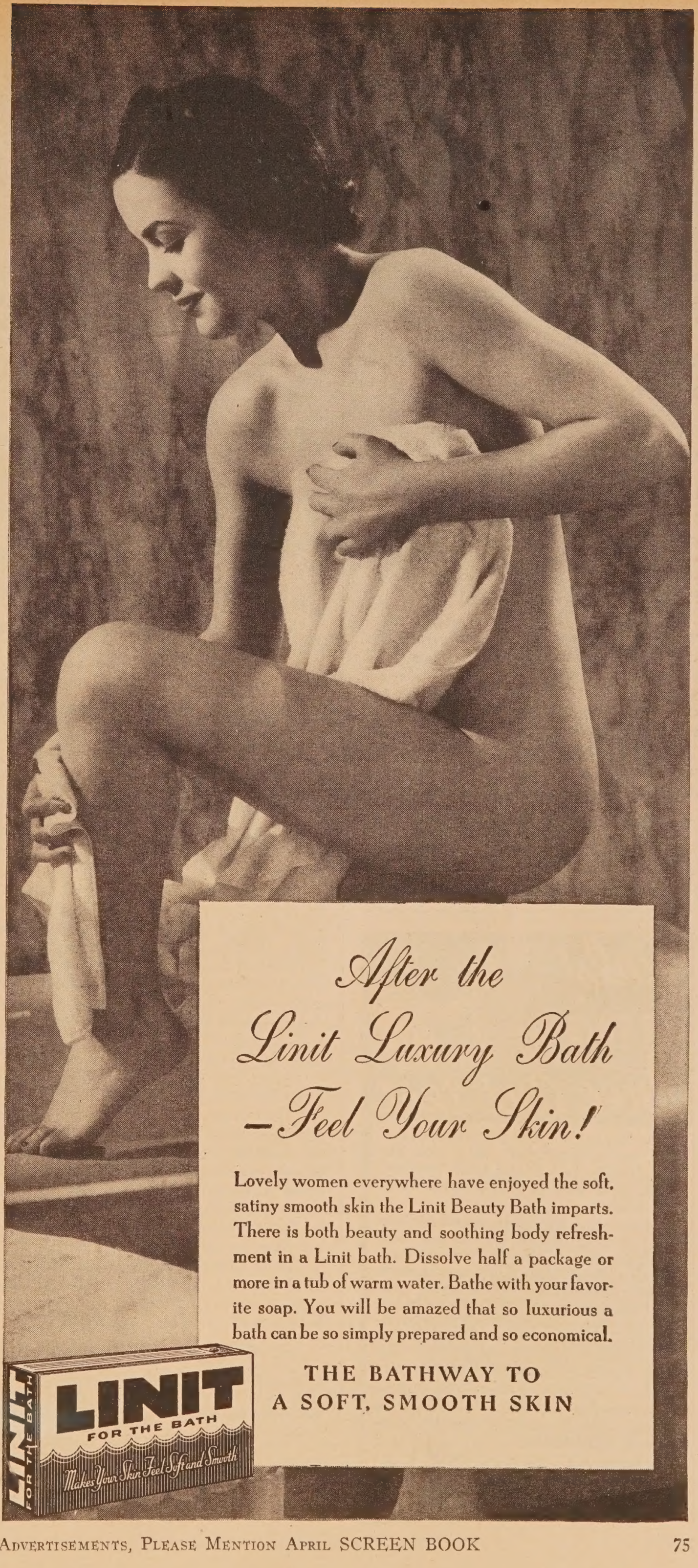
Possibly Arlington Brugh prefers his studio name of Robert Taylor because some wag might say: "Little Boy Brugh Come Brow Your Horn."

• • •

This month's greatest worry . . . With the Arabian Nights playing an important part in Hollywood production this season what will they name the heroine, for there's no one in the film capital who can spell or pronounce Scheherazade. And what chance would it have anyway of making the marquee incandescents of the 16,258 film theatres open in the United States at the time this SCREEN BOOK goes to press?

CARICATURE IDENTIFICATIONS

Just to verify your suspicions and without giving them in order, here are the stars caricatured on pages 50-51: Ben Bernie leads the Coo-coo-nut Grove orchestra. Helen Morgan sits on the piano. Clark Gable has the protruding ears. Beery and the bananas. Gary Cooper is the thin man. W. C. Fields and Katharine Hepburn dine together. Edna May Oliver does the hotcha dance. Edward G. Robinson and George Raft are ignoring each other. Hugh Herbert's hands couldn't be missed.


LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

After the Linit Luxury Bath —Feel Your Skin!

Lovely women everywhere have enjoyed the soft, satiny smooth skin the Linit Beauty Bath imparts. There is both beauty and soothing body refreshment in a Linit bath. Dissolve half a package or more in a tub of warm water. Bathe with your favorite soap. You will be amazed that so luxurious a bath can be so simply prepared and so economical.

THE BATHWAY TO
A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

WHERE THERE'S WINX THERE'S Romance

Eyes that men adore! Eyes that say "come hither, I'm a girl you'd love to know better" . . . these are eyes that have been made lovely by WINX eye beautifiers.

It is so easy to use WINX Mascara, and it makes your lashes long, dark and luxuriant in a charming natural way. WINX comes in solid, creamy or liquid form—it is harmless, non-smarting and tearproof.

Try the other WINX wonder-workers too! WINX Eyebrow Pencil instantly beautifies thin or uneven eyebrows; makes them graceful and expressive. A touch of WINX Eye Shadow, gently applied to the eyelids, intensifies the color of your eyes, giving them a new and glamorous sparkle.

Start today to make your eyes more fascinating! You will find WINX eye beautifiers in drug, department and 5 and 10 cent stores.

WINX Eye Beautifiers

Girls! GET THIS Free Art test

If you like to draw, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our Art Ability Test. Get a frank opinion, **free**, as to whether your talent is worth developing.

Publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. Design and color influence the sale of most things we buy. Industry needs artists. Girls earn as much as men. Many Federal trained artists earning from $1,000 to $5,000 yearly. Many famous artists contributed exclusive illustrated lessons to our courses. If you have talent train it at home. This may be your surest way to success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments.

Get free Art Test and Book describing opportunities in art. State age and occupation. Write today.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
4467 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minnesota

SHADES of SHAKESPEARE

Showing how certain screen stars would like to pull down the shades on their Shakespearean interludes

SIPPING cider in the new M-G-M commissary, Melvyn Douglas, Clark Gable and Ralph Bellamy harked back to the good old days, when acting wasn't acting unless you got your teeth into the scenery and chewed clear up to there!

"Shakespeare," murmured Douglas, thoughtfully blowing the foam from his second jolt of cider, "has thrown more ambitious young tyros for a loss than all the other histrionic elements put together.

"Well do I remember . . . one of my first breaks came when I was handed the role of Cassius in a road show version of *Julius Caesar*. Not much money, but lots of fun.

"Anyway . . . night after night, I fell on my prop sword and committed hari kari with enough death gasps to satisfy the toughest gallery. And, night after night, the old Shakespearean actor, who played Brutus, knelt directly over my cold, dead face and drooled his way through the speech that begins: 'Here lies the noblest Roman of them all . . .

"With neither Heaven nor a pup tent to protect me, I begged the old fellow (who was a good egg in spite of his leaky bridgework) to remember the Johnstown flood and move down a couple of feet before beginning his eulogy. But, night after night, he would become so engrossed in the role that consideration was sacrificed on the altar of Art . . . with me holding the water wings!

"After two weeks of stormy weather, I decided that enough was enough.

"That night, as he bent above my defenseless head and spouted: 'Here lies the noblest Roman of them all . . .,' I calmly raised up, hoisted myself two feet away from him and lay down again! And there was nothing for the poor fellow to do but tag along, or deliver the rest of his lines to my belt buckle!

"Dear Brutus was surprised almost out of character! But it worked so well that I went through the rest of the season, bone dry!"

"The funniest thing that ever happened to me," opined Mister Gable, "was when I was chinning myself on the bottom rung of the ladder as chief spear-toter and wearer-of-the-royal-tights, in Jane Cowl's noted *Romeo and Juliet* company.

"I understudied Mercutio, hopelessly enough, for the guy who played the part hadn't suffered anything worse than halitosis since he'd had the measles, at the age of five. But, there is a Destiny that shapes our ends, and, out of a clear sky, 'Cutie' went down for a ten-count with influenza, leaving the sword-play to me!

"I wasn't supposed to set foot on the stage until nine o'clock, but at four-thirty I was in my dressing room, smearing make-up on my face and muttering: 'Avaunt, foul fiend!' in seventeen different ways.

"Later, as I strode shakily across the stage to 'do the foul fiend in,' I had just about enough presence of mind to remember that the business called for me to throw off my hat and cape before drawing my sword.

"Well, the cape flew through the air with the greatest of ease, but, when I grabbed for my little green hat . . . wig and all came off and were pitched into the wings, leaving me strictly twentieth century from the chin up!

"But nothing could have stopped me then! Nearly throwing myself for a ten yard loss, I yanked my sword from its moorings, dueled, died, and was carried off, to the merry howls of an hysterical audience!"

"I was one of the boys who 'knew poor Yorick well,' too," Bellamy threw in his oar. "But it took Elinor Glyn to set me up behind the eight-ball!

"We were playing *Three Weeks* and I was supposed to climb the rose-covered trellis to the Queen's balcony, where the tiger-skin rug and the couch of roses awaited me.

"I got off to a good start, looking as romantic as possible, but, when I had just reached the top, the darned trellis began to collapse—and the Queen's balcony along with it!

"You know how an orange crate folds up? Well, that's just the way it looked.

"There I lay, on the floor, my head poking through a tangle of artificial roses, and good old Queenie descending, slowly but surely, upon her fallen playmate, along with the Op'ry House olio!"

WHAT THE CONVICT CRITICS WILL SEE

Madge Evans and Bing Crosby satisfy "big house" requirements with their light nonsense in *Pennies from Heaven*

TYPICAL of the film fare allowed inhabitants of the country's penal institutions is the roster of pictures announced for the first six months of 1937 by the entertainment committee of the United States Penitentiary on McNeil Island, Washington.

It will be noticed that musicals, light romances and comedies prevail. Heavier fare such as *Winterset* and *Prisoner of Shark Island* are out. The more rippling type of picture is desired, and authorities in all prisons seek entertainment which will put prisoners' minds in a lighter vein and, by offering mass entertainment for the pleasure of all, take their minds off the seriousness of their plight.

For January the committee led off with the football fantasy, *Pigskin Parade*, featuring such headliners as Patsy Kelly, Stu Erwin and several dancing and comedy teams. *Banjo On My Knee*, the Barbara Stanwyck-Joel McCrea saga of Mississippi River life, is the only one with a serious note. Others include the Astaire-Rogers *Follow the Fleet;* Irene Dunne's sophisticated comedy, *Theodora Goes Wild;* and Jane Withers' delightful vehicle, *Pepper*.

February's weekly bill will include two riotous comedies: *Three Men On A Horse* with Joan Blondell and Frank McHugh and that musical sparkler, *The King Steps Out*, with Grace Moore, Franchot Tone and Walter Connolly. Other pictures they will see during the spring include: *State Fair, Girl's Dormitory, Reunion, Charge of the Light Brigade, Kelly the Second, Ramona, Ladies in Love, Top Hat, Pennies from Heaven, Dodsworth, Dimples, Garden of Allah, Libeled Lady.*

GREYHOUND

WELCOME AS SPRING-

are these luxurious new coaches —and lowest of all low fares!

IT IS *natural* for a Greyhound advertisement to talk about Spring—because only Greyhound travel, following the great main highways, is chummy with the first green flush of the new season—familiar with bursting buds, fresh furrows, early song birds.

But that's not all! Welcome as bright skies are the amazing new Super-Coaches now operated by Greyhound throughout America. Passengers say that they are utterly above comparison, for smooth riding, deep-cushioned comfort, freedom from vibration and noise. You'd think that such modern and costly equipment would mean higher fares. *To the contrary,* no Spring in travel history has seen such low ticket cost per mile!

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

Cleveland, O. . . E. 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa. . Broad St. Station
New York City . . . 245 W. 50th St.
Chicago, Ill. . . . . . 12th & Wabash
San Francisco, Cal., Pine & Battery Sts.
Ft. Worth, Tex. . 905 Commerce St.
Charleston, W. Va. . . . . 1100 Kanawha Valley Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn., 50 'Sixth Ave., N.
Boston, Mass. . . . . 222 Boylston St.
Washington, D. C. . . . . 1403 New York Ave., N. W.
Detroit, Mich. . . . . Washington Blvd. at Grand River
St. Louis, Mo. Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
Memphis, Tenn. . . . . 146 Union Ave.
New Orleans, La. 400 N. Rampart St.
Cincinnati, O. . . . . 630 Walnut St.
Lexington, Ky. . . . 801 N. Limestone
Richmond, Va. . . . . 412 E. Broad St.
Windsor, Ont. . 1004 Security Bldg.
London, England . . . .
A. B. Reynoldson . 49 Leadenhall St.

A Smooth, Relaxed Ride—in the New Super-Coach

Cozy armchairs adjust to 4 positions—soft light glows from frosted tubing—ample, controlled heat for cold days. Baggage carried underneath, in locked compartments.

The GREYHOUND LINES

BRIGHT NEW PICTORIAL BOOKLET, "THIS AMAZING AMERICA"—FREE

Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound information office (listed above) for entertaining pictorial booklet showing 140 strange and unbelievable places throughout America. Title, "This Amazing America"—and it lives up to its name! If you want low rates, suggested routes, and any other travel information, jot down name of place you wish to visit on margin below.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________ FW-4

DOES YOUR SKIN FEEL LIKE A File?
USE COUPON BELOW

● Are your hands coarse to touch? Unsightly to the eye? Does your skin feel like a file?

Try using Italian Balm—a justly famous, rich and wide-spreading skin softener—and see how quickly your skin becomes soft again and smooth in texture.

Italian Balm is recognized, from coast to coast, as being one of the *quickest-acting*, most *inexpensive* skin beautifiers ever invented. In one of the nation's large cities recently, an independent survey of homes revealed this unheard of endorsement: Italian Balm was in the homes of better than 50% of all those buying any such preparation; in better than three times as many homes as any similar toilet goods item.

Non-sticky. Quick-drying. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Send for a FREE Vanity bottle *today*.

Campana's
Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

FREE
CAMPANA SALES CO.
2904 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.
Gentlemen: I have never tried ITALIAN BALM. Please send me VANITY bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

In Canada, Campana, Ltd. FP-2904 Caledonia Road, Toronto

FOR MANY CURLS...OR JUST A FEW ★ THE CURLER USED BY THE STARS ★
BETTY BURGESS
Imperial Pictures
U. S. PATENTS 2,000,893 2,000,894

FOR curls that caress with the bright touch of beauty, your favorites of the screen dress their hair with "the curlers used by the stars." Millions of women follow this Hollywood beauty hint...and so more Hollywood Curlers are used in homes everywhere than all other curlers put together. Try this star magic on your hair...tonight!!

Be sure to ask for them by name.

3 FOR 10c AT 5c AND 10c STORES, NOTION COUNTERS

HOLLYWOOD *Rapid Dry* **CURLER**

Handy Facts

[*Continued from page* 74]

well shaped—and exquisitely cared for. The graceful and quiet poses into which they fall attest to the thoroughness with which she has overcome her early inclination to "talk with her hands."

THE day I interviewed Margaret she was wearing a deep red lacquer on her nails as a gay note of color against her grey costume. "I like to vary the color of my polish to harmonize with my clothes," Margaret said. "For sports wear I prefer natural or rust shades. For evening I like something more brilliant—the new wine shades are lovely. I wear the polish over the entire nail except for a very narrow line at the top. By covering the half moon and part of the free edge at the tips, the nails appear much longer."

I was pleased to have Margaret enthuse about the wine tones of polish because it offered an opportunity of saying "me, too!" We agreed that the new vintage tones are unexcelled for throwing into dramatic relief white or black gowns and are equally smart with royal blues and reds or soft greens. One of the most glamorous and brilliant tones to be inspired by the Coronation, of which I was lucky enough to receive a preview sample, is offered by a famous manufacturer of manicure preparations. If you want to give your new gown a real send-off and your nails a jeweled-tipped elegance, let me send you the name of this polish, priced at 35c. Interesting, too, is the fact that evaporation has been reduced to practically nil, so that one can use the whole bottle down to the last drop.

In caring for her hands, you can be sure Margaret doesn't neglect her arms and elbows. She uses a nail brush to keep her nails glistening and another brush to scrub her elbows. A few drops of the lotion used on her hands is also massaged into her elbows and forearms so that they will always be in condition for a "public appearance."

FORTUNATELY, Margaret doesn't need to worry about freckling, no matter how much time she spends in the sun. But for the girl whose arms are sprinkled with freckles, here's a word of cheer. I'll be glad to send you the name of a reliable cream which will do wonders in bleaching out those unsightly brown spots of pigment. A sprinkling of freckles across the bridge of the nose may be piquant and cute—but there's just nothing funny or feminine about freckles on the arms. Smooth this cream on before you go to bed—and do it regularly, and you will be justly rewarded by having said freckles fade into oblivion, provided you don't encourage the return of the pigment spots by overdoses of sun. The price is 60c for a generous jar.

Between professional manicures, Margaret helps to keep her nails in condition by massaging oil into the cuticle and by shaping with an emery board which she prefers to a steel file. Like all girls who value a smoothly outlined nail, Margaret never permits her cuticle to be cut but relies entirely upon a dependable cuticle remover to keep the edges neatly outlined.

In this day of open-toed sandals and cobwebby hose, feet and hands are mentioned in the same breath. Although

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex. $10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, Calif., guarantees Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

INSTANT BUNION RELIEF WITH THE FISCHER PROTECTOR

BEFORE
AFTER
THE ORIGINAL

AVOID SUBSTITUTES
FOR WOMEN OR MEN

Also hides large joints, keeps shoes shapely. RELIEVES PRESSURE ON BUNION. You can't be well dressed if your SHOES ARE UNSIGHTLY. Ask your Shoe dealer, Druggist or Dept. store; or write for free trial offer. Established over 30 years.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
647 W. Virginia St., Dept. 123 Milwaukee, Wisconsin

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove Superfluous Hair Forever

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.

Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

D. J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 56D, Providence, R.I.

FREE TREASURE BOOK 4745 RINGS $1.50

PINS 4254 30¢

Write For Big FREE Catalog Of Pins, Rings, Emblems, Trophies, Medals, Etc.

CLASS PINS, any letters, numerals or colors. Silver Plate, 25 or more, 30¢ ea; 7 to 24, 35¢ ea; 1 to 6, 40¢ ea. Gold Plate, add 10¢ ea. to above prices. Sterling Silver, add 20¢ ea. Sterling Silver Rings as shown, 26 or more, $1.50 ea; 12 to 25, $1.60 ea; 1 to 11, $1.75 ea.

METAL ARTS CO, INC. FACTORY 68 - ROCHESTER, N.Y.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, If you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation.

Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 715, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Indiana

SENSATIONAL

LOLA A. SHARP, INDIANA NURSE NOW SAYS:

Drinking 1 Glass of
Orange Juice
Mixed with 1 Tablespoon of
BONKORA
2 times a day and eating her fill of the delicious foods as shown in the Bonkora package made her
LOSE 108 LBS. UGLY FAT

She lost 6 in. off waist, 4 in. off hips and 6 in. off bust. She lost avoidable reducible overweight and regularized elimination.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE and copy of Lola Sharp's letter. Address Bon Kora, 544 S. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Dept. 134

Margaret believes stockingless feet are rarely attractive and never goes without stockings herself, she has a weekly pedicure and massage with electric vibrator to keep her feet in condition.

"Massaging the feet seems to tone up the whole system," she said, "and with sheer hose, it's comforting to know that the toenails are just as well groomed as the fingernails. I prefer a natural toned polish for my pedicures."

Daily care of the feet is a habit which should be cultivated for comfort and beauty. The first hot days will be along soon—and how one's feet do speak up when summer arrives! A combination home treatment set consisting of foot soap, foot powder and foot balm will help you to keep pain out of your feet *and* wrinkles out of your face. I know of just such a set of foot aids, all for $1.00, which will see you through the summer with a spring in your step and a smile on your lips. The soap is in granular form and comes in a convenient shaker-container, as does the deodorizing foot powder for dusting on the feet and in the shoes. The balm is healing and penetrating and offers quick relief for sore feet. Want the name of the set?

Sheer hose, or more especially, no hose, call for smooth, hairless legs. A clever device for removing superfluous hair simply and economically comes in the shape of an oval pad with a strap across the back for slipping over the hand—and it's as easy to use as a powder puff. All you do is rub it gently with a rapid circular motion over the surface from which the hair is to be removed. In about three minutes, your skin will be as smooth and clean as you could wish. It can be used on the arms with the same gratifying results. The price is 25 cents and I'll send you the name upon request.

Before closing this month's list of beauty preparations, I can't resist including mention of the three-way blended eye beautifiers offered by a leading manufacturer. The mascara, eyebrow pencil and eyeshadow are so harmonized in color that they blend with the eyes, with the complexion and with each other. There is a convenient color chart for brunettes, blondes and redheads from which you may select the colors best suited to your type—while the color blend secret permits the use of any one of the preparations in conjunction with any others in perfect harmony. You may buy these fascinating and dependable aids to eye beauty at the dime store or in larger sizes at drug and department stores. I'll send the name promptly upon request.

For product names, address Miss Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, *1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing stamped return envelope.*

CONFIDENTIAL BEAUTY SERVICE

Readers of SCREEN BOOK are invited to bring their personal beauty problems to Janet Lynn for solving. Miss Lynn will treat all questions confidentially and her answer to you will be based on years of experience in the beauty field. There is no charge for this service, the only requirement being that you enclose stamped (3 cent U. S. stamp) envelope for reply. Address Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

My day couldn't have been More Perfect!
... YET IT MIGHT EASILY HAVE BEEN SPOILED BUT FOR THE 3-WAY PROTECTION OF KOTEX
A fast game of Table Tennis
Shopping with Sue
Dinner Downtown

1 CAN'T CHAFE
The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2 CAN'T FAIL
By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

3 CAN'T SHOW
The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

•

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE
—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

A natural look of luxuriant, silky beauty for your lashes

PINAUD
SIX
TWELVE
612

PINAUD'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA
PREPARED IN FRANCE

At last...everything you want in a mascara! Extra creaminess to make lashes look silky, heavy and long...and natural-looking, not "made-up". Permanent! Runproof, smudge-proof. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

Good Housekeeping Institute

For that extra touch of loveliness
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

Blondes! and "Browns" too!

NEW 7-DAY SHAMPOO Gives Your Hair New Brilliance, Lustre, Loveliness—FOR A WHOLE WEEK!

Ends That Dull, Dingy Between-Shampoo Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy, oil and dust-laden film that leaves hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look all week. Done in a few mintues and at a cost of but a few pennies, New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, natural, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. Blondes, browns and chestnuts invariably find New Blondex leaves their hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—soft, not hard or brittle. Start New Blondex today. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. New combination package, SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE, now also in a 10c size at all stores.

New BLONDEX SHAMPOO & RINSE FOR ALL HAIR

3 LIPSTICKS Free

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE, each in a different, fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs. Glorify your lips with FLAME-GLO ... send coupon TODAY!

Flame-Glo
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS., DEPT. 84, 395 B'WAY, N. Y.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks; enclosed find 10¢ (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost
NAME..
ADDRESS..

10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

St. Patrick's Day Laughs from Irish Stars of Hollywood

Frank McHugh likes to tell a subtle story, but he doesn't always "dead-pan" it.

According to Pat O'Brien, genial Warner Bros. star, the Maloney offspring had not been picking up weight as becoming a healthy hod-carrier's young hopeful, so Mrs. Maloney took the baby to a doctor.

"I find nothing particularly wrong with the youngster," remarked the medico, after his examination, "but you should have changed his diet three weeks ago."

"Shure, an' that's all Oi have been doin' fer th' last three weeks!" snorted Mrs. Maloney.

HEAVENS' ABOVE!

The way Frank McHugh tells it, O'Hara and Ginsburg, traveling together, stole a chicken and made an agreement not to eat it until the next morning when the one who had the most beautiful dream should have the whole chicken.

"Pat," said Ginsburg the following morning, "I had it a most beautiful dream. I vos dreamink I vos wandering through de fields with tree hundert beautiful goils srrounding me, when suddenly a rope fell from de sky and I vos pulled up to heaven where I vos alone wit countless hordes of de same pretty goils. Pat, ef I never live to see anodder Yom Kipper, every void of dis iss de truth."

"I know it, Abe, for I was up there and saw you drawn up. And I said to meself, 'Faith and Ginsburg will never leave such a beautiful place.' So I got up and et the chicken."

GOODBYE, KITTY, GOODBYE!

One of James Gleason's favorite stories has to do with an Irisher who ran to his Hibernian friend next door with the news that a wildcat had broken

Look Young! FREE Book Tells How
No Cosmetics, No Massage, No Straps

Send at Once!
FREE BOOK

Men! Women! Beauty expert tells in thrilling book sent free how you can easily erase wrinkles, "crow's feet", hollow cheeks, double chin and other marks of age. ***5 minutes a day*** in your own home by an easy method of Facial Exercise that any one can do. The method is fully explained with photographs in a new sensational book sent free upon request in plain wrapper. **PAULINE PALMER, 1421 D Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.** Write before supply is exhausted.

Name.. 2
City.. State..........................

Help Your Kidneys
with real santalwood oil

When the passages of kidneys and bladder become irritated, you frequently suffer a burning sensation. Sleep is shattered. Backaches, leg stiffness and other troubles cause distress.

East Indian santalwood may be a little more costly than other medicines, but it "does the work." It soothes and relieves. It helps Nature to overcome the condition.

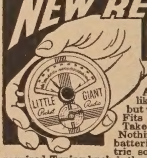
In SANTAL MIDY capsules you find only East Indian santalwood. No cheap fake oils. No drastic diuretic drugs. SANTAL MIDY is known throughout the entire world for its effectiveness. Easy-to-take capsules. Insist that the druggist gives you genuine SANTAL MIDY Capsules. Accept nothing else.

Do This For BLACKHEADS

They Fall Right Out!

Blackheads persist because they are literally trapped in your skin! Locked there by a film of sluggish, surface skin! You can't wash them away! But you can release them! **Golden Peacock Bleach Creme** will lift away the film of coarsened surface skin—dissolving it in tiny invisible particles. Blackheads are released. They flake away, fall out! Surface pimples, too—in fact, all blemishes in the surface skin! You discover your own finer skin—smooth, utterly clear, alluringly white! All in just 5 days! Discover **Golden Peacock Bleach Creme!** At drug and department stores—or send 50c to **Golden Peacock Inc.**, Paris, Tenn.

NEW REMARKABLE POCKET RADIO



BEAUTIFUL CLEAR TONE DIRECT FROM POCKET RADIO

All one unit — just like the big sets, but weighs only 6 oz. Fits pocket easily. Take it with you. Nothing to adjust. No batteries, tubes, or electric socket connections required. Tuning knob is the only moving part. **Costs Nothing to Operate! Guaranteed!** Brings in stations with fine tone quality. Tunes broadcast band. Accurately made, precisely assembled, rigidly tested, assures excellent performance. Should last for years. Comes complete with built-in phone, with easy instructions for use in camps, office, picnics, home, bed, etc. Listen to music, sports, radio entertainment, etc. The "Little Giant" is guaranteed—all ready to connect and tune in, Thousands in use. An ideal gift.

SEND NO MONEY! Its enjoyable radio entertainment should delight you! Combines performance and economy. Get yours today. Pay postman on arrival only $2.99 and postage or send $2.99 (we pay postage). Order now.

Excerpts From Satisfied Users
I received radio and it works fine. . . . Am well pleased with it in every respect. I recommend the Little Giant to any prospective purchaser whowishes just such a little radio for personal use. It costs nothing to operste . . . Have tried it and it works splendid. Received Midget Radio and I am pleased. Kindly mail two more . . . (Letters on File).

Little Giant Radio Co., 3959 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 205, Chicago

ITCH
. . . STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE . . .

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

into the house where he had parted from his wife but a few minutes before.

"Did the wildcat enter my home of her own free will an' accord?" asked the neighbor.

"Yes, sor, she did thot very thing bejabbers. She gave a jump an' leaped right through th' front window."

"Then, me foine friend," said the neighbor, "the' dom cat must take her own chances. It's not fer me to intervene in her behalf."

A LONG TRIP AHEAD OF HER

MAYBE it's old, but Brian Aherne, who recently starred in Goldwyn's *Beloved Enemy*, got a great laugh out of it, so here goes.

As Brian tells it, Casey's wife died, but before she did so, she said to him: "Pat, if I should die first and you get to running around with other women, I'll scratch my way out of the grave and come back and fix you, mind what I'm tellin' ye."

But it wasn't long after Mrs. Casey's death that Pat broke out with his wild parties and wilder women, and so strong was he going that finally a worried friend said to him: "Pat, have you forgotten what your loving wife said to you before she died? You know, she said she would scratch her way out of the grave and come after you."

"Let her scratch!" grinned Casey. "I buried her face down!"

THEY DIDN'T COME UP FOR AIR

IF WE can believe Errol Flynn, it was early afternoon and as the Dublin train entered the dark tunnel, two young Irish lovers instantly merged into one and their lips met in a long, delicious kiss.

The coach was dark when their lips parted, and the girl opened her eyes.

"Michael, my dear," she sighed. "Wasn't that rather a long tunnel?"

"Tunnel?" her lover echoed. "Why my little Irish rose, we passed through that tunnel hours ago. It's midnight now."

GUESSED IT THE FIRST TIME

JIMMY CAGNEY'S pet Irish story has to do with O'Shaunessy, the plumber who entered the house and met Jones and his wife in the hall.

"Now before we go downstairs," said Jones to the plumber, "I wish to acquaint you with the trouble."

"Oim very pleased t' meet you," said O'Shaunessy, bowing to Mrs. Jones.

Crossword Solution

S	U	L	L	A	V	A	N		F	A	S	T
O	■	T	E	D	■	S	■	H	O	T	■	H
N	M	■	S	A	D	■	A	I	R	■	M	E
G	U	N	■	M	A	D	Y	S	■	L	E	O
	M	E	T	■	M	A	E	■	B	A	N	D
M	■	D	O	T	■	N	■	L	O	W	■	O
C	Y	■	B	E	E	C	H	E	R	■	F	R
L	■	M	I	X	■	I	■	W	I	S	■	A
A	L	A	N	■	A	N	N	■	S	I	R	
G	O	D	■	A	N	G	E	L	■	D	E	L
L	Y	■	O	L	D	■	W	A	S	■	D	A
E	■	I	L	L	■	V	■	N	E	E	■	S
N	I	N	E		M	A	R	G	A	R	E	T

NO SKINNY WOMAN HAS AN OUNCE OF SEX APPEAL
BUT SCIENCE HAS PROVED THAT THOUSANDS *DON'T HAVE TO BE* SKINNY

Genuine
IRONIZED YEAST
50 TABLETS
IY

NEW "7-POWER" YEAST TABLETS GIVE THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS. —*in a few weeks!*

THOUSANDS of skinny people who never could gain before have quickly put on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets. Not only that, but they've gained naturally lovely color, new pep, new friends and popularity—*in almost no time!*

Scientists recently discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of this marvelous Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful*. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't aid in building you up in a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 284, Atlanta, Ga.

7 REASONS WHY

1. Rich red blood, necessary to nourish and build up every part of the body is especially promoted where more iron is needed.
2. Hearty, healthy appetite enabling you to enjoy plenty of good body-building food is assured those who specifically need Vitamin B.
3. Needed aid in getting ALL the flesh-building good out of your food is supplied where Vitamin B is deficient.
4. Nerves depleted by an inadequate supply of Vitamin B, are strengthened by the help of this special nerve-aiding vitamin.
5. Unsightly skin eruptions resulting from Vitamin B deficiency are corrected and natural beauty restored in a short time.
6. Body growth, development and increase in weight are quickly promoted where they have been retarded by Vitamin B shortage.
7. New energy, strength and pep that lead to popularity are quickly given to thousands who need both Vitamin B and iron.

Posed by professional models]

"A MAN'S DISH" Says WARREN WILLIAM of BREAST-O'-CHICKEN BRAND TUNA FISH

WARREN WILLIAM
appearing in
"GO WEST YOUNG MAN"
A Paramount Picture

TUNA is a non-fattening energy food, satisfying and nourishing. Most men like it in a hot dish, such as a loaf, souffle or pie. *Use the Brand the Stars prefer . . .* and you will never be disappointed.

Crispy Tuna Casserole

1 can BREAST-O'-CHICKEN *Tuna* — *4 tbsp. fat*
1 three oz. pkg. potato chips — *4 tbsp. flour*
½ cup mushrooms, sliced — *Few grains pepper*
2½ cups milk

Heat fat, add flour and pepper, mixing well. Add milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Shred BREAST-O'-CHICKEN tuna and crush potato chips. Combine all ingredients, saving out a few potato chips to sprinkle on top Pour into a greased casserole, sprinkle with remaining potato chips. Bake in moderate oven for about thirty minutes or until top is browned.

WESTGATE
Sea Products Co.
San Diego, Calif.

AMERICAN PACKED TO AMERICAN STANDARDS
BREAST-O'-CHICKEN
BRAND
Tuna Fish
FANCY SOLID
Tested and Approved 4451 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

NO OTHER TUNA IS "JUST AS GOOD"

"TELL Everyone SUFFERING FROM —

PSORIASIS

HOW MY DISCOMFORTS WERE RELIEVED"

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

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Fishing in the Pantry

[*Continued from page* 12]

Lobster, crab, shrimp, are aristocrats of seadom even if they do swim in its lowest depths! Canned lobster, with its solid pack, no waste of shells and no tedious labor required to pry out the tidbits, is a boon to the hostess who knows that any luncheon or bridge is a success if lobster is trumps. Chill in a simple salad with mayonnaise, garnish with lemon and perhaps a sprinkle of capers, or use in delectable hot dishes, such as the notable Lobster Thermidor, for which you may have the special recipe of a noted French chef.

Japanese crab is quite similar to lobster, and like it, comes can-packed in large choice bright red pieces especially suited for use in salads. Here's a striking salad, but ideally simple, and it happens to be a favorite with William Powell:

AVOCADO CRABMEAT SALAD

2 cups crabmeat, flaked
Lettuce
1½ large avocados
1/3 cup lemon juice
Pickle dressing

Use six individual salad plates. Mound ½-cup of crabmeat on lettuce on each plate. Halve and remove pit from avocados, and slice thinly crosswise. Steep slices in lemon juice about 5 minutes. Arrange slices over crabmeat. Serve with pickle dressing (recipe sent on request).

No cocktail appetizer plate is complete without its shrimp novelty canapes, and shrimp is a grand cocktail in itself. Canned shrimp, too, is a standby for hasty pick-up dishes with hot boiled rice and canned peas, for example, and for use in the ever-popular Newburgh or creamed dishes.

When is a sardine not a sardine? That is a question which has actually troubled many courts at law! But to all intents and purposes a sardine is "any small fish of the herring family." Have you ever tried sardines with spinach, baked together with eggs and crumbs? If not, you'll be surprised what sardines can do to make spinach more painless! Sardines, plus white sauce, plus grated cheese, is another combination which will evoke a novel luncheon rarebit. Creamed eggs garnished with sardines makes an easy quick home lunch plate.

CLAMS in cans, or oysters in tins, are no novelty on the grocer's shelves, but they also deserve wider use. To be able to find all the "makings" of a succulent stew or chowder, right on the pantry shelf, without the messy effort of steaming and removing shells, chopping, etc., is something any housewife appreciates. Or a tasty clam chowder, complete down to the last potato, is also now available in convenient canned form, as is of course clam broth, clam soup, and oyster soup.

Mackerel, haddock and the more staple fish are likewise to be bought in prepared form. Finnan haddie (smoked haddock) is now ready to come to the aid of the breakfaster by being added to a cream sauce and then poured over piping hot toast; or it may be laid in a shallow greased casserole, and browned under the broiler.

Inexpensive fish roe, as well as de luxe caviar finds a corner in the cupboard. If husband or boy-friend seems to deserve

On Approval

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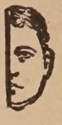

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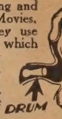

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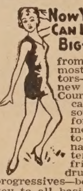

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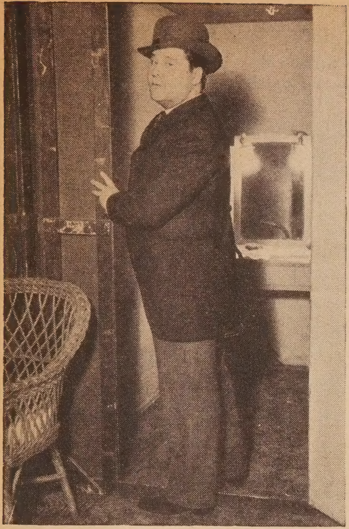

Sartorial swank! is Oakie's slogan as he discards his usual sweat-shirts for fancy coat, gaiter and derby—his costume for the role of a breezy newspaper reporter of the 1870's in RKO's *Robber Barons*

a special cooking award, set this sophisticated dish before him:

FISH ROE WITH MUSHROOMS

1 cup canned mushrooms, sliced
2 tablespoons butter
1 can fish roe
Salt, pepper
6 slices hot buttered toast
1 cup mushroom liquor
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ cup cream or top milk
Parsley, minced

Cook sliced mushrooms in butter 2 minutes. Add fish roe and seasonings and heat until brown. Serve on toast with sauce made by thickening mushroom liquor with butter and flour, and adding cream. Sprinkle with minced parsley. Serve immediately.

Mention of the above recipes reminds me that there are several equally novel ones which any reader may have for the asking. The canned fish alphabet begins at Anchovy and ends with Whitefish, with a catch of every seafood from the deep, between. Send for your special recipes today, so you may go fish in your own pantry!

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The name of this new beautifier is Dioxogen Cream. It is the only preparation in the world containing Dioxogen, and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

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Claudette Confesses With Bushels Of Blushes

[*Continued from page* 52]

stardom, can and does still blush, must have retained a great deal of that essential, innate femininity that men still seek in women. Maybe that's the real, underlying answer to Claudette's appeal. After all, in years of Hollywood interviewing and stepping-around, I've seen very, very few blushes in movieland . . . !

BUT this story isn't going to psychoanalyze Claudette or blushes. It's just going to tell you in a straightforward report, what Claudette thought and said about sex appeal, when she'd finally gotten over the blushes and settled down to talking. Because talk about it she did, like the forthright person she is, and by the time she'd talked it out, she'd really given quite a Recipe for Sex Appeal, even though, womanlike, she started out by saying that there wasn't any such thing as a *Recipe* for it!

In fact, she denied, right off, that she possessed sex appeal—or anyway, that she was aware of it. So I mentioned Cleopatra, as Claudette portrayed her, and then the talk got around to Hips and How to Use 'em, and—but maybe we'd better begin at the beginning, eh?—

It all really dates back to a quiet little Hollywood stag party. Oh, it wasn't one of those bawdy things you hear about; this was just a little gathering of Hollywood men—writers, directors, and movie men. Naturally they got to talking about women, and somehow, it got around to a discussion of what star of today exerted the biggest appeal to men, from the screen.

A DIRECTOR nominated Mae West, "for obvious reasons," he explained. "Too obvious," dissented a writer. "How," asked another, "do you spell that 'too'?" But after all, the entire details of the discussion can't be printed here. Let's cut it short and report that the outcome, by unanimous vote of the nine men present, was that Claudette Colbert was conceded the championship. And each of the nine men contributed, too, the information that most of the men they each knew felt the same way.

"But what is it that *she* has that the others lack?" was the next question.

"Her figure," volunteered one.

"Her eyes," said another.

"The way she walks," insisted a third.

"Her voice," was another contention.

"Pure technique," insisted a director. All nine had a different analysis. Then someone suggested asking Claudette herself—and that's how this story was born. We finally drew straws to see which of us would ask her—and I got the short straw. And that's how it came about that Claudette sat, curled up like a purring kitten, on her dressing room couch while I stammered my stuff. Of course, when she blushed, it startled me, and scared me a little, so I didn't dare tell her it was only a bunch of nosey old men wanting to know how she did it. I asked her, instead, to pass on her secrets to other girls.

"But," she protested, as the blush ebbed, "there aren't any secrets . . . !

"Why, any girl at all with a reasonably good figure and a face that isn't hard to look at has all the necessary ingredients for—well, sex appeal."

Claudette Colbert has all the physical attributes that should go with S. A. She doesn't pose for these kind of photos anymore—unfortunately!

BUT why, then, do some girls with mediocre figures and faces, have battalions of men swarming about them, while others with far more luscious curves and adorable eyes just sit back and wait and hope and ask Santa Claus to bring them just one man, in vain? I wondered. Then Claudette broke down:

"Maybe," she conceded, "it's in knowing how to use what you've got." (The blush again.) And then she went to town:

"I've noticed, in observing those women at any gathering who seem to exert the most 'it' among those present, that they all seem to have one thing—call it one trick, if you want to—in common. That is that without exception they are able to make the man they're talking with, or the man they're after, believe that *he is the only man on earth for her.* She hangs on whatever he says with rapt attention; she lets her eyes intimate, gently to be sure, but definitely, that they're not interested in even looking at the other men present. She pays all her attention, for the moment at least, to him—and he loves it.

"Of course, she's got to be careful, particularly when she's doing this at a sizeable gathering. I mean, she has to be careful not to play that with Jim— and then let Jim suddenly discover her doing exactly the same thing to Tom, five minutes later. Even a Jim can't take that.

"But that one trick, if it *is* a trick, is perhaps a woman's greatest weapon when it comes to what's quaintly called the war of the sexes. Beside it, all the more obvious tricks like rolling hips and eyes are infantile. That business of rolling the hips and the eyes, and sighing, is out, passe, antiquated, any way. Men today demand more intelligence, more *humor,* in their love-making. Why, if a girl tried to get her man by shaking her hips at him nowadays, he'd laugh himself to the nearest taxi-stand.

"But don't misunderstand me. I don't mean, by that, that a little *judicious* use of physical appeal isn't indicated, now and then. A nice hip is very useful and effective, in its place. But moderation—*that's* the secret. You'll *scare* a man away, even if he doesn't *laugh* himself away, by overdoing it!"

AND listening to Claudette tell me that, I remembered that she's one gal in Hollywood who practices what she preaches. I remembered such things as a neatly-planned stance Claudette uses now and then (offscreen as well as on) that barely suggests a neatly-curved hipline. It was far more effective than the Theda Baraest hip-rolling I ever saw, in the olden days.

"Styles in sex appeal change constantly," Claudette went on. "Euphemistically, we say that 'styles in girls' change, but fundamentally and honestly, its styles in sex appeal. Why, it's changed terrifically, even within the past couple of years. Today, men demand more femininity of a woman than they did a few years ago. That was the era of the 'athletic girl' who went in for flat-heeled shoes, hiking, sports in general, meeting-a-man-on-his-own-ground sort of thing. It was the vogue to be flat-chested, boyish-hipped. It seemed that girls deliberately tried to hide or kill whatever girlishness was in them . . . ! (and Claudette's eyes grew round with bafflement that such a thing should be done.)

"Naturally, it didn't last. You've asked me if there's any actual technique of sex appeal—if there is a Recipe for Sex Appeal. Honestly, I don't know. But I will say this—every girl, if she is determined to boost her sex appeal rating, should first of all do one thing: TAKE STOCK.

SHE should take stock not only of herself, but of the man or men she's going to work on. As to herself, she should analyze what she's got and what she hasn't. Principally the latter. Because there's nothing more devastating to sex appeal than being ludicrous. And there's nothing more ludicrous than a girl trying to be what she isn't.

"Let her take stock, frankly and open-eyedly. Let her stand before her mirror and look herself over, top to bottom, and then dress herself accordingly. But she's got to be honest—and she'd better not try to use too much artificial aid to give herself what Dame Nature didn't. Better to draw attention away from her shortcomings here and there by accentuating her natural attributes—there and here.

"And then let her take stock of her man. Or her men. Here I can't tell any girl what to do in so many words. She's got to use her own head. She's got to know what man likes what, and try to give him that. But don't forget that all men seem to like to feel that they're the one and only—anyway, as long as she's talking with him.

"'And if she's got a reasonable figure, a nice face, and a smart head, she can usually get her man."

And right there, I dropped an innocent query that launched a violent Colbert reaction. "You mean," I asked, "that most girls can achieve a love-at-first-sight effect?"

"Love at first sight," exploded Colbert. "There isn't any such thing. At least, I don't believe in it. I don't believe it's possible, and all the authors and fiction in the world won't make me believe it. What's more, all the people in the world who think they have fallen in love at first sight won't make me believe there's any such thing, either!"

Claudette taboos any talk for publication about her own romance, and marriage. But I can tell you that it wasn't love at first, or even second or third sight, in her own case. It took weeks of acquaintance, weeks of friendship, before Claudette knew that she loved Dr. Pressman enough to marry him. Claudette didn't count just ten then, either—she counted a long, long way further. Today they're married, and Claudette loves him so much that she won't give interviews about him.

"When you're in pictures," she once explained, "and a man is unfortunate enough, in one sense, to love you, then you owe him something. I'm doing my best, in my own way, to protect Jack's privacy—and to keep *us* out of the spotlight."

BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!
YES, JIM HAS BAD BREATH... BUT YOU WERE A BAD GIRL TO TELL HIM SO!
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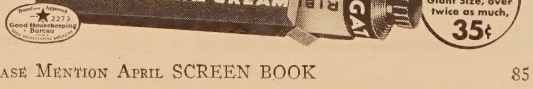
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CAMERA ANGLES

STEPPING out ahead of our preview critic, this department invites you this month to go along with us to Warner Brothers studio, just over the Hollywood Hills in Burbank, for a glimpse at a stirring array of coming pictures.

We are going to watch the pictures in production and, as the title suggests, get a cameraman's view of the activities. There is plenty to see, so come along on the tour while you still have time. Ready? We're off!

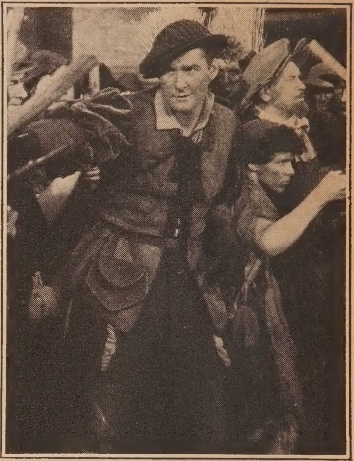
We are walking down a street of 16th Century London. Gables, broken latticed windows, empty wine jugs, and typically dressed characters of the time comprise a dream-like pageant.

We are on the set of *Prince and the Pauper*, bringing us Errol Flynn as a swashbuckling adventurer and the Mauch twins in their first starring vehicle as twins. To make the picture real, little England has been erected in Burbank. Courtyards, English streets, palace grounds, churches, and stunning interiors build the impression.

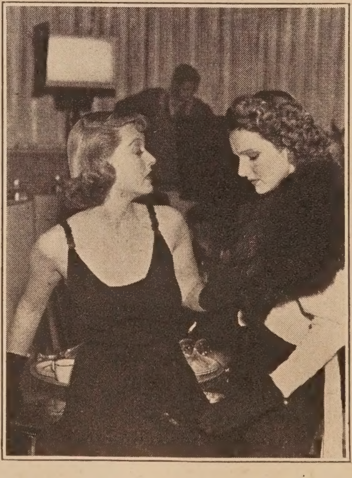
The story is Mark Twain's tale of a pauper who becomes a prince by resembling the bored heir happy enough to switch and escape some of the mustiness of court confinement. Errol Flynn in the picture sees the little pauperized prince through innumerable pinches.

Most splendid of the reproduction in this historical tintype is Westminster Abbey during the Coronation of Edward VI. Added zest to this depiction of a medieval coronation will be lent by its timeliness compared to the 20th century real McCoy this spring in London.

Exhaustive research has insured perfection in detail. Several hundred extras in red velvet and ermine constitute the gallery for this splendid court event. Through the stained glass windows filter a beam of sunlight onto the shoulders of heralds holding tapestry-hung trumpets.



Put Errol Flynn in a costume and you can expect excitement. He won't disappoint you in *The Prince and the Pauper*. Bobby Mauch, one of the famous twins, battles the mob beside him



Here's an off guard photo of Bette Davis and Lola Lane, taken while we were visiting the set. The two young ladies play the roles of night club hostesses in the film, *Marked Woman*

The Westminster Abbey of Warner Brothers' stage No. 12 is filled with England's finest. A battery of cameras looms from the shadows at the far end. The heavy glare of the powerful Kliegs hardly parallels the darkness of the real inner Westminster, but it will show up accurately in the picture.

After several coronation marches Director William Keighley yells as he scrambles down from the dolly holding the chief camera, "Gosh, I've gone and forgotten to take my stills." He likes to snap his own interpretation of every unusual "take." Director Keighley is most downcast that Warners' did not make this splendid historical pageant a technicolor picture. It would have been the first distinctly historic picture done in the new medium and would have lent itself wholeheartedly to the colored film.

Every detail of the picture is perfect. As Flynn and Bobby Mauch are escaping from a street brawl (see photo) the camera reveals a baker, a carter, a butcher, a wine vendor, a mother and several other characters. Hollywood casting offices furnish any type desired. Hence the costumery is not the only realism. The very lines on the faces of these small characters stamp them whatever manner of rogue their likeness may have been in history. We feel we are studying history as we stride around this set.

AFTER the director yells cut, the baker lurches and accidentally drops a loaf of bread on the cobblestones. It is so hard it cracks like stone hitting stone. "Ha, ha," he howls. "What fine British bread this is!" Then he throws it down again, making a staccato sound as all extras laugh.

By Herbert Baus

With the entire romantic element of the picture wrapped around Flynn's devotion to little Bobby Mauch, the prince turned beggar, there is no feminine heart interest in this flicker. In most pictures an irresistible lady-killer, Flynn will be a top-notch swashbuckler, in this one.

The Mauch twins could double for each other any time. So indistinguishable are they that Bobby wears his ring on his left hand and Billy his ring on the right hand so their mother can tell them apart.

Although this picture twangs with zip and is crowded with action, perhaps its dramatic highlight is a tensely solemn scene. Attired in royal robes, England's royal bigamist, Henry VIII, is dying on his throne. His expiration on the throne is a lapse from historical truth deliberately done better to obtain the effect of the scene.

Montagu Love, becoming famous for depicting noted English characters, wears a costume weighing 150 pounds. He looks every inch a king. Stunningly robed courtiers whose costumes each cost the studio rent approximating $200 flank the highest seat in Britain.

As he dies, Henry makes a speech to his little son, gasping from approaching death. He lashes the court intrigue in that final asthmatic tirade, going through the speech the first time without a hitch. When he is finished the spectators on the set break into thunderous spontaneous applause, a very rare honor for actors performing before the camera.

It must be hysterics—or at least it's hysterical comedy when Mischa Auer enters the scene. Mary Boland, Hugh Herbert and Carol Hughes (leaning) are also present. Picture: *Marry the Girl*

From the splendour of Medieval England we flash to the splendour of modern America only a few yards away on the Warners' lot. A glittering array of comedians are stitching together the laughs in the farce, *Marry the Girl*. Among this cluster of funny men we note the dark-eyed, rapturous jewel of beauty, Carol Hughes. We can hardly believe she is the married mother of a boy of six.

In this, another of the sophisticated comedies which are the current rage, Hugh Herbert is head of a great newspaper syndicate, Mary Boland is his sister and the power behind the throne, and Frank McHugh is his secretary. Allen Jenkins, Teddy Hart and Mischa Auer round out the lightning-funny cast. Action is so hilarious that the director is constantly laughing and calling "cut" to end an embryonic take spoiled by the players roaring at each other's antics.

At all times Hugh Herbert's face is performing those little mannerisms which keep your epiglottis throbbing during one of his pictures. During one take the well-poised Mischa Auer burst out laughing and exclaimed, "Oh-h-h-h, that face! I can't help laughing!" Neither could any of us watching the picture.

Frank McHugh's dead pan clowning is most effective against the kaleidoscopic antics of his colleagues. After an animated sequence in which the others do their stuff, McHugh must drawl a synthetic "Ha-a-ar, ha-a-ar" in that attic-voice of his. This slays them every time, and the cast has to go through the passage time

[*Continued on page* 92]

What doctors tell you to look for in a laxative . .

SOMETIMES a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—*even in minor matters.*

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will give any laxative their approval, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself, "Does *my* laxative qualify on every point?"

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not:* Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Now—remember this! Ex-Lax meets *every one* of these demands . . . meets them so fairly that many doctors use it in their own homes, for their own families!

Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you'll find it so mild and gentle. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Its easy, comfortable action leaves you feeling better—*looking* better—with a greater zest for enjoying life.

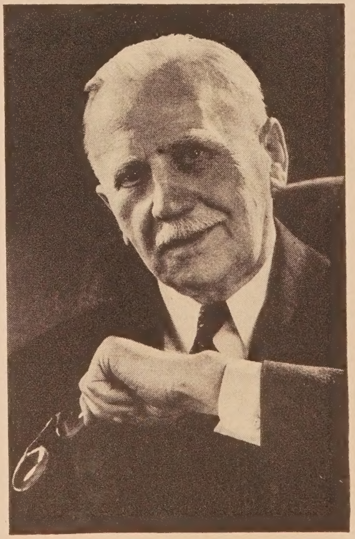
Children, of course, find such action especially beneficial. For the requirements laid down by the doctor are *doubly* important to a child.

And Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Once you try it you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good. . . . At all drug stores—10c and 25c. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG47, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



face "Broken Out?"

WHILE properly treating the underlying cause of these disfiguring little spots, resulting from various conditions, you can relieve the itchy, burning soreness and help your skin by using an ointment with an oily base that will keep the medication in contact with the pimply spots.

For more than 40 years, people have used Resinol Ointment to fill this need. Applied every night—left on all night—it does a world of good. It soothes the irritation and aids healing. Also, it treats the oil ducts where many surface pimples start.

Washing first with Resinol Soap quickens the pleasing results. It is thoroughly cleansing and leaves the skin soft and refreshed. Use it daily.

Get Resinol Ointment and Soap today from any druggist. For free sample, write Resinol, Dept. 2-C, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

DARLING, WILL YOU PLEASE BE MINE?
I GUARANTEE TO TREAT YOU FINE!
FOR INSTANCE, LOVE, IF
HEARTBURN COMES . . .
I'LL OFFER YOU MY ROLL OF TUMS!

YOU'LL LOVE THIS
FAST RELIEF
FOR ACID INDIGESTION

WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums . . . like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting . . . only 10c . . . yet they give relief that is scientific, *thorough.* Contain no harsh alkalies . . . *cannot over-alkalize* your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released . . . remainder passing *un*-released from your system. For quick relief . . . Carry Tums. 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
STOMACH DISTRESS
10¢

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE
HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 14D-72 St. Louis, Mo.

Hollywood Love Thief

[*Continued from page* 49]

through me, carrying all other thoughts before it. "I'd love to," I said.

I WORE my new white satin gown—the one I'd spent a whole week's salary for. It was deceivingly simple, girlish—and provocative. I was glad I'd worn it when I saw Pierce Overman's home. It was a palace. A great, white palace resting high in the hills, lovelier than anything I'd ever imagined. We dined on the terrace by candlelight, just the two of us, and from the hall came the throbbing music of a Wagnerian opera. "It's so beautiful," I breathed. "I never thought I could be so happy."

A TAYLOR-MADE VERSE

If Robert's name is Arlington Brugh,
Does it rime with Little Boy Blue?

● ● ●

But if it's really Arlington Brugh,
Can it not be rimed with rough?

● ● ●

Suppose you call it Arlington Brugh,
Does that make the lad more snug?

● ● ●

Musicians hail him Mr. Brugh
Seeing thus a rime for fugue

● ● ●

Should he portray Dickens' Scrooge
Then it surely must spell Brugh.

● ● ●

Some may say it's Arlington Brugh,
But let's not carry this gag too 'fuh'.

Suddenly I rose and went to him, slipped my arms around his neck. "This is to try to thank you," I said. And kissed him.

He didn't touch me. But his face went white. "You're a lovely child, Dorothy—but don't try that too often." Something in his tone made my heart leap fiercely. This man loved me!

I let the tears come into my voice. "I-I only meant to . . . "

He took me in his arms then, carried me to a balcony overlooking the million twinkling lights of Hollywood. "They're all yours, Dorothy. I'll give them to you. We'll make this new picture the greatest of the year." His lips sought mine, burned into them. I'd never been kissed like that before. It was as if his love would drown me except for the dam he himself had built protecting me.

It was long after midnight when he took me home. We had danced at the gay night spots, had supper at the Cocoanut Grove. I thought, all a-glow, *"I'm a star!* Aunt Gracie and I will move from this shabby bungalow court tomorrow!" For an eternal moment I clung to Pierce. Then I went inside—alone.

THERE was a corsage of orchids on the table. Faded now. Abruptly I remembered, *Dick* . . . He had planned a celebration of his own for me this evening. In the excitement of Overman's invitation I had forgotten all about it. Quietly I stole across to his home. The door was ajar and I pushed it open. There were guttered candles on the table, exquisite roses—and a feast. He'd had Young's Market do the catering. Caviar, roast capon, a melted Alaska pudding . . . I called softly but there was no answer. Only a queer emptiness about the little house. I pulled the collar of my wrap higher and left. Yes, tomorrow Aunt Gracie and I must move . . .

Star Dust was as great as Pierce Overman had predicted. One of those superb, human stories that are written only once or twice in a generation. And the character he created in that picture was the girl he imagined me to be. Warmly generous, impulsive, sweet. Of a sudden, I was swept up in the overpowering backwash of success. Wherever I went, crowds gathered. The telephone rang constantly in the Beverly Hills home we had rented. I had a maid, secretary, chauffeur—all the trappings of fame. And through it all I tried to be the girl of *Star Dust.* God knows I tried—because it paid! People said, "Isn't she dear! So natural!" Magazines quoted my "domestic" ways.

One day a reporter came to interview me who was a close friend of Dick's. "For the love of heaven, Dorothy, won't you *do* something about Dick? Since he broke up with you he's gone completely haywire . . ."

I LOOKED stricken. "Oh—oh, I *am* sorry. But why was it over me? We broke up, you know, some time before I had any luck in pictures and long before I made *Star Dust,"* I lied.

"That so?" he said, puzzled. "Well, poor old Dick is certainly going to the dogs these days over something."

When he left I forgot the incident. Forgot it because Ted Shields 'phoned . . . Ted and I were to be co-starred in a gay new production and I had met him just the day before in Overman's office. Somehow, he had made Pierce look old. The leading man of the hour. He had laughed down at me with a challenge in his eyes. "Hello, scene stealer," he greeted. "What a swell job you did in that last opus!"

Now he was saying over the telephone, "You probably have six dates on for tonight. Stand 'em all up and come dancing with me, won't you, Dotty?"

No one had ever called me "Dotty" before. I did have a date with Pierce but I could break that. I knew how to manage him. *Gratitude.* That did it. I was so pitifully grateful that he couldn't get past it to reveal his love.

I told Ted, "We'll dance on the moon—and I'll be ready at nine."

He arrived at nine-thirty—with two armloads of flowers. "Angel," he said, "wear blue like that for me always, will you?" And off we went into the night. We wound up at a party at Malibu Beach in the small hours of the morning and it was on the way back home that it happened. I was snuggled against Ted's shoulder and we were trying to harmonize on "Blue River" when the car gave a quick lurch and the chauffeur ground on the brakes. A drunk who had been standing on the corner, had fallen directly under the wheels. We jumped out and Ted dragged him free. "I'm afraid it's no use," he said softly. "He's gone. Poor bum . . ."

Bum? The light from the street lamp shone on his face and I felt my heart contract icily. It was Dick Witters . . .

(*To be continued next month*)

SKIN DRY AND "TIGHT" POWDER "CATCHES"

SMOOTH RIGHT AWAY WITH POND'S VANISHING CREAM
POND'S
GRAND FOR OVERNIGHT, TOO

AFTER A DAY in the open—how does your skin feel when you start to freshen up for the evening?

All dry and "tight"—Your powder "catches". . . looks splotchy . . . uneven.

There's a quick answer to that. A *special* cream *melts* all that harsh surface roughness into supple smoothness. Does it in just one application.

How melting softens . . . A distinguished dermatologist explains:—"Exposure hastens the natural drying out of cells on the surface of the skin, causing the familiar dry and 'tight' feeling. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts off these dead cells—reveals the soft, young cells beneath. Then skin feels soft and smooth instantly."

That is why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so popular now with all active outdoor girls.

For powder base—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths flakiness away. Make-up goes on perfectly. Stays.

For overnight—Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. In the morning your skin is soft, fresh.

For protection—Before long hours out of doors, put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin won't rough up!

Mrs. F. Grover Cleveland
"After a long ride has made my skin feel dry and tight, Pond's Vanishing Cream makes it soft and smooth again."

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. 6-VD, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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• ECONOMY • CONVENIENCE
• USABLE SPACE • ACCESSIBILITY
EXCLUSIVELY IN
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ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

Entered the $1,000 contest yet? Don't fail to try for a prize—it's the easiest thing ever offered. See page 59.

DROP THAT KNIFE!

Corns Come Back Bigger, Uglier —unless removed Root* and All

● Don't take chances by paring corns at home. Corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever, unless removed Root and All. End that corn for good with this new, double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the corn lifts out, Root and All in 3 short days. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.) Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, scientific corn plaster, held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Try this Blue-Jay method now.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

"Gone With the Wind"

[*Continued from page* 47]

choice for *Scarlett* is Bette Davis. Who else could be so overwhelmingly vital? Scarlett was a girl with hot swift currents in her blood. She loved and she hated with violence. *Dangerous* and *Of Human Bondage* is proof that only Bette Davis with her great dramatic power, could translate the role to the screen as the author conceived her.

"For Rhett Butler—*Fredric March.* He has the bearing of a Southern gentleman; the suave exterior the role requires, and the deep, inner spiritual honesty which characterized Rhett.

"As for Melanie—no one else but *Olivia de Havilland,* for she is the personification of sweetness, of tenderness, of understanding.

"*Franchot Tone* is my choice for Ashley. He has breeding and that certain detachment which the character requires."

DOLORES DEL RIO: "*Hepburn* for Scarlett. She, personally, is courageous, ambitious, vivacious, brittle. All these things Scarlett is. And Hepburn's great dramatic quality would give pace and dimension to the role.

"*Gable,* with his dashing recklessness and earthy quality *is* Rhett. From the moment the character was introduced in the book, I visualized Gable. He would completely realize for me, the man the author painted in words.

"Beautiful, spiritual *Fay Wray*—who else could be Melanie? Miss Wray has strength of character and understanding—and these qualities seem to me to be requisites for the interpretation of this role.

"*Franchot Tone,* with his gentleness, with his aristocratic mind and bearing, is Ashley come to life. I can see no one else who could so expertly interpret complete frustration."

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: "For Rhett Butler, the likable, hateable character, inevitably *Gable.* The author evidently had in mind almost a carbon copy of Clark when she described Rhett. Capt. Butler was a tall man, strongly-built, in his middle thirties. He had an impertinent way, a cool, appraising eye, animal-white teeth below a close-clipped black mustache. Remembering Clark in many of his pictures, the way he looked, the way he acted, it seems to me the role would fit him like a glove.

"For Scarlett, my choice is *Bette Davis.* Bette is a consummate actress—with great inner comprehension of women, with an uncanny ability to change her accent. And so she could be Scarlett—Southern drawl and all. She could bring to life the phantom character of Scarlett vividly and truly and with fire."

IRENE DUNNE: "*Miriam Hopkins* for Scarlett, because she has that essential Southern charm; because she is of the South and could therefore understand the psychology of a girl such as Scarlett O'Hara.

"I share with thousands of others the enthusiasm for *Clark* as Rhett Butler, for in appearance, in personal characteristics, *Gable* is Rhett Butler come to life. He would be magnificent in the role.

"*Frances Dee* with her sweetness and simplicity, with her poise and aristocratic bearing is my choice for Melanie.

"As for Ashley, I can see no one else in the role but *Brian Aherne.* Ashley, the author declares, was a man of 'bewildering silences,' of detachment, of quietness. *Aherne* could make this character live."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY: "I have never gotten beyond casting *Clark Gable* as Rhett Butler! Now there would be the perfect, swashbuckling, blockade runner for you—invincible in battle and ball-room!"

GENE RAYMOND: "*Miriam Hopkins,* with her pampered, spoiled face, with her Southern drawl, a natural one, would be magnificent as Scarlett. The matter of coloring is unessential. Scarlett was dark, fiery, with traces of her Irish ancestry in her face. Whether Hopkins played the role in a dark wig or not is of no great importance. In any event, she would give the perfect illusion of Margaret Mitchell's heroine.

"Rhett is obviously *Gable.* Even to the eyes, which can hold cool recklessness and cynical humor, and can be as bold and black as any pirate's. The author's description of Rhett fits Clark down to the ground.

"For Melanie, I would select the girl of the large, sad eyes, of the haunting smile, of the tender sweetness—*Frances Dee.*

"Ashley I visualize as a younger edition of *Leslie Howard.* Failing to find him—I cast my vote for Mr. Howard."

BETTE DAVIS: "When I was cast in *Of Human Bondage,* a cry of agony went up from thousands who had read the book. Bette Davis, many declared, could never play that exacting role of the girl. But it worked out all right. And so I have no choice for Scarlett, because I believe there is a girl in Hollywood, perhaps entirely an unknown, perhaps one who has never played dramatic roles, who if cast as Scarlett—would be sensational, and become a star overnight. If that happens, the girl will be lucky! Scarlett offers magnificent opportunities to an actress."

DICK POWELL: "I am enthusiastic over the possibility of *Tallulah Bankhead* playing Scarlett, for to me she is the very epitome of the *Gone With the Wind* heroine. She has an exotic quality which my conception of Scarlett includes, and an authentic Southern background and heritage which will give her a psychological edge on interpreting this girl for the screen.

"That suave, handsome rascal, Capt. Butler, could be in no better hands than *Clark Gable's.* He has the physique, the facial characteristics, which would bring Butler to life.

"*Janet Gaynor* seems the perfect Melanie. Melanie the author describes as a tiny, frailly built girl, who gave the appearance of a child, masquerading in her mother's enormous hoop skirts—an illusion heightened by the shy, almost frightened look in her two large brown eyes. Her hair was dark, with a widow's peak, which accentuated the heart shape of her face. It was wide across the cheek bones, too pointed at the chin—it was a sweet, and gentle and timid face. Who better than Gaynor could be as sedately dignified, and yet with the fragility the role requires?

"For Ashley, I choose *Melvyn Douglas,* for he, like Gable, seems to be the complete embodiment of the book character."

NATALIE KALMUS: (There is a possibility that *Gone With the Wind* will be filmed in Technicolor, and this ballot, cast by Mrs. Kalmus, the great authority on color, is therefore of unusual significance.) "For Rhett Butler, *Clark Gable.* He would be magnificently dynamic in color.

"*Miriam Hopkins* would project perfectly the quality which characterizes Scarlett.

"For Ashley, *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

"For Melanie, *Frances Dee.*"

BESS MEREDYTH: (Noted Scenario writer.) "For Rhett Butler, *Gable.* For Scarlett, *Miriam Hopkins* or *Margaret Sullavan.* For Melanie, *Joan Bennett;* for Ashley, a young edition of *Leslie Howard.* It seems to me that these four would fully realize the author's intention."

ANN SOTHERN: "Rhett Butler is a lovable scallawag, and I know no one who could so aptly portray him as *Clark Gable.* For Scarlett, my preference is *Margaret Sullavan,* not only because she is a great dramatic actress, but because she can light and shade characterizations with near-genius.

"I make possibly an unusual selection when I suggest *Isabel Jewell* for Melanie. But she has a pathetic quality which I consider an integral part of the character of Melanie Wilkes.

"For Ashley, my choice is *Melvyn Douglas,* because only a great actor can interpret this very difficult character. In addition Mr. Douglas seems to fit the author's conception of Ashley, both physically and emotionally."

JOAN BENNETT: "*Katharine Hepburn* for Scarlett because of her intensity; *Gary Cooper* as Rhett, because there is a great deal of light comedy in the role of the type Gary does so expertly. *Gaynor* as Melanie. *Leslie Howard* as Ashley."

We have given you only a cross-section of Hollywood's balloting. We have tabulated dozens of other selections by stars and directors. This much is clear: If Hollywood had its way the cast would be:

When Dr. Hilario Camino Moncado, leading exponent of Philippine independence, visited Hollywood recently, he was guest of honor at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove party sponsored by Harry Hammond Beall, managing editor of this publication. The guests are, from left to right—Basil Rathbone, Ben Bernie, Glenda Farrell, H. H. Beall, Dr. Moncado and Mrs. Basil Rathbone

Clark Gable. He is almost the unanimous choice for the colorful Rhett.

Miriam Hopkins or *Bette Davis.* They are running neck and neck for the coveted role of Scarlett, with Miriam leading.

Frances Dee as Melanie. She seems to have an edge over Gaynor.

Franchot Tone or *Melvyn Douglas* as Ashley. Practically a tie.

Hollywood has cast its vote!

MRS. SMITH OFFERS SYMPATHY AND A WEALTH OF WISDOM

OH, MRS. SMITH, I FEEL SO ACHY AND TIRED ALL OVER!
POOR DEAR! SHE'S AILING SO MUCH OF THE TIME. IF ONLY SHE WERE AS HEALTHY AS YOUR BILL AND ANNA!
OURS WEREN'T ALWAYS SO HEALTHY! THEY USED TO PICK UP AS MANY GERMS AS MARY! THEN OUR DOCTOR POINTED OUT WHAT TERRIBLE GERM CARRIERS HANDS ARE
HE SAID TO HAVE THEM WASH THEIR HANDS OFTENER—ALWAYS BEFORE MEALS—WITH LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP. IT REMOVES GERMS AS WELL AS THE DIRT
LIFEBUOY! WHY, THAT'S THE SOAP THAT STOPS "B.O."—INDEED I'LL TRY IT!

SIX MONTHS LATER
I'D HARDLY RECOGNIZE MARY! SHE'S SO FULL OF LIFE, SO HEALTHY-LOOKING!
THANKS TO YOUR ADVICE ABOUT LIFEBUOY WE'RE ALL HEALTHIER!

Free—to mothers!

A WASH-UP CHART and a school-size cake of Lifebuoy for each of your children, under 12 years of age, is awaiting your request! Send it in today. You'll find—as millions of other mothers have found—that the Chart makes hand-washing a grand game, plenty of fun for the children. Each child keeps his own hand-washing score—for four whole weeks! At the end of that time, clean hands have become a habit ... And what a *healthy* habit!—Did you know germs of 27 different diseases may be spread by hands? . . . And did you know that Lifebuoy's purifying lather removes germs as well as dirt?

Lifebuoy WASH-UP CHART

Make Lifebuoy a family habit, too. It's grand for bath and complexion ... It stops "B. O." ... It does wonders for the skin.

Send for your Charts and school-size Lifebuoy to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 924, Cambridge, Mass.

Relieves
TEETHING
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1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S
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STREAKS
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(Test Bottle FREE)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Merely combing clear liquid through hair brings desired color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Gray goes—streaks disappear. No fear of washing or rubbing off on garments. Hair stays soft, fluffy. Takes wave or curl. Ask druggist for full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. Insist on Mary T. Goldman's. Or test it Free.

FREE TEST ~ We send complete test package Free. Snip off a lock of hair . . . Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3021 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name...
Street...
City..........................State.........
Color of your hair?..........................

Camera Angles

[*Continued from page 87*]

and time again to get an enactment when all will have sufficient control to put it over without breaking down before Frank's infectious rib-tickling.

Mischa Auer steals the off-stage clowning. Strutting like a cockerel, waving his handkerchief before his nose and blurbing magnificent rhetoric. His orb-like eyes are rolling and his expressive mouth is twitching. Often his paw-like arms are wrapped around the breath-taking form of Carol Hughes, much to the envy of all male onlookers. This is all in fun, of course, with the dramatic accompaniment of Mischa's moaning, most soulfully, "oh, beauty, I live for beauty—beauty is indispensable to me-e-e-e!"

FROM comedy we advance to stark drama with tragic etching. Bette Davis is opening her comeback in what she considers her most powerful role to date, that of Luciano's chief hostess in the flicker *Marked Woman*. The picture will advance tremendously Eduardo Cianelli's bid to be No. 1 villain of the screen.

Minus eighteen pounds since her English adventure of last summer, Miss Davis is her old self with dramatic push and power. Supporting her as hostesses are Jane Wyman, the ambitious newcomer; Lola Lane, the aspiring comebacker; and Rosalind Marquis, Isabel Jewel, Mayo Methot and others.

Opposite Miss Davis is Humphrey Bogart, district attorney, playing a heroic role for a change. In the picture Luciano (Cianelli) and his girls get mixed up in a maelstrom of crime and he juggles them around to dodge the rap himself.

Every picture coming out of Hollywood has a superlative. The biggest, the best, the first or something super comes out invariably. In this flicker Humphrey Bogart, as district attorney makes a four minute court room speech which as a matter of record is the longest uninterrupted speech yet made in a talking picture.

BLOOD-CURDLING realism paces the action. In one scene Cianelli's gang gives Bette Davis a severe beating. Her make-up after the threshing leaves nothing for glamour. Her sex appeal is gone. She has only black and purple eyes, puffed out flesh and hideous bandages all over her head. They say that when she went into the office of Hal Wallis, studio executive, Wallis didn't recognize her. Not knowing it was make-up, when he learned her identity he almost had heart-failure.

At another time Cianelli socks Jane Wyman in the jaw for telling him off. He tries to pull his punch but Jane wants it realistic so he lands a Dempsey on her chin!

Eduardo Cianelli will be a dynamic personality in the picture. He tells us *Winterset* was his first villainous portrayal. Like most Hollywood bad men, Cianelli is an exceptionally polished and loveable gentleman away from the camera. He tells us his bad roles "scare my little children," then laughs like a kind uncle.

He is no kind uncle when we see him get out of a car and walk grimly toward Miss Davis. His eyes are set with that cynical hatred he can so powerfully portray. They glare. His jaw is klunked like a steel ledge in hard concrete. We shudder with gruesome apprehension, just standing there watching a take.

Marked Woman has a marked cast. During its course only Humphrey Bogart and Isabel Jewell have escaped an attack of the flu.

Bette, herself, had a miserable time getting over a severe attack, and all because she got up too soon.

Robert Taylor plays host to Shriners at M-G-M. Left to right, Hugh Caldwell, past deputy imperial potentate; Robert Taylor, Judge Clyde I. Webster, imperial potentate, and William Hughson, past potentate Islam Temple, San Francisco

Chasing Choo-Choos

[*Continued from page* 36]

their faces. Soon the parade passes on, leaving them behind, crushed. It's sad, terribly sad."

Mary herself seemed sad and wistful that winter day, bundled up in a leopard-trimmed black coat. She looked, almost, as though she wished the movies had passed her by and that, instead of being a star, she was a housewife with socks to mend and children to take care of. She was on her way to Europe to meet Doug, who was supposed to be hunting wild game in Africa but was actually romancing with Lady Ashley. They were still pretending then—Mary and Doug—and we knew she would deny those separation rumors.

"He cables me every day and, really, it wouldn't be quite decent of me to go to Europe to meet him if I were planning a divorce, would it?"

That sounded hollow, and a few weeks later, when we met Mary and Doug at the same station, en route to Hollywood, their affectionate pose was for the benefit of the camera. It made a good story, the way Doug hovered over Mary with loverlike attention and kept his arm around her in their compartment; but the best part of the story was left out—the tenseness between them, the desperate way they acted for us. Ironical that such top-notch actors couldn't convince us in the roles of loving husband and wife.

We talked about it afterwards, regretfully, because Mary and Doug are considered swell folks by the newspaper boys and girls; they recall by name those they have met before and are always gracious and courteous—a contrast to others, Mae Murray for example, who are not mentioned in such complimentary terms by gentlemen of the press.

ALL events conspired for failure the morning we met Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee at the Illinois Central station.

In the first place, it was cold—one of those stinging, icy Chicago mornings. In the second place, they chose the outrageous hour of 6 a. m. for their arrival. We had had no time for breakfast, had lost two hours' sleep and our tempers as well. Instead of appreciating the sacrifice, our celebrities appeared in no mood to gossip about Hollywood, their philosophy, or their love life. Bing (we girls were disappointed in his looks—or was it the morning light?) sat glumly on a trunk, answering our half-hearted questions with monosyllables.

Dixie sat on another trunk, dangling her legs and looking sweetly non-committal. At that time they hadn't started raising a family, and when we asked the inevitable question, "What do you think of married life?" Bing's only answer was a scowl. That led us to conclude—fortunately not in the press—that they were headed for the divorce court.

The interview was petering out to a dismal end when Jackie Cooper came bounding up from the train shed followed by his mother. Jackie was enthusiastic; he shook hands all around, gave a hug and kiss to Dixie and a gossipy interview to us.

Thanks to him, the No. 1 child star of those days, we covered Hollywood that morning.

It looked as though most of the city's female population turned out to greet Rudy Vallee the day he passed through. A detail of officers had to keep the women and girls from mobbing him as he stepped from the train, surpassing their expectations in his robin's egg blue shirt, camel hair coat and grey felt topper.

He had just come from Boston where, you may remember, he was pelted with grapefruit while crooning a love song. Just to show their faith in him, his Chicago fans presented him with a souvenir grapefruit, a thoughtful gesture that quite touched Rudy.

As he signed autographs he warned us: "Don't ask me about women; that subject is much too romantic and sacred to be talked about in a railroad station!" From the "Oh's" and "Ah's" that came from his palpitating admirers, this was sweet music to their ears.

He was still single then, and as he was whisked away in a cab—after the driver had flicked off a few tenacious females who insisted on clinging to the running board—he told us that, "Mary Brian is a very charming girl."

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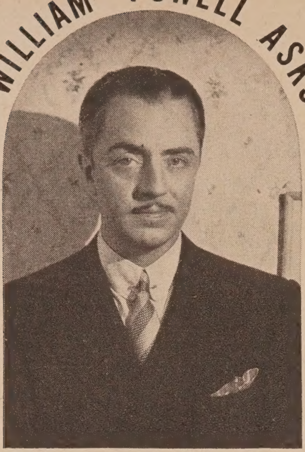

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IT WAS not many months later that his brunette bride, Fay Webb Vallee, changed trains in Chicago, in slinky black that matched slumbrous dark eyes. "Rudy is a perfect husband!" she gushed. "And the only reason I'm going home to Santa Monica now is because New York climate doesn't agree with me." Our guess—that the bride and bridegroom didn't agree with each other—proved right. It was stark tragedy and real love for them to the very end.

Ina Claire was more candid about her and Jack Gilbert's drift toward the divorce court. After spending five months in New York "because it was good for Jack," she paused briefly in Chicago, obligingly imparting her philosophy of love between bites of doughnut and sips of coffee in a station restaurant.

"I'd rather be his mistress than his wife," she said. (Our papers black-penciled 'mistress' and spoiled the story.)

"Two nervous temperamental people like John and I simply can't live together in the same house. That's why we have separate homes and see each other occasionally when nerves and work don't get in the way."

At that time the unfortunate Gilbert was having a really distressing experience, professionally as well as matrimonially. Critics declared that he was no longer the "perfect lover" when he opened his mouth to say "I love you" for the talkies.

Creative art was the subject of our discussion with Charlie Chaplin. "The famous creative geniuses in all endeavors are men," he commented.

We caught Ginger Rogers coming and going many a time, always accompanied by her mother. We guessed wrong about her, having her tagged as just another hopeful actress, rather affected, not particularly pretty. The poise and assurance she has since acquired are achievements to be proud of. She posed in a mud puddle one rainy day while her mother told us: "Ginger has lots of boy friends but it won't be long now before she and Mervyn LeRoy, the smart young director, will be settling down."

LeRoy did settle down—with Doris Warner, long before Ginger's ill-fated marriage with Lew Ayres.

LILI DAMITA rode into town one day with Sydney Smith, handsome New York broker, in tow. She looked captivating in a Eugenie hat (remember those?) and was so tip-toe with excitement that she could do nothing but utter staccato French exclamations in response to our questions. We didn't have to ask her about her love life. It was there with her—and the reason for her excitement was that more of it was about to appear. She had barely succeeded in dispatching Smith in a cab when Prince Louis Ferdinand Hohenzollern, son of the former German crown prince, drove up with a uninformed lackey, very stiff and formal, to keep a date with Lili. We gave up in despair—it was obvious we had chosen the wrong moment to pass the time of day with the effervescent Damita.

Meeting John Boles was always a pleasure. With charming chivalry he invited us into his compartment for the interview, thanked us for our trouble, gallantly escorted us off the train and back to the station. His diplomacy is inborn, not a superficial polish.

Nancy Carroll was not so gracious; she kept us waiting while she slept late on the train. With her was her current husband, Bolton Mallory, to whom she had been married for three weeks.

"Please hurry," she begged, when she finally appeared in a slightly mussed yellow outfit. "We have only two hours before Bolton returns to New York and I go on to Hollywood."

Her dimples disappeared and she coldly declared, "I don't care to discuss that," when asked about her divorce from Jack Kirkland, her press-agent first husband.

Newspapers had made some rather telling remarks about her discarding the husband who had piloted her from a $35 a week job in the chorus to a $5,000 a week stardom and then helped her get a divorce when she no longer needed a press agent husband. We learned afterwards from a red-cap that her five-year-old daughter, Patricia, was on the train with her that morning, but she had sent the child and its nurse away while she posed with her new husband. Three, especially on a honeymoon, is a crowd.

Tracking down the silent Garbo was our job on another morning. No one knew which train would bring her so we rushed from one station to another looking for the lanky Swedish star. By early afternoon all but two of us had given up the chase and we were pretty well out of patience with Greta's mysterious ways.

There was a train coming in from the east at 2:30 at the Union station. I staked out and watched, without much hope, as the passengers unloaded and hurried away. Suddenly, just as I had decided to give up, there she was—walking as fast as her big brogans would carry her. That was pretty fast, as I and the other reporter, who had been hiding in a phone booth, found out. We had to run to keep up with her. She wore a tan coat and the famous floppy felt hat that hid her face.

It would be gratifying to record at this point that Greta sat down and had a nice long chat with us for our trouble. Instead, she had nothing to say as we ran along at her side like a couple of little puppies, popping such questions, "Miss Garbo, is it true you were married while you were in Sweden?" and "Are you glad to be going back to Hollywood?" The only response was an enigmatic smile as she jumped into a cab and rode off.

ANOTHER one-sided conversation, but for a different reason, was with the Russian Anna Sten. When she first came to this country to be groomed for the ill-fated "Nana," she was unable to speak one word of English. As luck would have it, the train was being switched in the yards and we sat with her for an hour in the observation car. Our attempts at sign language failed dismally. Her press agent was worried when he met us at the station. "I hope you haven't been talking with her all this time about Russia and Communism and that sort of stuff. She's not supposed to discuss politics!"

Others, whose names do not sparkle so brightly now in filmland, kept us Hollywood-wise in their stopovers in Chicago railroad stations; Nils Asther, whom we voted the handsomest leading man; Grant Withers, desperately clinging to his romance with Loretta Young; Maurice Chevalier and his charming accent; Davey Lee, Gilda Grey, Blanche Sweet and numerous others who have faded out of the limelight.

At least two or three times a week beauty contest winners or stage actresses posed eagerly and answered questions. Only a few ever won fame.

Able Gable, Coy Loy

[*Continued from page* 38]

Candid consultation sometimes helps love scenes. Here we have Director John Stahl advising Myrna Loy and Clark Gable how it's done—and this *is* a scoop photo, for these things usually are ultra-private

and of delicate dramatic touches, was just getting into his love story.

He directs in sequence, as much as possible, and had his spectacle scenes out of the way during the early weeks of production. To everyone's amazement, Stahl started off at a terrific clip, unusual for him.

THIS caused jovial Cinematographer Karl Freund to dub him "One Take" Stahl, and accuse the director of trying to beat W. S. Van Dyke's record for fast shooting.

"John knew what he was doing," said Whitaker. "He always does. He wanted to catch the intensity, the fire, the spirit of the Irish at the very first of the picture. To do this, he played the scenes at a rapid tempo.

"But John is only really happy when he can get two people and a camera off by himself, and probe until he has revealed the very souls of his characters."

This is what Stahl was doing the morning I sneaked onto the set, the first time, I am told, that a writer has had the privilege of a ringside seat on such an occasion.

It was tremendously interesting.

Myrna was costumed, Clark was not. Myrna wore a white evening gown, cut low at the neck. Of the style popular in the gay '90's, it had a bustle, which required yard upon yard of filmy lace.

Afterwards, Myrna told me, smilingly, "There is enough material in one of these dresses to make an entire wardrobe for a modern girl."

Myrna looks not the least old-fashioned in any of the sixteen costumes Adrian designed for her, but very dainty and chic.

One of the major problems before *Parnell* started was to get Clark in the fittings and test of his thirteen costumes.

To get back to our hiding-place behind the scenery.

Stahl has the distinguished look of an artist, what with his almost snow white hair and piercing dark eyes. While directing, his impatient, impetuous gestures make one think of a Toscanini. His expressive hands are never still. He is intent upon every word of dialogue, each movement of the stars.

IF CLARK and Myrna please him, Stahl's eyes sparkle and snap. When not satisfied, he talks to them in fatherly manner. Taking Clark by the arm and placing his other hand on the actor's shoulder, he makes his suggestions in a low, confidential tone of voice.

"In this scene, Parnell is a man in love at first sight," he says. "He doesn't beat around the bush. He is accustomed to commanding. Katie wants to give in to his love making, but she holds him off with all of her woman's wiles. Let's try it again."

Over and over, they rehearse the scene. Stahl makes fewer and fewer remarks. Each rehearsal is smoother, more polished.

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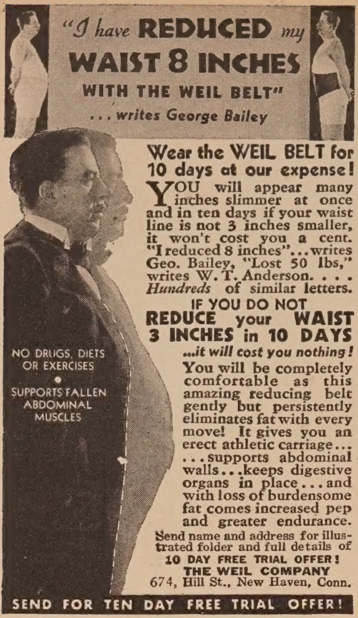
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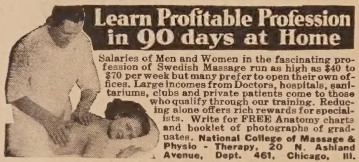
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Finally, Stahl slaps his hand on his knee.

"Do it just that way," he smiled.

Stahl, Whittaker told me, never has a "retake." Not only is Stahl a producer and director, but an expert cutter, with the knowledge of a cameraman. Time means nothing to him, so long as he gets the result he is seeking.

"Lunch," says Stahl. "Be back at one and we'll shoot it."

"Sorry I couldn't break away," Clark apologized. "Why don't you come back after lunch."

The invitation was accepted.

During our absence, a change of scene had taken place. The dimly lit stage was now brilliantly lighted and a beehive of activity. At a piano, Myrna was practicing an air from the opera, "Don Giovanni." She is an accomplished pianist.

CLARK walked in, a changed man. He was in full evening dress and tugging at his collar.

"There is no torture compared to a stiff collar," Clark grinned. "And we call ourselves civilized!"

Something about Clark seemed out of character. I couldn't place it.

It wasn't a beard. Despite anything you may have heard, or read, he isn't wearing whiskers.

"Both John and I decided against it," said Clark. "Not that I care. If a part really demanded whiskers, I'd wear them down to my knees. But we both felt that a beard would not be acceptable to a modern audience. For character parts, yes, not for romantic roles.

"Besides," he laughed, "Myrna said, 'No!' I can't blame her."

Clark is wearing sideburns, home grown, incidentally, and a mustache.

Now I have it spotted. Instead of his familiar pipe, Clark was smoking a very long, very black cigar.

"How come?" I asked.

"Historical authenticity," he grimaced. It seems that in Parnell's day, pipes were smoked only by the working and middle classes in England and cigarettes were considered, well, sissified. The cigar was the smoke of aristocracy.

Whittaker had the figure at the tip of his tongue.

"Only two of the 600 members of Parliament smoked cigarettes," he said.

Clark and I chatted for a few minutes about Myrna.

"Myrna has changed," Clark said, seriously. "I can see a great change in her since the last time we worked together in *Wife vs. Secretary*, just a year ago. I know that Myrna has been very happy these past months. She has blossomed out, become more beautiful than ever. It is not only a physical beauty, but an inward beauty."

Watching Myrna playing, I had to agree.

By this time Stahl was ready for his stars.

The setting is the rich living room of Katie's home at Eltham. Parnell has accepted her invitation to dinner.

Bert Sperling, the property man, hands Myrna three fresh, white rosebuds, which she pins to her bosom. The roses play an important role in *Parnell*. They are the symbol of the romance between the Irish leader and Katie.

As Myrna arranges her dress on the piano seat for the "take," Freund orders a "baby," movie term for a small spotlight, placed just over her head.

This brings out the reddish-golden glints in Myrna's copper-colored tresses.

"Lock it," Stahl directs.

MYRNA begins to play, softly, at Stahl's signal. He lets her continue for perhaps thirty seconds, then waves Clark into the scene.

"You know what I'm playing," Myrna smiles, as Clark leans against the piano.

"'Don Giovanni,' the opera we heard together," he replies.

"Together?" she questions.

"That's how I think of it, now that I've met you," says Clark. "It's strange, but that night at the opera the light was in your hair, just as it is now. You wore roses, just as you are wearing them now. Your dress was like this one, but had more lace on it."

"For a man with the reputation of not being interested in women, you're very observant," Myrna answers him, trying to keep the conversation light.

"It's not a question of being interested in women," Clark says, simply. "But the picture of you as you sat that night is burned into my memory. There's not a detail that I don't remember."

Myrna looks up. A long look between them broken by the voice of the butler, off-stage.

"Dinner is served, ma'am."

Stahl gets two more "takes," and is evidently delighted with the performances given by Clark and Myrna in this key scene.

There was a good chuckle during the afternoon.

Clark has good-naturedly taken quite a kidding about whether or not he would wear whiskers.

In the next scene, Clark is shown entering the dining room, where Myrna, Edna May Oliver as Aunt Ben, Billie Burke as Clara, Alan Marshal as Willie O'Shea and Berton Churchill as The O'Gorman Mahon, are seated around a table.

Stahl rehearses Clark's entrance several times, then calls for a "take."

"Are you ready, Clark?" Stahl calls.

"Just a minute till I put on some powder," replies Clark, from the other room.

But instead of powder, Clark tells the make-up man to bring him a long, white Santa Claus beard.

The scene proceeds seriously until Clark walks through the door. Billie sees him first and gasps. Edna May howls so long and loud, the tears come to her eyes.

Who says Stahl hasn't a sense of humor.

He laughs the hardest.

AT ODD moments, Whittaker supplied production facts of interest. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer purchased the play fourteen months ago. It was written by the late Elsie T. Schauffler, who passed away two weeks before dramatic critics hailed the play a hit.

Those who saw *Parnell* on the stage will scarcely recognize it as a movie. Less than twenty-five per cent of the original has been retained.

"*Parnell* is primarily a great love story," Stahl told me: "In theme, the picture and the play are the same. But research brought to light so many fascinating incidents in the life of Parnell as a man, as well as a lover, that the screen play is virtually a history of Parnell and Ireland's fight for Home Rule, during the years Parnell guided the destinies of the Irish Party."

"Before the audience is well settled in its seats," said Whittaker, "it will know more about Parnell and Irish history than many historians."

Dining Out in Ten Languages

[*Continued from page* 44]

Pointing towards success! **Lovely Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., two rapidly rising stars on the Hollywood horizon, are looking forward to the time when RKO will allow them to share honors in a picture**

You have to go through the kitchen to get to the dining room in Yee Hung Guey's where Bob and Barbara sometimes eat, and since there are only half a dozen tables in the dining room you generally have to wait. While waiting, you order what you want and see it prepared, and it turns out to be some of the best Chinese food in the Southwest. Such as duck rolled in almond paste, Barbara's usual choice.

Before Bob and Barbara have finished, Brian Donlevy has likely wandered in, while Alice Faye with Tony Martin is waiting in the kitchen. Keye Luke, the American-born Chinese who plays the impetuous son of "Charlie Chan," visits Guey's to find out what Chinese food really is.

CLOSE at hand on steep Ferguson Alley, a few steps from the ancient Plaza where the first meal in Los Angeles was eaten, there's Jerry's Joynt. Black, red and fantastic, a former Chinese gambling den, it is now dedicated to barbecued shortribs. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell drive down here by the railroad tracks to eat 'em. You'll see dainty Bette Davis holding a rib in her fingers and gnawing at it—the only right way to eat the thing.

In addition to a Chinese wood carving over a thousand years old, the Joynt boasts an ex-prize fighter newsboy who tells fortunes. Louise Fazenda "discovered" the pugilist-palmist. "He saw chickens in my hand," she said, "and told me I'd move soon to a ranch. I laughed; but within a month, sure enough, we'd moved to a ranch with chickens on it." The Joynt, by the way, is where Bill Gargan recently gave a party at which everybody turned up but Bill, and had an elegant time while their host worked all night at the studio in scenes for *Air Hostess.* When the party broke up after midnight, the crowd sent an order of shortribs to Bill at the studio by messenger.

To the same locality of dusty warehouses Claudette Colbert picks her way for a French meal in Taix's, at a "family" table on which the soup tureen, the great salad bowl, the platter of belle jardiniere (lamb stew to youse) are hospitably set so that the patrons may help themselves. Here Claudette, elbows on the red and white checked cloth, can chatter French to the proprietress to her heart's content. Round the corner in a cellar, at the very Mexican Olive-Tree, Pat Patterson and Charles Boyer sample chili con carne. And over on commercial Broadway at Little Joe's, beneath the high ceiling and the bright lights, George Brent and Chester Morris eat Italian scrambled eggs with deer liver.

Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. Star appearing opposite Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan Picture "Green Light"

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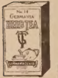

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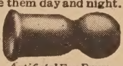

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FREE TRIAL BOTTLE
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ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 36, LOWELL, MASS.

TYRONE POWER, hero of *Lloyds of London,* has lately been escorting petite Sonja Henie, the champion ice skater, to the Pacific Dining Car. Perched on stools in this yellow and brown reconstructed railroad relic, they eat the four-inch steaks plus potatoes and bread of which the menu consists; while downtown traffic clatters past. Joel McCrea and Jack Oakie often patronize the dining car, too, along with Spencer Tracy and Preston Foster—swapping fish stories with Harry, the proprietor, who each summer closes the car and hangs out a sign: "Too hot to work. Gone fishing. Why don't you?"

But Spencer Tracy will be found as often at the cafe in Van Nuys run by Val Harris, former vaudeville actor, which has as its specialty Virginia baked ham. For the stars who live round Encino—Tracy, Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Paul Muni, Edward Everett Horton—this Brass Rail is a convenient spot. They also hop over to Marden's Drive-In eatery at Encino of a late evening for special barbecued beef sandwiches.

Many stars, however, go farther afield. The Sportsman's Tavern sets far back from the road in a clump of trees some fifteen miles from town; it has the air of a country lodge in merrie England. Telephone ahead and you can have any kind of game cooked in any imaginable way. The huntsmen of the film colony have their own ducks cooked there; or, if your bird got away, the restaurant will provide one. Clark Gable visits this place frequently. So do other hunters like Preston Foster and Fred Stone.

On the way home from out of town boxing matches, George Raft and Victor McLaglen frequently stop for chops and baked potato at the cafe in Glendale owned by Strangler Lewis, the wrestler. Clark Gable creates a flutter at the sharp-roofed Tam o' Shanter cafe on the Glendale side of Hollywood by showing up now and then for coffee and a beef sandwich; the waitress at whose table he takes a chair will be offered a dollar by other waitresses for the privilege of serving him. Just across the street, incidentally, is a modest spot where Kay Francis goes for clam chowder.

Inside Hollywood itself, as well as around Beverly Hills, there are a dozen places, some of them tiny, which number among their patrons many of the most celebrated people in the world. The size of the eatery has nothing to do with the size of the customer's fame. On a back street in Hollywood there's a Swedish place, not big and not small, called the Cosmo. Garbo goes there to eat and talk Svenska. Bill Powell also goes there; Ginger Rogers, Jean Harlow and Jeanette MacDonald, who can even pronounce the collection of appetizers called smorgasbord.

The Dardenelles, on the other hand, is Armenian with a dash of Turkish.

Curries and chutneys are what lure Simone Simon to India House, a short distance from the Dardenelles.

Down toward the beach is where Madeleine Carroll and Katharine Hepburn travel for food with the real Scotch flavor. Thistle Cottage is a pleasant little house withdrawn from the sidewalk behind a gate covered with rose-vines; a house with a coat of arms above the fireplace, really distinguished tableware, and really distinguished shortbread and "baps," a kind of scone. Garbo has tea here upon occasion, for it isn't far from her home.

If I Were Queen

— MYRNA LOY

Is one of the most amusing stories ever written. You will find it in the April issue of MOTION PICTURE Magazine. Mr. Asta's mistress has "Queenly" ambitions, too. You see, she isn't unlike many other American women. And, while Myrna Loy has ruled millions of hearts as Queen of the Movies, she weaves a real Kingdom that has all the fixings; Court Attendants, Prime Ministers, and what have you. Who would be her King? And would William Powell be her Prime Minister? And Court Attendants, who would they be? Don't miss this highly entertaining story, get a copy of the April issue now.

And in addition there are many other fascinating stories and gorgeous art of your favorite screen stars. Just to mention a few: Jeanette MacDonald, Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, Eddie Robinson, Bette Davis. . . .

MOTION PICTURE
Movie CLASSIC
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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Tales on Taylor

[Continued from page 62]

was reticent, yet was president of many of his classes. And he often had crushes on girls.

BUT getting back to Pomona, and how Bob became the leading actor on the campus.

"It was really Bob Ross, the psychology prof at Pomona, who started Brugh off," one of his closest friends and a fraternity brother told me. "We used to go to Ross's room at night and sit around and chat hour after hour. There were only seven or eight of us and those who went there were the few on the campus who really understood Brugh. We liked him immensely, we liked his quiet manner, his modesty, and at the same time we admired his natural smartness in his studies.

"Well, we were discussing the announcement that casting for the college play, *The Devil in the Cheese,* was coming off that week. Someone mentioned that Brugh would be a good leading man for it. But nothing doing. He immediately said that he didn't want to go into any play. We felt that he was afraid he'd be dubbed another name which, added to the 'collar ad,' would be just about too much. But somehow, we all pounced on him at once and talked so fast and furiously that he just couldn't say no. We made him promise to go to the casting meeting and sure enough he was given the lead. He played opposite Norma Tantlinger in the play and everyone on the campus began to like him better. I think that really started him off, because he got to know all the people in the cast and they must have found out that he was a pretty nice guy. But, believe me, no one will ever know what a lot of courage it took for him

Jane Hamilton, young RKO player, demonstrates her versatility by "putting on the dog" and "taking off the weight" at one and the same time

Hollywood★ SWINGS TO DUNDEERS

Paula Stone
Appearing in "The Eleventh Hour" a Chesterfield Production.

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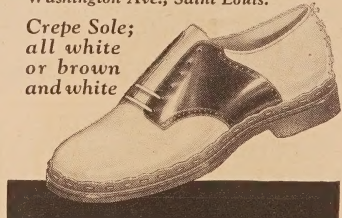
Comfortable, non-slip and airily ventilated by DUNDEER'S unique hand-lacing! Other smart models for active and spectator sports at leading shoe stores . . . or write for name of nearest dealer. *Dundeer Department, International Shoe Company, 1509 Washington Ave., Saint Louis.*

Crepe Sole; all white or brown and white



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Ambitious women find Art fascinating and profitable by designing wall paper, textiles, greeting cards, etc. Write for FREE BOOK, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." State age.

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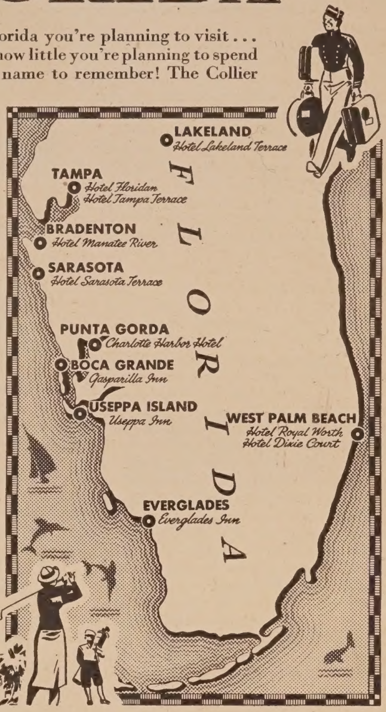

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REMOVES FRECKLES
WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently *while you sleep.* Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is *guaranteed* by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Dept. 134, Paris, Tenn.

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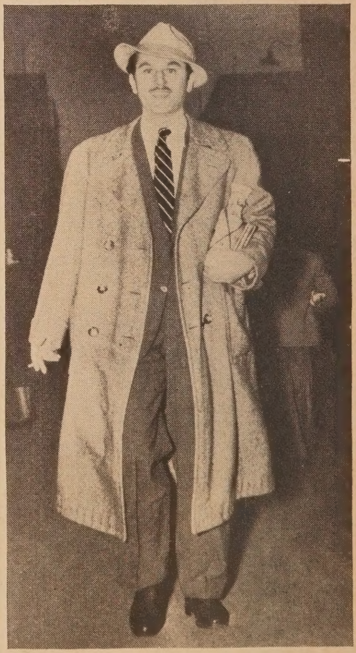
to go over to the auditorium and try out for the part."

His rise to popularity from then on was a natural one. There followed parts in *Green Fire* in the spring of 1932, put on by the Claremont Community Players at Padua Hills, *A Murder Has Been Arranged,* the Associated Women Students at the college in May of that year and then we discover an interesting incident appearing in the school paper, *Student Life,* which says, "Arlington Brugh, prominent college thespian, now carrying a leading role in the college play, *A Murder Has Been Arranged,* will have an altogether different type of part in *Camille.* Here on the campus his role is a smooth, sophisticated villain and now he will be a country boy madly in love with the unconventional Camille."

Yes, Robert Taylor played Armand in *Camille,* while he was a college lad trying desperately to be understood by his classmates and making a valiant effort to be liked by them.

It was in the spring of 1933, when he was a senior at the college, that he played the role in the Claremont Community Theatre production in which Mary Blaisdell Harris, director of the players, enacted the title role. His friends tell us that he was a tremendous hit in the part.

We all know the rest of the story. How he was spotted by the M-G-M scout, Ben Piazza, while playing the role of Captain Stanpole in *Journey's End,* at Pomona College, and immediately was called to see Louis B. Mayer. But it was to be many months yet before Bob Taylor was to become a success.



Homeward bound, and happy! Anton Walbrook, famed Continental stage and screen actor, leaves the RKO lot after a hard day's work in *Michael Strogoff,* his starring American film debut

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See your doctor regularly. Ask him about Hygeia Bottles and Nipples. These wide mouth bottles are easily cleaned. Nipple is easily kept germ free. Don't take chances. These are safest . . .

ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

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Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 319, Chicago.

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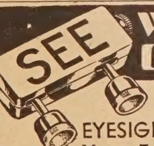
Many shattered romances may be traced directly to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate itchy pimples, eczema, angry red blotches or other disfigurements resulting from external causes when you can get quick relief from soothing Peterson's Ointment? 35c at your druggists. Money refunded if one application does not delight you. Wonderful also to soothe irritated and inflamed feet and cracks between toes. Free sample, Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. K102, Buffalo, N. Y.



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NATURAL EYESIGHT INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. 74-A, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Producer Died At Dawn

[*Continued from page 35*]

two sailors blanched and crossed himself.

Both of them grabbed blankets and leaving the wounded stormy petrel writhing on the floor they went to sleep on deck.

Before a second dawn had come flaming across the eastward Sierras, death was to have claimed Thomas Harper Ince, the man who brought Bill (Two-Gun) Hart to the screen; bashful Charles Ray, making picture history overnight in Ince's Civil War production, *The Coward;* Sessue Hayakawa, Japanese star, presented to the world by Ince in *Wrath of the Gods* and *The Typhoon;* Dustin Farnum of *Littlest Rebel* and *The Squawman* fame.

Ince had developed such stars as Bessie Barriscale, Dorothy Dalton, Gladys Brockwell, William Collier, Sr., Robert McKim, George Beban, Willard Mack and Douglas MacLean, whose big smash hit was 23½ *Hours Leave,* which MacLean is remaking today as a producer with James Ellison in the role he once played.

The irony of the Ince saga is that his name is kept alive today not because of his genius and astuteness as a producer; not because of the man's many remarkable qualities; not because he moulded a Louise Glaum into a glamorous, silken temptress the world will never forget; not as the producer of that thunderous war drama *Behind The Door,* in which he gave the world a villainous Wallace Beery it still remembers with a shudder; not as the director of a Mary Pickford or a Herbert Bosworth; not as the creator of a lovely Madge Bellamy whose beauty flashed across the screen at the bidding of the master—no, not because of all these is the name Thomas Ince remembered today, but simply because his sudden death created a whirlwind of gossip, legend, calumny and outright fabrication that swept the country, finally seeping into every village, town and hamlet.

Today the death of Thomas H. Ince is a hydra-headed legend wrapping its repulsive coils around the names of Marion Davies, William Randolph Hearst, Charles Chaplin, Elinor Glyn, as well as certain writers in Mr. Hearst's employ, Ince's widow and others.

THE publisher of this magazine sincerely believes that after 12 years—years of never-ending questions piling up doubt, suspicion and grotesque distortion of real facts—an honest attempt should be made to print the truth about Tom Ince's death.

Was Tom Ince murdered?

Is there any truth to the persistent legend that a jealous quarrel between Ince and another member of the yachting party was followed by a shooting affray in which Ince was fatally wounded and that the whole affair was hushed up by the power of the outstanding figure of the party?

The man who is in a better position than anyone else to know the true facts of *l'affaire* Ince is Captain William Bright, chief criminal deputy of the Los Angeles county sheriff's office and a noted criminologist.

Before Bright's conclusions are recorded, let's have a look at the background of the Ince case.

Since starting his career in 1902, Ince had climbed step by step in motion pic-

JOAN BENNETT
star of "Summer Lightning"
A Walter Wanger Production

Joan Bennett says

"A Film Actress can't take chances with MOTHS"

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Your clothes are just as important to you. Now *get rid* of moth dangers as movie stars do. Spray with Larvex *today.*

Spraying with Larvex is the complete safeguard advised by scientists and used by manufacturers of costly woolens. It penetrates to the very center of every woolen fibre. Moths starve to death rather than eat the fabric.

Odorless, stainless, Larvex does away with the clothes storage problem, too, for one Larvex spraying lasts a full 12 months.

Spray with Larvex today and forget the moth problem this year!

LARVEX
ODORLESS
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One spraying mothproofs

Mothproof with LARVEX and be sure

"IT'S FUN TO LOOK YOUNGER AGAIN!"

..*and* so easy to *Safely Tint*

GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

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Our new economy train to Los Angeles

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LOWEST FARES! Only $34.50 from Chicago to California in chair cars; $57.35 round trip. Slightly higher in tourist sleeping cars.

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Pimples are usually caused by germs in the skin and consequently require a penetrating, antiseptic external treatment. Internal treatments are frequently ineffective. It often takes NAC, Volatized Sulphur Cream you rub on at bedtime and NAC Prescription Powder that you use during the day, to get the skin cleared up quickly.

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At All Drug and Dept. Stores
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"NAC Has the Knack of Quickly Clearing the Skin." Don't delay. Get your NAC today. Satisfaction is Guaranteed or Money Back.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE
For a free sample of NAC Prescription Powder (☐Rachelle ☐Natural) write—
NAC, Dept. 164, Winnetka, Ill.

tures from a $5 a day heavy to one of the most successful of directors and producers.

By November, 1924, at the age of 43, the once obscure actor had become probably the greatest creative and producing power in the industry.

He had crowned his spectacular career by his artistic production of Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie,* with Blanche Sweet and William Russell, a picture which was remade later by M-G-M in a talking version with Greta Garbo and Marie Dressler as the stars.

FOR some time, prior to November, 1924, Ince had been carrying on negotiations with William Randolph Hearst, head of International Films Service Company, Incorporated and Cosmopolitan Productions for the picture rights of stories published by Hearst to be produced in combination.

Financially this deal meant much to both men and it was often the habit of Hearst to join Ince in long horseback rides through canyon trails in Beverly Hills while discussing the many details of the impending transaction.

On Saturday morning, November 15, Hearst joined Ince at the latter's home in Benedict Canyon, the home now occupied by Carl Laemmle, Sr. Before starting on their ride Hearst invited both Ince and Mrs. Ince to join a party aboard his yacht, *Oen'da,* that evening and sail down to San Diego.

Mr. Hearst said he was giving the party in honor of Ince's 43rd birthday the next day—Sunday the sixteenth.

Ince told Hearst he had to see a preview of a picture entitled *The Mirage,* that evening but that he would join the party on the boat at San Diego the next day.

At noon the next day he arrived in San Diego by train and immediately went aboard the Hearst yacht in the harbor.

The events from that time on became a matter of public record through a statement written and signed by Dr. Goodman.

When Ince arrived and boarded the yacht Sunday noon he complained of feeling tired, but otherwise seemed in the best of health. It was agreed that he and Dr. Goodman were to return to Los Angeles by an early train the next morning.

PRACTICALLY all of Sunday afternoon was consumed by Ince, Hearst and Dr. Goodman in a discussion of the pending film deal. By evening the details had been so well-ironed out that little remained but final signatures on papers when the men were to meet again the following week in Los Angeles.

Dinner that evening celebrated Ince's birthday and the expected conclusion of the film transaction. Elinor Glyn later made the statement that a toast was proposed to the absent Mrs. Ince, who had begged off from the trip because of illness, with the hope that Ince would find her recovered on his return home.

Early Monday morning Ince and Dr. Goodman went ashore from the yacht to take the Los Angeles train. Ince said he had suffered from indigestion during the night. Before boarding the train he complained of his heart.

To the world outside Tom Ince was a human dynamo, whose boundless energy was a source of envy. Little did they dream that he suffered from heart trouble. But to his close friends and business associates his affliction was no secret.

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YOUR OWN HOSE *Given as* **BONUS**

As the train reached Del Mar, a few miles north of San Diego, a sudden severe heart attack caused Dr. Goodman to have Ince removed from the train and taken to the Stratford Inn, where a physician was quickly summoned and made an examination in the presence of Dr. Goodman.

The physician's statement describes finding Ince suffering from severe heart trouble, and that emergency treatment was administered and a nurse called to attend him.

Dr. Goodman immediately phoned Mrs. Ince in Beverly Hills and she left at once for Del Mar accompanied by the eldest of her three sons, William. The Ince family physician, Dr. Ida Cowan Glasgow, was summoned from Los Angeles.

By Monday evening Ince felt better. On Tuesday it was decided he should be returned to his home, and a special car was attached to the regular afternoon train for this purpose. On arrival in Los Angeles, Ince was transported in an ambulance to his Benedict Canyon home, with Dr. Glasgow in attendance.

DURING the night hours Tuesday Ince's condition seemed to improve greatly. He chatted with his family, Mrs. Ince sitting at his bedside until past midnight, when she was persuaded to get some rest. She returned a short time later and sat beside her husband until 2 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Just before daylight a sudden fatal heart attack caused Dr. Glasgow to hurriedly summon Mrs. Ince and her three sons to Ince's bedside.

At 5:30 Wednesday morning, November 19, 1924, death like it must to all men, came to Thomas H. Ince.

DEATH had had his inning and now it was SCANDAL'S turn. The breath had scarcely left his body when rumors began to race through Hollywood; the most weird vaporings of morbid minds were being accepted as certified facts. The vicious whispers spared no one who could possibly be connected with the incident.

At the point where the body of Thomas H. Ince is laid out cold in death, Captain Bright re-enters the story.

The captain and I faced each other man to man just recently in the Los Angeles Hall of Justice.

"Captain," I said, "you had charge of the Homicide Squad back in 1924 when Tom Ince died. I want to ask you three questions, each one highly important."

Martha Raye wig-wags an S. O. S. for someone to *Turn off the heat* as she sips her soup in the studio commissary

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Do not accept any substitutes for this New York doctor's harmless Slimmet Method. The simple prescription contains no **thyroid**, no **dinitrophenol** or other harmful drug. Overweight not only ruins your beauty but may be actually dangerous as insurance companies know. Get rid of that ugly superficial fat NOW!

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He settled back in his chair. "All right, let's have them. But make it snappy."

"Number One—did Tom Ince die a natural death?"

When Bright replied his voice carried complete conviction.

"In my opinion Mr. Ince died a natural death.

I went on: "Number Two—what was the cause of his death?"

"In my opinion the cause of his death was a heart attack."

A plain statement of fact from a man who looked you squarely in the eye.

"Number Three, Captain, as head of the Homicide Squad, did you examine the body of Mr. Ince?"

"Yes. I made a personal examination. There was not a mark, bruise, or blemish of any kind on the body."

He paused, then continued:

"If death had been caused by any violent means the evidence would have been there for me to see, but my examination proved there was absolutely nothing to warrant such a belief."

What a shame the gossip-mongers were not standing beside Captain Bright that Wednesday morning 12 years ago—to see exactly what he saw with his own eyes! It would have helped so much to silence malicious tongues and saved Mrs. Ince and her three sons, as well as their countless close friends and associates, all the heartaches they have endured through the long years.

ON FRIDAY morning, November 21, 1924, the casket containing the body of Thomas Ince laid in state from 9 to 10 o'clock. The funeral services, held at Hollywood Cemetery chapel, were deeply impressive. The entire motion picture industry, of which Tom Ince had been such a beloved and integral part, mourned beside his bier. People from all walks of life, literally hundreds, and more were turned away unable to gain entrance to the grounds, heard the funeral oration of John Garrigues, Theosophist from South Pasadena, as Ince had never affiliated with any church and his three sons had attended a school of Theosophy.

At the conclusion of the services, Joseph M. Schenck arose and called on all present for a beautiful tribute of silent prayer, then a Hawaiian string trio from the Ince studio softly played "Aloha" and it was finished.

A long line of mourners filed past the open casket, guarded by details of police and firemen, because of Ince's honorary membership in the International Association of Fire Chiefs, then through a side gate a black limousine departed with Mrs. Ince, her three sons and two brothers of Tom Ince, John and Ralph.

The following Monday morning at 11 o'clock a wonderful public tribute to the memory of Tom Ince was held in Grauman's Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood, attended by all the outstanding men and women in the film industry.

The famous Wampas, in which Ince had always been tremendously interested, was represented by Harry Hammond Beall, now managing editor of Fawcett Publications, and Tom Reed and Ray Leek.

The will of Tom Ince—dated October 3, 1923, left a fortune of $1,666,000 to his widow, Elinor Priscilla Ince, and her three sons, William, 15; Thomas H. Jr., 11, and Richard, 9. Stock in the Thomas H. Ince Corporation, and the Ince Investment Company was, by terms of the will, left in trust for them.

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Birthmarks, Pimples, Liver Spots, Freckles, Bruises, Circles Under Eyes and other unsightly spots amazingly masked with DERMALURE, the ideal make-up base. Applied in a minute—lasts all day. Waterproof. Blends perfectly. Light, Medium, Brunette and Sun Tan. $1 at drug counters. Purse size at all 10-cent stores. Write for "The Secret of Perfect Make-Up." For TRIAL SIZE, mention shade and send 10c

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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: **"You are getting old!"** To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

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Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

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Always "Tired"

THEN, too, periodic pains drag her down and wreck her vitality. Many women suffering from headache, backache, nervousness and weakness, due to functional disturbances, as well as the prospective mother who has loss of appetite, and the woman of middle age, should try that vegetable tonic favorably known for nearly 70 years as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Buy now! Tablets, 50 cents.

And so Tom Ince continued to guide and watch over the happiness and security of his loved ones after death as he had all through life.

THE writer was talking with one of Tom Ince's closest friends and business associates.

"Why should anyone ever have questioned the manner in which Tom Ince died?" I asked.

"Well, that's pretty hard to answer," he replied, "but let's reason from these angles: In the first place Ince was a famous personage in the motion picture industry—a game that is always open to severest criticism because of the glamour surrounding it, and because it is so little understood by the rank and file. Secondly Ince was stricken with a fatal illness while away from his home and studio—and the fact that he had to be transported from one county through others to reach his home, and his subsequent death, made it necessary for a routine investigation at San Diego by the District Attorney.

"Other perfectly normal things were seized upon and twisted into malicious gossip. For example—Ince carried a lot of life insurance. Soon after he died a rumor was started that his death was not a natural one—and that an investigation was being made by those insurance companies whose policies contained a Double Indemity feature paying double the face amount of the policies for accidental death. Of course this ugly rumor was absolutely untrue.

"When I tell you that after Tom Ince's body had been cremated, even this perfectly natural request was distorted to make people believe it was done to conceal something—you begin to get a clear idea of what vicious scandal-mongers are really capable of starting."

One more statement—printed and filed for anyone to read and verify—and our story ends.

This was given to the press December 10th, 1924, by District Attorney C. C. Kempley, of San Diego, on the day the investigation was dropped. It reads:

"People interested in Mr. Ince's sudden death continued to come to me with persistent reports, and to satisfy them I did conduct an investigation. But after questioning a doctor and nurse who attended Mr. Ince when he was ill at Del Mar, I am satisfied his death was of ordinary cause."

I AM BILLY
I AM BOBBY

One time when you can't believe in signs is when they are worn by the talented Mauch twins. They look so much alike that even *they* are not sure which is which, at times

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THAT'S JUST LIKE ALKA-SELTZER, - DEAR
HEADACHE
ALKA-SELTZER! DOWN IT GOES!
EXIT, AFTER-DINNER WOES!
SOUR STOMACH
BOY! YOU SURE KEEP COLDS AWAY
I ALKALIZE, MOST EVERY DAY
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JUST RUB IT ON

THE PUBLISHER'S OWN PAGE

By W. H. FAWCETT

IN THE last issue of SCREEN BOOK your publisher, in his fireside chat, was stationed at Camp Pantar in the interior mountains of Mindanao. We were guarding a suspension bridge across the Argus River so that the American troops could push forward and still maintain an open line of communication with the pueblo of Iligan, on the seacoast.

Since our last visit on this page, all we hear on radio and papers is the civil war in Spain. I am tired of the subject, and I wish the news reels would skip it.

Although American troops engaged in subduing the Moros of the Southern Philippine Islands were confronted frequently with hardships, the skirmishes and engagements were so one-sided as to place them on a level below most of the smaller revolutions in Central America, around which many motion picture scenarios have been written.

With this explanation we will continue sketchily to hit a few of the few high-spots encountered in two years of service against the Mohammedan Filipinos.

The American troops constructed a block house at Pantar which was frequently the object of a night attack in which the enemy used old captured Spanish cannons and often our log fortress was pounded by hundreds of slugs from their more or less ancient cannons. With the exception of these night attacks and frequent killing or wounding of sentries and also an occasional hand-to-hand combat in day-time, we were engaged in just enough excitement to keep our blood circulating most of the time.

As soon as the company of army engineers had completed the bridge, most of the troops were moved further inland to Camp Marahui on the banks of Lake Lanao. (After my departure from the Island, I have been told that Camp Marahui was later named for a private soldier, Andrew Keithley—the first, and I believe, the only American camp or fort ever to be named after a private soldier. Someday there'll be a great talking picture epic based on the Philippine insurrection.)

Fifteen miles farther south at Camp Vicars, John J. Pershing was a captain and adjutant under Colonel Baldwin of the 14th or 15th Cavalry, I forget which. We didn't have much excitement with the Moros the first few months at Pantar. A couple of night attacks and a few sentries with arms or heads chopped off in dark nights furnished variety. Occasionally a more daring Moro would evade the chain of guards and make way with a rifle while our men slept peacefully in their Sibley tents. But when we reached Camp Marahui there was plenty Hell for a year or so.

The Moro warrior was armed in day-time with a lengthy, vicious-looking sword which went by the name of kris, pronounced crease. They also carried highly polished pet daggers. For their frequent night attacks they brought out ancient Spanish cannons. In this hand-to-hand conflict with supposedly friendly Moros, I don't believe I'll ever forget our first joust in which Captain Wheeler of Zanesville, Ohio, was killed when a native pulled his fancy dagger from his G-string girdle. Wheeler had located firearms under rice in a granary. He decided to rope the Chief Dato when glistening daggers appeared.

In defense of ourselves (and country), about 30 of us were compelled to shoot down a like number of Moros. Our casualties in addition to Captain Wheeler, included a quartermaster sergeant and a corporal, both permanently crippled. In retrospect, I see no particular excuse for the slaughter, but such is modern civilization.

Publisher Fawcett here is shown reminiscing over the colorful, thrill-packed life that he spent in the four quarters of the globe

TODAY it presents a feeling of plain damphoolishness. This clash on the banks of the Taraca River, which flowed into Lake Lanao, caused higher military authorities to decide on a cleanup of natives. Later we were to have plenty of internecine fighting on the Island of Jolo and at Cotabata, Mindanao.

In the meantime the health of the American troops, forced to construct a 25-mile highway through tropical jungle and rain-soaked mountains, was bad. Malaria, dysentery and dhobie itch had attacked about one-third of the soldiers. One of my jobs, while acting as company clerk, was to pour a tablespoonful of liquid quinine for every man who had ever suffered from malaria. Liquid quinine, in the opinion of the writer, is the most bitter medicine in the lexicon of pharmacopoeia. Brave Americans who feared no bolo, kris or dagger, would quiver at the medicinal concoction.

When Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, Commander of the Department of Mindanao, decide to "cleanup" the Taraca River Moros, some real excitement was started. This was in the fall of 1903. On the first night of this campaign a courier brought a cable message. The Jolo Moros were running amuck. It was goodbye Taraca and an immediate forced march of 30 miles, with blanket roll, emergency rations, rifle and ammunition, weighing altogether nearly 70 pounds, to the seacoast.

The Island transport, *Wright*, was waiting for us at Iligan and in a short time we were on our way to the Island of Jolo, secular headquarters of the Sultan of Jolo. En route, the transport stopped at Zamboango, Malabang and Parang-Parang and then a day or so later we arrived at the city of Jolo. The next morning, with great secrecy the *Wright*, under cover of darkness, churned her old propeller until we had reached a point a few miles east of the only city on this small island.

The boat anchored about 300 yards from shore and the first job was pushing Missouri mules into the ocean and seeing them swim to shore. The mules were the property of a jackass battery of mountain artillery. The soldiers reached shore in life boats. Before noon that day, American troops had formed a skirmish line about eight miles long from the ocean on the south to the point where we disembarked. There was not much excitement in connection with the entire campaign. Orders had been issued that we were to destroy all vestige of civilization as known to the Moro insurrectos. Nipa shacks and domestic animals were to be destroyed by fire and Krag-Jorgenson rifles.

The first day we saw no trace of a Moro with one exception: one native refused to do the disappearance act and was repaid for his bravery with a bullet which entered his shoulder and departed through his back. This Moro hiked along with the Americans all day, with only a trickle of blood from the wound. When last I saw him, 4 or 5 hours later, he did not seem to be much the worse for wear.

We made camp that night at the base of an extinct volcano and General Wood learned by cable and runner that Congress had approved the recommendation of Teddy Roosevelt to be promoted from brigadier to major general. **Next month your publisher will take you through even more exciting adventures that befell him during his Philippine campaign.**

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. . . TATTOO FOR LIPS, INSTEAD OF PASTY COATING

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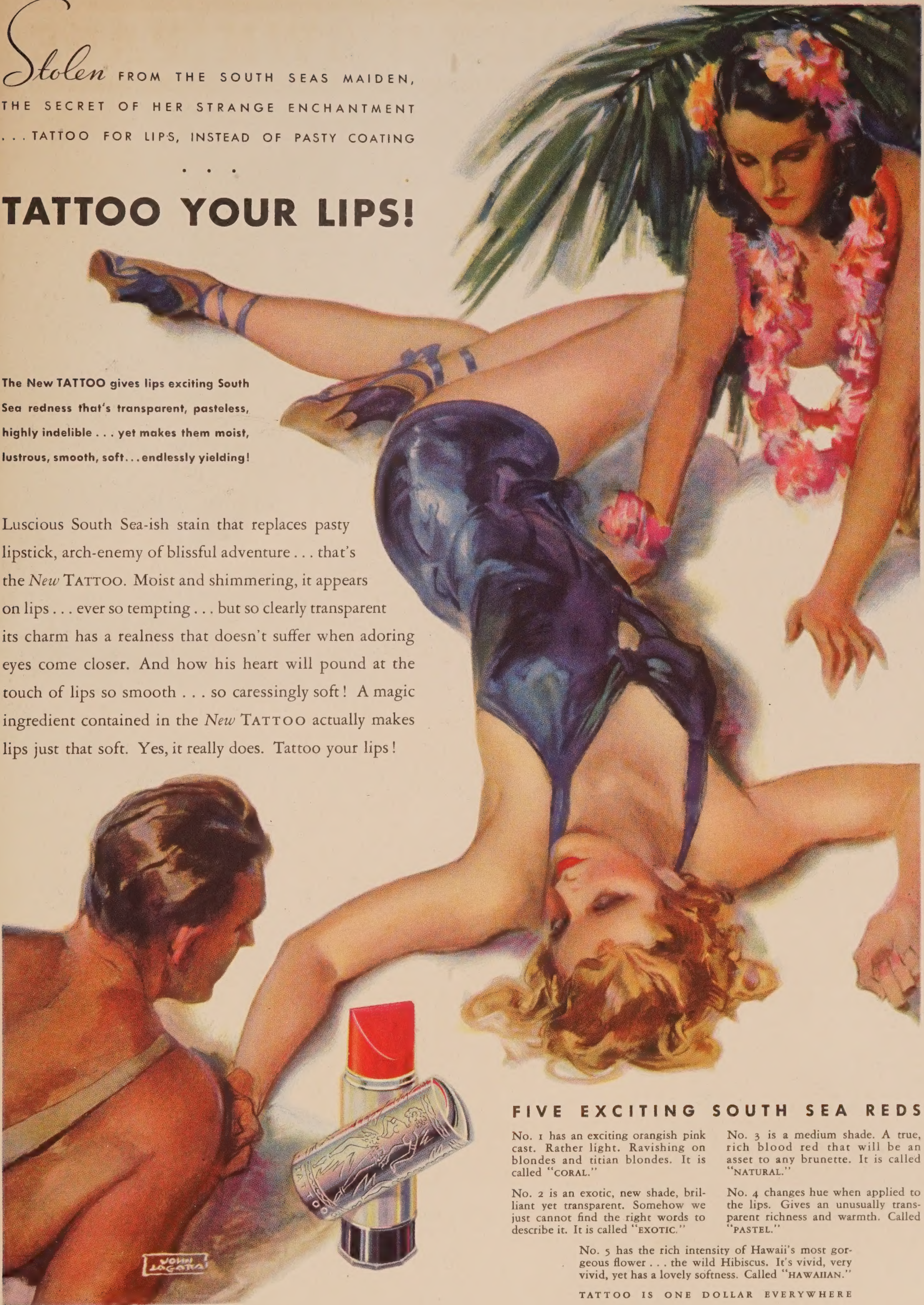
The New TATTOO gives lips exciting South Sea redness that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible . . . yet makes them moist, lustrous, smooth, soft . . . endlessly yielding!

Luscious South Sea-ish stain that replaces pasty lipstick, arch-enemy of blissful adventure . . . that's the *New* TATTOO. Moist and shimmering, it appears on lips . . . ever so tempting . . . but so clearly transparent its charm has a realness that doesn't suffer when adoring eyes come closer. And how his heart will pound at the touch of lips so smooth . . . so caressingly soft! A magic ingredient contained in the *New* TATTOO actually makes lips just that soft. Yes, it really does. Tattoo your lips!



FIVE EXCITING SOUTH SEA REDS

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood red that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 changes hue when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and warmth. Called "PASTEL."

No. 5 has the rich intensity of Hawaii's most gorgeous flower . . . the wild Hibiscus. It's vivid, very vivid, yet has a lovely softness. Called "HAWAIIAN."

TATTOO IS ONE DOLLAR EVERYWHERE

You need this throat protection too!

. . . That only a light smoke offers

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you . . . be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.

a light smoke OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

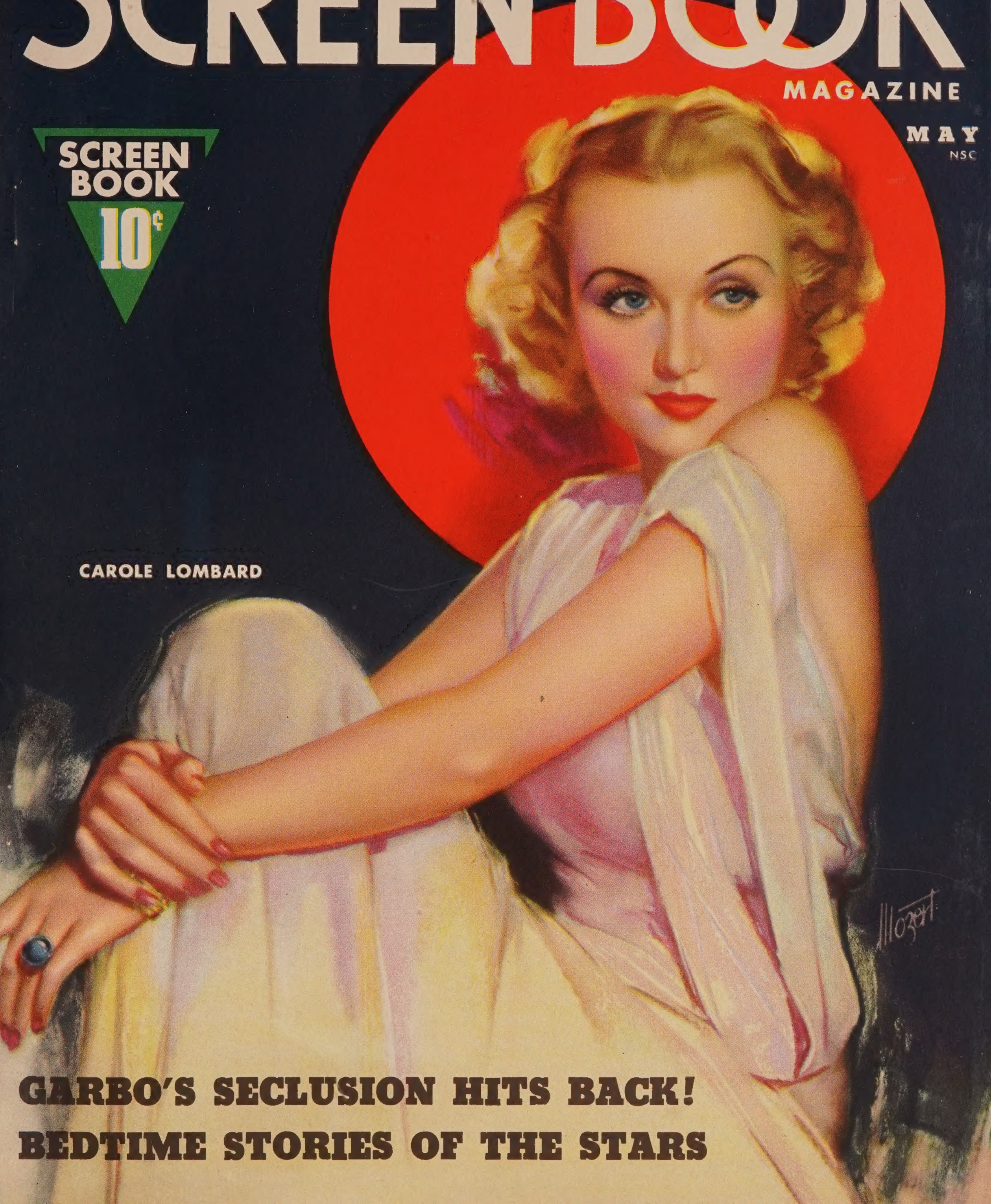
SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

MAY

NSC

SCREEN BOOK 10¢

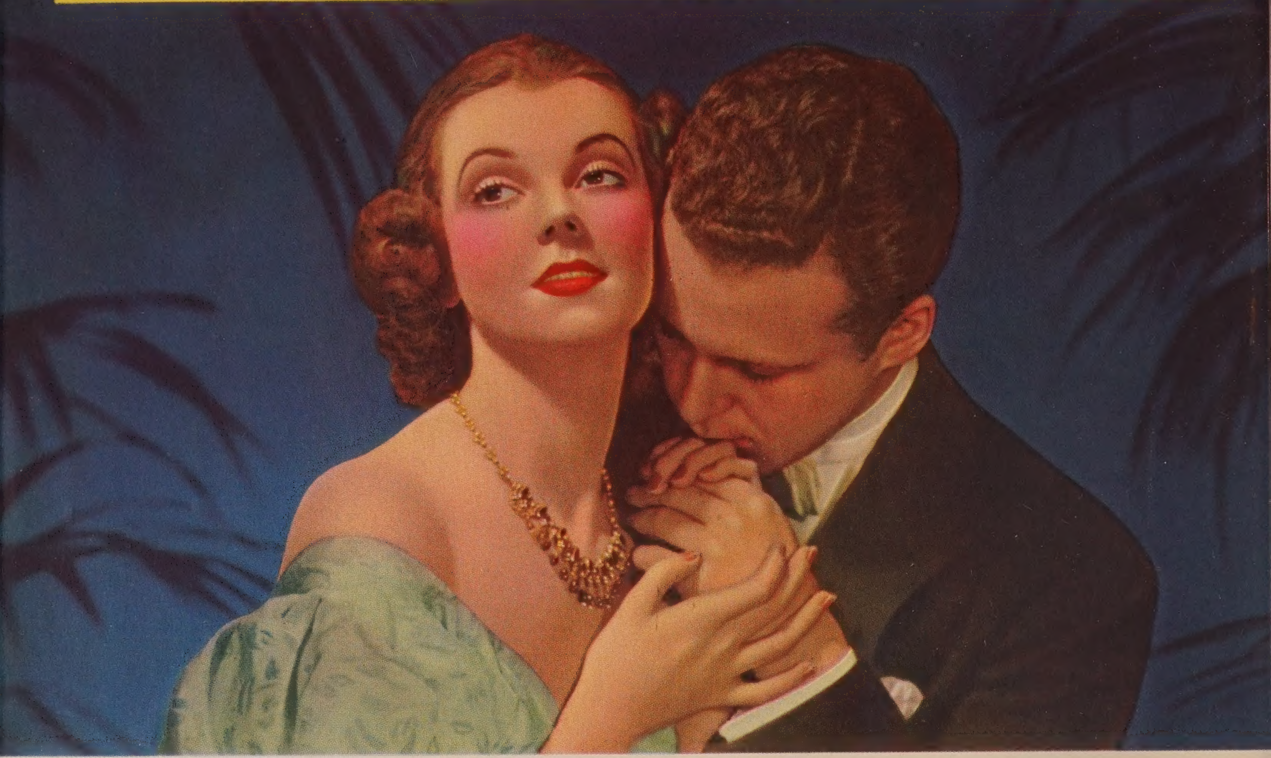


CAROLE LOMBARD

GARBO'S SECLUSION HITS BACK!

BEDTIME STORIES OF THE STARS

"Darling you're so lovely it frightens me!"



HOLLYWOOD! The ever-critical — the master authority on beauty — has its very own secret for flawless charm! — A secret you now may share. All types go to make up Hollywood's group of glamorous screen sirens. Yet each is a picture of cameo loveliness. To see them is to adore them! Each vital type — whether Titian, Brunette, or Blonde — owes her radiant beauty to the intimate secret of make-up *keyed to her individual coloring!*

NOW—with HOLLYWOOD MASK Matched Make-up—you may achieve the same devastating results. For the velvet-textured Powder of HOLLYWOOD MASK *accents* the skin-tones; the soft, glowing Rouge merges with shade of skin; and the Lipstick, matching the Rouge, leaves lips ripe, tantalizing — lips that promise to give — and to take! And all three, keyed to *your* individual coloring.

Underneath it all, the knowledge that the skin is baby-fresh and revitalized with the HOLLYWOOD MASK Facial.

Follow the Hollywood method, just as a screen star. Let your mirror reflect a new, ravishing *you*. You'll be vibrant! Re-made! Luscious! Ready to undermine hearts of men the world over.

You'll find poise and assurance, too, in knowing you've properly stressed inner beauty, by make-up that accents *your own* color tones.

Don't delay glorification! Awaken your sleeping beauty with HOLLYWOOD MASK Matched Make-up. Ask today for your own shades at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Hollywood MASK

FOR INTIMATE BEAUTY

HOLLYWOOD

Avoid Blackheads— Clogged Pores

Purge tiny dirt-ridden pores- Cleanse the *base* of the face! Strengthen and feed under-skin tissues with HOLLYWOOD MASK Facial. Large Tube $1.00 Purse Size 10c.

Acquire Bloom of Youth

Bestows glowing blush on cheeks. Merges with skin tones and blends with powder. Plays up to eyes and hair. Peachbloom, Poppy, Raspberry, Orange. Large Size 50c. Purse Size 10c.

Alluring Companion to Rouge

Have rich, red, taunting lips! — Come-hitherish, soft—that *stay* soft through an evening of kisses. Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry. Extra Size 55c. Purse Size 10c.

Escape "Flour-Barrel" Look

Heavenly new powder reveals true skin-tone; clings longer. Harmonizes with cheeks and lips. Soft, subtle, natural! Rachelle, Creole, Brunette, Peach, Natural, Blanche, Suntan. Large Size 75c. Purse Size 10c.

Start your beauty adventure now! If your store hasn't HOLLYWOOD MASK as yet, check *your* shades below, for generous introductory treatment. Be sure to include HOLLYWOOD MAS Facial—the base of new loveliness.

HOLLYWOOD MASK, Inc., Dept. 250, Hollywood, Calif.
I enclose 10c for each purse-size cosmetic checked.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*____________ *State*__________

☐ **HOLLYWOOD MASK FACIAL**

LIPSTICK ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐ Orange ☐ Raspberr

ROUGE ☐ Orange ☐ Poppy ☐ Raspberry ☐ Peachbloom

POWDER ☐ Rachelle-Brunette ☐ Peach ☐ Dark Rachelle ☐ Natural ☐ Creole ☐ Blanche ☐ Suntan

Hearts were Trumps

[UNTIL SHE SMILED]

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

That chance meeting—what it has done for thousands of girls. That first glance—what it has done to thousands of men. Even before a word is spoken—*an opinion is formed, an impression made.*

And then—*she smiles!* What a triumph if that smile is lovely, winning, captivating. But if it reveals dull teeth and dingy gums, how quickly the spell is broken—how swiftly the glamorous moment is lost.

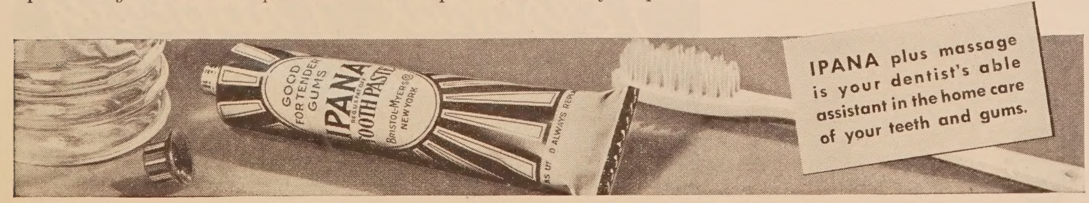
NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—*protect your smile!* If your tooth brush has flashed that warning tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* For "pink tooth brush" is a signal of distress from your gums. It *may* be the first sign of serious gum disorders—it is *emphatically* something that should not be left to chance.

Don't take chances. You may not be in for serious trouble—*but your dentist should decide.* Usually, however, the verdict will be "just another case of lazy, underworked gums—gums robbed of exercise by our present-day soft and fibreless foods." They need more work, more stimulation—and as so many dentists frankly suggest—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage. For Ipana is a double-duty tooth paste that not only keeps teeth white and sparkling but, with massage, helps gums stay firm and healthier. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Gums become firmer. Your teeth sparkle with a whiter, brighter look.

Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself from troubles of the gums. Regular use of Ipana with massage will do much to keep your teeth brighter—your gums healthier. Keep your smile a winning smile—*lovely, captivating!*

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight," starring Fred Allen. Every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P. M., E. S. T.

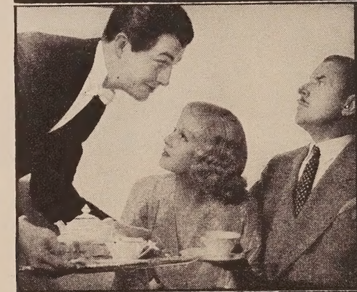

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

Preview of their first picture together!

How Bob loves—and how Jean loves it!...It's a merry mad farce in the M-G-M "Libeled Lady" manner—which means high-powered romance mixed in with the laughs!...Here's the merriest of Springtime pictures!

Bob is assigned by the sheriff to guard Jean's personal property...that's when the fun begins!

He masquerades as her butler, so her high-toned society friends won't suspect she's flat broke...



Who should Jean's honor-guest be but Bob's fortune-hunting brother, who thinks Jean is an heiress!

Bob's the boy to clear up complications—so he becomes Jean's personal property, Item No. 1

JEAN ROBERT

HARLOW · TAYLOR

in

"Personal Property"

with **Reginald Owen**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture · *Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.*

Directed by **W. S. VAN DYKE**

The Hit-Director of "After the Thin Man" "San Francisco" and others

SCREEN BOOK

VOLUME XVIII No. 10 MAY, 1937

TED MAGEE
EDITOR
AL ALLARD
Art Director

EDITORIAL OFFICE
7046 Hollywood Blvd. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

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Dull-Listless

—SKIN BROKE OUT!

● Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

Here's the lesson she learned

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered—"You're yourself again!"

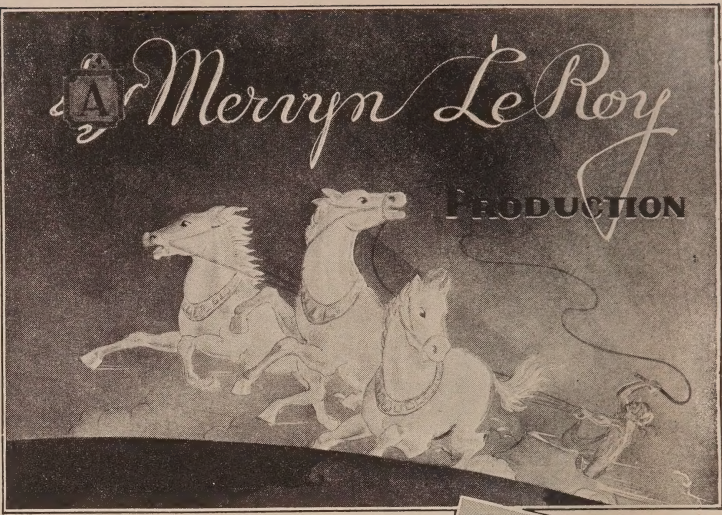
And she's so happy now

● Now life is so *different* for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. M-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

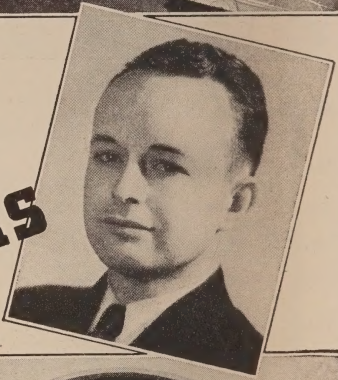
For adults and children
Feen-a-mint
The chewing gum
LAXATIVE
No taste but the mint

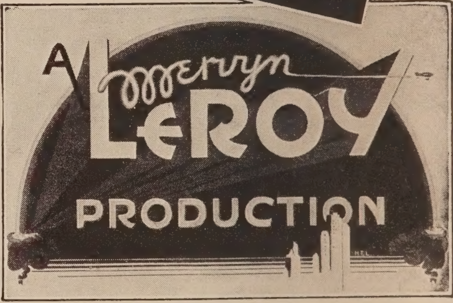
Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada



HAIL THE PRIZE WINNERS





ADJUDGED the finest trade-mark design of more than 15,000 submitted by artists in 31 countries, Edward Crane Denton's drawing showing three white horses galloping over the top of the world pulling their chariot at unusual speed and urged forward by the crack of the driver's whip, has won the grand prize of $250 in the Mervyn LeRoy Trademark Contest recently concluded in Fawcett's movie magazine group. Mr. Denton's drawing won the unanimous vote of all the judges—Producer Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, vice president in charge of all Warner Brothers' advertising and publicity, and Edward Selzer, director of Warner Brothers' studio publicity.

Mr. Denton is an artist employed by Peel, Denton, Palmer and Hanscom, 12 Pearl Street, Boston.

Winner of a $50 cash prize for entries submitted to SCREEN BOOK in the LeRoy Trademark contest is Hollis E. Leffel of 602 So. 6th Street, Chickasha, Okla. Mr. Leffel was born on an Indian farm in the sandhills of Oklahoma. He is 35 years old, married, and has a son. He has been an employee of the Oklahoma National Bank for the past eleven years and has been an art student of the Federal Schools, Minneapolis, Minn.

Grand prize winner of the Mervyn LeRoy trade-mark contest is shown at top. The designer is Edward Crane Denton, of Boston. Center photo, H. E. Leffel, of Chickasha, Okla., who wins the $50 SCREEN BOOK prize with the lower design

SCREEN BOOK and Director Mervyn LeRoy extend their congratulations to this lucky prize winner, and likewise to these other $50 cash prize winners:

Miss Dorothy Rothermel, 116 Winchester Road, Langhorne, Pa.

Alex Scenna, 440 Ivondale St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

W. Ditzel, 1624 First Ave., New York City.

"YOU SAID A *Mouthful,*

'WAIKIKI WEDDING' IS SOME PARTY,"

says ***Martha Raye***

"Girls, until you've seen Bing make love to Shirley the way they do on the beach at Waikiki, oh . . . boy . . . you ain't seen nothing. And Bob Burns is no slouch as a Hawaiian lover himself. Why he has me so excited I actually sing Hawaiian. And, speaking of singing . . . wait'll you hear Bing and Shirley croon those new Rainger and Robin ditties . . .'Sweet Is the Word For You' . . .'Blue Hawaii' . . .'In A Little Hula Heaven' . . .'Okleohao' and 'Sweet Leilani'. Yeah, man . . .'Waikiki Wedding' is some party . . . *and how!*"

"WAIKIKI WEDDING" with **BING CROSBY • BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE**
SHIRLEY ROSS • George Barbier • A Paramount Picture directed by Frank Tuttle

SHARE THIS SAME
BEAUTY
with
ROCHELLE HUDSON

JANET
ONE OF 3 LOVELY PATTERNS

ROCHELLE HUDSON
APPEARING IN
"WOMAN WISE"
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

THE SERVICE OF THE STARS

Share the thrill she thrills to, when Hollywood's guests exclaim over her table, gleaming and rich with its gorgeous silverware. You can delight in a Service for Six, with such usually expensive niceties as the Mirror Stainless Blade, Hollow Handle Knives, in a Tarnish-Proof Chest, at $14.75

1881 ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

SAMPLE OFFER

25¢
REGULARLY $1.00

The
HOLLYWOOD
HOSTESS SERVER

For cheese, jelly, jam, honey. Offered by your dealer so that you can "sample" the SERVICE OF THE STARS.

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

Here's a gay group at a night clubbery: Eddie Lowe lecturing to his wife and Dixie Lee Crosby while Bing chortles unconcernedly

GARY COOPER may be a he-man to the rest of the world but he's a fragile bit of china to his manager, Jack Moss. Working in the cabin interior of the old-fashioned sailing vessel, the *William Brown,* for *Souls at Sea* recently, Gary bumped his head a number of times on the low ceilings, and as a result received an edict from his manager forbidding him to work in low-ceiled sets any more. A bump on the Gary head *might* prove disastrous, fracture or concussion might result. So they'll be raising the roof for Gary from now on!

And by the way, all the kissing scenes in that picture were postponed until the very end of the shooting. The reason for this love-scene bunching was the flu epidemic which was going the Hollywood rounds. Fortunately by the time the picture was finished, so was the flu, and then all in one day Cupid went to town.

●

Bill Frawley has proved to his own satisfaction that a synopsis is the shortest distance between two covers. Feeling that *Gone With the Wind* was much too long for him to read, he paid one of the employees in Paramount's story department to write a synopsis of it for him. Maybe Bill would lend it to you, if you write him.

●

Here's Mary Astor with her newest husband, Manuel Del Campo. Their marriage was not a surprise to those in the know

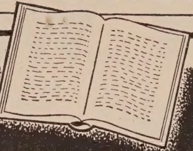
The mystery of Bobby Breen's amazing fan mail record has at last been solved. To the Culver City post office came eighteen hundred and eighty-four letters in seven days . . . which is more than were received by Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford at the height of their careers. The executives of Principal Productions were beaming pretty proudly over the phenomenal fan-pull of their new find until someone started to open the letters. Of the first fifty opened, thirty-one were advertisements—how to end baldness, how to raise mushrooms, how to get thin, how to get fat, how to build model airplanes, how to make a million dollars, how to remove warts, and so on.

And now Bobby himself has confessed the inside story of this. Some time ago he was attracted by a certain type of ad in several of the juvenile magazines: "Re-

[*Continued on page* 10]

IN ONE THRILL-PACKED NIGHT YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

The prince played hookey to join the pauper on the world-famous adventure of two regular kids.



Pictures may come and pictures may go—but here at last is a picture destined to live forever! The favorite romance of millions, by the favorite story teller of all the world. A motion picture you'll long love and long remember!

Errol swings a mighty sword to defend the prince—or is it the pauper?—he could never tell which!

It wasn't a bit different 400 years ago—the same Coronation next month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.

Warner Bros. present

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

By **MARK TWAIN**

with

ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MacLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS
BILLY & BOBBY
Patric Knowles · Montague Love
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp
Alan Hale · Anne Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Warner Bros.

"It's all right for a girl to lose her head", said King Henry VIII—and he wasn't really fooling; because she did!

He made enemies beg for mercy—he made lassies beg for more!

Produced on a Massive Scale 1000's in the Cast...3 Years in Preparation . . . 7 Months to Film in the World's Greatest Motion Picture Studios

BOBBY-THE PRINCE

BILLY-THE PAUPER

TANGEE
the Years Away

WATCH TANGEE'S Color Change Principle bring your lips glowing freshness of youth. Tangee isn't paint, can't give a "painted look". From orange in the stick it changes on your lips to soft blush-rose. Paris says, "Paint is out of harmony with today's fashions". Also use Tangee Rouge for cheeks and achieve perfect color symphony.

SEE HOW Tangee Lipstick's special cream base soothes and softens lips while you sleep...Use Tangee Lipstick at bedtime...it is one cosmetic that need not be removed at night. Tangee doesn't rub off, and never smears bed linens. Try Tangee: 39¢ and $1.10. Or send the coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.

PAINTED

TANGEE

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name______________
(Please Print)
Address______________
City______________State______________ F57

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 8*]

You've guessed the subject of this picture—the two biggest mouths in Hollywood! Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye don't care—their notoriety means pennies from heaven!

Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur did a radio broadcast not long after the release of *The Plainsman,* but they didn't look the same!

ceive lots of mail. Be a big man in your community. Get helpful and enlightening letters from all over the world. Send your name and address with twenty-five cents and you will receive more letters than anyone in your block." Bobby had answered three such ads, and his name is now on every mail order list in the country.

●

Anna Sten has become so discouraged with the picture vehicles handed her that now at last she is writing one of her own, in which she hopes to star in the near future. It is the story of a girl who is born in Russia, of American parents, and who becomes involved in a war of international proportions. Which war this is intended to represent, Miss Sten hasn't yet divulged.

Miss Sten has also won no little recognition lately as an artist. But she exhibits her pen sketches under the name of Vladimir Broeker.

●

Mary Brian was the only one of the film stars to take active part in the flood relief work recently. While others contributed their entertainment to the big benefit performances in Hollywood and New York Mary hopped off by plane to the flood area itself and gave generously of her time and talent to cheer up the sufferers. She did so much good that she was deputized and one admiring and enthusiastic Red Cross worker removed his own Red Cross insignia and gave it to her. This narrow strip of red and white muslin which Mary wore when she returned to Hollywood will always be one of her prized possessions.

By the way Tyrone Power was very attentive to Mary while Sonja Henie was in the East recently, but Mary did *not* break up the romance.

●

One of the strangest contracts made in theatrical history was the one Miri Rei, the Tahitian dancer, made with William Bambridge, who persuaded her to come to America to work in *Waikiki Wedding.* Mari would not leave her native island until Mr. Bambridge promised to have her body burned and her ashes returned

[*Continued on page 12*]

All through the night

ALEXANDER KORDA *Presents*

MARLENE ROBERT

DIETRICH · DONAT

IN

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR

All through the night—hand in hand—heart to heart—together...Facing danger—sharing adventure—together...Pursued by hatreds and passions—lost amid perils too great to face alone...Looking into each other's heart—to find each other...All through the night—arm in arm—escaping together...Tomorrow held their destiny...Tonight held their love

---

Directed by JACQUES FEYDER • **By James Hilton, famous Author of "Lost Horizon"** • **Released thru United Artists**

Virginia Weidler—Paramount Star Appearing In "Maid of Salem"

Home Made *Ice Cream!*

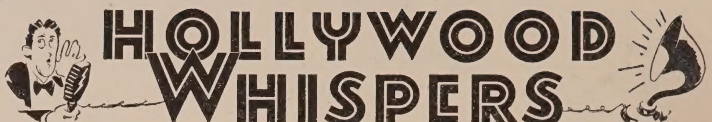
Do you remember? . . . It was one of the highlights of childhood:

What a thrill when Mother dips out the first spoonful! Just like the art of cake-baking—those simple recipes Grandmother used to make Ice Cream are today the most wholesome for growing children. And for mothers, too, who find ordinary "frozen desserts" too rich and fattening.

Make some Ice Cream for dinner tonight! Give the family a treat! Your dealer is showing the latest models of freezers!

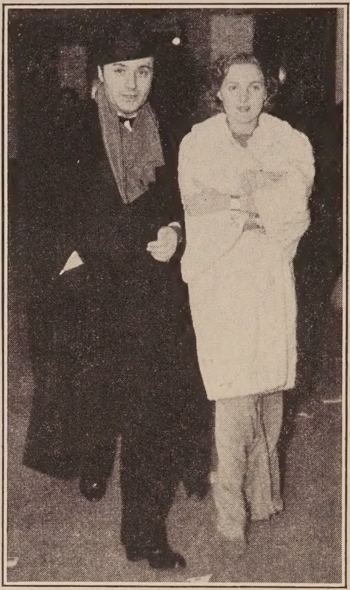
"HAVE A PARTY"
AND MAKE ICE CREAM

BUY A FREEZER
at your
HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE



HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer were among the elite who clamored to hear the Gershwin concert at the Philharmonic

Here's further proof that Bette Davis and hubby Ham Nelson are still on good terms, despite all those rumors

to Tahiti in the event she was shot and killed by American gangsters. The clause was put in the contract, but Mari returned to her home in one piece!

●

When Jack Benny and Ben Bernie were boys in New York City, it seems that they not only knew one another, but that they took violin lessons together—and what's more on the same violin. They had bought it together, each chipping in an equal amount. Strangely enough it's the same violin which Ben Bernie still plays occasionally, but now it's all his because some years ago Jack sold out to him for the stupendous sum of three dollars and a quarter.

●

Clark Gable had to do a dying scene for *Parnell* recently. They rehearsed the scene again and again, and each time to the accompaniment of a victrola record playing "Moonlight Sonata." Finally Gable got so bored with dying that Director John Stahl decided to liven him up, so he whispered an order to the man who was handling the phonograph. The next time Clark laid himself down to die, he heard the loud blast of "I'll be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You!" from the phonograph. It revived him so quickly that he died with vim then, in what turned out to be the final take.

Myrna Loy is as original as ever. In planning her new home she decided to include, of all things, a guest kitchen. "You know the problem of keeping all your guests happy is most perplexing," she explained. "They always migrate to the kitchen sooner or later—so I decided to build a special kitchen for them and then there's no chance of leaving things messed up for the cook to complain about in the morning!" Smart girl, smart hostess, that Loy lady!

●

Screen roles usually get the best of their flesh and blood victims. Alan Dinehart confesses to ruthlessly murdering 237 people during his motion picture career of seven years, which makes corpses of about 38 people a year—an average which undoubtedly makes our better-known gangsters look sorta silly. But the habit has gotten under his skin, and so Alan sleeps with a gun under his pillow. (Mrs. Dinehart also sleeps with a gun under her pillow.)

●

When Harpo Marx came across the word "charlatan" in the script of *A Day at the Races* he paused and pondered. Would or would not the great American Masses know the meaning of such a word? So six people, at random, were

[*Continued on page* 69]

ALL ROADS LEAD TO HOLLYWOOD
WITH MOVIELAND TOURS

Hollywood Boulevard—Street of the Stars! **Pictured in the lower left corner is the famous Grauman's Chinese Theatre, premier home of previews! Its forecourt is filled with signatures of renowned personalities**

FINAL plans have been completed for Fawcett Publications' Movieland Tour of 1937, which offers SCREEN BOOKS' readers two weeks of glamorous travel and full coverage of inside Hollywood, all for the price of a transcontinental round-trip rail journey!

If you have not yet made your reservations, you have little time to wait. Only $5 will reserve your place on this tour of the American West and the miracles and marvels of Hollywood, which many of America's wealthiest and most influential tourists have sought, in vain, to crash.

For your spot in this splendid party you have only to mail in your reservation and SCREEN BOOK will do the rest. Through the Bad Lands, the Rockies, the breathtaking Mt. Rainier National Park, Seattle and the great Pacific Northwest, historic old San Francisco—then Hollywood and your share of the private life and work of the stars!

Your vacation will offer such delights as luxurious travel on private trains, special service de luxe en route, sight-seeing trips on the way, bridge tournaments and gay parties at big hotels, and then a few days of what you have always yearned for—mingling with your favorite screen idols.

The happy trio above—Mr. and Mrs. Gleason with their son—will be your hosts at their lovely home. Robert Kent, Astrid Alwyn, Tom Beck and Helen Wood, below, are seen enjoying a gay party held during the tour of last year

The chance of a lifetime—that's no exaggeration! Now you can see all America — and the inside Hollywood, on a low-cost basis!

The first tour leaves Chicago July 11th, the second August 8th. Identical party plans have been arranged for both transcontinental house parties, so only your own convenience need dictate your choice of the most satisfactory date for your vacation.

Your special train will bring you right

[*Continued on page* 95]

Follow the Stars

TO A PERFECT HAIRDRESS

HOLD·BOBS
. . . the secret

Winsome Ruth Lucille Brink of St. Louis, Mo. was winner in the December "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS. She receives a FREE screen test, $50.00 in cash, and an opportunity to make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios.

THE sleek, sculptured lines of today's smart coiffures . . . delightful to look at and easy to do! The secret? HOLD-BOBS! These bob pins . . . the favorites of Hollywood where a perfect hairdress is so necessary for a beautiful appearance . . . are unlike any other bob pin. Their exclusive, patented features insuring a smart, distinctive hairdress, are: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair.

With HOLD-BOBS you'll never see why your hair stays beautifully in place. But you'll *know* the reason your friends compliment your new hairdress! Ask for HOLD-BOBS at your favorite store. You'll find these bob pins everywhere.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-57, Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD-BOB
SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS
Curved Shape Style

★Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name . . .

HOLD-BOBS
10¢

HOLD·BOB
The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

Copyright 1937 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

THE POSTMAN RINGS

Our readers are pulling for the *Three Smart Girls*, pictured above, to graduate into stardom. Barbara Read, Deanna Durbin and Nan Grey are demonstrating their intelligence to Dr. O. B. Baldwin, eminent psychologist of Whittier College

$15.00 Prize Letter

Second Sight

I HAVE been going to the movies for about nineteen years—practically all my life. Today an unusual thing happened in my career as a movie fan—I actually stayed to see a short subject twice!

This short subject was entitled, "Popular Science" and was produced by Paramount. It consisted of several topics varying from the making and use of cosmetics to the control of forest fires. It dealt with new inventions—new and improved garden tools; an exercise machine that combines all the benefits of rowing, bicycling, and swimming; and an instrument for enlarging noses, from the buzzing of a lady bug to the thump of the human heart.

It was in color—the most nearly natural color I have seen yet. And it was interesting!

For those of us who like to occasionally stay and see our movies over again there have been many feature pictures of merit—but I don't think I am exaggerating when I say that at least half of the short subjects that come out of Hollywood are not worthy of being seen even once.

Hollywood's motto regarding short subjects has always been, "make it cheap and make it fast." When that motto goes, when short subjects are something interesting that add to the program instead of merely filling in and making the show longer, the double feature problem will go with it.

So come on, you Hollywood producers, let's see you produce some carefully and thoughtfully made short pictures. There's a fertile field there that has only been sparsely explored.—*Douglas Norcross, 3740 N. Carlisle St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

[*Continued on page* 76]

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, Hollywood, Calif. The first prize letter published each month in this letting-off-steam department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

YOU ALWAYS LOOK TO MUNI FOR THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROLE!

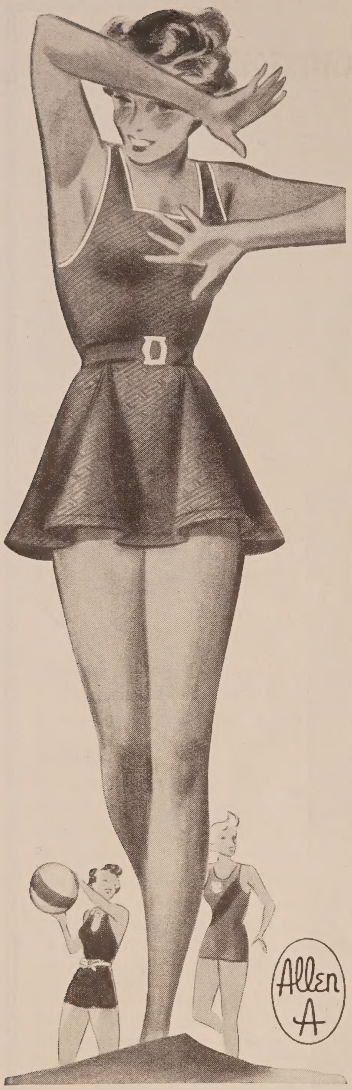
The hell of hate around them. The heaven of stolen love in their hearts. Thundering drama that flings these two thrilling lovers into each other's arms!

The pal that sat beside him in the plane that spattered death was in love with the woman he called his own.

PAUL MUNI
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in
"THE WOMAN I LOVE"
with **LOUIS HAYWARD**
Colin Clive · Elizabeth Risdon
Owen Davis, Jr. · Sterling Holloway
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

RKO RADIO
PICTURE
•
Produced by
ALBERT LEWIS

Gloriously lifting two great stars to new greatness!



The swing skirt as featured by Allen-A is 1937's important fashion news for surf, pool, and beach. Flare skirts were popular at all winter resorts, both in fancy knitted fabrics and woven prints.

● Designed by Trebitsch, stylishly tailored from fine woolens knitted in Allen-A mills, every model is actually swim-tested and truly "See-Worthy." *Spring-needle knitting* affords extra elasticity which assures perfect fit and longer wear. In all the new roughweaves and plain ribs — $2.50 to $8.50

Write for descriptive circular and dealer's name.

Allen-A
SWIM SUITS
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

GOING HOLLYWOOD WITH

HARRY HAMMOND BEALL

TWO truly great pictures are on their way from Hollywood to you. Perhaps by the time you read this they will already be showing at advanced prices in the key cities in which or near which you may reside. It will doubtless be some time before they reach the popular priced and neighborhood houses, for in Hollywood parlance they are being "road-showed".

The productions in question, both with Oriental locale and theme, are *The Good Earth* and *Lost Horizon.*

Don't miss either one of them, for both represent strides with seven-league boots forward in the creation of talking picture epics of international flavor that will entertain in any land, and both have a long life expectancy of re-issue after re-issue.

• • •

SidneyFranklin directed *The Good Earth,* which is really the late Irving G. Thalberg's last contribution to the motion picture industry.

Franklin's direction puts him among the top notchers after years of what might be termed "passable" pictures, some good, some bad, some indifferent.

And the acting of Luise Rainer and Paul Muni in the stellar roles leaves nothing to be desired.

I have not discussed with Editor Ted Magee of SCREEN BOOK his critical analysis of *The Good Earth* and *Lost Horizon.* He may differ from my viewpoint in another section of this magazine, but be that as it may, I'm still reeking with encomiums.

• • •

With the release of *Lost Horizon,* Frank Capra becomes securely established as one of Hollywood's truly great boxoffice directors, a genius in the creation and capture of spectacle whose efforts rate with the outstanding of the cinematic masters.

Year after year this brilliant Italian has plugged along with Columbia studios, producing one after another, first rate pictures on what until recently was regarded as a second-rate lot.

No matter what kind of assignment was handed Capra, he seemed to have the gift of giving the picture a sincerity, dignity and entertainment far beyond the intrinsic values of the story.

His knack for this was never more apparent than in his masterful handling of *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* and *It Happened One Night,* pictures that landed on the critics' "ten-best" lists from coast to coast.

It Happened One Night in less capable custody would have been an insignificant and tawdry yarn but Capra gave it that master's touch.

Capra is a great director because he is a great story teller. He tells stories in pictures with the same care and finesse an accomplished author uses in the selection of words.

Hollywood hails a new entry for its academy of immortals.

• • •

Does your favorite hometown paper run a motion picture column, page or section?

Is it giving you all the latest news hot from Hollywood?

Just for the heck of it your SCREEN BOOK columnist spent a recent week-end reading a hundred daily journals picked from all sections of the nation, and here are some of the monumental movie matters that appear next to pure reading matter.

Read 'em and weep:

Preston Foster offered RKO $40,000 for his contract and was turned down.

Marsha Hunt was named the dream girl of the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity.

Ethel Clayton, defunct star whose pictures once made a fortune for Paramount, has remained on the payroll doing bits ever since.

Paramount has the most courteous warning in Hollywood. The sign says: "Please do not touch this cable. It carries 2,300 volts."

Gail Patrick so much prefers the color of red that she pens all her letters in red ink.

Thirty animal rental outfits in or near Hollywood furnish such furred and feathered friends as are needed to help make flickers.

Three retakes had to be taken of an important scene with Hugh Herbert in *Singing Marine* because after lunch his stomach rumbled too loudly. He didn't stop until he swallowed three glasses of water.

NO USE, MISS *Scrub-Hard,*

No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste.

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . . contains NO GRIT . . NO PUMICE —*Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . Pepsodent gently floats film away —instead of scraping it off. —*Thorough!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . Pepsodent, with massage, stimulates gums. —*Refreshing!*

Change to

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE *containing* IRIUM

The modern way to remove film and win flashing new luster on teeth

● Attention Scrub-Hards! A thrilling new dental discovery now makes your brushing *thoroughly effective!* It steps up the cleaning power of tooth paste—removes dingy film and helps polish your teeth to a sparkling luster you never thought possible!

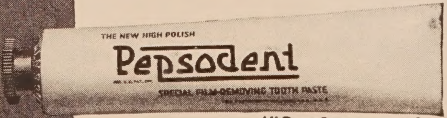
IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—*ends* Scrub-Hard disappointment. It *obsoletes* the harsh abrasion of older methods—provides a smooth, gentle washing action that speedily loosens clinging film and floats it away like *magic.* Now proper brushing gets *results*—in teeth that shine with natural brilliance.

Completes the formula for beautiful teeth

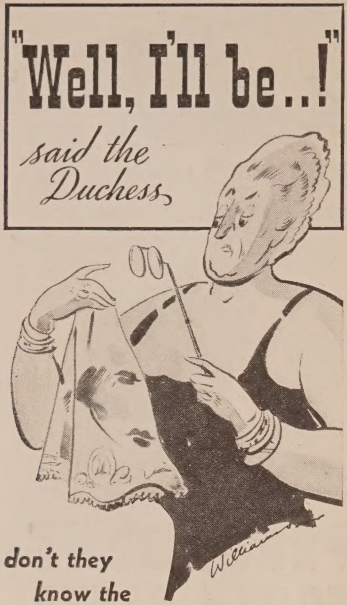
If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush—penetrates between teeth—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth will stay bright and feel clean much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it today!

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM



All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.



don't they know the

KLEENEX HABIT

saves towels from make-up stains

● Now that Kleenex Tissues cost so little, there's really no excuse for staining towels with make-up. The Kleenex Habit saves embarrassment, saves towels, saves money!

Yes, here's a safer, better way to remove face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex is so soothing that irritation is practically impossible. Yet beauty experts will tell you it absorbs grease and dirt from deep down in the pores. Also remember the Kleenex Habit to blend rouge and eye-shadow, to shape and blot lipstick, to wipe away mascara and excess nail polish.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Save Steps—Time—Money
For handkerchief use during colds . . . To dust and polish . . . In the kitchen . . . For the baby . . . *And keep in the car* — to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

KLEENEX
DISPOSABLE TISSUES

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

What nationality is Sonja Henie and does she intend making a picture after *One In a Million*?

She is Norwegian and is under contract to 20th Century-Fox. Therefore she will make several other pictures.

Has Florence Rice possibilities of becoming a great star? What is her address?—queries J. R. B.

Her career is a little young to judge her chances of stardom, though she has the fundamentals if she sticks to pictures. Address her at Columbia Studios, Hollywood.

How can amateurs get unsolicited materials before producers?—asks B. W. and E. V. D.

The best way is to achieve prominence in other mediums such as magazines, radio, or theatre. Otherwise, you might try an agent, though we cannot recommend any particular one. You could try studios, but odds are a thousand to one against you there.

Why do stars put their handprints or footprints on concrete at the entrance to Grauman's Chinese theatre in Hollywood?—A. C. questions.

Because this interests the public and preserves the star's name and prints for posterity.

Who played Daniel Webster in *The Gorgeous Hussy*?—inquires Mrs. T. F. B.

Sidney Toler.

What is Al Jolson's real name, his age, the number of years he has played on the stage, name of his next picture, and is Ruby Keeler his first wife?—asks B. H.

His real name is Asa Yoelson. He is 51. He was on the stage almost all his life until his picture career, if you include in that his circus experience. His next picture has not been set yet. His studio biography mentions no wife preceding Ruby Keeler.

Vivacious Sonja Henie won wild acclaim through her initial performance on the screen. We predict an even greater success for her starring role in *Silver Skates*

Where and when was Robert Young born and is that his real name?—asks L. V. M.

He was born in Chicago, February 22, 1907, and Robert Young is his real name.

What nationality are Bing Crosby and Tony Martin?—inquires M. C.

They are both American.

How was Barbara Read discovered?—queries M. W.

She appeared in twenty-four consecutive plays in twenty-four consecutive months at the Laguna Beach, California, Community players, and attracted Hollywood attention, notably that of Fredric March. Universal looked into it and signed her.

How old is Loretta Young?—questions Mr. and Mrs. C. W.

She is twenty-four.

Will Jackie Cooper be starred in another picture soon?—quizzes V. R.

No, his contract expired and he has retired.

What color are Rochelle Hudson's eyes?—inquires J. J. K.

They are gray.

Was Brian Aherne killed in the last of *Beloved Enemy*?—asks J. T. S.

The picture had two endings in different sections. One ending showed him not killed; in the other he was dying.

What nationality is Shirley Temple and what color are her eyes?—quizzes H. V. L.

She is a blue-eyed little American.

Do you have to tap dance and play the piano to become a movie star?—M. K. inquires.

It helps, though many dramatic stars couldn't think of doing either.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

BETTE DAVIS tells you how to protect Daintiness

"You girls who want to be popular—remember this: No man can resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it spoils romance.

"The easiest, most delightful way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really *sweet*—fragrant with a delicate perfume you'll love.

"A Lux Toilet Soap bath is a real beauty treatment. Try it next time you're tired and have a date to keep.' You'll find it peps you up in no time!"

Star of Warner Brothers' "MARKED WOMAN"

HAVE you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that's most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

'A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin *sweet*—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate, clinging fragrance that makes people want to be *near* you—even if they don't know why!

Try the simple, inexpensive way Bette Davis has chosen to make sure of daintiness. She is one of many screen stars, famous the world over, who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. You're sure to find it works for *you*.

9 out of 10 screen stars use this gentle soap with ACTIVE lather. You can keep *your* skin soft and smooth the easy Hollywood way.

SAVE 1/3 on RUGS

Send your **OLD RUGS, CLOTHING**

Write for *America's Greatest Money Saving Rug Catalog*; 66 pages of beautiful Olson Rugs in model rooms, all in actual colors. Describes—

Patented Olson Process of reclaiming the valuable materials in old carpets, rugs, wool clothing: how we shred, sterilize, merge, picker, card, comb, bleach, spin, dye and reweave into deep textured, firmly woven, full bodied, seamless,

REVERSIBLE RUGS —that can be used on both sides. *Twice* the wear, *Double* the luxury, 1/3 less cost.

Choice of 66 Early American, Oriental and Modern designs, Plaids, solid colors, tweedy mixtures, ovals.

ANY Size You Want —to fit any room—sizes you can't get elsewhere.

IT'S SO EASY—Just 'PHONE the Railway Express to call at your door for material, or ship Freight—at our expense.

You risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our 63d year. [Beware agents. Order direct.]

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Mail to 2800 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Dept. A-8

YES, send me FREE and postpaid, your money-saving book *"Beautiful New Rugs from Old."*

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MAYONNAISE MADE

A cook's tour of a studio lot resulted in this first class group of kitchen cuties as pupils for his demonstration on the art of whipping up tasty *dressings* for all occasions

"MAKE mayonnaise? Why, I haven't time to beat that old tedious drop-by-drop dressing! And anyway, I gave it up long ago because it always curdles for me—you know, just won't whip stiff as it should. You don't mean to tell me that you make mayonnaise every time you serve a salad?"

No, of course not! But mayonnaise gone modern is just as radically different a technique from the old-fashioned patient dribbling oil method, as the old coal stove is a contrast to the modern gas range. In the lengthy way of adding oil drop by drop to the egg yolks and vinegar ingredients, the success of the dressing depended on persuading eggs and oil to join up or emulsify, thus creating a thickening or "body" which is the distinguishing characteristic of mayonnaise.

In the new and vastly easier way, this "body" is brought about by an entirely different combination: namely, the action of vinegar on sweetened condensed milk. The acid in the vinegar acts instantly on the condensed milk, solidifies it, and thus carries along the eggs and seasonings used. There can be no curdling under this method, nor does the process require painstaking care, or forty minutes over a mixing bowl, with a silver fork ("silver" fork because of the undesirable chemical reaction of vinegar acid on lesser metals). Never! You can safely allow not more than 5 minutes time, and just the usual beating with a rotary egg-beater. Or, even better, you may place the ingredients right into a screw-top glass or Mason jar, fasten the top tightly, and shake your own! In two minutes flat, race-track time, you will have a jar of the most delicious, velvety-smooth mayonnaise it has ever been your fortune to eat.

It sounds like magic—and works like it—but best of all, it's true and being proven today by clever housewives the country over. Now here's the basic, simple recipe:

MAGIC MAYONNAISE
(2 minute process)

1/4 cup mild vinegar or lemon juice
1/4 cup olive or salad oil

EASIER

By MRS.
CHRISTINE FREDERICK

You can work wonders with the following magic time savers. Additional culinary secrets are revealed in our free recipe leaflet. Send in for your copy now!

⅔ cup sweetened condensed milk
1 egg yolk (unbeaten)
½ teaspoon salt
Grains cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place all ingredients in order listed into glass jar and fasten top tightly. Shake vigorously 2 minutes. (Makes 1¼ cups.)

To double recipe, use 1 whole egg in place of the egg yolk, and double all other ingredients. For a thicker consistency, set to chill in refrigerator.

This recipe will also carry an additional cup of oil, if desired, and the amount of vinegar may also be increased to ½ cup. Needless to remark, a large jar may be made up at one time, and kept for several weeks (if the family leaves any!) in the refrigerator, instantly available for any and all types of salads.

Mayonnaise is the mother of all salad dressings! With it as a base, one can rapidly create dozens of interesting variations, suitable to the particular salad to be served. Versatility in salads and dressings is a sure indication of the competent hostess: [*Continued on page* 74]

This delicious Chicken-Olive Mold is a tempting salad which features mayonnaise as an ingredient

Now Her Date Book

TELLS THE STORY!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE SINCE SHE KNOWS THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

MEN JUST CAN'T STAND a girl who's careless about perspiration odor! So why take chances? Cashmere Bouquet Soap makes it so *easy* to be sure. Its rich, deep-cleansing lather keeps you so sweet and clean, removes every trace of body odor; frees you from any fear of offending!

ITS LOVELY PERFUME LINGERS, TOO . . . clings lightly to your skin, long after your bath! For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap. Its exquisite, flower-like fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes. That is why it lingers on, just as fine imported perfumes do!

HOW MUCH MORE ALLURING men find the girl who bathes with Cashmere Bouquet . . . who is always fragrantly dainty! But remember, only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet, scented with the costliest perfumes, can bring you this *lovelier protection.* You won't find it in ordinary scented soaps!

PROTECTS COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing . . . yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics — keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

CASHMERE BOUQUET *THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS*

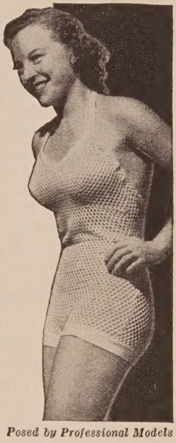
BEWARE OF "Crippled Diet" IF YOU ARE SKINNY RUNDOWN TIRED-OUT..

Your System Can Actually Starve at a Banquet if it Isn't Getting the Minerals that Enable You to USE FOOD! A Big Appetite Doesn't Prevent

"MAL-NOURISHMENT"

Thousands Report Corrections of Such Deficiencies By Using Kelpamalt, Rich Mineral Concentrate From the Sea . . Gains of 5 to 15 Lbs. in Few Weeks . . .

Rugged New Health—Good Resistance!



Posed by Professional Models

Don't be fooled by a good appetite. If you are skinny, weak, tired-out, sickly, unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength, no matter what you eat, you may actually be suffering from "Mal-Nourishment". Doctors now know that unless the food you eat contains certain minerals essential for the body's chemical processes, even a lot of food can fail to yield adequate nourishment. Digestion, in such cases, is incomplete, assimilation poor, and digested food isn't being changed to energy, strength and flesh.

In Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, minerals essential to these body processes are available in their naturally occurring form, such as assimilable iron, copper, calcium phosphorous, and others—all contributing to the supply of vital minerals needed for digestion and assimilation. Most important is Kelpamalt's natural iodine (not the chemical liquid kind). It is iodine, scientists say, that is so vitally important to the health and proper functioning of blood, liver and glands. Kelpamalt is richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Thousands report they are amazed at the improvement Kelpamalt has brought them. Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks are not uncommon; new strength, new energy, better digestion and elimination. They eat better, sleep better, and almost invariably say they now feel fine. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt *Tablets*

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How Thousands Have Built Strength, Energy and Added Lbs. Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effect on the human body. New Facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. KELPAMALT CO., Dept. 1176, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

Face to face with another co-starring role, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are sweethearts again in M-G-M's latest musical, *Maytime*, a romantic story of the South during the year 1865

Maytime—★★★½

M-G-M

The idyllic love story of stage fame comes to the screen under the keen direction of Robert Leonard, and despite the fact that all but one of Sigmund Romberg's original musical numbers have been dropped, *Maytime* loses none of its charm and verve.

Out of Romberg's several songs only *Sweethearts* emerges unscathed. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald seize it feverishly, and if the final notes of this song won't wring a few throbs out of this wretched heart, nothing else in the world will!

Jeanette was never more lovely, and doubtlessly she never sang with more strength and beauty than in *Maytime*. Nelson Eddy should have had at least one thundering, magnificent number to make the rafters ring; although no such good fortune came his way, he scored perfectly in what they gave him.

For the most part the music is strictly classical, although an opus on Virginia Ham and Eggs crept into the script during a weak moment. Jeanette and Nelson fall in love with the full tide of heart-stirring music, while John Barrymore, the man who made Everything Possible for Jeanette's Parisian success, looks on with tormenting jealousy. Barrymore's interpretation of the elderly husband is stout stuff—you genuinely feel sorry for the old fellow before he goes berserk and sends tragedy tumbling across the stage.

Herman Bing, Tom Brown, Lynne Carver, Rafaela Ottiano—these supporting players lend realism to the whole story. When you leave the theatre, you will want to know who the cameraman was, so we give you—Oliver T. Marsh. Art direction was under the guidance of Cedric Gibbons. These two men together are responsible for the devastating beauty of the picture.

One of the finest montage effects ever done on the screen was executed by Slavko Vorkapich, who in a rapid series of shots depicts the crescendo of success achieved by Miss MacDonald in her European tour.

History Is Made at Night—★★★

Walter Wanger

Melodrama, comedy, romance—these three elements in combination with striking performances by Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur assure a smashing box office success for *History Is Made at Night*.

Without worrying about the title, we give you the early situation: Boyer, the world's greatest head waiter; Leo Carrillo, the explosive chef, greatest in all Paris; Miss Arthur, the disillusioned wife of a shipping magnate; Colin Clive, jealous, mentally warped husband.

Out of this combination we get first class melodrama when Clive contrives the death of his chauffeur, throwing the blame on his wife's unidentified lover. By this device he makes her remain with him on threat of tracing Boyer down and turning him over to the police.

When Boyer and Arthur meet in this picture, romance sweeps everything else aside. When they are separated, drama takes the stage, climaxed by a shipwreck in mid-ocean. The performances of these two stellar players are polished gems.

Carrillo, the vain, loyal and highly volatile chef dominates every scene given him. As in *The Gay Desperado,* Carrillo and his dialect click smartly.

Fourth important actor in this picture in Colin Clive, who again is required to handle one of those difficult psychopathic roles. And while no man can really hold audience sympathy in such a part, Clive nevertheless must be given full credit for lending great conviction to his somber situation.

Lost Horizon—★★★★

Columbia

Whatever the interpretation of the fantasy in this film, *Lost Horizon* emerges as a powerful picture, photographically perfect, with a curious combination of driving suspense and slow movement.

Ronald Colman, cast as the idealistic diplomat scheduled to become England's foreign secretary, falls heir to the best role he has ever confronted. Colman starts the picture off rousingly by rescuing English refugees in a war-torn Chinese city. When his own plane takes off from the crowded airport, Colman and several persons he has rescued are transported into the uncharted mountains instead of being taken to Shanghai and civilization.

The plane makes a forced landing in a valley. Colman and party thus find Utopia at Shangri-la, a peaceful, utterly isolated mountain community presided over by the High Lama. Here he meets and falls in love with Jane Wyatt, and here Colman finds the contentment he has always sought.

***The Captain goes to see!* And apparently the sight is very satisfying from the look in the eyes of Fernand Gravet (Warner Bros. handsome importation) as he gazes at Joan Blondell**

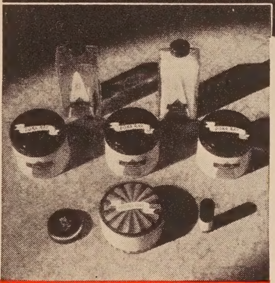
His conversations with the High Lama are on a plane a little too high for most of us; hence the picture occasionally drags.

Edward Everett Horton's comedy and Isabel Jewell's tribulations lend contrast to the Utopian qualities of the picture. Jane Wyatt is an utterly lovely leading lady;

"THE SECRET IS ON THE LABEL"

ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER TO TELL YOU ABOUT THESE HERETOFORE UNREVEALED

Charm Secrets



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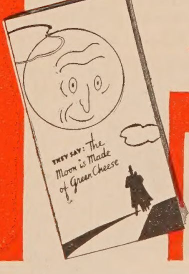
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"You are good company now"

"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

FADED...with a sad looking skin...no pep! Millions have experienced such a sad situation...you may have to face it, too.

Overwork... worry... undue strain... colds and other human ills often take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood. Hence a run-down condition...a weakened body...a poor complexion.

If you are so unfortunate, no longer do you need to worry, as to how you may regain strength... firm flesh...restore a natural glow to your skin. Simply take a tablespoonful of S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal...and forthwith, within a shorter space of time than you probably realize, those weakened red-blood-cells will become healthier and richer.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Be good to your skin from within and your skin will be good to you. Enjoy more pep...more vigor...by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

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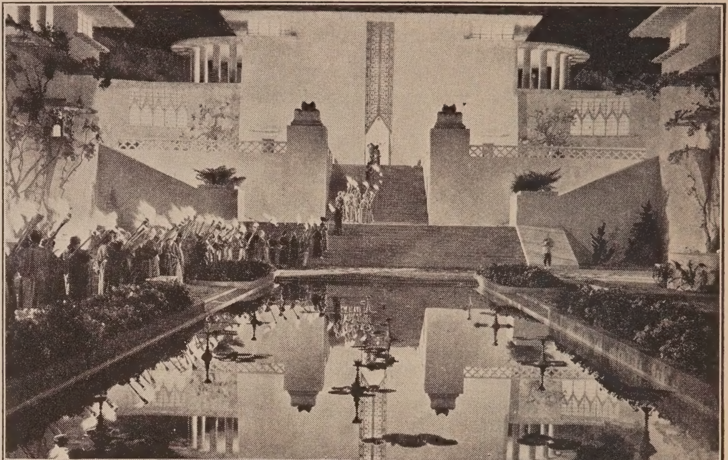
OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES



The breathless beauty of this spectacular setting is only one of the high points in *Lost Horizon*, Columbia's dramatic production

The mystery of the East is reflected in the eyes of Jane Wyatt and Ronald Colman as they search for the *Lost Horizon*

women will cherish the romantic moments of the picture.

If there is any real criticism of *Lost Horizon* it comes from the occasional dull moments and the Hollywood ending which was tagged on for no substantial reason. This reviewer personally would prefer to be left guessing as to whether Colman, after leaving Shangri-la, ever returned—or whether, after all, Shangri-la was a mental Utopia which never actually existed.

Recommendation: If you are in doubt, go and see *Lost Horizon* anyway. It is the most unusual picture of the year, one you will never forget.

King and the Chorus Girl—★★★

Mervyn LeRoy-Warners

Fernand Gravet's introduction to American audiences spells nothing but smashing success in Mervyn LeRoy's first independent production for Warner Brothers. Gravet, one of Europe's most outstanding screen personalities, has good looks, enticing youthful qualities, and a rollicking sense of humor. SCREEN BOOK Magazine is certain it was eminently correct in predicting that Gravet would click instantly.

The story itself deals with a deposed king who, bored with the world, becomes something of a dypsomaniac until Joan Blondell, an American chorus girl, catches his eye. The king pursues, the dancer dodges. Spots between are filled with humor by the dependable Edward Everett Horton in his second cinch role of the month (*Lost Horizon*).

The King and the Chorus Girl, like most current comedies, is unimportant save for its highly entertaining qualities, plus Gravet's American debut. We can't find a single thing in the line of adverse criticism. Run along to the theatre for a cheerful evening's earful.

Marked Woman—★★

Warner Brothers

Five women of questionable character, an insidious gangster and his cohorts, and an iron-jawed deputy district attorney stage a free-for-all battle in *Marked Woman*. Result: A moderately good picture in which Bette Davis overestimates the needs of her role but does a pretty good job just the same.

Bette is one of five doubtful hostesses at a night club "clip" joint. The place is taken over by gang leader Vanning (Eduardo Cianelli) whose sole aim is to gyp the customers out of their last dime. Hostesses Davis, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, Rosalind Marquis and Mayo Methot are consigned to male victims and the fun starts.

Humphrey Bogart's D. A. role commences with murder at the driver's seat. The rest of the picture is devoted to the slaying of Bette's innocent screen sister, Jane Bryan, and the job of jailing the gang.

Best performance of all is given by Humphrey Bogart. Isabel Jewell and John Litel (gangster's lawyer) are pretty good themselves. Bette does far too much mugging, even for a shady lady. Jane Bryan's success is due at least partially to sheer contrast of sweetness against sinfulness. Cianelli is the kind of gangster who makes you shudder—he's that real.

John Meade's Woman—★★½

B. P. Schulberg

Power of money is the outstanding thing exemplified in this film. A loosely-knit story, it is lacking in conviction; even the sterling acting of Edward Arnold and George Bancroft, Sidney Blackmer, Gail Patrick and others, scarcely lift the picture out of the mediocre class.

John Meade's Woman serves as a vehicle for the screen debut of Francine Larrimore, Broadway stage star, but the choice of role lends little if any effulgence to her entertainment star. She never seems the prototype of the girl she plays. As a farm girl who goes to the city after rural life has been cruel, she becomes wise too quickly to be convincing.

Arnold, ruthless lumber baron, is blamed for denuding the nation of its trees, something his timber operator, George Bancroft, decries. Without apparent reason, Arnold turns his talents from forests to fields. Gail Patrick's heart belongs to Sidney Blackmer, but she aims to marry Arnold for his money. Arnold, learning of the plan, leaves Gail waiting at the church and weds Miss Larrimore, whom he has picked up in the

[*Continued on page 72*]

Bette Davis is a *Marked Woman,* as the shady lady who cowers under the accusing eyes of Humphrey Bogart

If you do not . . .
REDUCE
your HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
. . . it will cost you nothing!

"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" says Miss Healy

● "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet."—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Avenue, New York.

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

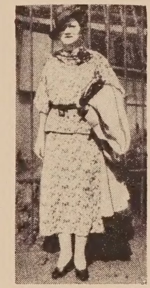
BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail . . . because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in ten days . . . we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercise

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You are absolutely SAFE when you wear the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere.

Appear Smaller At Once

You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic and then quickly, comfortably . . . without effort on your part . . . the massage-like action and gentle pressure take off the unwanted inches at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm . . . the spots where fat first accumulates.



"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"

"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"

"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches."
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"

"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

"LOST 60 POUNDS"

"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 60 pounds!"
Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"

"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."
Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"

"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
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"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"

"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
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"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
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"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"
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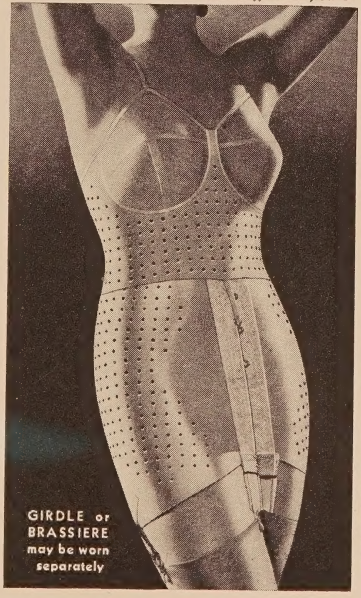

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SIMONE SIMON

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JAMES STEWART

in

'SEVENTH HEAVEN'

with

JEAN HERSHOLT · GREGORY RATOFF · Gale Sondergaard
J. Edward Bromberg · John Qualen
Victor Kilian · Thomas Beck
Sig Rumann · Mady Christians

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Adapted from the stage play "Seventh Heaven" · produced and directed by John Golden · written by Austin Strong

20th Century Fox

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

This was heaven —*to make one man her life... her love... her world!*

SCREEN BOOK PRESENTS

TALA BIRELL

"As Good as Married" is the title of the new Universal picture this lovely actress is now making. Natural color photo is by Ray Jones and Lynton Vinette

Garbo's

Seclusion Hits Back

Why did Garbo agree to live a life of solitary confinement in return for fame? And will she break the bonds of the strangest—and greatest barter ever made in the history of motion pictures? This story contains the surprising answers

BY KATHERINE HARTLEY

THERE are not many people who can keep a bargain for ten years . . . even when that bargain has its financial advantages. Always there are moments when the barter weighs heavily, when it becomes a straight jacket, when you feel powerless and bound in the face of it. The greatest bargain that was ever made in the history of motion pictures was one that Garbo made ten years ago when she promised to give up fun and freedom for fortune and fame. That she has kept her agreement all these years is not only a tribute to her character, but it is also one of the most tragic and bitter stories in Hollywood.

Countless disbelievers have said: "But she likes seclusion. It's part of her . . . it's her shyness." Then they add that oft-repeated explanation: "Besides, she's been sick . . . there's her anaemia." True, at times these things have helped her keep her bargain, but at other times they have been just as powerful in tempting her to break her long bondage. Anyone knows that solitude as a steady diet is the worst thing in the world for an ill, morose person. Yet Garbo has had to live in solitary confinement year after year, with only a few friends and an occasional trip to Sweden as her only means of escape. Ten years is a long time, remember.

It was just before the release of *The Painted Veil* that Metro launched one of its greatest advertising campaigns on her. "Garbo laughs!" That was the slogan on billboards, in newspapers and magazines, and it was plastered throughout the country. "Garbo Laughs!" How ironical that was, in view of the story which I heard the very day on which the campaign began. A sixteen-year-old boy who lives in the neighborhood came to me that afternoon with this recital:

IN THE early morning he had gone for a walk on the beach at Santa Monica. It was misty and cold and finally he had wandered away from the beach and up on to the palisades. He sat there on the high cliffs, resting a moment after his climb. Then, unexpectedly he saw a figure on one of the paths a few feet below him. It was a woman, walking slowly, head down, shoulders rounded, hands deep in the pockets of a sombre great-coat. What possessed him he didn't know, but suddenly he shouted at her—a boyish, intended-to-scare "Boo!", I suppose. The woman looked up quickly in alarm, saw his cheerful, minxish grin, then suddenly burst into tears. She sank down weakly on the ground. Abashed at the fright he had apparently given her, the boy climbed down, touched her shyly on the arm. Her shoulders were shaking. "Say, I'm sorry . . . I" But she didn't help him out, didn't look up. "Are you sick?" he went on. "Can I help you?" Then another thought occurred to him. "You didn't turn your ankle, did you?"

This time she shook her head, and answered softly, "No I didn't hurt myself. It's nothing. I wonder. . . would you mind. . . would you please go away."

Clumsily he again offered apologies and hurried away. But at the top of the hill he turned back . . . her accent, the tone of her voice had persisted in his mind. Then, obviously because she thought he had gone, the woman lifted her face. There was no mistaking her now. "Garbo Laughs!" shouted posters throughout the world. But in reality Garbo was weeping, huddled up there on the ground.

It was nerves of course, the strained taut nerves of a person who spends too much time alone. They back up on her sometimes and even the sight of a friendly young face will reduce her to pieces. There is another angle to this too. Garbo has always adored youngsters and the realization that she must avoid them just as completely as she avoids brass newspaper men has always been of considerable concern to her. There's always a catch in her voice when she has to deny them an autograph, a pitiful attempt at explanation. Recently I saw a little girl catch up with her at the entrance to Watson's. . .Watson is the tailor who makes most of Garbo's personal clothes. The little girl was tremulous at having cornered her goddess at last. (I found out afterwards that she had been coming there for three days.) She couldn't speak. She just thrust her autograph book at the actress, proffered a pen in the other chubby hand. Garbo did not brush her aside, walk on in, as she might have been expected to do. She paused a moment, the temptation plain in her eyes. "I'm sorry," she said. "Truly sorry, but I never sign autographs." Then she patted the child on the shoulder, moved on. At the door she turned back. The little girl was trying not to cry . . . but Garbo could see her disappointment. For an eon-moment she hesitated . . . the conflict was as obvious as though it were a spoken one. Then someone on the inside opened the door, and Garbo went in.

She must often ask herself, "What can it matter? What can it matter if I give one little autograph now and then?" Certainly at this late date, after

[*Continued on page* 94]

Here's a privilege seldom, if ever, granted film fans! SCREEN BOOK is about to take you through the bedrooms of the stars. Ssh! Step lightly!

SINCE the conspicuous part played by the eight-foot bed in the auction of the late John Gilbert's household effects, the reading public has turned curious eyes on the sleeping manners of the motion picture colony.

The Gilbert bed is installed in a special honeymoon suite in a Scranton, Pa., hotel, where, for the sum of twenty-five dollars a night, a couple, or even a lone sensation-seeker, is privileged to repose in the one-time great lover's bed.

The bed sheets of plain white linen went to Marlene Dietrich for three hundred dollars. Whether the purchase was made as a sentimental gesture, or for her personal use, Marlene refuses to say. But the forty-odd bed sheets indicated that even in the luxurious boudoirs of the famous, moderate-priced, ordinary white sheets are preferred to mauve-colored or satin.

If many of the stars spend a small fortune on unusual beds it is only because the hours spent in body rest are, to many of them, their only opportunity to relax from the strenuous hours at the studio. At least eight hours of nightly rest is necessary to face a camera and microphone. The voice is almost as much of a giveaway as the tell-tale circles under the eyes.

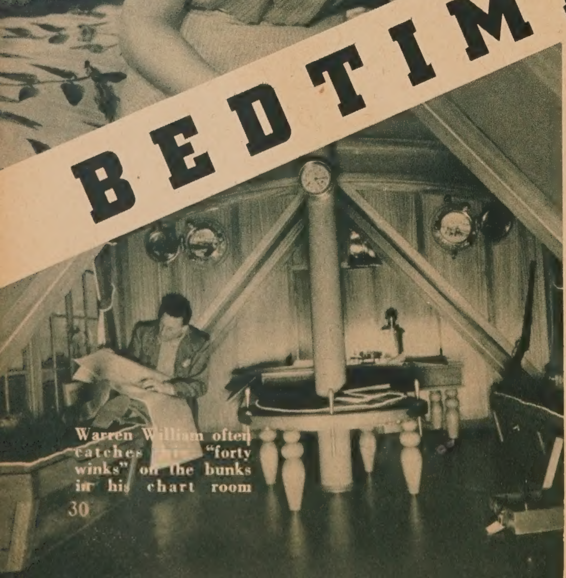
Along with his bachelor home, Dick Powell has just sold his favorite bed which almost equaled in dimensions the Gilbert couch. It is undoubtedly Hollywood's trickiest bed. Seven foot long, and nine foot wide, a headboard holds books, writing material, a radio, cigarettes, drawers holding extra blankets, and a general switchboard controlling the lights all over the house.

But though this bed was Dick's idea of something to lay his weary body on, Joan Blondell, his recent bride, prefers the more conventional type of bed. Dick is one of those amiable souls who doesn't mind being awakened at any hour of the night to put out the cat or answer the phone. He bubbles right over with good spirits even before his morning coffee. He is equally alert and bright-eyed with two or ten hours' sleep. He sleeps soundly and is a tosser.

IT'S always been Freddie March's idea that he was a high-strung, temperamental fellow. Most artists are, don't you know. But one day Freddie discovered to his own amazement that his spurts of "temperament" depended entirely upon whether he got the requisite eight hours of "shut-eye" the night before. So no longer do the Marches linger among the last departing guests on their social evenings. Result: Freddie purrs like a baby and is a placid, jolly soul. The "Hyde" in him is sure to come out, however, when sleep eludes him.

BEDTIME STORIES

Whenever possible, Ida Lupino likes to sleep in her silver trailer

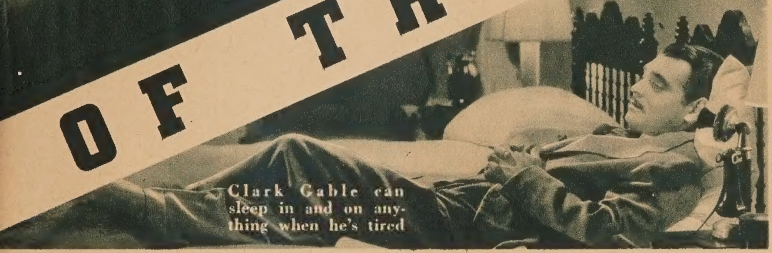


Warren William often catches his "forty winks" on the bunks in his chart room

but if he wants a long rest he woos Morpheus in this attic bedroom

OF THE STARS!

Margot Grahame's bed is wide, deep and comfortable. With lots of pillows


Clark Gable can sleep in and on anything when he's tired

Mae West has the most famous bedroom in the film colony

Carole Lombard doesn't believe in wasting more than six hours nightly in slumber. She can get by with less if need be with no one the wiser—except the cameraman. So she doesn't try it often, her beauty being a necessary stock in trade. A flannel or cotton nightie would keep the sensitive-skinned star awake forever. So you can rest assured that she sleeps in the sheerest of silks.

Clark Gable can sleep in and on anything when he's tired. A hard or soft mattress is all the same to him. His bedroom is the usual conventionally-furnished hotel suite. He doesn't have to get used to his bed or surroundings. He sleeps on his back.

A deserted spot on any sound stage is good enough for the lanky frame of Gary Cooper. He can and does sleep anywhere, any time, any place. That sleepy look on Gary's face is not from lack of a night's rest. He looks that way even after he has slept the clock around. And speaking of clocks, the tick of a clock, the louder the more effective, is like a lullaby to the former cowboy. It's an invitation to a nap, to Gary.

Warren William, on the other hand, likes a bedchamber when Morpheus overpowers him. He has transformed an attic into delightful sleeping quarters. The feature in his bedroom is the same type of bed that was Powell's sacrifice to the marital status. A staircase is built into the head which leads to the chart room where Warren's nautical treasures are stored. Books on navigation and maps are concealed in bed cupboards. Between pictures he plans courses for sailing his yacht, "Pegasus." While in production he studies his part until he falls asleep.

THERE are nights when even these creature comforts are not conducive to sleep. Then Warren drives to San Pedro harbor where his boat is anchored. He has no difficulty falling asleep on a bunk. Warren claims it's the soothing effects of the waves washing against the boat.

By

WHITNEY WILLIAMS

Mae West has the most famous bedroom in the film colony. The ceiling is completely covered with mirrors which gives an unusual effect to the entire room, decorated sumptuously in white. Mae's entire day centers about her bed when she is not at the studio. Not only does she have her meals served in bed, but she does all of her writing there while reclining amid lace pillows in Westian opulence.

The glamorous Frau Dietrich must have her ten or twelve hours' sleep each and every night. She often retires at the early hour of nine. Marlene likes to lie abed mornings and read. When she is working she arises at six and prepares breakfast for daughter Maria. She serves the meal herself, chatting with the child while she eats.

Gladys Swarthout goes prima donna on us and sleeps on a perfumed pillow. Grace Moore discards a pillow entirely, thinking of that old chin line, I expect. She hurries home from the studio to fall into bed immediately. After dinner, served on a tray, she attends to her correspondence, chats with friends on the telephone, and has a masseuse do something about the kinks in her spine.

Margot Grahame's bedroom is a joy to behold. It combines comfort with luxury and beauty.

Jean Arthur takes her sleep "straight." She just piles into bed when she's tired, and boom! she's asleep before you could say "Good night." If there has been any sort of quarrel at the studio or at home, however, Jean begins to get bothered and it won't let her be until she's straightened it out in her mind or offered apologies.

After a tough day of crooning, Bing Crosby feels that first yawn coming on along about ten. He excuses himself from his guests without apology because sleep is something Bing likes much and plenty of. Bing's pajamas are as colorful as the rest of his wardrobe, I am given to

[*Continued on page* 90]

Life in Hollywood

As a judge of horseflesh, Joe Penner picks Spinach to win the race, but Barbara Pepper won't bet! Now watch what happens: Spinach looks like a sure winner, but wait a minute—he's dropping behind—he's LOSING! Poor Joe—this appears to be a terrible tragedy. Spinach comes in neck and neck for seventh place. Does anyone wanna buy a duc-at?

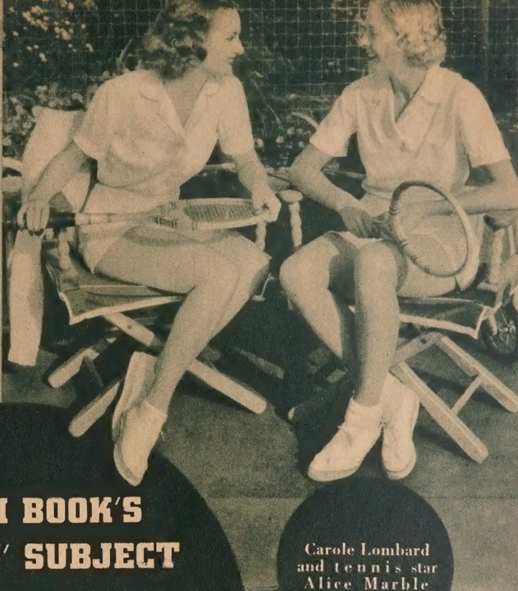
Magic camera shots by Blumenthal-Phillips

SCREEN BOOK'S "SHORTS" SUBJECT

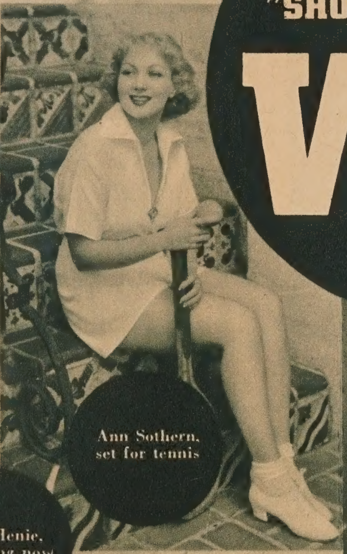
WOMEN IN WHITE

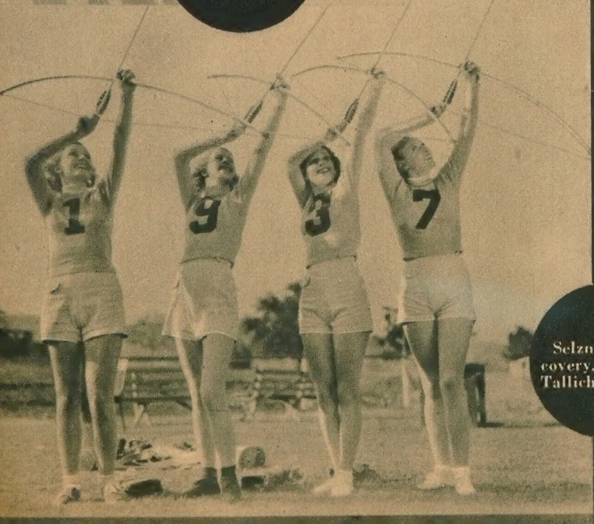
Above, Marlene Dietrich, relaxing

Ginger Rogers, a day at the beach


Carole Lombard and tennis star Alice Marble

Sonja Henie, no skating now


Ann Sothern, set for tennis



Selznick's discovery, Margaret Tallichet, (right)

OOPS—THAT CAMERAMAN IS HERE AGAIN!

Bob Taylor, above, is cutting capers. And Barbara Stanwyck gets a good laugh

Marlene Dietrich saw the cameraman shooting, and looked dignified. Not so for her friends

Doug Fairbanks scratches his lip as Marion Davies gossips a bit with his titled wife. Some secret!

The imitation monkey is making monkies out of Madeleine Carroll, Jack Warner and Maureen O'Sullivan (right)

AND HE'S VERY CANDID ABOUT IT ALL!

Tennis sent Joan Crawford into this ecstasy. Florence Rice on far left, then Mrs. George Murphy and Connie Bennett

Either James Stewart is sniffing Ginger Rogers' perfume, or else!

Sylvia Sidney and Norman Krasna were entering a supper club when Photographer Rhodes snapped

If Miriam Hopkins had been willing to pose, she might have looked better than she does in this candid shot

HOLLYWOOD HISTORY ISN'T MADE AT NIGHT

The Hat Check Girl tells tales out of school!

By RENEE CARROLL

as told to Dorothy Lubou

HOLLYWOOD starts yawning before midnight. It's a gala occasion when the film colony stays awake an hour or so past the witching hour. History is not made at night in the motion picture capital. Which is why I'm satisfied to be back at Sardi's patching up cigarette burns in Jack Warner's overcoat and coming right back at you on these pages with a few more little stories I've kept under my hat until now.

You can't blame a girl with red hair and a good figure for indulging in an occasional thought that maybe there's something she's been missing all these years. Glorifying the American hat check girl has its moments, but it isn't art.

So when Gene Towne and Graham Baker, the writing duo that rivals Hecht and MacArthur for mild and not so mild insanities, swooped down on me, shouting, "Renee, pack your little duffle bag, my girl. You are about to be a star. We are writing you into our latest story. You are to play yourself, a hat check girl, for Walter Wanger Productions . . ." I bid fond farewell all around, and headed for Hollywood.

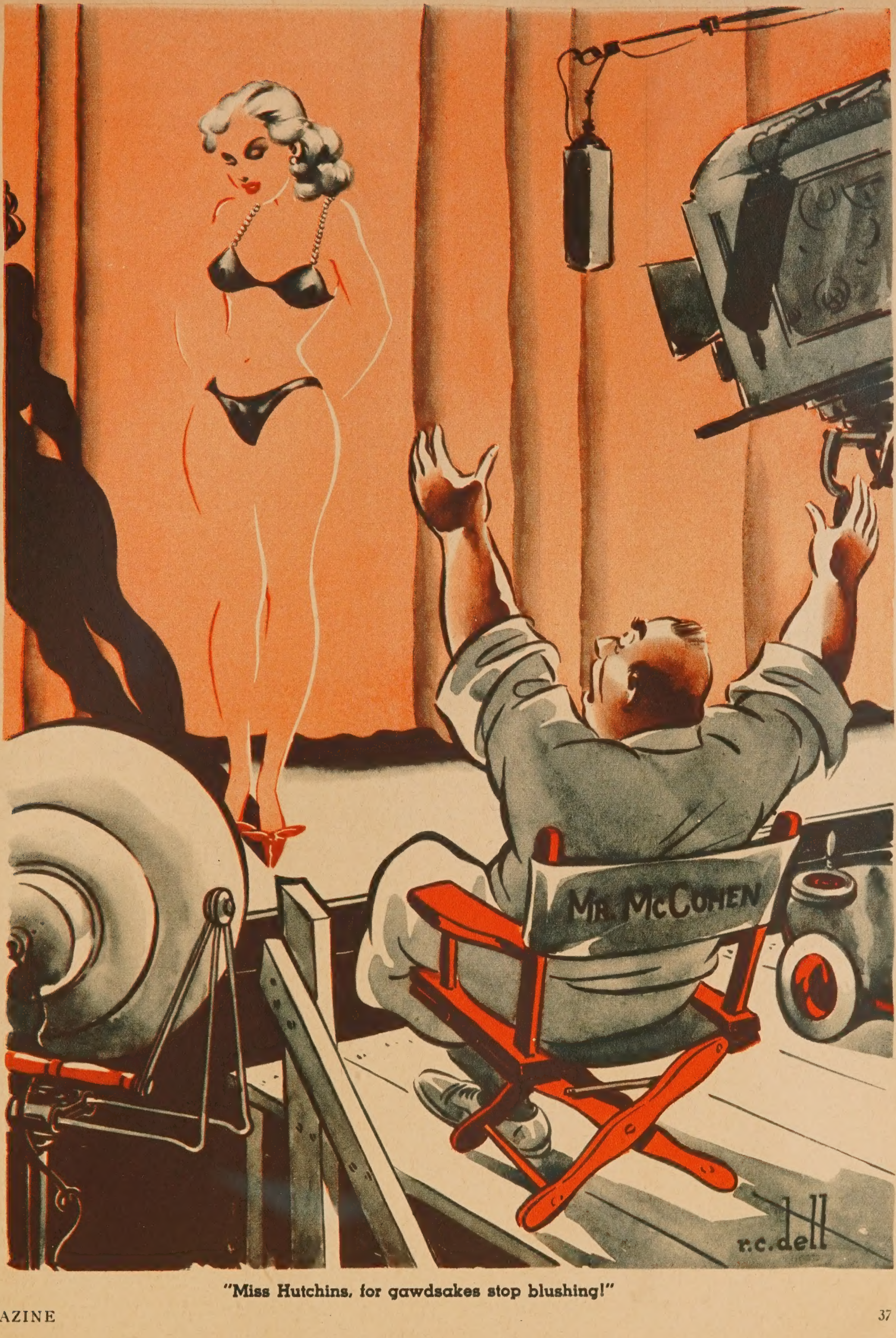
If it was a gag, I didn't want to wake up until I collided with a palm tree. For ten years I've listened to celebrities gurgle, "If you ever come to Hollywood, look me up."

But it took my good pals, a couple of ace scenario writers, to sense my smoldering ambitions. My salary? Plenty good. It wasn't to start, of course, until the picture began. When I Chiefed in, I was assured it would be under way in ten days. But the first thing I learned was that in Hollywood nothing ever happens.

NOT only do pictures never start when they're scheduled, but often the picture is completely rewritten, completely recast, and then shelved "temporarily." That's what happened to my picture. But don't think you get the information just like that. Ah, no. Every time you inquire, you're told to relax, to have a good time, the picture would get under way in "ten days."

[*Continued on page 82*]

Alice Faye, Mae West, George Raft—these are just a few of the stars that the Sweetie of Sardi's talks about!


MR. McCOHEN
r.c. dell

"Miss Hutchins, for gawdsakes stop blushing!"

I TAUGHT OLIVIA IN HIGH SCHOOL!

It seemed only yesterday when she had a starry-eyed pupil in front of her — and now look what's happened.

By MARION BLACKFORD

THE first time I met Olivia de Havilland, I was scared to death! I was scared of Olivia and twenty-nine other kids. You see, she was one of thirty freshmen that had been handed me as my first teaching job in English 1-A at the Los Gatos High School.

That was six years ago.

And the second time I met Olivia—only a few days ago at the Warner Brothers studio—I was still a little frightened. Frightened of what six years and the movies might have done to her.

I hadn't seen her in those six years—hadn't even heard of her until her success in *Midsummer Night's Dream*—and I hadn't the slightest idea of how she had grown or changed in that time.

As I sat in the publicity office at Warners, waiting for Olivia, I tried to remember her as she was in high school.

I remembered that on the first day, when I called roll, I was surprised at the clear resonant voice that answered to the name of Olivia de Havilland. When I looked up to see where the voice had come from, all I was conscious of seeing was a pair of eyes. They were immense brown eyes, and I resented them. They were just the eyes I had always prayed to have—large, bright, "liquid" looking eyes. The kind that you could really go places with—and here was I, a *schoolteacher* with washed out grey eyes. Oh, well.

Behind those eyes of Olivia's was a sweet, childish face—but nothing to set her apart from the dozen or so other girls in the room.

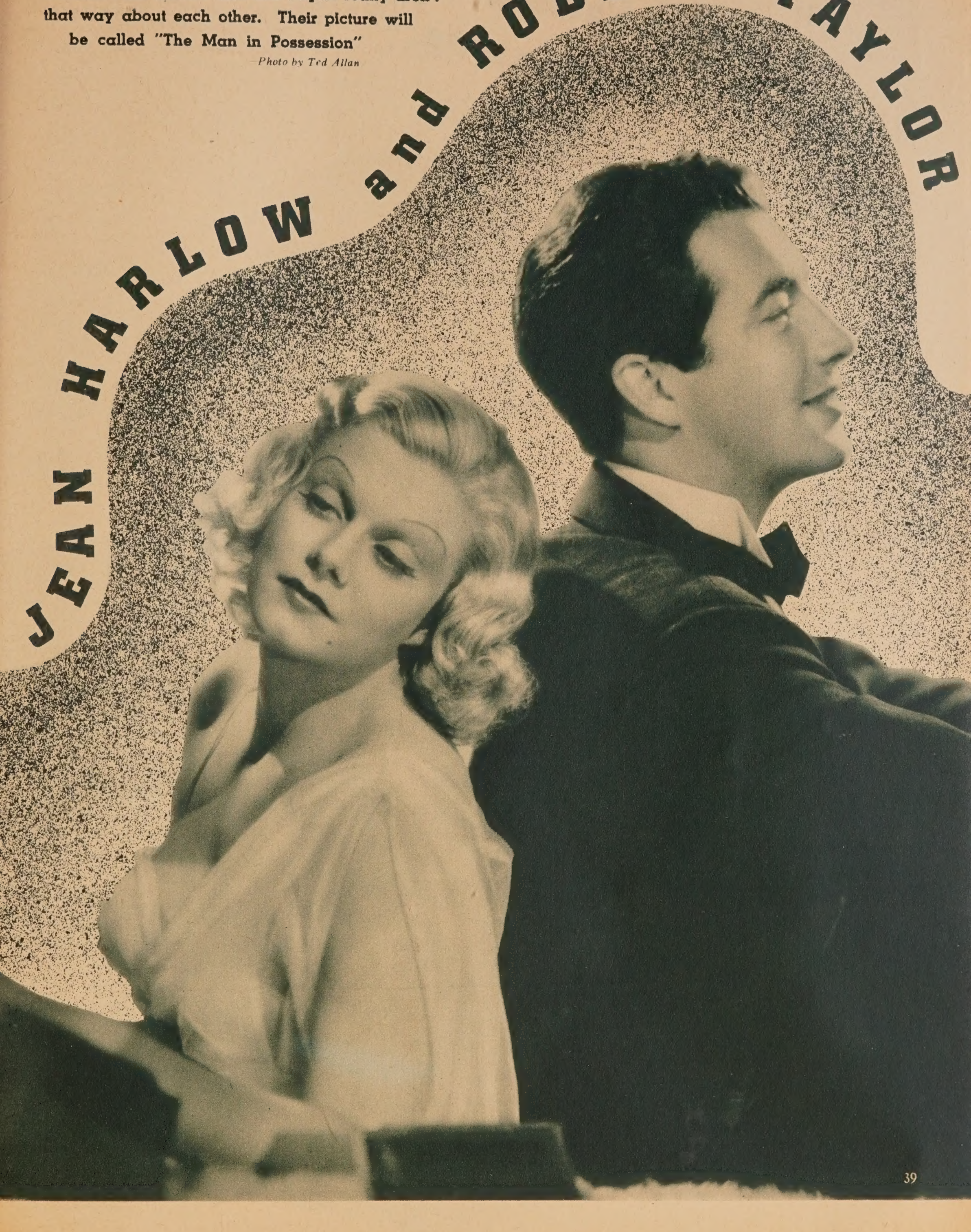
I remembered her as always neatly dressed—generally wore sweaters and skirts—well mannered, and popular. The teachers, when they huddled in faculty gossip over the luncheon table, used to speak of her as "that sweet little de Havilland child." The kids all liked her.

BUT I'm going to confess right now—and to Olivia too, because I don't think she knew and probably didn't care—that I *didn't like her!* You see, in the first place, Olivia was just another pupil as far as I [*Continued on page* 91]

JEAN HARLOW and ROBERT TAYLOR

We aren't going to call this the "Spring Love" section, because Jean Harlow and Bob Taylor really aren't that way about each other. Their picture will be called "The Man in Possession"

—Photo by Ted Allan



Carole Lombard
Fred MacMurray

Teamed together for the third time, Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray will soon be seen in "Swing High, Swing Low"

—*Photo by Tom Evans*

Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea make potent screen material in Paramount's forthcoming film, "Internes Can't Take Money"

Barbara Stanwyck . . . Joel McCrea

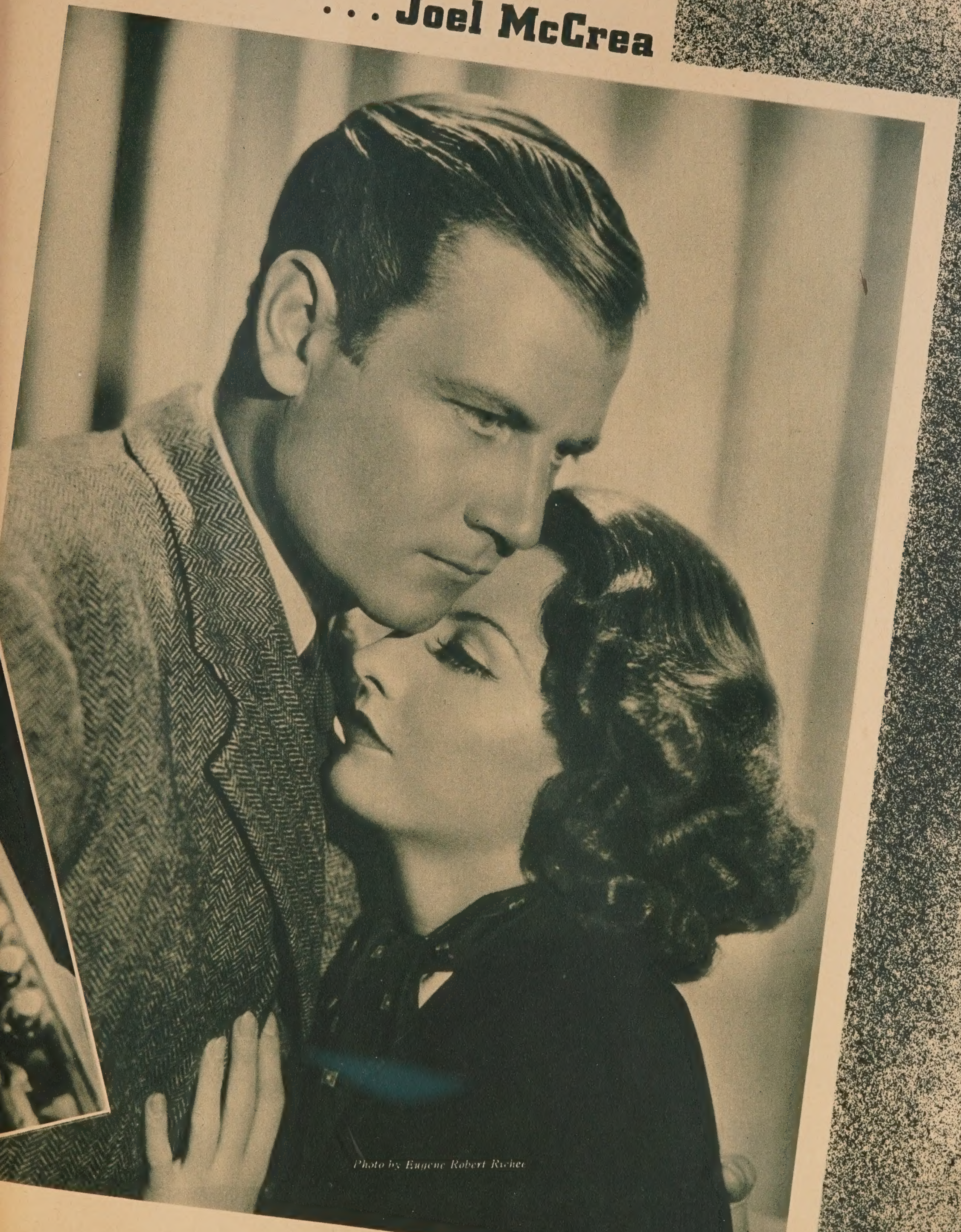


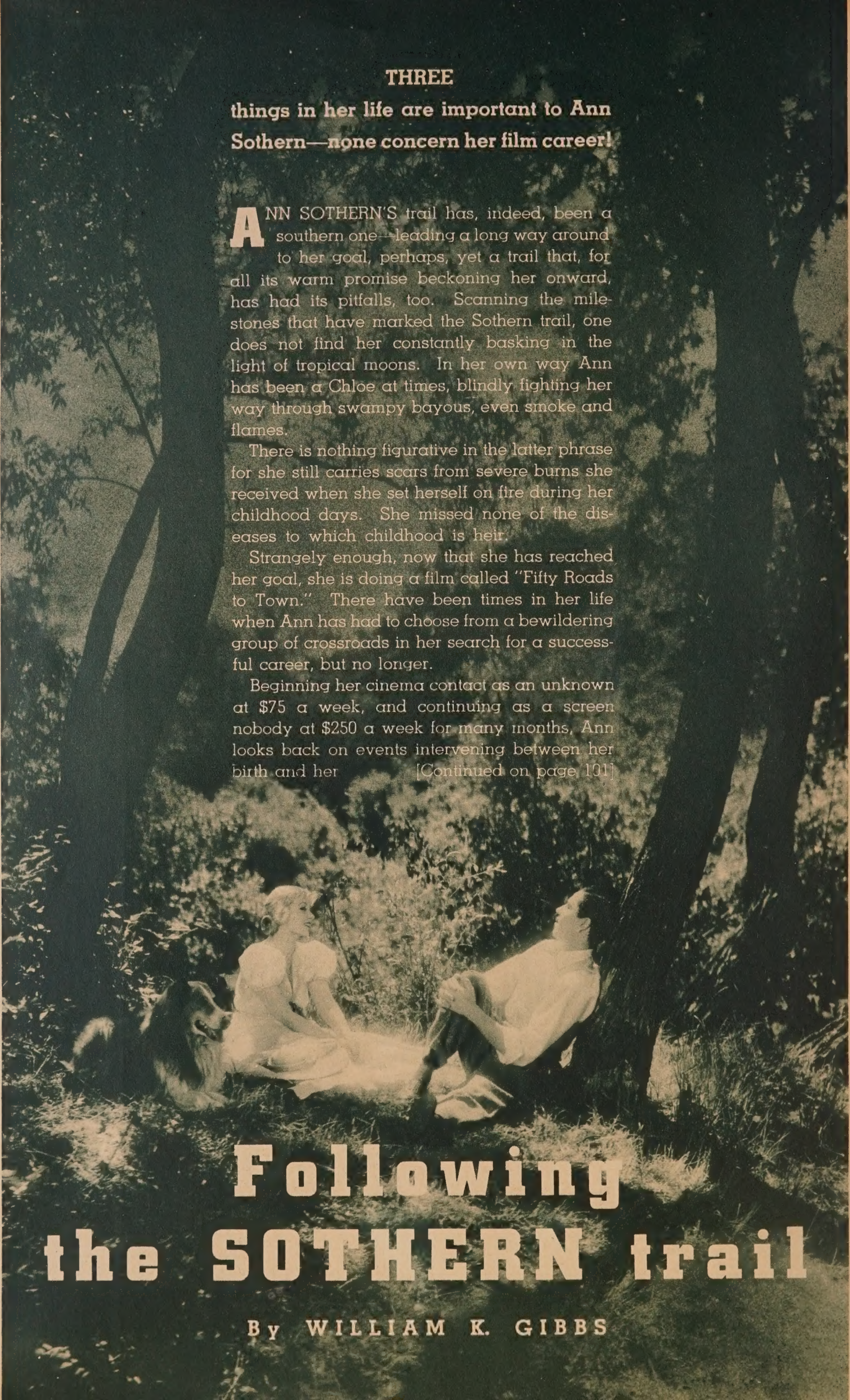
Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

VIRGINIA BRUCE

—Photo by Ted Allan

GERTRUDE NIESEN

Appearing in Universal's super-production, "Top of the Town," soon to be released. Photo for SCREEN BOOK by Ray Jones



THREE

things in her life are important to Ann Sothern—none concern her film career!

ANN SOTHERN'S trail has, indeed, been a southern one—leading a long way around to her goal, perhaps, yet a trail that, for all its warm promise beckoning her onward, has had its pitfalls, too. Scanning the milestones that have marked the Sothern trail, one does not find her constantly basking in the light of tropical moons. In her own way Ann has been a Chloe at times, blindly fighting her way through swampy bayous, even smoke and flames.

There is nothing figurative in the latter phrase for she still carries scars from severe burns she received when she set herself on fire during her childhood days. She missed none of the diseases to which childhood is heir.

Strangely enough, now that she has reached her goal, she is doing a film called "Fifty Roads to Town." There have been times in her life when Ann has had to choose from a bewildering group of crossroads in her search for a successful career, but no longer.

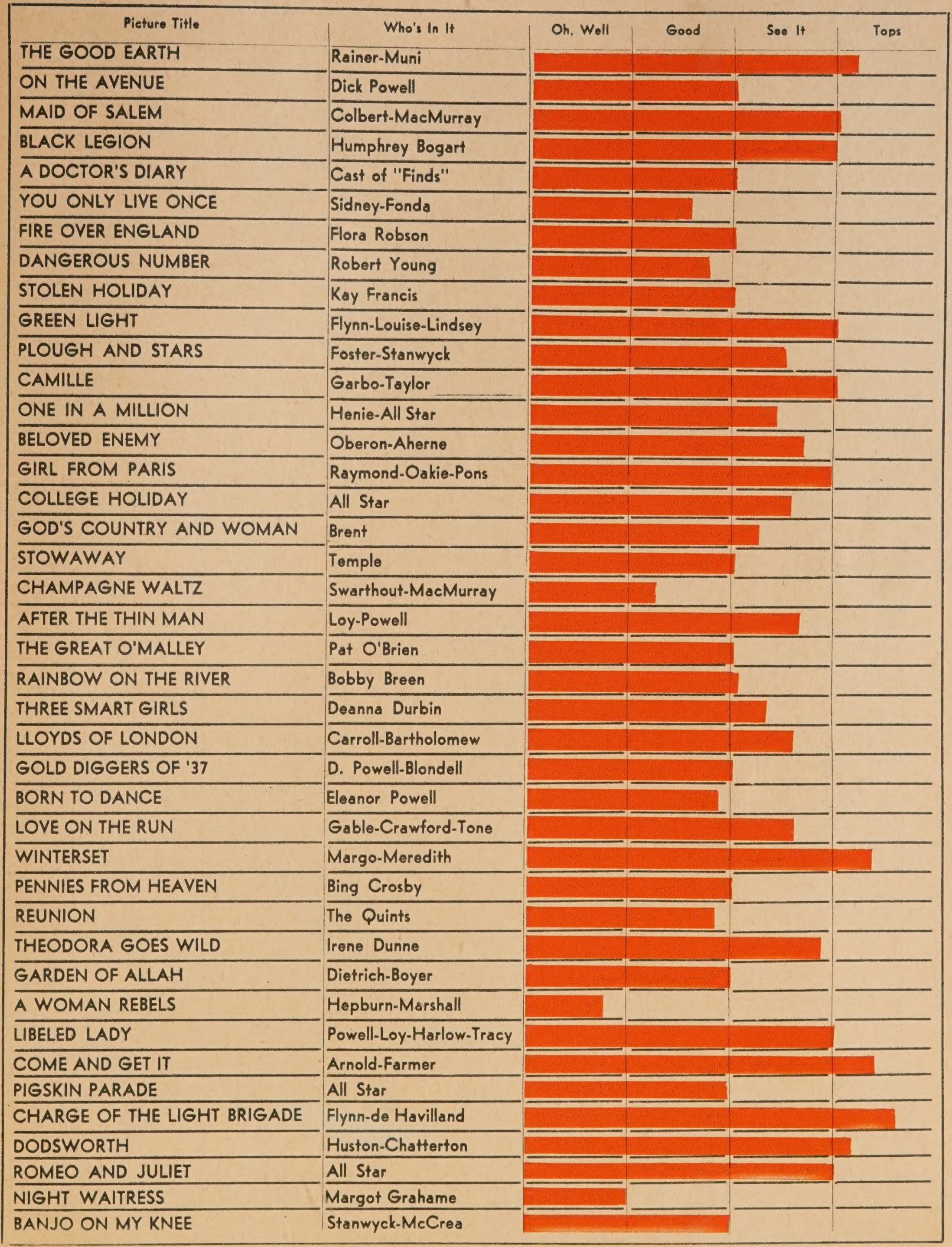
Beginning her cinema contact as an unknown at $75 a week, and continuing as a screen nobody at $250 a week for many months, Ann looks back on events intervening between her birth and her

[Continued on page 101]

Following the SOTHERN trail

By WILLIAM K. GIBBS

SCREEN BOOK'S REVIEW CHART



Picture Title	Who's In It
THE GOOD EARTH	Rainer-Muni
ON THE AVENUE	Dick Powell
MAID OF SALEM	Colbert-MacMurray
BLACK LEGION	Humphrey Bogart
A DOCTOR'S DIARY	Cast of "Finds"
YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE	Sidney-Fonda
FIRE OVER ENGLAND	Flora Robson
DANGEROUS NUMBER	Robert Young
STOLEN HOLIDAY	Kay Francis
GREEN LIGHT	Flynn-Louise-Lindsey
PLOUGH AND STARS	Foster-Stanwyck
CAMILLE	Garbo-Taylor
ONE IN A MILLION	Henie-All Star
BELOVED ENEMY	Oberon-Aherne
GIRL FROM PARIS	Raymond-Oakie-Pons
COLLEGE HOLIDAY	All Star
GOD'S COUNTRY AND WOMAN	Brent
STOWAWAY	Temple
CHAMPAGNE WALTZ	Swarthout-MacMurray
AFTER THE THIN MAN	Loy-Powell
THE GREAT O'MALLEY	Pat O'Brien
RAINBOW ON THE RIVER	Bobby Breen
THREE SMART GIRLS	Deanna Durbin
LLOYDS OF LONDON	Carroll-Bartholomew
GOLD DIGGERS OF '37	D. Powell-Blondell
BORN TO DANCE	Eleanor Powell
LOVE ON THE RUN	Gable-Crawford-Tone
WINTERSET	Margo-Meredith
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN	Bing Crosby
REUNION	The Quints
THEODORA GOES WILD	Irene Dunne
GARDEN OF ALLAH	Dietrich-Boyer
A WOMAN REBELS	Hepburn-Marshall
LIBELED LADY	Powell-Loy-Harlow-Tracy
COME AND GET IT	Arnold-Farmer
PIGSKIN PARADE	All Star
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE	Flynn-de Havilland
DODSWORTH	Huston-Chatterton
ROMEO AND JULIET	All Star
NIGHT WAITRESS	Margot Grahame
BANJO ON MY KNEE	Stanwyck-McCrea

Travis Banton (left) is known as one of Hollywood's finest stylists. We're out to prove he can design interiors as intriguing as his clothing exteriors!

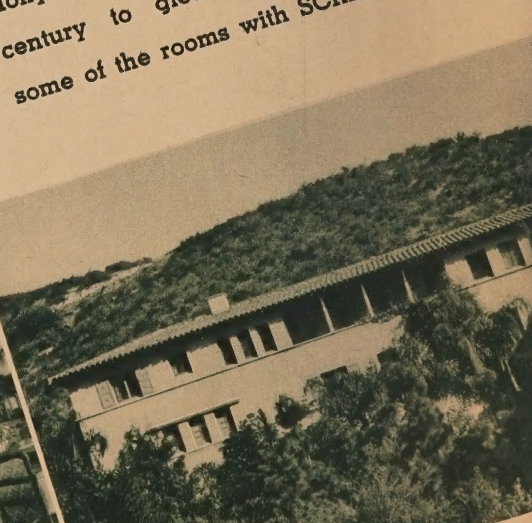
Design

A cavalcade of designs greets the visitor to Travis Banton's gorgeous home in Hollywood. The styles vary from 18th century to gleaming modern. Visit some of the rooms with SCREEN BOOK

Walls of deep green, drapes of cherry red taffeta and 18th century furnishings feature the charming library. Thousands of books fill the shelves

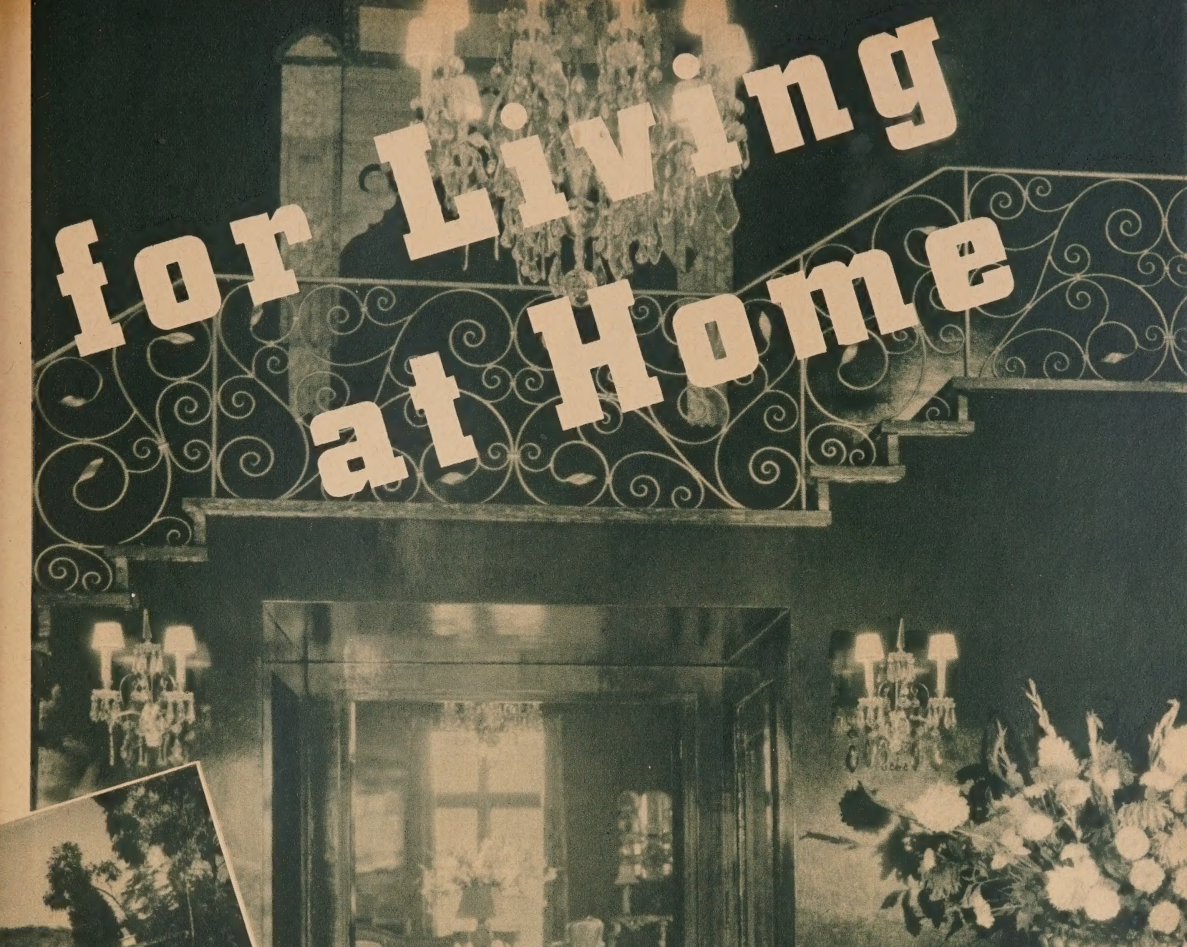
The drawing room in Banton's home is beautifully executed in authentic 18th century manner. Walls are dark. Crystal fixtures contrast dramatically

Veering away from period design, the playroom has murals of southern California trees and flowers. Palms and ivy plants lend additional life to the room. Divans are covered in flowered chintz



The calm exterior of Travis Banton's home gives no intimation of the rare beauty and amazing contrasts to be found within its walls

for Living at Home



Above, the reception hall of Banton's home is done in dark blue with crystal and antique gold fixtures. Inset, Claudette Colbert wears one of Banton's gowns

WHEN STARS

GOING the rounds of Hollywood private parties is a film the average fan would pay dollars to see! It features such renowned players as Garbo, Crawford, Gaynor, Crosby, Harlow, William Powell, Shirley Temple, Marlene Dietrich and many, many others. It is called *Blow-Ups.*

A blow-up, in studio parlance, is the mistake made by players in the reading of dialogue lines or in the interpretation of action. What highlights these blow-ups is the looks, actions and most of all the language that accompanies errors.

Thus a privileged person to one of these parties may hear a distinguished honorary member of the girl scouts say "damn" three times when she blows up, and listen to John Barrymore say, "Bosh! Bosh! Of all the nuts! Can't I ever remember that blankety-blank-blank line?" (Only John doesn't say exactly "blankety-blank-blank"!)

Some of the "blow-up" lines and actions are priceless and perhaps a bit too picturesque for general consumption! Most of them are highly humorous. In fact, many are often funnier than anything in the picture when it is released, even though it be the most comical comedy imaginable. Wouldn't it be great if we could all see on the screen the various things our favorites do when they "muss up" a scene? Some of the nicest little ingenues (and you really wouldn't think butter would melt in their mouth), playing a sweet love scene, explode with words which shock even a hard-boiled sailor!

Warner Baxter, during a "blow-up" in his current picture, held his annoyance at bay by hastily reciting the beginning of the Gettysburg Address! Jack Oakie, in another picture, expresses a few loud "damns" and a smiling apology to his director.

Shirley Temple blows up least of all, and revels in being called "one-take Temple." Her record in *Stowaway* was less than two errors per day, and that's really batting 'em out! When Shirley DOES happen to miss a word or line she just looks bewildered and snaps one little chubby finger in disgust. Ronald Colman also snaps his fingers in great disgust when he forgets a line; Victor McLaglen snorts

Child star or sturdy adult, they will go to pieces! These people, identified from bottom left, have done their share: Bing Crosby and Edith Fellows, Edmund Lowe, Spencer Tracy, Ronald Colman, Alice Faye, Madeleine Carroll and Shirley Temple

EXPLODE

BY GRACE SIMPSON

Blooey—and they blow to pieces! It happens every day in Hollywood—but you don't often hear these echoes

angrily and stamps his feet; Fredric March exclaims, "Nuts!" and waves his hands and arms like a mad semaphore; William Powell says, "For gosh sakes!" and then goes into a comedy dance, and Jean Harlow ad libs impossible dialogue, but never swears—at least, out loud!

ON THE other hand, Jack Oakie maintains that a few "damns" under "blow-up" circumstances are good for the artistic soul of any actor. "It helps beat the director to the same opinion of you!" grins the wit. "And, besides, it lets off a lot of steam."

Rochelle Hudson shows herself no mercy by berating herself loudly whenever she spoils a scene through some forgotten line.

"I get so mad I force myself into remembering," she says.

Spencer Tracy halts dead with mouth wide open when he blows up. And then, with twinkling eyes, blue as the Lakes of Killarney, sandwiched between an unruly shock of dark brown hair and a square jaw, rugged as a Celtic castle, he slowly drawls so everyone on the set can hear him:

"Well, I guess it's just the Irish in me!"

It is seldom that Fred MacMurray "blows" a line. But here is how it happened during the filming of *Swing High, Swing Low*, at Paramount. He was to speak off stage while Carole Lombard was alone in front of the camera. Fred chanced to pick up a detective story magazine, and became so interested in reading it he totally forgot to speak the pick-up lines for Carole! "Golly, what have I done now?" he always exclaims when he "blows up."

Feeling that it is good luck, Gary Cooper yells, "Hey!" before each scene of the Paramount pictures he stars in, and when he misses a line he just stands there dumbfounded and demands in a loud voice: "Hey, who made me do that?"

Leslie Howard acts sort of dazed whenever he blows a line. Everything was going fine in a recent picture until Charles Grapewin said something to Leslie. Poor Leslie Howard didn't know what to answer and stood there in very bewildered fashion. Finally, he muttered, "Well, I never heard that line before, and I was in the blamed play all season!"

"Ha! ha!" snickered Grapewin, "it's a new line! We write as we play!"

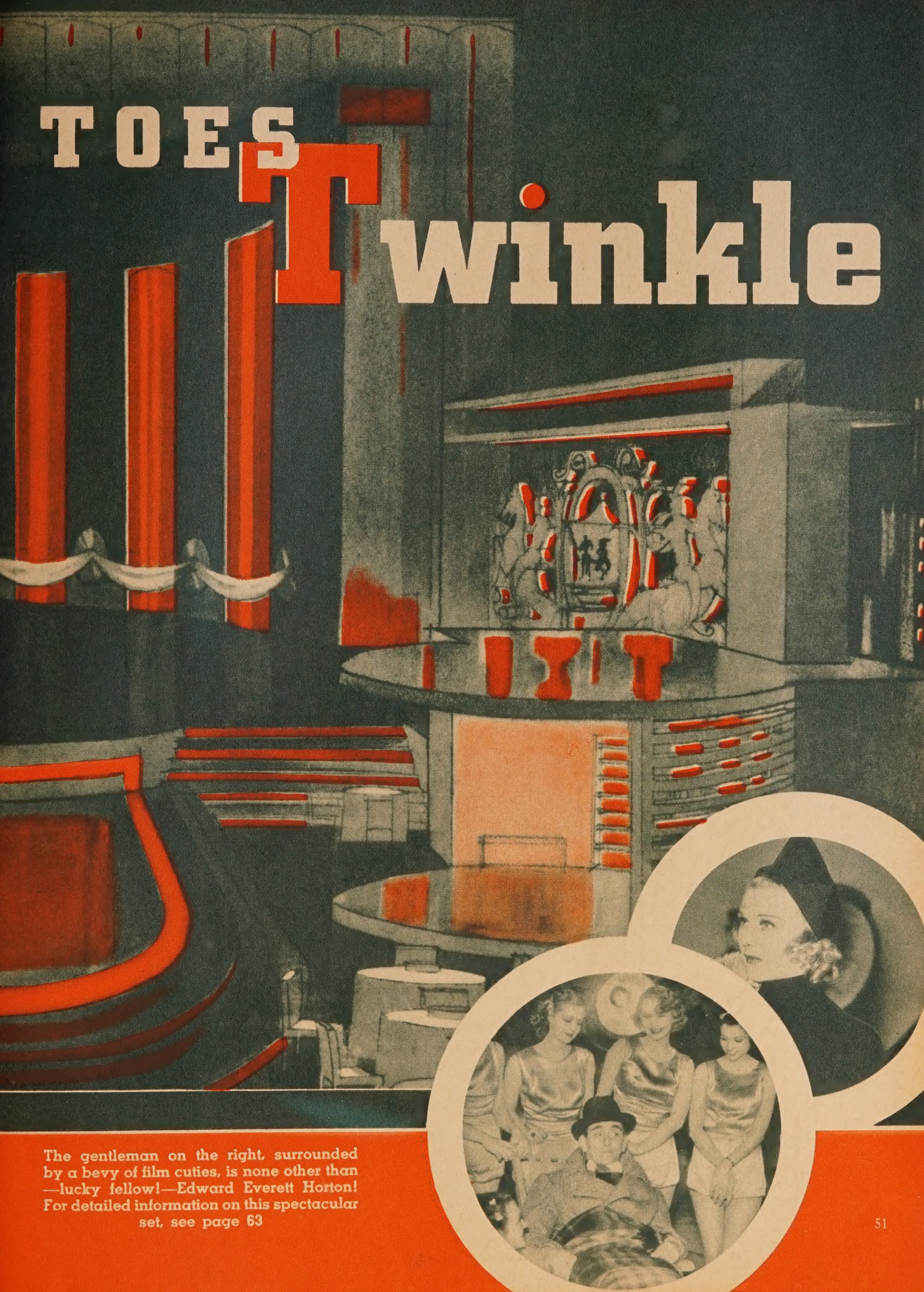
Pat O'Brien always keeps right on talking past the line on which he fumbles and generally says, "And I can't think of a thing to say," and keeps on saying anything that comes into his head! James Cagney, when he blows a line, keeps on repeating the line which threw him and has a desire to pick up the nearest thing and throw it in turn. And quite often he lets this desire get the best of him!

[*Continued on page* 86]

WHERE STEPPING

Here's the artist's conception of the big night club scene in RKO's new musical film, "Shall We Dance?" Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, above, hit a new high in twinkling feet!

TOES Twinkle



The gentleman on the right, surrounded by a bevy of film cuties, is none other than —lucky fellow!—Edward Everett Horton! For detailed information on this spectacular set, see page 63

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT BIG NAMES

An auntie's old sweetheart, a horse that couldn't lose—from such sources as these came the names of film stars

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

Barbara Stanwyck, above, adopted a family name. A friend persuaded **Mary Astor**, left, to take that name. Below, **Richard Dix** got help from his aunt

IT'S a pretty well established fact by now that a good many of the stars and prominent personalities on the screen aren't wearing their own names.

Carole Lombard's parents christened her Jane Peters, Jean Harlow really is Harlean Carpentier and her childhood playmates knew Barbara Stanwyck as Ruby Stevens. Frank Morgan gloried under the imposing appellation of Francis Wupperman, Ricardo Cortez started life as Jacob Kranz and Cary Grant's passport, when he left England, designated him as Archibald Leach.

All this is common knowledge . . . stories embodying the true names of the movie-great have appeared before, few attempts having been made to conceal these facts. What has NEVER been touched upon, however, ere this, and with which we are concerned in this narrative, is the source of those names film celebrities use now. Only in a very few instances is the public cognizant of just how their favorites came by their professional eponyms.

Joan Crawford, for instance, is known to have been so designated through a magazine contest. Few persons are aware, however, that the name selected in this contest was Joan Arden, NOT Joan Crawford.

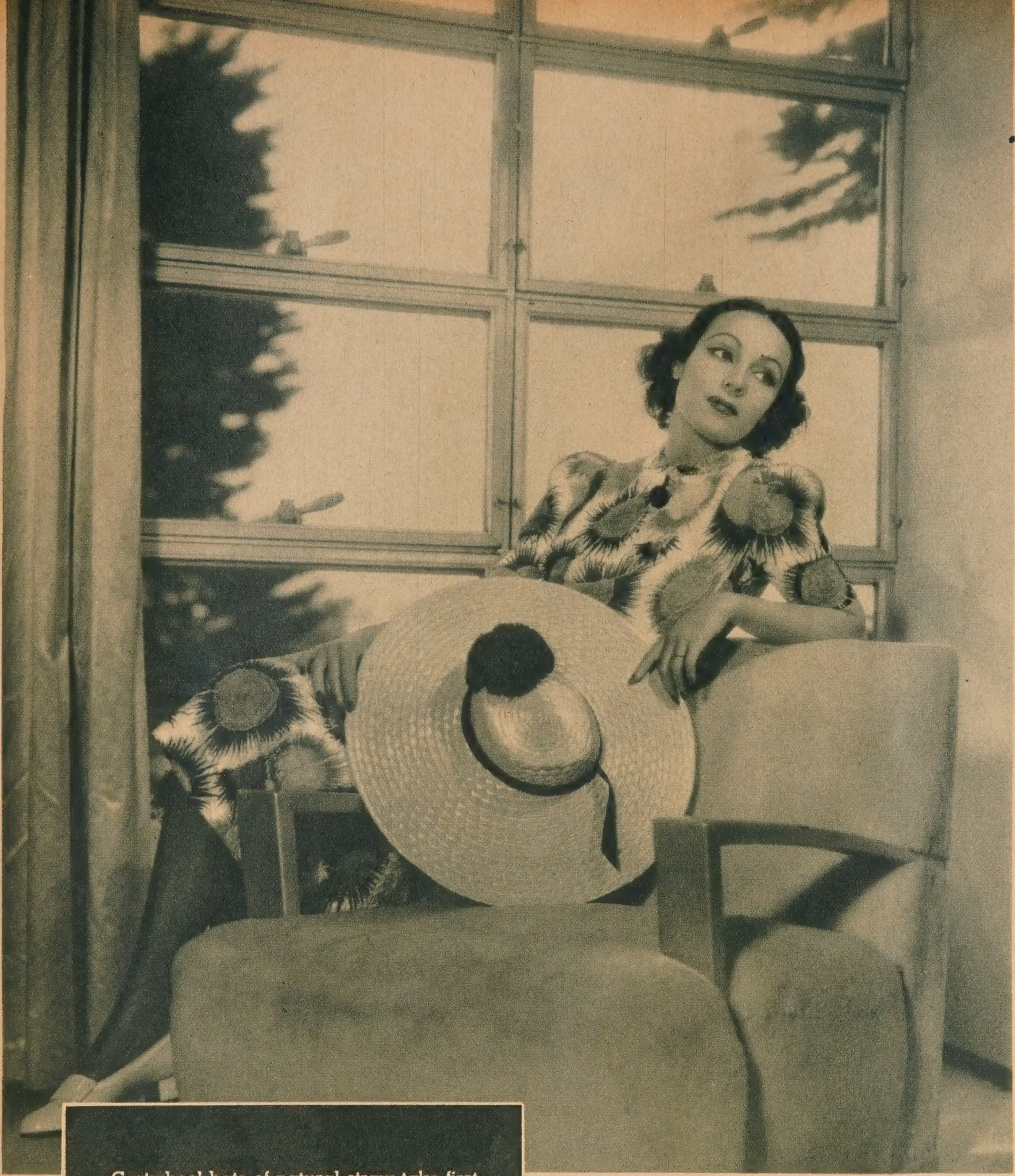
When the studio announced that Lucille Le Sueur henceforth would be called Joan Arden, up stepped a young lady from the extra ranks bearing the same cognomen and threatened to sue if that name were utilized.

As a result, the studio immediately dropped the Arden and chose the second name on the list—and that is how Joan Crawford came to be born.

David Belasco may be credited with Gladys Smith turning Mary Pickford. When Mary, as a child, first went on the stage under the tutelage of the great Belasco, he said: "Gladys, isn't there any name of consequence in your family you might assume? Smith sounds a trifle too common to be glamorous."

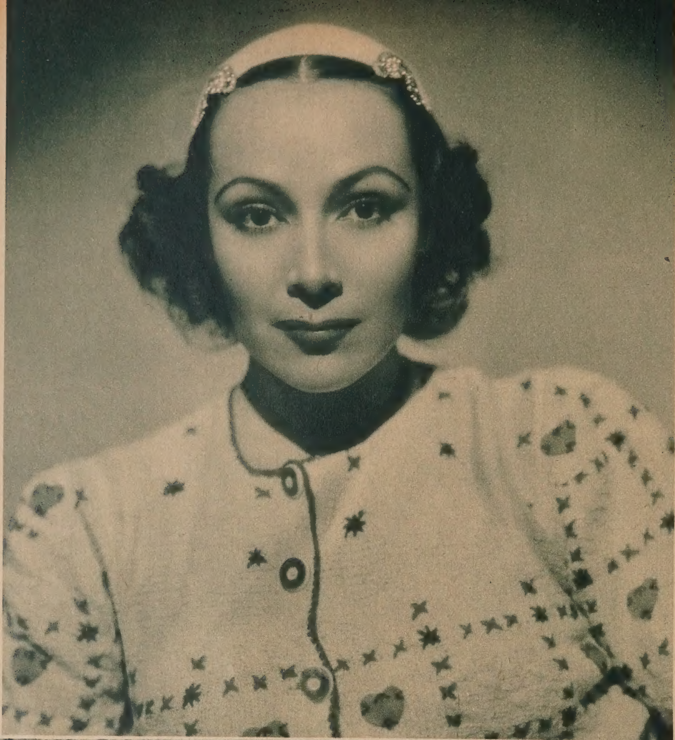
[*Continued on page* 87]

Myrna Loy looked as she does at the right when she was known only as Myrna Williams



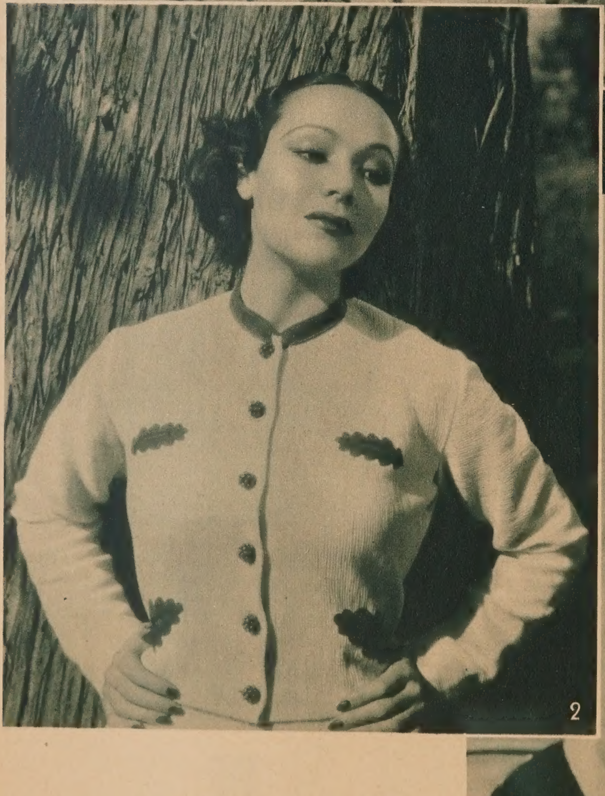
Cartwheel hats of natural straw take first honors in ensembling a summer costume. Dolores Del Rio appearing in the Columbia production "Devil's Playground" combines one with a two-piece matelasse cotton print of red, blue and yellow on a white background. Cut like old-fashioned dancing pumps are her low-heeled white kidskin slippers with large tailored bows of grosgrain designed for Dolores by Huggins-Delman

LADY MODERNE



1

Novelty sweaters are a novelty with Dolores. She owns fifty. This Salzburg sweater is hand-knitted and trimmed with tiny red hearts of felt appliqued on with green yarn. With this Dolores wears one of her famous little "beanies." These tiny caps are made of felt and edged with a narrow band of matching crochet. 2) Another one of ribbed, knitted fabric has startling trim of bright green felt and bead buttons of matching color. 3) This sleeveless sweater has an interesting front collar with navy monogram. A cardigan of white with navy buttons completes the appearance of this suit.



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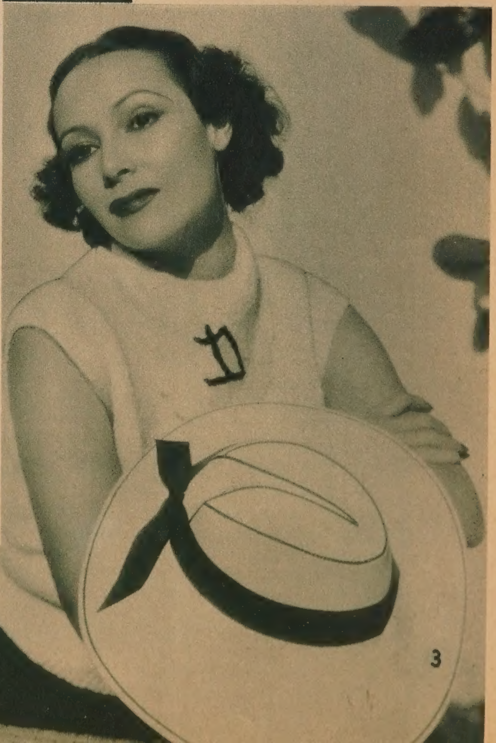

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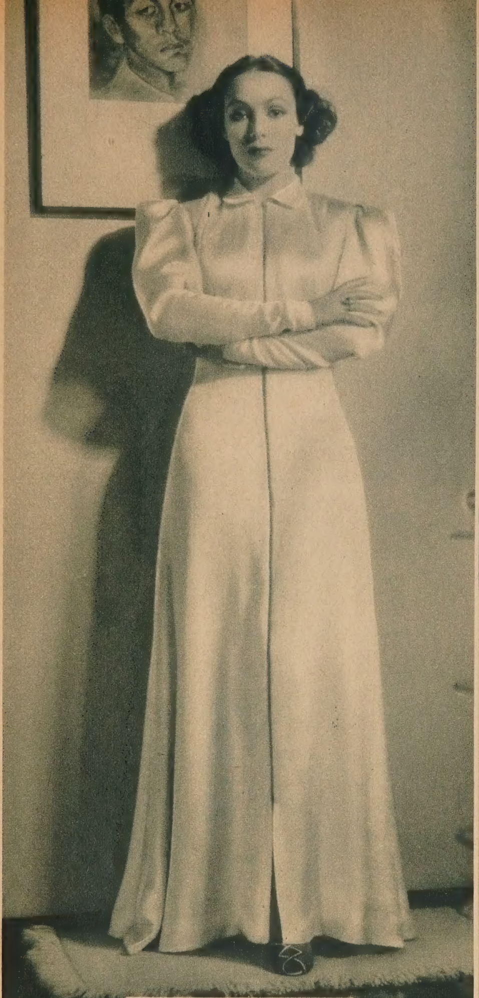
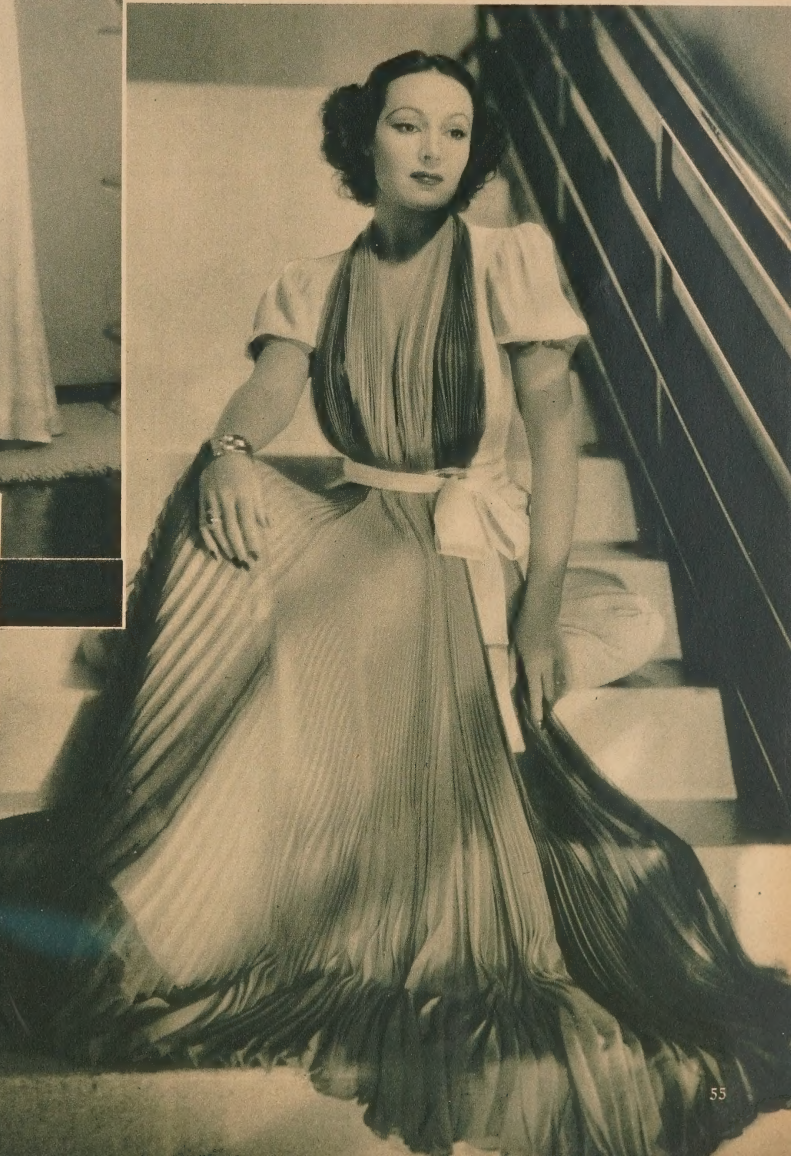
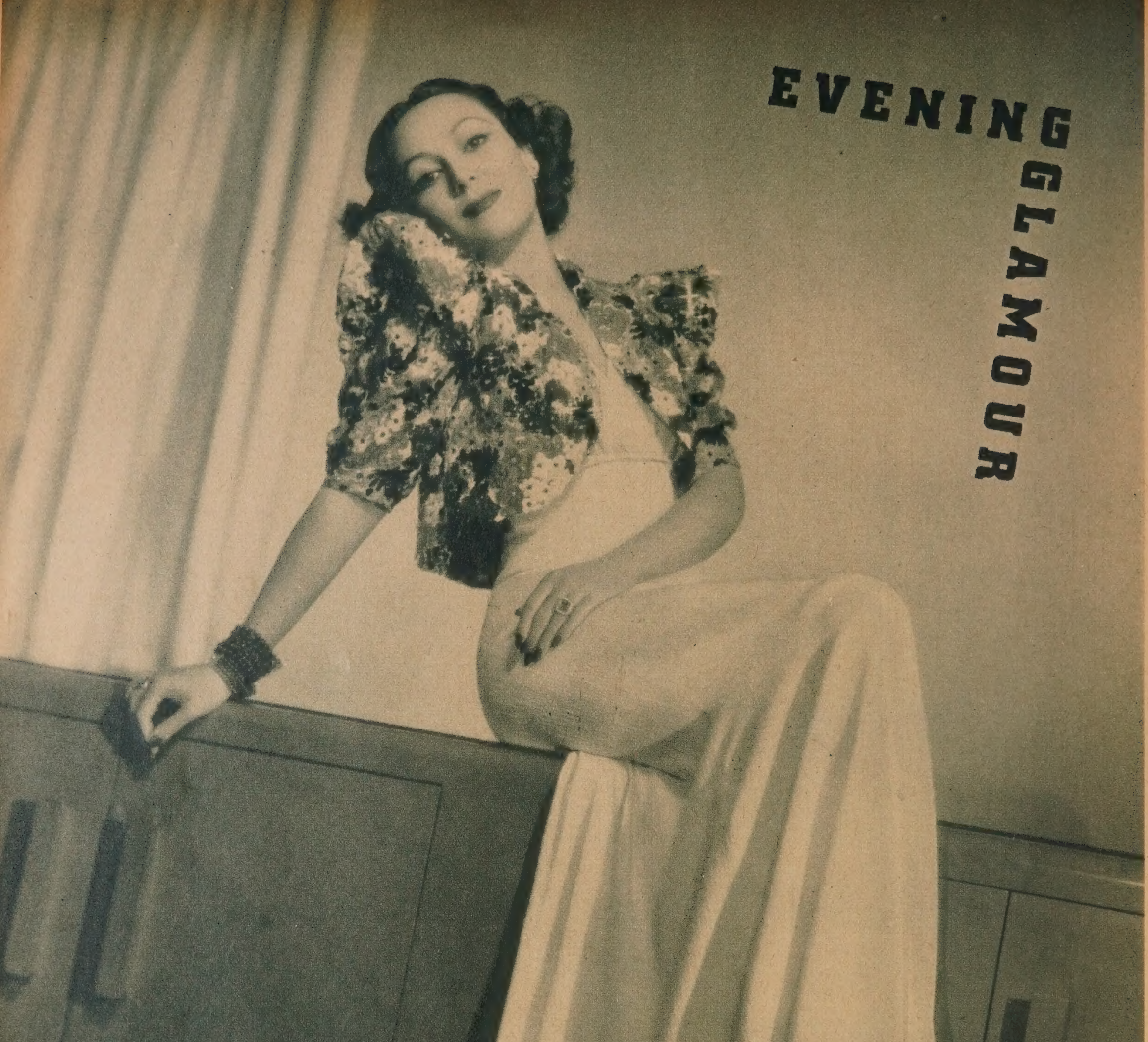


Left: Sunday mornings have fashion importance when guests stop by for breakfast. For such entertaining Dolores wears this house coat of pebbly white satin with front zipper closing of lacquer red. Long sleeves also have this smart contrast zipper. Peeking through the front slit of her house coat are exotic sandals of red, white and blue crepe, from J. W. Robinson Co. Below: Dolores is a perfect picture in this house gown of white crepe contrasted by long panels of rose and blue sunburst pleated chiffon. Rose chiffon bands and bows finish the tiny puff sleeves, and a self-belt is casually tied about the waist.

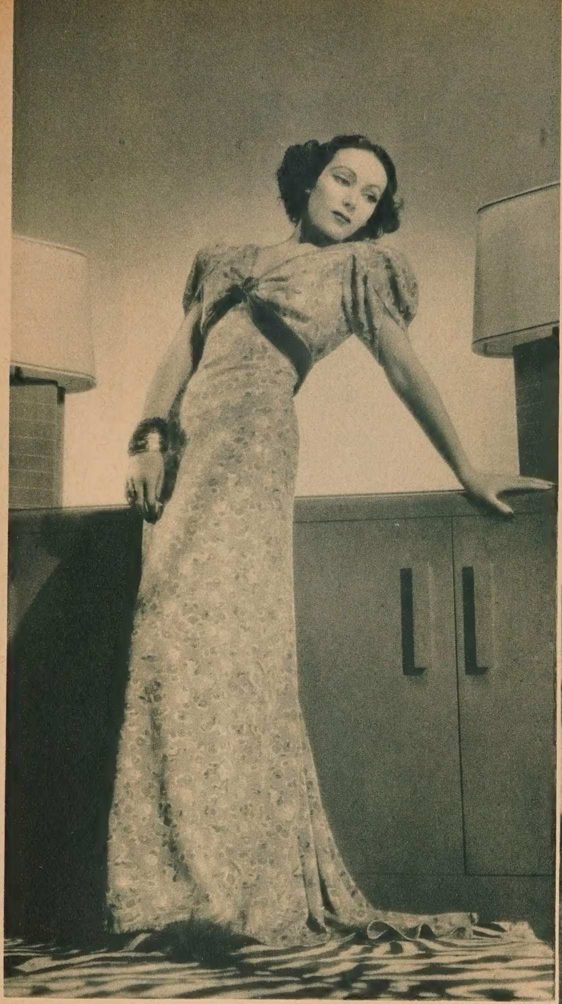


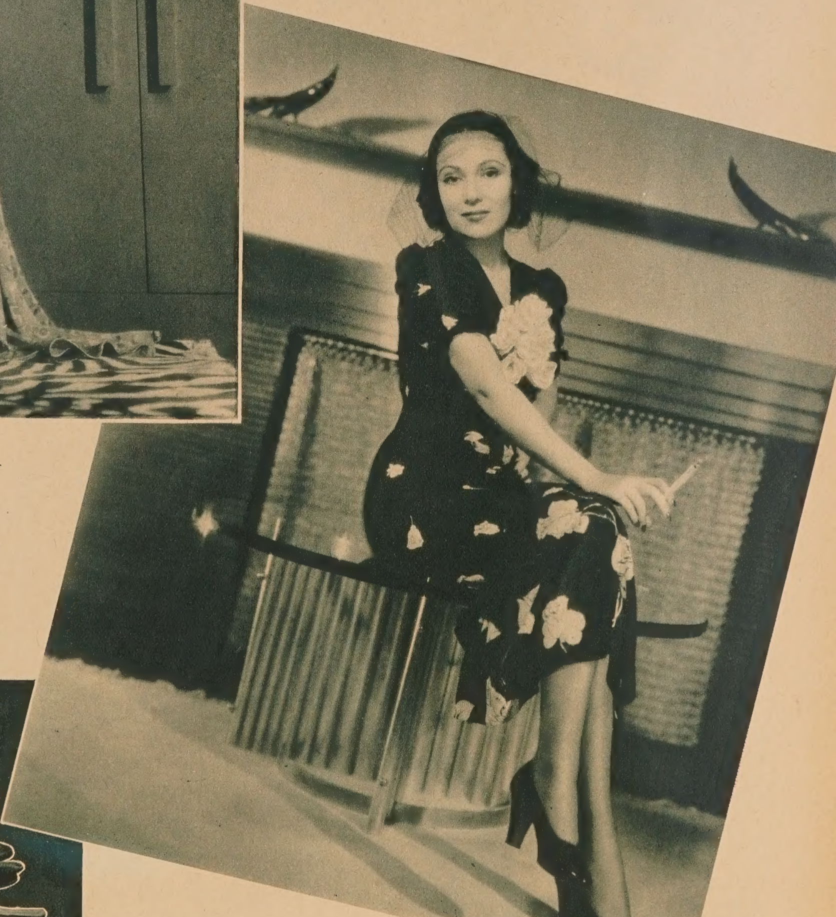
EVENING GLAMOUR



A little jacket of wooden paillette embroidery in gay and vivid coloring tops a princess gown of white matelasse crepe, worn with brief sandals of white satin bands from J. W. Robinson Co.

Left: Sleeved evening gowns capture fashion's fancy and Dolores Del Rio, Columbia star, includes this new trend in her wardrobe. This gown printed in vivid hues of green and blue on a field of orange is cut princess style with accent of green velvet. Below: Dark splashed with white remains the smart combination for dress-up occasions. White roses spot this black crepe frock. Her hat, styled like a baby bonnet, is shadowed with a lacy veil from Frank Borel. Lower left: Latin charm. A necklace of coral with a matching bracelet, a gold compact studded with diamonds and rubies, a striking pair of two-colored gloves stitched by hand, the palms of deep emerald green, the backs of purple. All these are dreadfully important in fashion and smart enough to win any lady.





I'M HOLLYWOOD'S BIG PARTY MAN

Crazy movieland—that's what a caterer is apt to think when planning a "different" party for a star!

Aboard the spinning wheel! Carole Lombard, Randy Scott and Toby Wing still survive at Carole's screwiest party

I F YOU think the chef of nursery rhyme fame had a tough assignment on his hands when the king ordered a pie lardered with four and twenty singing blackbirds, consider me, a filmland caterer, whose daily duties once included making a full sized replica of a star's deceased cat out of sugar and water for a party.

This is the first opportunity I've ever had to talk. And now that I can talk I'm going to give the real—but *the* real—lowdown on Hollywood stars and their parties. And believe me, I can tell plenty.

I suppose I do grumble a lot about my profession. But when you come right down to it, mine is about the most colorful of any in the world. I meet the stars. I know them intimately. I know their likes and dislikes. Their tastes. I plan their functions. And I watch what goes on—at Hollywood parties.

Catering a party always

[*Continued on page 96*]

Fred Stone and daughter Paula greet Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien at the famous Nickelodeon party. They're still talking about the astonishing costumes

Anita Louise, Ramon Novarro and Virginia Bruce were guests at Dolores Del Rio's famous Mexican party. The hats served as costumes

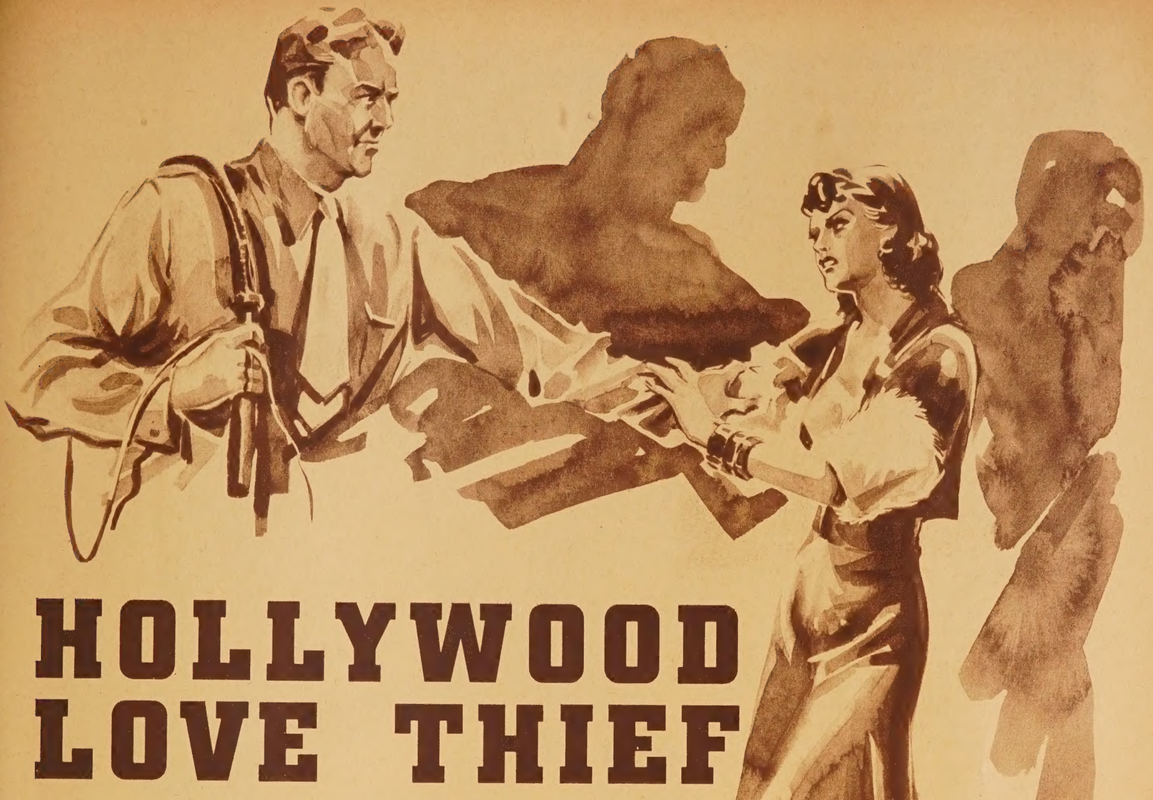


Illustration by Bruno

"You and every woman like you ought to be sent to hell!"

HOLLYWOOD LOVE THIEF

A film star's candid confession will startle you. Read how she used human hearts as stepping stones to fame!

BELIEVE it or not, this is my story without reservation. I wasn't anyone in Hollywood until Dick Witters, the newspaperman, fell in love with me and helped me get started in the business. I couldn't have loved Dick, but he didn't know that. I was too anxious for a career to let anything stop me—at first.

Now I know that the way I dropped him after he gave me a helping hand led to his downfall. They tell me he brooded, turned drinking, became a common street bum. I've got that on my conscience now—what's left of it.

I forgot all about Dick when Ted Shields, the screen idol, walked into my life. Here at last was a glorious adventure and high powered love! Ted and I were driving through the streets when a human form suddenly lurched in front of the car. The chauffeur didn't have a chance to avoid hitting him. We felt that dull thud of steel against flesh, and jumped out of the car to see what had happened.

They turned the poor victim over where we could see his face. I never knew fate could be so cruel. The man was—Dick Witters!

Blood was trickling out of the corner of his mouth, running down his chin. Numbly I stooped to wipe it off. All his brilliant young hopes, then, had come to—this. For a moment I felt violently ill. Dick Witters, a common street bum. Dead under the wheels of Ted Shield's car. *Because of me!*

"Don't," said Ted gently. "Don't take it so hard, Doddy."

"But—but you don't understand," I sobbed against his shoulder and for once I was not acting. "I knew this man. . . ."

The ambulance came clanging up then. White-coated men moved like shadows. They lifted Dick on the stretcher. I heard one of them say, "They should [*Continued on page* 103]

AND SO TO BED

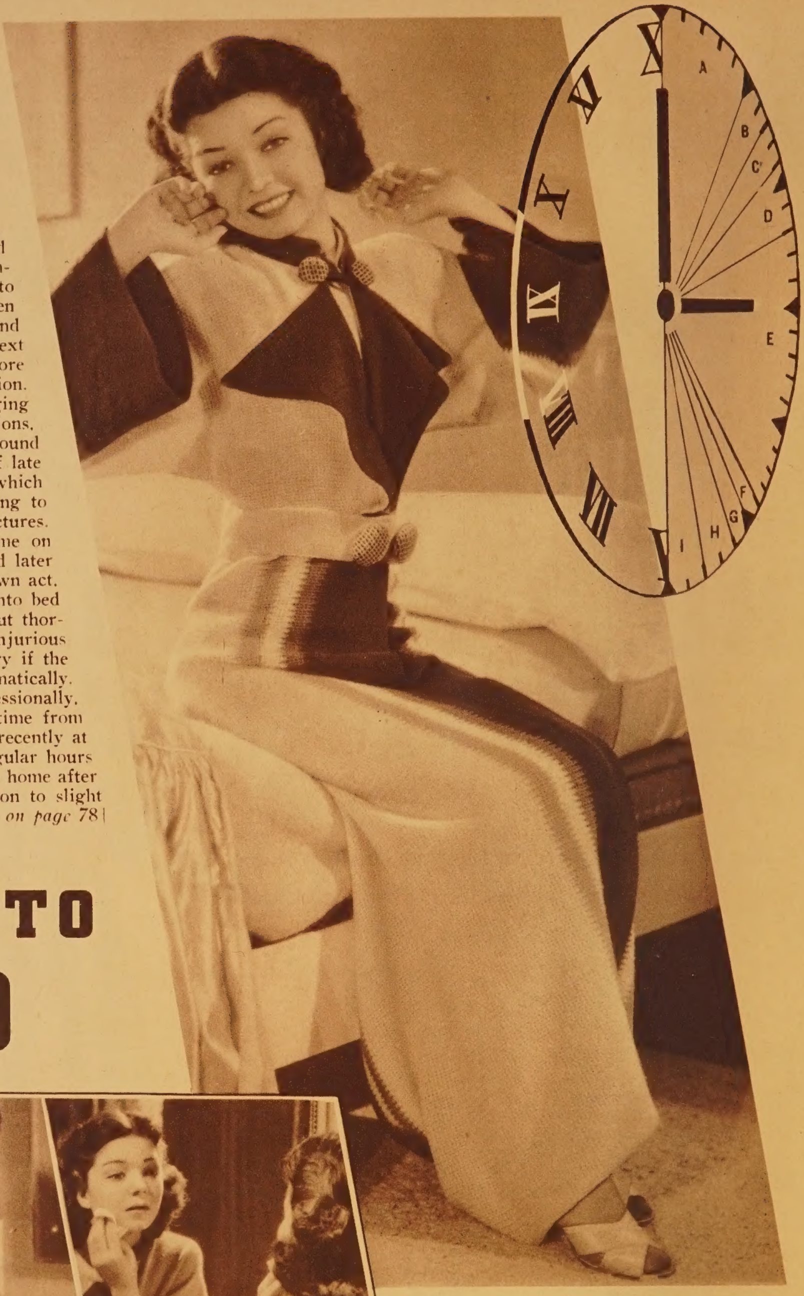
"IT'S THREE o'clock in the morning . . ." Ho hum . . . and you're too tired to hang up your dress, too tired to hunt for slipper trees, too tired to remove your make-up before tumbling into bed. You murmur defensively, "Tomorrow . . ." and drift off to blissful, if undeserved, sleep.

Well, your dress won't mind, and your slippers won't mind much, but your skin is an ill-tempered, sulky thing that refuses to play that kind of game. It may even break out in a rash of protest and when you look in the mirror the next morning, the spots you see before your eyes *won't* be an optical illusion.

Frances Langford, petite singing star of Walter Wanger Productions, is one girl who, out of necessity, found a neat solution to the problem of late hours versus beauty, a problem which confronted her even before coming to Hollywood and a career in pictures.

While singing her way to fame on Rudy Vallee's radio program and later while touring vaudeville in her own act, Frances discovered that falling into bed without going through a quick but thorough beauty routine, is not only injurious to beauty but entirely unnecessary if the various steps are arranged systematically.

"When I started singing professionally, I found that bedtime meant anytime from midnight to dawn," she told me recently at the Wanger Studio. "Such irregular hours were new to me and when I came home after a performance it was a temptation to slight the details of beauty [*Continued on page 78*]



A—Five minutes for brushing the hair
B—A neat coif with curlers and cap
C—Two minutes given to mouth hygiene
D—Cleansing the face is next step
E—Twelve minutes for the warm bath
F—A non-perspirant a necessary rite
G—Remember the eyelashes for beauty
H—A night cream keeps skin youthful
I—An emollient for hands and elbows

Britain's Coronation

AWAKENS NEW INTEREST IN TITLED BRITISH BEAUTIES

Duchesses, Countesses Viscountesses and Ladies guard their Loveliness the Pond's way

The Duchess of Leinster
CENTER TOP
The Countess Howe
LEFT CENTER
The Viscountess Milton
LEFT BOTTOM
The Viscountess Dunwich
LEFT TOP
The Lady Barbara Gore
UPPER RIGHT
The Lady Helena Fitzwilliam
BOTTOM

When Britain's great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins' beauty with Pond's. Pond's is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

Here is the method English and American beauties use:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly,* till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning—(and before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Send for* SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CE, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

*Name*____________________

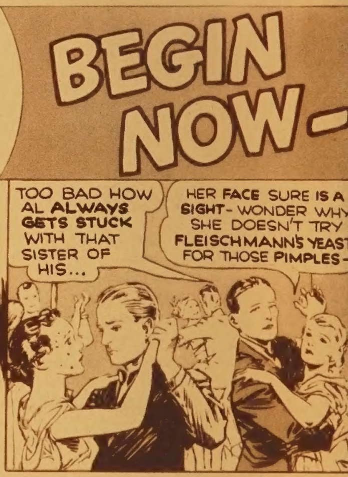
*Street*____________________

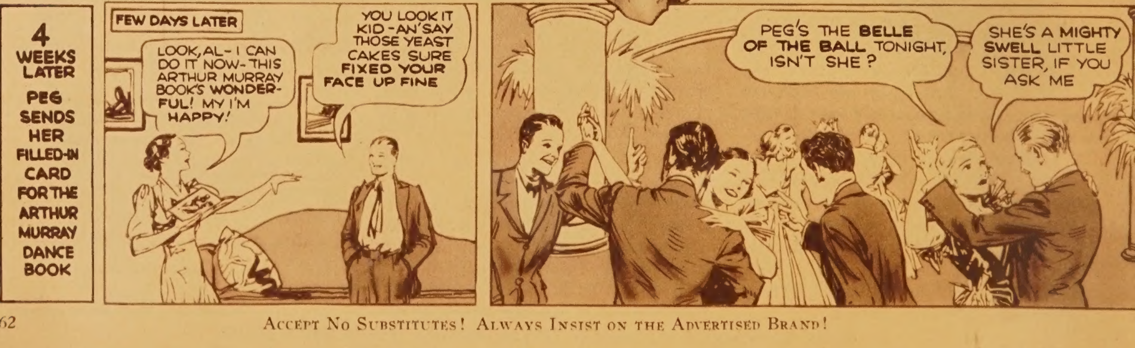
*City*__________ *State*__________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

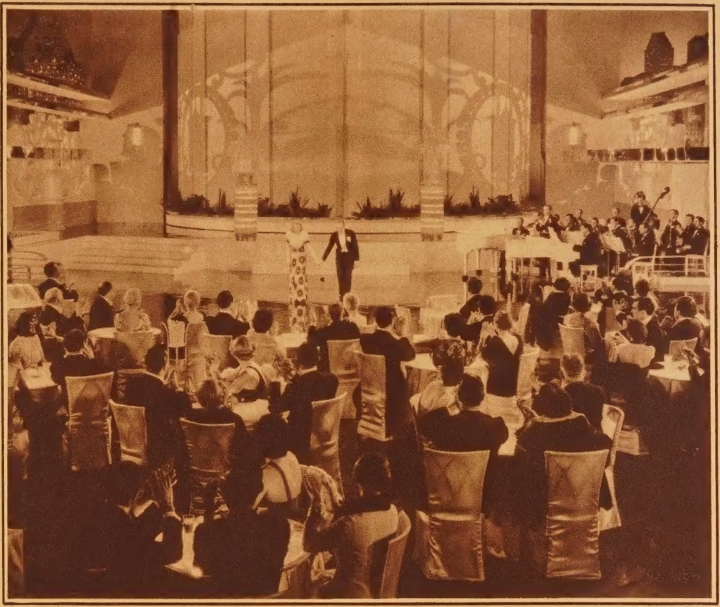
Glorious, Gloria Dickson, former Federal Theatre player, is poised for a flight towards stardom. She is to have the lead in Mervyn LeRoy's second big production, "In the Deep South"

FLASH!
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!
Let ARTHUR MURRAY, World's Most Famous Dancing Instructor, teach you the New Dance Steps
FREE!
IT WOULD COST $5 EACH PRIVATE LESSON TO LEARN THESE STEPS IN ARTHUR MURRAY'S NEW YORK STUDIO...


BEGIN NOW-
TOO BAD HOW AL ALWAYS GETS STUCK WITH THAT SISTER OF HIS...
HER FACE SURE IS A SIGHT- WONDER WHY SHE DOESN'T TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR THOSE PIMPLES-


4 WEEKS LATER PEG SENDS HER FILLED-IN CARD FOR THE ARTHUR MURRAY DANCE BOOK
FEW DAYS LATER
LOOK, AL- I CAN DO IT NOW- THIS ARTHUR MURRAY BOOK'S WONDERFUL! MY I'M HAPPY!
YOU LOOK IT KID- AN' SAY THOSE YEAST CAKES SURE FIXED YOUR FACE UP FINE
PEG'S THE BELLE OF THE BALL TONIGHT, ISN'T SHE?
SHE'S A MIGHTY SWELL LITTLE SISTER, IF YOU ASK ME

WHERE STEPPING TOES TWINKLE



Right, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers take a bow on the night club set pictured in colors on pages 50-51. Note the slight modification of the original plans which were sketched by Art Director Van Nest Polglase and Associate Carroll Clark for *Shall We Dance?* Actual camera shots were made from the center front and both sides.

This night club, while entirely mythical, was supposed to be a roof garden on top of a skyscraper, hence you see other tall buildings looming out of the night. The background on the stage is a revolving drum, convex and concave if you know your angles.

The orchestra originally was to be on the left side, but turned out to be on the right hand. The dance floor itself was considerably enlarged from the original sketch. Glowing lights filter through the ornamental railings and against the background, making a gorgeous splash of pink hues against a setting of black and silver.

Although Fred and Ginger have no need for assistance when it comes to dancing, there will be a bevy of chorus girls, shapely and sweet, to complicate matters.

The night club set, while spectacular in typical RKO fashion, is by no means the only high spot in *Shall We Dance?* But it wouldn't be fair to tell the whole story here, except to hint that this looks like something that may top even the best of preceding Rogers-Astaire dancepics.

to Clear Up Your Skin! Make Yourself a Swell Dancer! GO PLACES!

AL-D-DID YOU HEAR- I C-CAN'T BEAR IT- 'M G-GOING HOME
AW-DON'T BE A NITWIT, PEG-LISTEN, MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT WHY DON'T YOU TRY YEAST? THEY SAY IT'S REALLY SWELL HOW IT CHASES PIMPLES
NEXT DAY
HERE Y'ARE, SIS—NOW GET BUSY—YOU'RE S'POSED TO EAT 3 OF THESE YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY—ONE OR TWO'S NOT ENOUGH
O.K.-I'LL DO IT-AL-WHAT'S THAT CARD IN YOUR HAND?
GEE, PEG-IT'S PRETTY NIFTY! IT'S A FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD, SEE-AN' IF YOU SAVE YEAST LABELS, PASTE 'EM ON IT, AN' SEND IT IN-YOU GET A SWELL NEW DANCE BOOK BY ARTHUR MURRAY
HOW PERFECTLY GRAND-I'LL START WITH THOSE LABELS RIGHT NOW!

BE SURE TO ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THIS FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD—IT'S FREE

Swing into it, boys and girls! Don't miss this chance to get ARTHUR MURRAY'S exciting book of DANCE LESSONS. Learn the latest steps! Pictures, diagrams make every step easy!

You can't buy this book! The ONLY WAY to secure one is by saving labels from Fleischmann Yeast Cakes! Ask your grocer for a FREE Fleischmann Dance Card—paste the yeast labels on. Send it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, you can get the book if you paste 81 labels on a piece of paper, or mail them, in an envelope, with *your* name and address to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

• • •

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states West of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD
30 DANCE LESSONS ALL THE POPULAR NEW STEPS
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

"Keep it up faithfully," says Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, "and **Fleischmann's Yeast** will help clear up **ADOLESCENT PIMPLES . . .**"

● After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This disturbs the whole system. The skin gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out!

Fleischmann's Yeast has proved a great help in clearing up a pimply skin. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat *3 cakes every day*—plain, or in a little water, a cake about ½ hour *before* each meal.

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

"Seamless Sis"
Styled by
HICKORY
NEVER reveals a SECRET

LIKE the daisies, "Sis" won't tell. In fact, she'll intrigue you and others by giving you the slimmest, smoothest Springtime silhouette ever. And the joy of it is—there's not a seam to show beneath your sheerest gown. *Just perfect control!*

Two-way stretch Lastex, of course! With self-edged bottom to prevent sliding. The most sensible thing you could do is to own the Set of Three—Foundation for Formals, Girdle for About-Town and the Pantie for Sportswear.

YOU'LL WANT ALL THREE BECAUSE YOU NEED THEM

$12 and up for the Set of Three
May be had separately, of course.

FOUNDATION: Perfect uplift bra. Side bust control. Streamlined back. **$5.00**

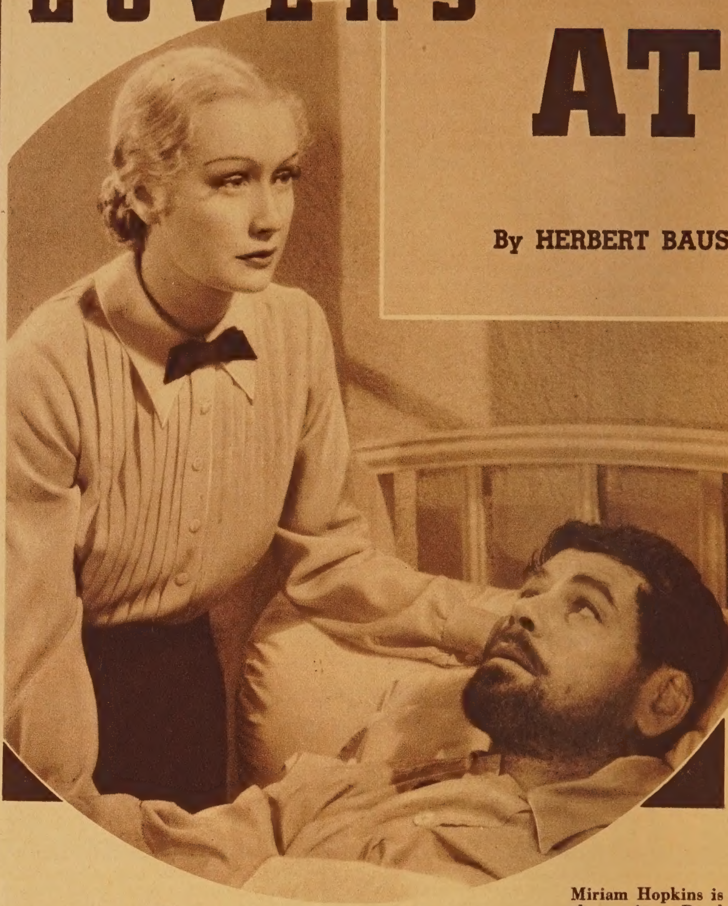
GIRDLE: Layflat hose supporters. **$3.50 and $4.00**

PANTIE: Streamlines your hips. **$3.50 and $4.00**

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

LOVERS AT

By HERBERT BAUS



Miriam Hopkins is the prize, Paul Muni the man she first loved

THEY fly like birds in the air and die like weeds in the autumn for the glory of France, those gallants of the Lafayette Escadrille flying corps.

They love like heroes about to die in *The Woman I Love*. Exploding shells, planes swirling earthward in death agony and the fever of war-time Paris pace this story of a devoted wife (Miriam Hopkins) of an older man (Paul Muni) who falls in love with youth (Louis Hayward).

His last evening before going to the front Hayward spends at a Paris theatre. The show-house roars with an air bombardment. On the set, its roof is torn off by artificial explosions so hazardous that studio firemen hold extinguishers in readiness to snuff a blaze which may devour the entire sound stage. Hayward meets Hopkins during this bombardment, shelters her, then falls in love with her.

The audience background of crippled soldiers glistens the thread of drama. French and Canadian uniforms on soldiers show one arm or one leg gone. We see battle relics with shot-away jaws, soldered cheeks and limbs heavy with bandages.

Many extras the central casting office furnished to play these victims of butchery were actually sliced in the War. Counterbalancing the terror of mutilated warriors and the rumble of guns pounding the pressure of the gray mass of invaders forty miles from the heart of France, a stage show paints the picture of gaudy gaiety whereby strong men strive to forget.

The studio creates such a canvas of the dung of war that we forget its showmanship and the betraying presence of cameras, lights and self-important assistant directors.

What the camera does not show: Between shots two extras stage a fight. The tall one bangs a chair over the shorter one's bandaged head. The short one jumps on his oppressor's feet and

WAR

Two men and a woman—a lurid triangle in the face of death! An old story, forever new—

slaps his face. They bandy rage in heated conversation. With the scores of extras and numerous other spectators we gather around to discover the rascals are producing a slapstick stooge act probably concocted the night before in a bar-room.

They do this to flatter their vanity, amuse the crowd and if possible attract the attention of a studio executive they hope might give them a fat contract as featured comedians. Who blames them for sprucing up the boring interludes while the technical crew sets the camera for new angles of shooting?

HAVING lost his heart to her after guarding Hopkins during the air raid, Hayward entrains to the front. Battle scenes [*Continued on page 73*]

Facing death from the sky, Louis Hayward meets Miriam, falls in love with her while bombs burst in the streets

Here's The Thrilling New Shampoo
Everyone Is Raving About

IMPROPER WAY
Hair dull, covered with cloudy film.
CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film; hair soft, shining like silk!

NOT SOAP—NOT OIL . . *Makes Hair Shine Like Silk!*

It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing, new liquid shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant, glistening halo—with a single application.

Look at the girl above. See what a difference it makes when you use it. So try it soon—see how beautiful your hair really can be.

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a new scientific secret. It isn't oil, it isn't soap—it isn't anything you've heard of before. Scientists have brought us something brand-new; a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops and instantly you get a glorious, billowy lather, 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so neutral—being neither acid nor alkaline—that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly—and you're through.

"What?" you say, "no special rinses; no vinegar, lemon or after-rinses to 'cut' the lather?" No—they are not necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That's the marvelous part. Drene cannot leave unrinsable film on hair to cover up natural lustre as ordinary shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky, smooth. Even dull, bleached or dyed hair becomes more brilliant, more natural looking after a Drene shampoo.

More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Women who have used it for months rave about the beauty and health their hair possesses—and have found its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair. Your scalp can really nourish the hair properly when cleansed the Drene way, which simply calls for one or two shampoos a week with Drene, and a few minutes of scalp massage and brushing of the hair. Then it glows with new life and lustre.

Procter & Gamble make this marvel. Only half a tablespoonful for a perfect shampoo. The most economical, beautifying shampoo you have ever used. Try Drene. The large size costs less per shampoo. Get Drene at all drug, department and 10c stores. Or send your name and address to Drene, Dept. FW, Box 828, Cincinnati, Ohio, and the makers will send you a bottle of Drene (enough for two shampoos) absolutely free to try!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GANTNER
Floating Bra
SWIM SUITS

Top . . . *gleaming Velvet Lastex knit! Wrinkle-resisting.* $5.95

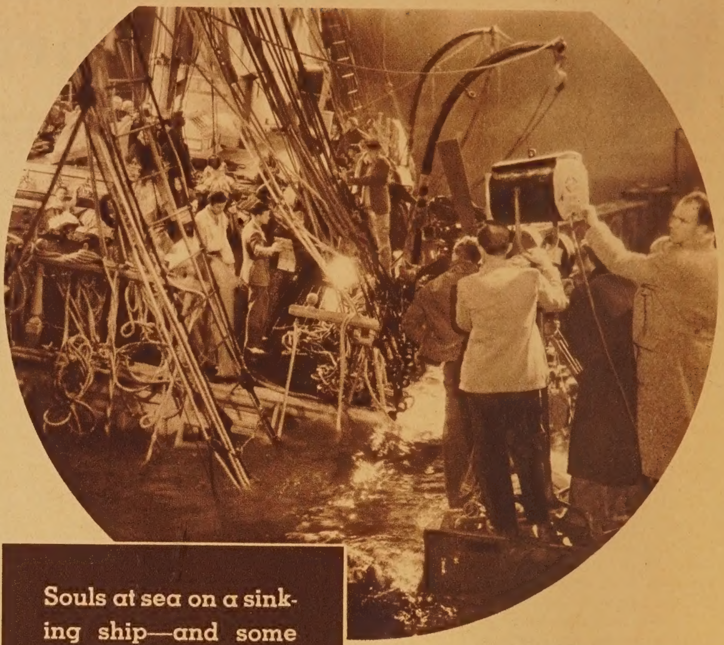
Right . . . *uncut velvet wool,* $6.95

You can't Sag . . . can't Slump with Gantner Floating Bra! This amazing patented inner bra controls, divides and raises your bust by inches . . . capturing a beautiful, modern Empire line! Gantner Floating Bra makes other suits look and feel obsolete!

If you wear a bra in a formal, you need Floating Bra on the beach! (At smarter shops everywhere! Write for style book.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. F
San Francisco Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bdwy., N.Y.
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

A Man Turns GOD



Souls at sea on a sinking ship—and some are doomed to die. Here's a drama based on actual, historic fact!

Here's how Paramount sends a ship to Davie Jones' locker—inside a studio sound stage. The whole scene is shot in a tank of water, but you'll be thrilled just the same!

A GOOD sea drama, in the eyes of Hollywood, must contain plenty of thrills, large portions of strong characterizations, and a bit of love interest if it will fit in. The success of M-G-M's great saga, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, was attributed at least partly to the fact that it represented the actual adventures of human beings. So Hollywood is inclined to add historical background as another sound attribute for strong sea stuff.

This month SCREEN BOOK has found a film that fills all these requirements so magnificently that the nation will march en masse to village theatres and city movie palaces to see Paramount's "super production," *Souls at Sea*.

We do not care to spoil the drama of this picture by telling you too much of its plot. We must warn you, however, that it is "strong medicine." If you are prepared to see Gary Cooper and George Raft hanging by their thumbs from a yard-arm of a British patrol boat, then we feel fairly safe in predicting that you can take what follows.

Cooper and Raft are in this plight because they were caught aboard a slaver in the year of 1841. Torture was considered a rapid means of gaining confessions from the pair. Raft finally agrees to reveal their story, and for the moment matters improve.

Not very long after, these two men, having won their freedom at Liverpool, are again at sea. This time passengers on the boat include Frances Dee, with whom Cooper has become enamored, and Olympe Bradna, who has won Raft's affections.

Had this voyage to America moved serenely to a close, no good reason would exist for *Souls at Sea*. But when a madman sets fire to the ship, drama takes the wheel and speeds us toward a tremendous climax.

In the subsequent uproar the ship loses its commander and Cooper takes charge. The ship is doomed. Cooper realizes the life boat will hold only a portion of those aboard the sinking boat. Facing the crisis as he sees it, Cooper arbitrarily dooms a group to remain aboard the ill-fated craft with him.

That is the story you are going to see. We have not told you the finishing chapter, nor do we intend to. There is

for a Day

a twist which alters circumstances considerably. You should see it for yourself.

Souls at Sea carries for us a brooding sense of disaster from the very start, but this feeling does not disturb our enjoyment of the story for one moment. Director Henry Hathaway has timed his picture superbly. Photography which rivals that of *Mutiny on the Bounty* enhances every scene.

This is the sort of picture that carries tremendous appeal for Gary Cooper. He responds as he did in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer,* a few seasons ago. At one moment he is stern and relentless; at the next he is a very human sort of fellow. Always he faces the problems ahead unflinchingly. A strong hero, in our opinion.

George Raft does not have equal opportunity with his good friend, but those who doubt this second Valentino's ability to act will have reason to reconsider. *Souls at Sea* should help Raft immeasurably. Henry Wilcoxon plays a heavy role triumphantly. Frances Dee and Olympe Bradna do their best in a story for men. A doctor might report them as "doing as well as could be expected." The description is quite adequate.

Almost as interesting as the picture itself is the factual story which inspired the film. Although *Souls at Sea* has wandered far from the historical facts, its basic premise is exactly the same, with human life parceled away on similar terms.

George Raft, Frances Dee and Gary Cooper have three of the most important roles in *Souls at Sea*

DO YOU USE THE RIGHT SHADE OF FACE POWDER?

Beige Face Powder Made Her Look Like This! ☛

Rachel Made Her Look Like This! ☛

By *Lady Esther*

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder.

It's still more amazing what it does to them!

As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

A Common Mistake

The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

There is only one way to choose your shade of face powder and that is by trying on all ten basic shades. Maybe the shade you think least suited to you is your most becoming and flattering. Thousands of women have been surprised.

The Test That Tells!

I want you to see if you are using the right shade of face powder or whether you should be using some other shade. So, I offer you all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder to try on, free of charge.

Try on each of the ten shades as if you had never used face powder before. Maybe you'll make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe you'll find a shade that will completely "youthify" your appearance.

Mail the coupon today for the ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which will settle once and for all whether you are using the right shade or not.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (33) **FREE**

Lady Esther, Ltd., 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________________

*Address*__________________________

*City*________________*State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

WOMEN! BE SMART

Don't be victims of old-fashioned prudery and stupidity

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT

FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the married woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem...Happy when she lives *without fear*...Prevents that agonizing worry which upsets so many marriages...*Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now bring you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use...*greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

FREE—Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 554 New Brunswick, N. J.

IN 12 INDIVIDUAL GLASS VIALS — $1 PER BOX OF TWELVE

Zonitors

MADE BY ZONITE

REAL LIFE STORY

TIRED ALL THE TIME

SHE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO

FEELS LIKE NEW!

THANKS TO CLEVER WIFE..

HE wasn't himself. Had too many restless nights, too many tired days. Seemed to lose his ambition. But his clever wife was too smart to let this go on. She insisted that he try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and he found out what a surprising difference it made to use a laxative of entirely vegetable origin. He didn't mind taking NRs at all, they were so gentle, and non-habit forming. They simply made him feel like a new man. Get a 25c box at any drugstore today.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

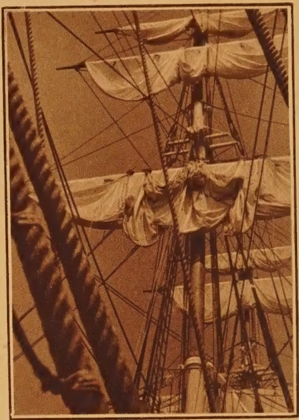
FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 90E-15 St. Louis, Mo.

Modern civilization had forgotten the great sea drama of April 19, 1841. Nearly a hundred years ago this story occupied the entire front page of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The fact that the Ledger was to celebrate an anniversary recently brought to light our appalling sea yarn.

Browsing in musty files, an employee came upon an account of the trial of Alexander William Holmes for manslaughter on the high seas.

On the night of April 19, the packet William Brown rammed an iceberg off the coast of Newfoundland and began to sink. There were 81 persons aboard, with two lifeboats available carrying no more than 30 persons.

Eight persons boarded the jollyboat with the captain. Thirty-two crowded into the longboat with Chief Officer Francis Rhodes. Thirty-one others, on bended knee, went down with the packet. About half of them were women.



With the dawn the two lifeboats parted. Holmes, one of the crew who had shown both bravery and terrorism in the crisis, took charge of the larger craft. Finding the boat too crowded, Holmes formed a jury with another sailor and the negro cook. Seven persons were doomed. James Black was not thrown overboard because it was their policy man and wife should not be separated. After Frank Askins had been cast away, one of his two sisters protested. Both women were thrown overboard. No separations . . .

Later both small boats were picked up by passing ships. Holmes was brought to trial amid great furore. He was convicted and served six months in prison before going back to sea.

The Ledger's story came to the attention of Ted Lesser, assistant to Paramount's president, Adolph Zukor. After three months of research, famous screen writer Grover Jones began work on the scenario. In his story only the premise of a self-appointed God on earth was retained.

The director: Henry Hathaway was born in Sacramento, Calif., not quite 35 years ago. His parents were troupers, his cradle their trunk. In 1906, when his mother joined the American Film Company in Arizona, Henry Hathaway became a child film actor. During the war he was an artillery instructor in San Francisco. Returning later to the movies, he became a property man, an assistant director, and finally a director. Henry turned out a number of westerns before he finally achieved great renown with *Lives of a Bengal Lancer.* Later big pictures under his care were *Peter Ibbetson, Trail of the Lonesome Pine,* and *Go West Young Man.*

The writer: Grover Jones grew up in the coal mines, became a sign painter in Terre Haute, Indiana. The same sort of work brought him to Hollywood. Eventually he too became a director of horse operas. He's been married nearly thirty years, has an adopted daughter. Chief hobby of Jones is printing. Sometimes he uses a linotype instead of a typewriter for a tool, and submits his product in galley proof. He is, among other things, a suspender snapper and cigar smoker.

Production facts: For this sea drama five long-nosed sailing vessels were required. To give them atmosphere Paramount built a Liverpool waterfront scene in the heart of Los Angeles' man-made harbor. Most important ships were the bark *Star of Finland,* once queen of the Alaskan fishing trade, and the schooner *Lottie Carson.* These ships were chartered. The other three were hired by the day as "atmosphere."

After three months of preliminary work, the picture was started on a sixty day shooting schedule, minimum. For deep sea sequences a company of 330 twice moved to the Isthmus of Catalina Island. Both ships were towed to sea by tugs. When the morning's fog would clear, Hathaway and his company would jam shoreboats, hasten to the ancient ships for a fast day's work while the light was good. Ship-to-shore communication was done by short wave radio and cable telephone from the island to the studio.

Most trying task was waiting for rough weather for storm scenes. After watching for weeks, Assistant Director Richard Talmadge and his crew were given a storm prediction which did not materialize after they broke their necks boarding ship. So they cruised for three days looking for trouble—and finally found it. The rough water stuff turned out to be corking atmosphere. Major pictures usually require great mobs of extras. Largest mob scene in this picture was only 500. Illustrations in the books of Charles Dickens served as models for the clothing. Cooper's was inspired from a Copperfield suit. Old Scrooge himself served another member of the cast. Stylist Travis Banton spruced up the ladies in the film with his own exclusive creations. Banton, when not designing clothes, clutters up his huge home with 18th century furniture and midnight blue walls. It's one of the private show houses of Hollywood. See SCREEN BOOK'S exclusive photos on page 46.

Hollywood Whispers

[*Continued from page* 12]

asked "so what does it mean?" And these, so help us, were the definitions:

1. A girl's name.
2. An old Biblical expression.
3. An Egyptian word.
4. A dessert made with ice cream.
5. An early European Emperor.
6. "Darned if I know!"

"Neither do we!" said the Marxes, "so out it goes."

If the Ritz Brothers had been asked, we bet they could have told the Marx Brothers, which reminds us that if *A Day at the Races* doesn't come out pretty soon, this whole country is going to be plumb exhausted with leffing—at the Ritz Brothers!

●

It looked like a big scene on the set of *High, Wide and Handsome*. The crew took a half hour setting up the lights and camera. The stand-in stood in for a half hour longer while they measured him for distance and lighting. Then the director, Rouben Mamoulian was told that everything was O. K.

"Ready! All right—let's go!" he ordered.

The assistant director bawled, "Quiet! Lights! Roll 'em!"

After a brief interval, the sound mixer announced, "Speed," and the microphone man uttered a cryptic cue number.

Mamoulian resumed with, "Camera—action!"

Then Akin Tamiroff, the actor who was the center of all this fuss, looked directly into the camera and uttered that particular sound known as "the razzberry," or sometimes the "Bronx cheer."

"Cut!" called Mamoulian, "that was perfect."

It was the shortest take on record—even if it did take an hour to catch the bird.

●

For once one of "the best dressed women on the screen," known to her playmates as Missie Lombard, is tossing that reputation to the dog fights, and it's going to break Travis Banton's heart if the young women of America pattern their clothes after Carole's "honky-tonk" creations for *Swing High, Swing Low*. Mr. Banton wants it known that the dresses she wears in the first part of the picture are the kind that a well-dressed young woman *shouldn't* wear, and hopes no one will be foolish enough to copy them. Carole is eager to be known as something besides a clothes horse, and so hopped into these clothes with a whoop.

●

Michael Whalen and Katharine DeMille have been going places together lately, but there was one night not long ago when Katharine snubbed her usual escort royally. They were *not* together on this particular evening, and Michael was sputtering along Santa Monica Boulevard in his fifth-hand Ford, when a tire blew. He got out and tried to bum a ride to the nearest garage, and Katie was in the first car which came along. But she passed him up without so much as a tumble.

● *"Look! See what she's got in her pocket...her baby! Isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"*

● *"Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? I'll tell you—just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful."*

● *"There!...Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice?...And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"*

Johnson's Baby Powder

● *"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—isn't it lovely and downy and soft? Never gritty like some powders. It keeps a baby's skin just perfect!" And that, Mothers, is the surest protection against skin infections! Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too!*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

DUART
Creme
of
milk
PERMANENT

New 2 PURPOSE LIPSTICK

MERLE OBERON
BEAUTIFUL STAR OF
SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
Beloved Enemy

Want a lipstick that's permanent?
. . . keeps your lips soft *too?*

Then here is the lipstick for you . . . Duart Creme of Milk Lipstick is *both* permanent and softening. The color stays on but your lips cannot be parched, cracked or dried out. With this new kind of lipstick they will stay smooth and youthfully moist all day long.

COLOR YOUR LIPS
WITH ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA SHADES

WINE is a dark vibrant color taken from the shimmering depths of burgundy wine. For brunettes with dark skin.

SPANISH is a daring red styled for the complexion of a flashing senorita.

DESERT FLAME is a brilliant youthful color for blondes, inspired by the flaming rays of sunset on the desert.

CINEMA is a new shade styled in Hollywood especially for wear at night under artificial light, or for medium complexions.

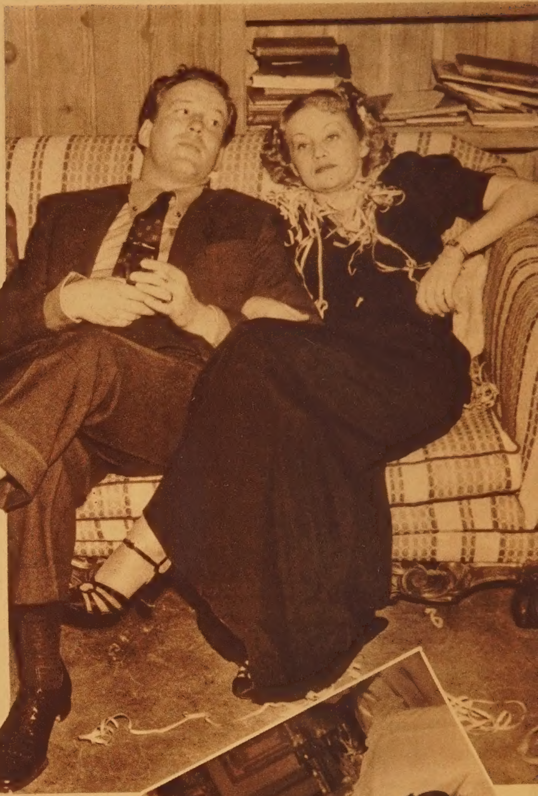
SEND FOR AND TRY THE GENEROUS 25¢ SIZE
LARGE REGULAR SIZE $1
At all Drug and Department Stores
Mark your shade—Mail Coupon

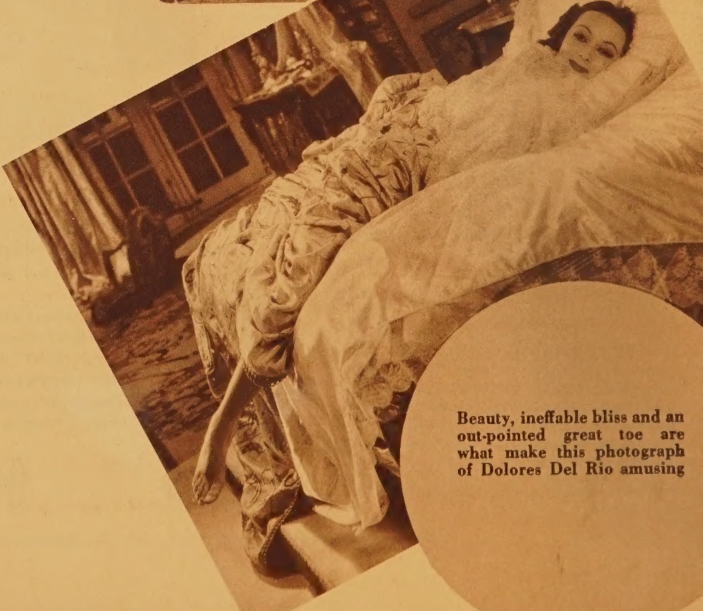
Duart, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin). Please send me the shade of lipstick marked below
☐ Wine ☐ Spanish ☐ Desert Flame ☐ Cinema

Name
Address
City *State* 14

NOTHING DOING!

The party is dying on its feet, and Paula Stone and Dick Foran look too terribly bored with the whole thing. Hours and hours ago it was fun though. You can tell by the serpentine around Paula





Beauty, ineffable bliss and an out-pointed great toe are what make this photograph of Dolores Del Rio amusing

Hollywood is a town of mild dissipation — and here are a few of its famous citizens in moments of feverish activity

Every dog has his day—and every dog has his moments of lugubrious relaxation. Wonder what goes on in Buck's mind at moments like this? Catch that gleam?

An accomplished cat-napper, Leslie Howard can sleep sitting up—and frequently does. This kind of thing can be embarrassing when a cameraman sleuths

WARNER BROS
VITAPHONE
PICTURES
19 CALIFORNIA
PC G 58

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND *in Warner's* **"CALL IT A DAY"**

THE Star of all permanent waves
★ Duart is the only wave recommended and endorsed by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild . . . Hollywood's "Supreme Court" of beauty.

On every motion picture screen you see beautiful Duart permanent waves . . . worn by Hollywood's loveliest stars. Proving, once and for all, that when beautiful hair is a *necessity,* Duart waves are the one★ and only choice. Remember, to ask for a Duart "TWO-TWELVE" wave . . . same as the stars get . . . your hairdresser will understand. Price depends on the artistic skill of the hairdresser you select.

DUART
PERMANENT WAVES

SEND FOR DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY
Pages of smart screen-tested hairstyles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—enclose 10c for postage and wrapping.

DUART, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed please find 10 cents for my copy of DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ *State* ____________ 14

TUNE IN · JOHN NESBITT'S "PASSING PARADE" NBC RED NETWORK

Hollywood★ PLAYS IN DUNDEERS

Irene Colman

Appearing in "Gold Diggers of 1937" a Warner Bros. production.

Sport's SMARTEST SHOE

Featherlight, hand-laced DUNDEERS are playtime favorites everywhere! See the exciting new models for active and spectator sports at leading shoe stores or write for name of nearest dealer. *Dundeer Department, International Shoe Company, 1509 Washington Ave., Saint Louis.*

Snap Sandal with changeable tongues in colors.

Poor English!

How much is it costing you in wasted opportunity?

Every day your associates are judging you—by what you say and how you say it! Hazy ideas, ill-chosen words, halting sentences, crude, slovenly speech—these mark a man as loose in thinking. Thoughts clear-cut, words that give true shape and color, sentences aflame with power and originality—these are the things that proclaim ability, that win for their users swift advancement. Stop apologizing for poor English—it's inexcusable! In the quiet of your home—with LaSalle's help—you can learn to speak and write with real distinction, learn to make the words you utter and the letters you compose stamp you as educated, cultured, a power to reckon with in the business world. Complete details in an attractive 32-page book, "Effective Business English," sent you free upon request. Ask for it TODAY.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 530-BE, Chicago

Our Critic Goes to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 25]

street. When Miss Larrimore finds it was a spite marriage she quits Arnold, goes back to the mid-west wheat fields and becomes a rural Joan of Arc to thwart farm-grabbing by Arnold and his henchmen. Arnold is shot. Miss Larrimore's love flares anew, he repents and romance takes a new lease on their lives.

When You're in Love—★★★

Columbia

Again proving herself a capable actress as well as a songbird of the highest rating, Grace Moore turns in a fine performance in *When You're in Love,* ably abetted by Cary Grant, a wandering artist, who turns up at opportune and inopportune moments in Miss Moore's life. They both purvey artistry that ranks high in things cinematic.

Although the story deals with an opera star and you may expect much music and song, you will find but six and these range from *Minnie the Moocher* to Schubert's *Serenade,* interspersed with a bit of *In the Gloaming, The Whistling Boy,* which touches the heart as Miss Moore sings it to scores of tots gathered about her in a rehearsal hall, and *Our Song,* a Jerome Kern number that highlights the film.

Grant marries Miss Moore for a fee so that she may overcome immigration restrictions while waiting for a quota number in Mexico, then falls in and out of love with her so often it keeps you guessing as to how this romantic road will finish.

As in the case with many celebrities, Miss Moore is surrounded by sycophants—leeches resented by Grant, who would lift the diva from a rather vacuous existence into something he thinks is real. Eventually she sees things his way, but not until she has nearly lost the man she once hated for his bluntness, but later learned to love.

When's Your Birthday?—★★

David Lowe

Lives lived according to the astrology pattern serve as the motivating force in *When's Your Birthday,* Joe E. Brown's initial picture under his new contract. Despite thinness of story, there are many humorous incidents, but this film is hardly up to the standard of previous pictures made by the wide-mouthed comedian.

Joe is an astrology addict and his eagerness to live by the stars loses him a romance with Suzanne Kaaren, brings him into disrepute as a waiter, leads him into difficulty as a fortune teller at a midway concession and ends with near defeat when he is forced into a prize fight when his aspects are adverse.

Marian Marsh, Joe's aide in the midway concession, carries the main heart interest, and Fred Keating, as his manager, provides much mirth.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney—★★

M-G-M

Given modern dialogue and several of M-G-M's top names, Fredrick Lonsdale's play, last seen on the screen with Norma Shearer in the leading role, takes on new life. With Joan Crawford in the "woman Raffles" name role, she is supported by such capable foils as William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Ralph Graves, Nigel Bruce and Benita Hume. There is vivid sparkle to the lines, novelty in situations, and finesse in the portrayals. The chief fault is that William Powell, in the butler role, is given too little to do for one of his capabilities.

Love Is News—★★★

20th Century-Fox

A go-getting reporter who stops at nothing to get his story is outsmarted by one of the "richest girls" whose foibles make front-page copy under his by-line. Tyrone Power is the scribe and Loretta Young, the rich girl, who scoops him at his own game, much to his chagrin and that of his all too-explosive city editor, played by Don Ameche. If you know nothing of the inside workings of a newspaper plant you will like *Love Is News.* It is fast-moving, rich in situations, is capably played by a large cast that includes Slim Summerville, Dudley Digges, Walter Catlett, Jane Darwell, Stepin Fetchit, Julius Tannen and others. Loretta Young gives her characterization of the "richest girl" a free-and-easy grace that shows you a new Loretta.

Quality Street—★★★

RKO

To those who have had doubts about Katie Hepburn of late, we suggest an immediate trip to the nearest theatre playing *Quality Street.* You've seen this whimsical play too often? Ah, but you haven't seen Katharine Hepburn as Miss Phoebe, and until you do, you haven't seen the 1937 conception!

There's no use telling the story over again, and there is no use in arguing that it's old stuff, for Hepburn neatly turns the tables this time on her critics and does her very best, which is plenty good enough. And she gets plenty of competition from a cast which includes Franchot Tone, Eric Blore, Fay Bainter, Cora Witherspoon, Florence Lake, Joan Fontaine and others.

A HOLLYWOOD PREVIEW!

. . . of the newest pictures is yours in MOVIE STORY Magazine, which presents enthralling story versions of your favorite movies. Many fans enthusiastically say that it adds to one's enjoyment of a picture if one has a chance to know what it's all about before attending.

In the May issue of MOVIE STORY you can read the romantic fictionized tale of the new Jean Harlow-Robert Taylor picture, *Personal Property,* and discover for yourself that it suits the magnetic personalities of these stars to the proverbial "T". Then, too, there's an engaging story about the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical, *Shall We Dance?,* as well as the thrilling story version of *Marked Woman,* the new Bette Davis starring film.

You'll like MOVIE STORY Magazine. 10 cents at all newsstands. Get acquainted with it now!

Lovers At War

[*Continued from page* 65]

are cameraed at Point Magu, on the Pacific Coast near Ventura, about sixty-five miles north of Hollywood. In a shell-shattered hall the Escadrille greets its new member. Bravado of imminent death enfolds the handsome newcomer.

Paul Muni, the jinx pilot, brings in his second bullet-riddled observer from an observation flight in murky fog. Sky-hawks leave the bar, pull the limp corpse out of his cockpit and carry him away while Muni looks on, in a daze. Resentment at his bleak record crinkles the atmosphere. Tension shatters when the captain barks, "Make out your report."

Young Hayward sympathizes. Soothing the crestfallen birdman, he volunteers to be Muni's observer. They become the most formidable equipage in the Escadrille. (Equipage means the combination of a pilot and observer.)

To make him appear older than his colleagues in death, Muni has grown a beard. We find in this picture a Muni combining the murder menace of *Scarface* and the benevolence of *Dr. Pasteur*. Cementing their buddyship, these two ironically rave to each other about their same woman. She is Helene to her husband, Denise to her lover.

Back of Point Magu lie languishing mountains. Furrowed fields and structural remnants scream the heavy hand of war. Equipment is 1916 mode, 1937 efficiency. To the last dab of paint beneath the cockpit, pursuit planes bear direct resemblance to the mechanical birds which played with bullets during the maelstrom.

Herlbert Hicks, a member of the real Lafayette Escadrille and later a captain in the Ninety-Sixth Pursuit Squadron of the American forces, flies a plane in the picture. His suggestions in detail helped the studio shape an authentic reproduction in spirit and technicality of the War.

Anton Litvak, director of *The Woman I Love*, lifted many of the flying scenes from *L'Escadrille*, French version of the same story which he megaphoned in Europe.

When Hayward gets leave, Muni gives him a letter for personal delivery to his wife. The triangle is tied into a knot on the Paris carnival set, the most colorful we see. The studio spent thousands of dollars to reconstruct this set on a sound stage, because lighting and sound conditions outside would have spoiled many of the effects. To get the huge ferris wheel in, they had to remove an entire wall from the stage. After all that trouble the gadget almost prods the roof.

Miriam Hopkins learns about the letter Hayward must deliver. Realizing that she cannot stave off the fatal errand which will reveal to Hayward that his sweetheart is his buddy's wife, she stares tearfully while soldiers on leave, families, gay blades and their frills mill all around her. Miriam Hopkins, the fine actress, must time after time induce these tears to get just the effect desired by meticulous Anton Litvak.

FUNNY thing, Litvak must direct her love-making with both Hayward and Muni for the picture—and her real-life heart interest is Litvak. He shows it by arranging every little matter for her comfort and convenience. Such tender solici-

[*Continued on page* 75]

THIS DEODORANT IS SO GREASY IT RUINS MY CLOTHES
YOU SHOULD USE THE NEW NON-GREASY ODORONO ICE

New... NON-GREASY CREAM DEODORANT VANISHES COMPLETELY, STOPS PERSPIRATION INSTANTLY!

NOW at last there is a non-greasy cream deodorant that does everything you want a deodorant to do.

The new Odorono Ice never messes up your clothes because it is absolutely not greasy. It is made on an entirely new principle. Just pat it on, and it disappears like a fine vanishing cream. No fuss or bother.

You will find its light, melting texture entirely different—delightfully cooling and refreshing on your skin. And it leaves no telltale odor to betray you. Its own fresh, clean odor of pure alcohol disappears at once.

And Odorono Ice, instead of just *covering up* perspiration odor temporarily, gently stops it for 1 to 3 days. Your armpit is really clean—grease-free, perspiration-free.

Odorono Ice is so easy to use, so dainty and yet so completely effective that 80 per cent of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used! Try it. You will be delighted! Buy a jar of the new Odorono Ice tomorrow—35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

ODO·RO·NO
Ice
STOPS PERSPIRATION
ENDS BODY ODOR

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

*ODO-RO-NO
NON-GREASY ICE

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 5-A-7. 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name________________
Address________________
City State

See Marion Talley in "Follow Your Heart"—A Republic Picture—Hear Her in the Ry-Krisp Program Every Sunday Afternoon, NBC.

Marion Talley SAYS

"I must be sure my wardrobe is safe from MOTHS"

YOUR clothes are just as important to you. Now *get rid* of moth dangers as movie stars do. Spray with Larvex *today*.

Spraying with Larvex is the complete safeguard advised by scientists and used by manufacturers of costly woolens. It penetrates to the very center of every woolen fibre. Moths starve to death rather than eat the fabric.

Odorless, stainless, Larvex does away with the clothes storage problem, too, for one Larvex spraying lasts a full 12 months.

Spray with Larvex today and forget the moth problem this year!

LARVEX ODORLESS NON INFLAMMABLE One spraying mothproofs a whole

Mothproof with LARVEX and be sure

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Mayonnaise Made Easier

[*Continued from page 21*]

meats, fish and seafood require tart, even harsh dressings; strong flavored vegetables like cabbage will take equally pronounced flavors, like mustard; delicate vegetables need a lighter dressing; while fruits, sweet and juicy, are supreme if a small amount of whipped cream is added to the salad just before serving.

Here are some suggestions for using mayonnaise with variations; and for each of these suggestions *use 1 cup of mayonnaise* for the base and add the following ingredients:

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

4 tablespoons chili sauce
3 tablespoons tomato catsup,
1 tablespoon minced green pepper,
3 tablespoons minced sweet red pepper, and more vinegar
(For vegetables)

CREAM DRESSING

1 teaspoon sugar
Grains salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
⅓ cup heavy whipped cream
(For delicate vegetables—asparagus, etc.)

FROZEN DRESSING

2 tablespoons lemon or lime juice
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
(For fruit salads)

CREAM CHEESE DRESSING

2 packages sweet cream cheese, mashed and beaten
4 tablespoons Roquefort cheese
(For fruit salads—grapefruit, etc.)

HORSERADISH DRESSING

1 tablespoon grated horseradish
(For meats, beets)

RUSSIAN DRESSING

¼ cup chili sauce.
(For ham, vegetables)

TARTARE DRESSING

2 tablespoons minced sour gherkins
1 teaspoon capers,
1 tablespoon minced stuffed olives
(For fish, seafood)

There are persons who do not care for the flavor of olive oil. For them this new, easier method, using sweetened condensed milk, brings many delicious dressings to suit their palate. Also, such mayonnaise is ideal for those who count their calories and fear to enjoy salads because of a rich dressing. Here is such a dressing, "so simple a child can make it":

OIL-LESS DRESSING

1 egg yolk
1⅓ cups sweetened condensed milk
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup vinegar

Have egg and milk thoroughly chilled. Beat yolk well until thick and lemon-colored. Add other ingredients in order listed, beating in each one before adding the next. Allow dressing to stand a few moments before using.

Cole-slaw is a prime salad favorite, especially with men, and is also a most desirable and piquant "side dish" to oysters, fried scallops, clams and fish. Good cole-slaw used to demand an elaborate "boiled dressing" made with much pains in the double boiler, and again which showed every sign of temperamental curdling, or separation of ingredients. But by using sweetened condensed milk, one may prepare in a jiffy a cole-slaw dressing of perfectly smooth consistency:

COLE-SLAW DRESSING

½ cup sweetened condensed milk
½ cup vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Blend spices in vinegar. Slowly add vinegar to the condensed milk and stir until thoroughly blended. Have about 3 cups white new cabbage finely shredded or chopped. Soak in ice water 1 hour, then drain and dry. Mix with dressing, adding ½ cup minced green pepper if desired.

Another use for this universal mayonnaise is not as a finishing garnish or sauce, but as a basic ingredient of the dish itself. Thus many recipes for company salads, salad-loaf or salad-mold, call for 1 cup or so of mayonnaise in with other ingredients. This produces an especially smooth, rich, chilled custard consistency with additional "body" to make the dish hold up well, even in face of hot weather or delays in serving. One particularly glamorous recipe for Chicken-Olive Mold uses 1 full cup of mayonnaise in the mixture. (This is a perfect buffet or luncheon main dish, and the recipe will be sent to all those who write in asking for it.)

Another point, the economy angle, must also be considered by the practical homemaker-on-a-budget. When olive oil is used in the typical old-fashioned mayonnaise recipe, the cost averages around 30 cents per cup of mayonnaise. However, when sweetened condensed milk is used, the finished dressing (about 1¼ cups) costs only 17 cents, or a 12-cent saving on every cup of dressing! This is a considerable economy when one estimates the quantity of mayonnaise used in even a week by the average family.

A last word—and that is that sweetened condensed milk must be asked for and used, and not some other type of canned milk which may be equally excellent for other purposes but which provides no "magic" for mayonnaise!

Some one has said that "salads are food poems," if you have the soul and skill to create them! They satisfy every woman's love of beauty as well as appetite.

LET ME SEND YOU

a leaflet on "Success With Salads". You will enjoy the dressings featured, among them Golden Salad Dressing, Honey Whipped Cream Dressing, and Mayonnaise Mazarin. Mail all requests to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Eastern office of SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Lovers At War

[*Continued from page* 73]

tude of director for actor baffles one when seen in Hollywood, but in spite of that this temperamental pair have little spats from the tension of their work together making this picture.

The director got his English balled up on this set one day. Desiring Hopkins' stand-in immediately he shouted, "Pleeze, pleeze, where, oh where, is Miss Hopkins' step-in!"

During one carnival scene the huge ferris wheel jarred to a stop while Hayward and Hopkins were in mid-air. They hung there, like stars in heaven, for three hours. At first, thinking it was a gag, Miriam smiled. Time fled and she boiled over. Finally technicians convinced her that a motor pulley on the wheel had broken down. Scarcity of such parts in Hollywood made the delay inevitable. Prop men secured a long ladder for the rescue, but being improperly attired, the star declined to make the descent. Hayward consented to remain with her as company. Box lunches were sent up to them at the noon hour.

ALL concession advertisements at the fair are in French. A barker screams, "Come take a tour through Hell!" The devil's gateway yawns as a huge Satanic maw, War-time atmosphere predominates every gadget on the grounds, with German soldiers in the shooting gallery instead of tin rabbits or ducks. Marksmen plugging a common soldier win a Croix de Guerre, but dead-eyes splatting a German officer gain a legion d'honor award.

War and mass death stalk through most phases of production, but a real-life near-disaster happened on this pleasure set when Louis Hayward was shooting at the targets to win a marksman's award. One of the .22-calibre rifle bullets ricocheted and penetrated Assistant Director James Anderson's chin. For the remainder of the scene a bullet-proof glass cage was installed and workers wore plug-proof goggles and masks.

Accurate reproduction of such details as this for pictures of recent history baffle research experts far more than historic sagas four or five centuries old. Reference material for more distant times is regimented and organized while that for recent periods must be sifted from the tremendous mass available. Furthermore, many people actually on the scenes two decades ago are only too willing to pick to pieces little details they remember.

THE love story develops as Hayward discovers his sweetheart's other identity. It thickens as he sours on his best friend, Muni. It crackles and snaps as Hopkins comes to the front, Muni learns of the situation. It unravels and the flood waters calm as Hayward is shot down.

Muni hospitalizes in Paris. Hopkins, who doesn't realize her husband knows about the other man, sits by the bed holding Muni's hand. Wally Albright, playing Hayward's little brother, enters and tearfully asks if his brother suffered.

Muni tells him death came swiftly, but not before Hayward's last words asked for his mother and brother.

The lad leaves and Muni portrays nobility by saying softly to his wife (Helen to him, Denise to Hayward), "I had to lie to the boy, but the dying youth's last words were for a girl named Denise."

DON'T BE A VICTIM OF A "SKIN GAME"!

Wrong Shade Powder Can Hide Half Your Beauty—Try My Glorious New Face Powder—FREE!

Dear Madam:

Do you look years older than you need to—just because you are using the wrong shade of face powder?

Don't be fooled any longer with the outlandish old notion that you are a "type" and that you are *condemned* to use only a certain "shade-name" of face powder. This is a "skin game" where you are bound to lose—because dozens of "Rachel" powders are different from each other in actual color, make different tones of your skin jump out. The same is true of "Natural", "Brunette" and other shades of face powder, all are different in color. No one can say what shade of face powder *YOU* should use for the loveliest, most enchanting effect. You must discover this for yourself.

How can you be *sure* of finding the *one* face powder which ends that sallow, older, powdery, "false face" look—

How to Tell Which Is Right

First, forget all about "types." You are more than a mere "type." You're an individual and you want to make people remember you as an individual. So sit down before your mirror and test all five *new* shades of my LOVELY LADY Face Powder—*see* for yourself which reveals that *individual YOU* most delightfully, most charmingly.

Artist, colorist, cosmetician tests *prove* that the five basic shades of my face powder cover every complexion color need—because all five shades have BALMITE which blend LOVELY LADY'S beautiful, soft color tones more harmoniously, more flatteringly with the tones of your skin. BALMITE ends harsh, raw powder colors that clash with skin-color tones.

Stays on 3 to 5 Hours

BUT you will discover that one shade of my face powder above all others is most becoming to you. You'll recognize which shade this is as soon as you try them all—before your mirror, where your face powder stands or falls.

Test All 5 Shades at My Expense

See which skin tones you *should* emphasize—which makes you most attractive, youngest. Make the comparison that *really proves* which one face powder shade you should use—sit before your mirror and test them. I'll supply you with generous vanity size samplers of all five shades free. Just send me the coupon now.

Sincerely,
Lovely Lady

ON SALE AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

FREE

LOVELY LADY 57
605 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder. Include a week's supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name..

Street..

City............................*State*..................
Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelope

"Your Eyes have Told Me So"

Music in the air—romance in your eyes. Tell him with your eyes—for beautiful eyes may say what lips dare not. The charm of alluring eyes can be yours — instantly, easily, with just a few simple touches of Maybelline Mascara — to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant.

No longer need you deny yourself the use of make-up for your most important beauty feature — your eyes. You can avoid that hard, "made-up" look that ordinary mascaras give by using either the new Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, or the popular Maybelline Solid-form Mascara—both give the soft *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Loveliness demands — eyebrows softly, gracefully, expressively formed. For this, use the largest-selling, smoothest-marking Eyebrow Pencil in the world — by Maybelline.

Complete loveliness demands — the final, exquisite touch of eyelids softly shaded with a subtle, harmonizing tint of Maybelline Eye Shadow — it means so much to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. The preference of more than 11,000,000 discriminating women the world over.

Maybelline
Maybelline
Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
Maybelline Eye Shadow

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in brilliant gold vanity—Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Mabelline Cream-form Mascara, with brush in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Tested ★ Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

The Postman Rings

[*Continued from page* 14]

$10.00 Prize Letter

A Halo For Hollywood

AS A ministerial student, I watched with misgivings the motion pictures of the past few years. But, when such worthy pictures as *Mutiny on the Bounty, San Francisco, The Story of Louis Pasteur, Green Pastures,* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* are rated among the ten best pictures of the year, I cannot see how even the most conservative person can complain about the immorality and degrading effects of motion pictures. Personally, I believe that any of the "Big Ten of '36" could be recommended to any audience. So, congratulations to Hollywood for a definite improvement in screen productions.—*Gordon S. Huffman, Schenk Divinity Hall, Capital University, Columbus, Ohio.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Long Live the Gaffer!

WHILE bouquets are being tossed about and pet peeves brought up for airing, I'd like to get something off my chest that has been there for a long time. As Mr. and Mrs. Theatregoer gasp with wonder at the magnificent scenes passing before their eyes, they sing praises to the actors, directors, camera men, producers, and authors if they are lucky enough to get forwards along with the other august personages.

But Mr. and Mrs. Theatregoer could hardly be expected to know much about that great company of electricians whose skill in painting with light is the thing that gives glamor to the commonplace and beauty to faces that may never have been beautiful at all. At least the lighting foreman or gaffer should have his name on the screen along with the rest of the staff. It is he who must work while the others are sleeping, preparing for a new day, and it is he who must still be on the job when the company assembles again. Long live the gaffer! But it's a hard life.—*Mrs. Dessa M. Saxton, 11132 La Maida Street, North Hollywood, Calif.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Personal Appearances Preferred

PERSONAL appearances! How that name has changed. Not so long ago a fading star would try to earn a few ducats by appearing in the flesh. Fans simply paid admission at another theatre.

But now! The star of stars appears in person. Standing room only signs are posted all day long. The popularity of the star doubles in a single week. The theatre grows richer and everybody feels he gets his money's worth in a personal appearance.—*Mildred Reed, 124 Orchard St., Somerville, Mass.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Well, Well!

LIKE the bucket that went to the well once too often, many of the stars make too frequent screen appearances.

Loss of popularity may often be caused by too long screen absences, but the public can become weary of seeing a player just a little too much. Norma Shearer hasn't made many movies in the last two or three years; yet when she did make one, how the box-office receipts went up! Greta Garbo doesn't suffer from vacations, either.

Bing Crosby, Shirley Temple and Robert Taylor are three who come to my mind who should be given a little rest in order to make the public appreciate them more.—*S. K. Parkhurst, 6220-37th N. W., Seattle, Washington.*

$1.00 Prize Letter
Unfair?

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is being very unfair to Robert Taylor. They are rushing him from one role to another without very much thought or consideration as to the suitability of the parts. His appeal is "tops" at the box office right now, and they are determined to cash in on it, no matter at what price.

History does repeat itself, and I can't forget that not so long ago another handsome and talented young man was riding the wave of popularity as Mr. Taylor is today. Like M-G-M, this young man's studio rushed him from one silly role to another. Magazines carried his opinions on matters of love, marriage and whatnot. However today we hardly hear of him. He is now very successful as an orchestra leader, but Buddy Rogers' career on the screen was very short.

That is why we admirers of Bob Taylor wish M-G-M would take a little more time in turning out his pictures, and make sure each one is worthy of the talents he possesses. We can't imagine the movies five years from now without him, but that is exactly what M-G-M is heading for.—*Fulton King, Weyers Cave, Va.*

That Bob Taylor is worked consistently and hard by M-G-M, no one can deny. But this policy does not necessarily spell his downfall, since it has worked admirably with other studio personalities as Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, etc. Furthermore, would readers consider Taylor's role in *Camille* to be inferior or injurious?—The Editor.

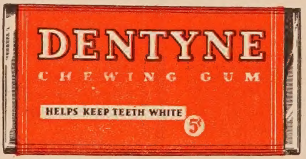
Turning the tables! Here Una Merkel takes comb in hand to do for her hairdresser, Lowell Thompson, work Mrs. Thompson does for Una in RKO's *Once Over Lightly*

"I'd be an eskimo!"

He hasn't many comforts—but I'm plenty envious of one thing that old Eskimo has! He enjoys good teeth!... His teeth are kept strong and healthy, as Nature intended, by exercise on the tough chewy foods of primitive man's diet.

Even Eskimos when they change to soft, civilized foods, find that their teeth and gums suffer from too little wholesome exercise.

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER! We civilized folk find Dentyne a wonderful, natural aid to mouth health. Its specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing, gives teeth and gums healthful exercise. It works in Nature's own way to help you keep your mouth healthy, gums pink and firm, teeth sound and white! **LOADED WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR!** —Just taste Dentyne for yourself — that fragrant pink rectangle is loaded with mellow, spicy flavor! And notice the flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature)—made to park so neatly and handily in your pocket or purse.



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

LOVELY EYES
look lovelier with

WINX

"A girl's best friend is her eyes . . . and her eyes' best friend is WINX." For WINX Mascara darkens your lashes—makes them look twice as long and twice as beautiful. It gives your eyes allure in a lovely natural way. Always ask for WINX—solid, creamy, or liquid—because WINX Mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tearproof.

Use the other WINX Eye Beautifiers too! WINX Eyebrow Pencil makes scraggly eyebrows graceful and fascinating. And a touch of WINX Eye Shadow on your eyelids intensifies the color of your eyes. This very day—make your eyes look lovelier with WINX! In economical large sizes at drug and department stores; liberal purse sizes at all 10c stores.

WINX Eye Beautifiers

MOTHER OF THREE EARNS $32-$35 A WEEK

● "Thanks to Chicago School of Nursing, I have been able to support my three children and keep my home together," writes Mrs. A. E., Waterbury, Conn. And Mrs. E. is only one of thousands of men and women who have found that C.S.N. training opens the way to a well-paid dignified profession!

C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as $25 to $35 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing-homes. This easy-to-understand course, successful for 38 years and endorsed by physicians—enables men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. McE. took her first case before completing the 7th lesson and earned $400 in three months!

High school not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Easy tuition payments.

Decide *now* to send for "Splendid Opportunities in Nursing," which shows you how you can win success as a nurse!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 85, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name ....

City.................... State........ Age.....

And So To Bed

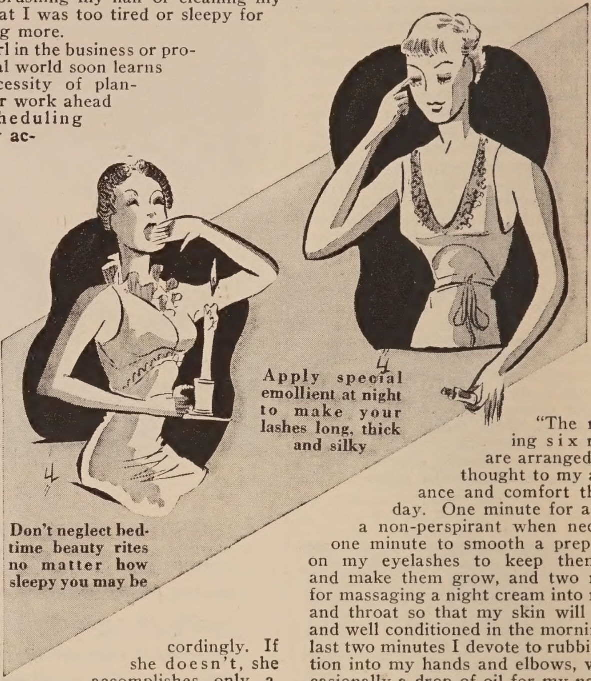
[*Continued from page* 60]

care and then try to make up for it by giving my skin and hair special attention the next day. But I soon found that a few minutes' care at night is worth an hour's effort in the morning."

Looking unusually small and childish in a pair of brown slacks and flat-heeled oxfords, Frances swung one small foot back and forth as she talked. The red-hot-and-blue quality of her singing voice is belied by an extremely shy personality and a matter-of-fate simplicity of manner.

"I decided," Frances continued, "that the reason a night-time beauty routine loomed so large was because I was dawdling over details, giving so much time to whatever I happened to do first, whether it was brushing my hair or cleaning my face, that I was too tired or sleepy for anything more.

"A girl in the business or professional world soon learns the necessity of planning her work ahead and scheduling her day accordingly. If she doesn't, she accomplishes only a fraction of what she otherwise could.



Don't neglect bedtime beauty rites no matter how sleepy you may be

Apply special emollient at night to make your lashes long, thick and silky

"I applied the same principle to beauty care and made a list of every step to be accomplished in a simple but adequate routine before going to bed. By experimenting I found just how many minutes were actually needed for each step and was surprised to learn that the complete routine could be finished in thirty minutes.

"FIRST of all, I brush my hair for five minutes to remove dust and to keep it soft and glossy. Then I spend two minutes pushing the waves into place, pinning up stray curls that need special attention and tying on a net cap. The cap protects my hair from cream and soap while cleansing my face and keeps my hair orderly during the night. That makes just seven minutes devoted to my hair.

"Then I whisk into the bathroom, dump a few bath salts or a few drops of bath oil into the tub and turn on the water. While the tub is running, I apply cleansing cream to face and neck and remove with a tissue, which takes approximately three minutes. Brushing my teeth and using a mouth antiseptic requires another two minutes.

"By this time the tub is filled and I allow twelve minutes for a warm bath. To be exact, ten minutes for the bath and two minutes for drying and dusting with bath powder.

"The remaining six minutes are arranged with a thought to my appearance and comfort the next day. One minute for applying a non-perspirant when necessary, one minute to smooth a preparation on my eyelashes to keep them silky and make them grow, and two minutes for massaging a night cream into my face and throat so that my skin will be soft and well conditioned in the morning. The last two minutes I devote to rubbing a lotion into my hands and elbows, with occasionally a drop of oil for my nails."

To slight the proper cleansing and lubricating of the skin is a dangerous neglect no girl can afford, even for a single night. The pores work twenty-four hours a day eliminating waste material which, if left on the skin, causes enlarged pores, blackheads and other blemishes. The skin should be given the same opportunity to recuperate during the night as tired bodies and jumpy nerves.

To do a good job of anything you must have the proper tools, and beauty care is no exception. A routine such as Frances Langford's is feasible only when you can lay your hands immediately on every item needed to carry it through. When one considers the results in good grooming and time saved, the cost of adequate equipment seems very small.

A net cap similar to the one Frances wears to protect her hair, can be had at small cost. One manufacturer offers a selection of chin-tie and turban models with dainty pastel pipings, at 25c and 50c.

If you are a rambunctious sleeper and wake up to find your head surrounded by a nest of curlers that were *supposed* to be on your hair instead of on the pillow, you'll appreciate these form-fitting caps that keep waves and curlers under control. Brush your hair, put the ends up with your favorite curling gadget, tie on your cap, and you'll not only be doing right by your curls but will save yourself no end of time and grief in the morning. Do you want the name of the cap described?

WE HEAR a great deal about imagination in dress and imagination in home decoration—and here's to a little imagination in the bath! There is relaxation and release to be gained at the end of a strenuous day in such useful objects as a long-handled bath brush, colorful woolly towels, firm white soap and fragrantly scented bath water.

One of the most convenient and pleasant ways of scenting the bath is with a pungent bath oil which offers the additional advantages of softening the water and leaving the skin smooth and daintily perfumed. Such an oil, of which I'll be glad to send you the name, is so highly concentrated that only six to eight drops are needed to soften and scent a whole tub of water. This particular oil, too, is soluble in water and won't form a ring on the tub. Packaged in attractive flacon at $5.50, which will last a long, long time.

Since soap plays such an important role in the matter of pleasant bath, it should not be relegated to hit and miss selection. Choose a soap that has a light clean fragrance and one that lathers freely but does not grow mushy in warm water. A few cents will buy a soap of these manifold virtues and I'd like to send you the name if you are interested. It releases a rich white lather for thorough cleansing but is bland enough for the most sensitive skin.

Palmists to the contrary, a girl's fate is more easily divined by the lines of her face than by the lines in the palm of her hand—and you can depend on it that the fewer the lines, the brighter the future! To keep the skin soft and smooth, the natural oils which are lost through exposure and constant cleansing, must be replaced by artificial means. This applies particularly to the girl whose skin is dry and flaky. At night, after the pores have been freed of dirt and cosmetics, is the logical time to get in this repair work, as few girls are at leisure long enough during the day to permit the complete absorption of an emollient cream.

One prominent manufacturer offers in his line of cosmetics a texture cream designed for night use that contains all the necessary oils for keeping the skin in perfect condition. A thin film of the cream massaged into face and throat before going to bed is sufficient to lubricate the skin and to give your face a dewy freshness in the morning. It has a dainty fragrance and comes in attractive scarlet and white jars in two sizes, at 50c and $1.00. Would you like to have the brand name?

The eyelashes, small but mighty in effect, should certainly come in for their share of attention in a night-time beauty routine. Putting them to bed with loving care is the least you can do toward creating a devastating frame for your eyes. In the interests of eye beauty I would like to recommend a tonic cream that will do wonders in giving the lashes a silky luster and, if applied with faithful regularity, will definitely help to promote their

[*Continued on page 81*]

WAKE UP *Mary!*

It's a grand old world and you're missing it

YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—*and that was that.*

WAKE UP, MARY!

• • •

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their aloneness.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with Mum!

No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm — and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum — you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration — the unpleasant odor — and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don't let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS

Know what complete freedom from doubt and fear of this cause of unpleasantness can really mean.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Simple Skin Care

·Yet it brings satisfying results

JUST cleanse your skin thoroughly—*at least once a day*—with warm water and Resinol Soap, using a clean wash cloth made fluffy with the light, foamy lather. Enjoy its tonic-like Resinol fragrance as it gently but deeply cleanses and stimulates the tiny pores. No harsh ingredients to roughen or irritate. Rinse well and pat dry, and see how velvety soft your skin feels.

To any little pimply spot, cold sore, chapped place, or like surface irritation, apply Resinol Ointment. Its oily base enables the Resinol medication to quickly relieve the soreness and hasten healing.

All druggists sell Resinol Soap and Ointment. Start this simple skin care today and enjoy the pleasing results. Sample free. Write Resinol, Dept. 3-A, Baltimore, Md.

Guaranteed Good Housekeeping Bureau

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

GRAY HAIR
takes on new color

(**FREE** Test Shows Way)

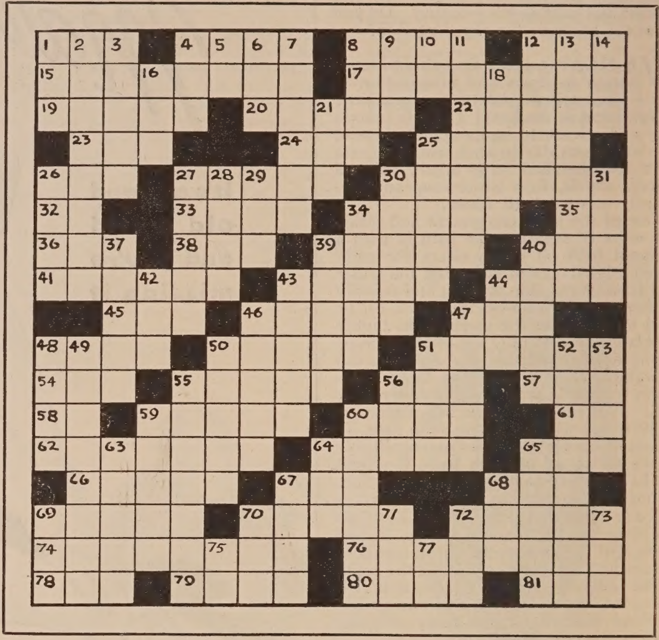
No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing . . . Hair stays soft, lustrous —takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it FREE ~ We send Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3042 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name...
Street...
City.......................State..............
Color of your hair?...............................

TRY THIS CROSSWORD!



HORIZONTAL

1. Shirley Temple will play "——— Willie Winkie."
4. He's in "We Who Are About To Die."
8. Martha Raye's name in "Rhythm on the Range."
12. Formerly Wheeler and Woolsey's leading lady.
15. Screen name of Mrs. Fredric March.
17. Gloria Swanson's escort (or Daddy in "Make Way for a Lady").
19. Closed car.
20. ——— Ferguson, old time star.
22. Late.
23. Direct at.
24. To be ill.
25. Mexican actress seen in "Winterset."
26. "——— Way Passage."
27. Swedish player of orientals.
30. "Arizona ———" starred Larry Crabbe.
32. Achieve.
33. Jean Muir leads in "Lords of the ———."
34. Masculine nickname.
35. Near.
36. Turn from the right.
38. "The ——— of Madeline Claudet."
39. A hobgoblin.
40. She was in "The Gay Desperado."
41. Sowed.
43. Sensational new skating star.
44. "Mine With the ——— Door."
45. One of "Three Smart Girls."
46. Apportions.
47. Given name of Miss Dooley.
48. Russian actress.
50. Chairs.
51. Husband of Jessie Matthews Hale.
54. "The Years ——— So Long."
55. Popsy in "Spendthrift."
56. Fragment of cloth.
57. "——— of the Trail."
58. That is (abbr.).
59. Given name of Miss Lamont.
60. Fred's wife in "Farmer in the Dell."
61. Printer's measure.
62. The Great Garbo plays this title role.
64. What does the final M in M-G-M stand for?
65. Masculine name.
66. Screen name of Anita Counahan.
67. Western player in "Aces and Eights."
68. Curved line forming the segment of a circle.
69. A husk.
70. Mrs. Bing Crosby.
72. A fanatic.
74. Nurse in "Reunion."
76. "——— Island."
78. Periods of time (abbr.).
79. Husband of "The Gorgeous Hussy."
80. Devine comedian.
81. Greek letter.

VERTICAL

1. Nickname of director of "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie."
2. Petite actress seen in "Clarence."
3. Father of five girls.
4. Storage place.
5. Comic star of "Let's Make a Million."
6. "——— of Indiscretion."
7. First name of Margaret Sullavan's bridegroom.
8. German character actor.
9. You'll see her in "Go West, Young Man."
10. "——— Deeds Goes To Town."
11. "Stepping Toes" is his next.
12. Great in size.
13. "Robin Hood of ———."
14. Contract bridge expert.
16. Male sheep.
18. "Way Out West" will co-star him.
21. Funny little sailor in "Born To Dance."
25. Late partner of Polly Moran.
26. Lyric poems.
27. One of the "Country Gentlemen."
28. Placed.
29. Lovely blonde actress now making films in England.
30. Christian name of Mr. Toomey.
31. Roach-M-G-M comedian.
34. Male lead in "Night Waitress."
37. Sister of Raquel Torres.
39. "Marked Woman."
40. Heroine of "High, Wide and Handsome."
42. "The Calling of ——— Matthews."
43. He's eating again in "To the Victor."
44. Male lead in "Stolen Holiday."
46. David Niven is her fiance.
47. First name of Ann Sothern's husband.
48. Turkish ketch.
49. "Jeeves."
50. She flies in "Without Orders."
51. Deceased comedian whose last role was in "The Man I Marry."
52. Bogart's wife in "The Great O'Malley."
53. First name of nurse in "Romeo and Juliet."
55. "Maid of Salem."
56. ——— Milland plays in "Jungle Princess."
59. This is preceded by de in the surname of a famous director.
60. Mrs. Errol Flynn.
63. Ditch around a fortress (pl.).
64. Pioneer cowboy star.
65. Debate.
67. A tooth, or spike.
68. Three toed sloths.
69. Mata Hari was one.
70. Young man in "One in a Million."
71. European sea eagle.
72. Reddish colored horse.
73. Beverage.
75. "And ——— They Were Married."
77. Nickname of the star of "Come and Get It."

Solution on page 85

And So To Bed

[*Continued from page* 79]

growth. The cream comes in a handy little tube, priced at only ten cents. Want the name?

With many girls there is a regrettable head-in-the-sand attitude on the subject of perspiration. Because they themselves do not detect its odor, they reason that no one else does—and mighty poor reasoning it is. No matter how chic her clothes or lovely her face, any girl who permits any evidence of perspiration or its odor is immediately criticized—even though she may have stepped from the bathtub just a few minutes before.

Since sweat glands are least active while we sleep, a non-perspirant, for lasting effect, should be applied just before going to bed. One non-perspirant that has been used with infallible success for many years can be applied in a twinkling and, if used according to directions, will give protection from two to three days.

Wash the underarms with soap and water, dry thoroughly and apply the non-perspirant directly from the bottle or, if you prefer, with a cotton swab. Allow to dry for a few minutes before putting on night attire and then in the morning, rinse your underarms in clear water. As simple as that for absolute protection against ruining clothing *and* friendships. For quicker effect, although proportionately less lasting, the non-perspirant may be used during the day by rinsing off as soon as dry. The cost is small and I'll be glad to send you the name.

Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 *Broadway, New York City, for names of products mentioned in foregoing article.*

BEAUTY SERVICE

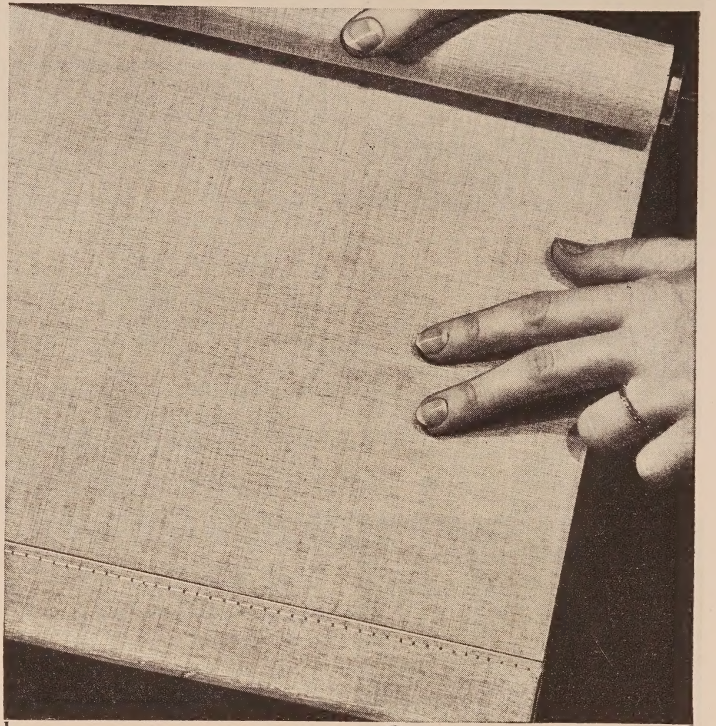
Are You Ready . . . for an unexpected invitation to dinner . . . for an impromptu week-end trip . . . for out-of-town callers?

Consult Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK'S beauty expert, for advice on "jiffy grooming." She will tell you how to check perspiration immediately, how to remove superfluous hair from limbs or face at a moment's notice, how to repair broken nails, a quick method of cleaning your hair.

This is a confidential service, without charge, and you may query Miss Lynn on any problems of beauty which trouble you. She will also give you up-to-the-minute tips on hair styles and the latest shades of rouge and nail polish to wear with the new Coronation colors.

Address Miss Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose stamped (3-cent U. S. stamp) self-addressed envelope for reply.

THIS WINDOW SHADE *Yours for* 15¢! IS IT "LINEN"?



NEW CLOPAY *Lintone* WINDOW SHADE
*3 OUT OF 4 MISTOOK IT FOR *Costly* CLOTH

Now Replace All Your Shabby Window Shades . . . BUY 10 FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

✱Here's startling proof that you need no longer pay high prices to get beauty and dignified appearance in window shades. A remarkable new process called "Lintone" now gives to CLOPAY fibre shades the actual appearance of genuine linen! In actual test 3 out of 4 seeing a new CLOPAY LINTONE beside a $1.50 shade only four feet away thought the LINTONE was the cloth shade!

If no one can see any difference in the looks, why pay the big difference in price? Millions of women have found that CLOPAY 15c shades *wear* as well as cloth shades. Now they *look* as well, too. A 15c LINTONE will never crack, ravel or pinhole. It will soil no quicker than the costliest shade and when it does you can afford to change at once—always have spic and span shades at a cost you will hardly notice. See the CLOPAY LINTONES, 15c (rollers 10c additional) now in all "5 and 10" and most neighborhood stores. Write for FREE SAMPLES of material. The CLOPAY CORP., 1325 Dayton St., Cincinnati, O.

New Process *Lintone* CLOPAY WINDOW SHADE 15¢

New, natural-looking beauty to make conquests for your eyes!
PINAUD SIX TWELVE 612
PINAUD'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA
PREPARED IN FRANCE

It duplicates Nature's most generous beauty gifts! Makes lashes look naturally silky, heavy and long. Permanent! Smudgeproof! Black, Brown, Blue and Green. Apply with or without water.

Complete your Eye make-up with

PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

Many interesting and exciting stories are in store for you in June SCREEN BOOK

The Bridegroom?

We Thought He Was HER FATHER!

A natural mistake, but easily made when the head lacks its natural adornment. Many a young man today looks years older because his hair is thin. And in nine cases out of ten the cause is neglect. If you want to keep the hair you have, begin at once to do a few sensible, practical things.

Wake Up Your Lazy Scalp

Don't expect an inactive scalp to grow active hair. Wake up your lazy scalp with frequent vigorous scalp rubs. Give your hair roots a chance. Don't tolerate dandruff.

TRY THIS TREATMENT

Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic. Use it two or three times weekly. Follow each application with a vigorous "wake up" scalp rub. Clinging dandruff will disappear. Your hair and scalp will be clean and free, and your scalp muscles will be more flexible and stimulated.

Ask Your Barber or Get a Bottle at Your Drug Store

Lucky Tiger FOR HAIR AND SCALP

LUCKY TIGER
DANDRUFF

Hollywood History Isn't Made at Night

[*Continued from page* 36]

I relaxed at the Brown Derby with Gordon Oliver and Phil Huston and Sam Levine. I carved my autograph in the bar of the Pat O'Brien playroom and shared the swimming pool with James Melton. I rode around in the Wally Fords' town car and had Scotch and sodas with Herbert Marshall at the house of a mutual friend.

And I staggered out into the hills surrounding the Mervyn Le Roys' house after they had started to screen the third feature picture for their guests! The stars and directors are the most rabid movie fans in the world. If you ever come to Hollywood, be sure and brush up on your bridge playing. It will be your only escape from the incessant discussion of pictures.

If you're not connected with a studio, be sure and impress upon everyone you meet that you're only visiting for a few weeks. Any girl who isn't in the public eye, and a celluloid eye at that, is a forgotten woman. The studio sets received my attention. But what goes on when the day's work is done?

You won't believe me, but Hollywood night life is made up of a preview and a sandwich. The fellows who step out during their New York visits are completely domesticated once the climate gets in their hair. If you've spent hours glamorizing yourself for a handsome leading man who is due any minute, he calls you five minutes before the appointed time to tell you (1) He's terribly sorry, but he's got to work tonight. (2) He's terribly sorry, but he's simply exhausted from a tough day at the studio and why don't you drop over for a while and help him study his lines for the next day . . .

YOU can't shoot him for lying. Yeah, I was skeptical too, until I learned about Hollywood. Carroll is a girl who blossoms after dark. Carroll is a girl who likes the boys to tell her something nice about her new dress and the way she looks tonight.

Hollywood men are too self-centered! A girl has to pass the flattery along with the olives to arouse any interest. Eligible bachelors are too much in demand by their bosses to escort nieces who are looking for a nice young man with a future, and by stars who are not at all timid in showing a preference for their company, to be a threat to a stray female.

Ann Sothern dropped in on me after a few months in Hollywood with the same plaint.

"There just aren't enough nice men to go around," she wailed. "Almost every man who interests you is married or about to be."

You can see what the law of supply and demand does to even nice young men who find themselves rushed, when a delectable dish like Ann had to worry about the lack of boy friends. On Broadway, as she pointed out, when she was dancing in musical comedy there was an endless number of swains. For a long while she passed them up in favor of Buddy Rogers, but it was nice to know they were around. It's fun to be popular. But Hollywood finally put Ann in a domestic mood. And you notice she married Roger Pryor whom she met in the East. Ann saw him first, before he had a chance to spoil on her.

At Alan Mowbray's cocktail party I was cornered by several of Jimmy Cagney's intimates who waxed critical over his contract trouble with the brothers Warner. Cagney's walkout has cost him a quarter of a million dollars, and a shaky position as a top notch star. Since then he has done only *Great Guy* for Grand National Pictures.

But I know he will continue to fight for what, to him at least, is an ideal, even if it means returning to the dingy furnished room he and Billie Cagney shared for so many years while struggling for recognition. He's that kind of a guy. That's why I told the following incident in an effort to convince those friends that it wasn't more money he was fighting for, but a principle.

When Jimmy was doing a vaudeville act, he agreed to play a benefit show. Actors work gratis at benefits and are ready to offer their talents for any worthy cause. I was back stage when an argument started between Jimmy and the stage manager.

"You promised it to me," Cagney said stubbornly. The manager looked harrassed. "I know, Jim. I ordered it but it hasn't arrived. Be a good fellow and run through your act without the scenery. Do the best you can. It's a benefit . . ."

Jim shook his head. "That scenery is necessary to the proper presentation of my act. We'll be rotten without it. I won't go on stage and give a performance I know isn't what it should be. Dig up scenery or we walk . . ."

And walk he did, with Billie and the other members of the act. A promise from Jim Cagney is as binding as a written agreement. He can't tolerate it when others fail

—Fawcett Photo by Rhodes

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young take in the movies when Bob isn't working in them. Here they are leaving the Filmarte, and evidently they liked the show

to live up to their word. Jimmy was always a serious, introspective little fellow, even when he taught acrobatic dancing to ambitious chorus girls at "Michaels."

I was in one of the classes. The contortions Jimmy put us through was swell for the hips. Though I must admit mv interest in my hips faded when Jimmy left to take a stage engagement.

DID you ever stop to realize that though Mae West is free with her wise cracks, she has as little to say about her private life as Garbo? Jack La Rue and Mae were one of the romances of Broadway for a couple of seasons. Jack never made a secret of his attentions, with true Latin ardor. But though Mae sees to it that her professional life makes headlines, though she appears to be a hearty, easy-to-know person, a certain air of mystery seems to cling to her.

She likes rich food and hates physical exertion of any kind. We served her meals in her dressing room often when she was making personal appearances at the Paramount Theatre. When she felt like a walk of half a block, she dined in the restaurant in all her opulence. My curiosity about her has always been enormous. I often wondered how she managed to keep such a beautiful complexion. She is no longer young, yet there isn't a line on her face.

I've seen her being made up, and watched carefully to see if there were any of the usual scars left from a face lift. But she's got her original face! Her beauty secrets are simply this: Lots of sleep. Lots of food, the rich, nourishing kind, preferably served in bed.

A shabby young woman planted herself in Mae's path one night. She mumbled a few words I did not catch. Mae opened her purse and slipped a bill in her hand.

"Tough break, kid," I heard her say. "If you need more come back stage and see me."

I spoke to the woman. She was out of a job and had appealed to the actress. The star had never set eyes on her before.

"She gave me a ten dollar bill," the woman gasped in awe.

Mae is always doing nice things like that, but you'll never hear anything about them because she never mentions them. Her generosity is spontaneous. She doesn't wait to have a pathetic story investigated or refer a plea for aid to her secretary.

ONCE when Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee had dined in a booth, and departed, a waiter held up for my inspection a napkin covered with large streaks of rouge.

"Look From the Vallee table."

I shrugged. Alice uses plenty of make-up, so what?

"But this is Rudy's napkin!" he laughed.

Which should give you an idea that Alice and Rudy were romancing a bit when she sang as a member of his band. On her last trip to New York she was requested to sing a few numbers with Rudy's orchestra, as a special favor to her old boss, the owner of a night club.

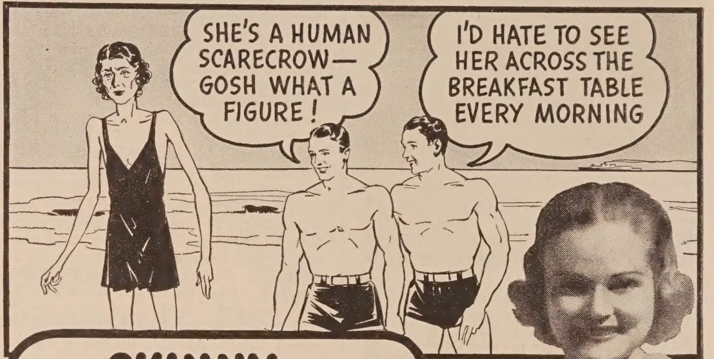
It would be a nice gesture, Alice agreed, and she was sentimental about singing again with the man who had helped her achieve stardom. She stopped off in an exclusive shop and bought Rudy an expensive present. She looked very lovely as her eyes wandered from her own table to find Rudy.

She rose to greet him as she caught sight of him. Coldly he turned his back on her and walked away. On the verge of tears, Alice sang her songs, accompanied by the orchestra led by Rudy's assistant.

"He has so much on his mind" Alice defended him. "He's so busy, you know."

Later, Rudy explained his public snub.

IF WOMEN KNEW WHAT MEN THINK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I'D HATE TO SEE HER ACROSS THE BREAKFAST TABLE EVERY MORNING

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Cameramen and newspapermen had been present, angling for some photographs of Rudy and Alice together again, preparing to rake up all the unpleasantness that had distressed them both during his sensational divorce trial. Vallee had meant to spare Alice the unwelcome publicity, but he had blundered, giving a loyal little girl who still cares a lot, much unhappiness.

One has to understand his peculiar type of ego to find a justifiable reason for many of his actions. He is really a good-hearted chap, greatly maligned by those who cannot comprehend the motives behind his too impulsive gestures.

You can tell a lot about a man by the lining in his hat. And you can tell even more by the way he tips. A well-known actor once ostentatiously dropped a hundred dollar bill on my tray and swaggered out with his arm about a producer I knew very well.

I was still blinking when the actor returned, out of breath, and snatched at the bill as if he was afraid I would not return it at his request. No, he hadn't made a mistake. It had been a deliberate gesture to impress the producer, and now he wanted his money back! Of course, I returned it. But he might have let me in on the act. And he might have left a tip in exchange!

Bill Gargan used to call himself "Diamond Jim." Always he left a dime, no more, no less. It's still a dime, and he still jests about being a lavish spender. Maurice Chevalier formed the habit of leaving his hat in his car every time he lunched at Sardi's. One afternoon I dashed out to the curb as his car drew up.

"Mr. Chevalier," I greeted him, "I spent a dollar to see your picture last night." He beamed. "Oh, yes. How did you like it?"

I assured him it was his best picture. His smile broadened. He thanked me effusively.

"Mr. Chevalier" I said sadly, "do you think it's fair to leave your hat in the car to save a dime, after I paid one dollar admission to see you in a picture?"

MAURICE ran back to the car and retrieved his hat. He presented it to me with a flourish.

"I am so sorree, Renee. It will nev'aire happen again."

It never did.

George Raft is touchy about some incidents in his life. He has not changed at all since the days way back. His old haunts and his old friends are still good enough for Georgie. But once let anyone he trusts prove disloyal, and he is unforgiving. "Nifty" is the word I always associate with him. Blondes, the refined types, are his choice. And clothes, the less conservative kind, his hobby.

Make mention of his son, quite grown, and he is visibly upset. Maybe that's because Georgie isn't as young as he looks. Molly O'Day, who before Virginia Pine, was a candidate for the preferred position in his heart, used to visit Georgie's mother frequently. Mrs. Raft assured her that Georgie was a model son and a proud father. So it must be professional discretion that makes him think it advisable to keep a grown son in the background.

As a Charleston dancer the sleek actor was tops. But when the vogue passed, he didn't have much success as a hoofer. He loved to dance and hung around a public dance hall on Broadway. A dancer's muscles stiffen, you know, if even a day's practice is skipped. George found ballroom dancing a good way of keeping in

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trim. He was very popular with the hostesses, generally known as taxi-dancers. But though Georgie was around every night, he never dated anyone.

I can't imagine what Bing and Dixie Crosby found to quarrel about in the early days of their marriage. But before they started raising contented children and being the happiest couple in Hollywood, they were certainly the scrappiest.

Nary a moment's dissension marred the marital days and nights of their closest friends and neighbors at the Essex House, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. As a foursome I greeted them almost every day between Bing's radio programs and personal appearances. They were usually in high spirits, except on those too, too frequent occasions when food was gulped in painful silence because all was not well with the Crosbys.

Bing's the same amiable, tolerant chap he plays on the screen. Dixie has a swell sense of humor and an agreeable disposition. But they couldn't get along though they were deeply in love. Their tiffs began to get pretty serious, climaxing in a verbal fray that sent Dixie weeping to the Stuart apartment.

It's all over but a line in Winchell's column, thought I. Sue tried to persuade Dixie to return but she refused. This was the end. Hopping mad, Bing stopped Dixie's credit at the hotel. They were reconciled the next day and you never saw a happier pair. There were no more temperamental flare-ups after that.

But Sue and Nick, that cute couple, have long since gone their separate ways!

TOWNE and Baker were in again. They wanted to know why I wasn't still in Hollywood waiting for their picture to start.

"*History Is Made At Night* will be one of the big pictures of the new season, Renee" they chorused. "Mr. Wanger is planning a big publicity campaign for you. Think of your future, girl. . . ."

"When does it start?"

"In about ten days. We're doing a little rewriting.

"Write me right out of it, old chaps." I advised. "I've seen Robert Taylor sharing a hamburger steak with Barbara Stanwyck; and I still like Warner Baxter. I've almost been run over by Gary Cooper on his bicycle and I sat next to Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at the tennis matches. And Fredric March and his wife at a preview. And I still give you Hollywood, gentlemen. Your hats, please!"

Maybe it's fun to be famous in Hollywood. I'll stick to the Broadway brand.

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Y	R	S	■	T	O	N	E	■	A	N	D	Y	■	E	T	A

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When Stars Explode

[*Continued from page 49*]

Madeleine Carroll's blow-up during the filming of *On the Avenue* got howls and howls of laughter from everybody around. The scene was the wedding of Madeleine to Allan Mowbray, an explorer in the film and the rival of Dick Powell, the star. The wedding was supposed to be a formal affair, with blonde Madeleine wearing a gold-cloth gown. Ropes of flowers defined an aisle to the altar.

Just before the ceremony, Madeleine was supposed to lose her nerve and cry out: "I can't go through with it; I love Gary!" Dick Powell's name in the story being Gary Blake. Well, the scene was commenced.

"I can't go through with it; I love Gary!" cried Miss Carroll.

"Gary who?" she was asked.

And, immediately she cried back: *"Gary Cooper!"*

Of course, she was supposed to say "Blake" and decidedly not "Cooper."

But the blow-up got a howl from everybody on the set. Miss Carroll started to explain about the association of names and then laughed loudly with the rest. Even poker-faced Director Roy Del Ruth had to smile broadly. "Okay," he said, "just forget it and we'll try all over again."

Bing Crosby was doing a scene with Edith Fellows for *Pennies From Heaven.* As the cameras whirled away, Bing walked over to little Edith, shook his head dolefully, and began in a loud voice:

"You see before you the biggest bunch of deadheads ever assembled under one roof—every one here is on a free pass. The inspector just called for a hundred bucks for a license, and we haven't got a hundred pennies. The entertainers aren't paid and let's see what comes next. Oh, yes, by tomorrow we'll be kicked out on our ta-ra-ras which will happen to me if I don't learn this speech any better!"

Everybody on the set broke into laughter, for Bing had left out something and the ending to his speech was his admission that the "take" was completely spoiled.

SOMETIMES little tiny words cause your favorites no end of trouble and worry. Leo Carrillo, for instance, had the truth driven home to him of that old saw about the little things in life. A two-letter word cost him $100 in good American dollars!

When Director Rouben Mamoulian had *The Gay Desperado* unit on location in the Arizona desert, Leo, playing the principal character role in support of Nino Martini, was supposed to speak the line, "No, no, my car!" Four times he poured it into the mike, "No, no, IN my car!"

"I'll get it now," the actor promised the director, as he started again.

"Cut!" yelled Mamoulian.

"What's wrong with that?" Leo wanted to know.

"You merely tossed in that 'IN' again," sighed the director.

But Carrillo was positive that the last time he HAD NOT put in the "IN." Mamoulian was equally positive he had. So, the bet resulted.

When the sound track had been developed and run off in a projection room, Leo sighed sickly, dragged forth his pocketbook and paid off—and proceeded to go out and try all over again!

Humphrey Bogart, playing a racketeer in the picture, *Bullets and Ballots,* was delivering a big speech, and in the same tone of voice, as if reading a line, he suddenly drawled: "From now on I can't remember anything!" It was his way of blowing. Later, when he blew another scene, a bit player shouted: "Eastman's going to give Bogart a camera for a bonus!"

Carole Lombard didn't like the way "darn" and "gee whizz" sounded when she said them. Besides she said they caused her to keep blowing-up in her lines. "Let's cut them out of the picture?" she suggested.

"Then what WILL you do to suggest anger?" Director Leisen asked.

"I'll break up the furniture, roll on the floor or do anything else you suggest," she offered.

And so, in *Swing High, Swing Low,* when she had to register anger, she did—and effectively, too—by kicking a hole in a door!

ALL blow-ups, however, do not amuse them. For a very simple reason, too. Production authorities estimate that the average "blow-up" in a scene costs the film company close to $250, which accounts no doubt for the berating so many stars pour on themselves.

"Blow-uppers" may come and go, but the most picturesque blower-upper of them all was Pola Negri. After a serious mistake, she would throw her arms high up in the air, say censorable things, then throw herself in a heap onto the nearest chair or couch—and if neither one was handy, then onto the floor!

—Fawcett Photo by Rhodes

Paul Muni and his wife respond with a smile to the cheers of the throngs attending the preview of *Good Earth*

Little Stories About Big Names

[*Continued from page* 52]

"Grandmother's was Pickford," Mary replied.

"Mary Pickford!" exclaimed the stage maestro. "Why, child, that name will make you famous." Could he only have looked into the future!

When Mrs. Rudolph Valentino (Natacha Rambova) started casting for *What Price Beauty*, she selected a young sculptress whom she knew as Myrna Williams. Myrna presented so exotic an appearance, and photographed with so Oriental a cast, that both Valentino and his wife decided she should drop the Williams for something more atmospherically appropriate.

In a book of Chinese verse, Natacha came upon the name of Loy. "That's it," she cried, running to the Latin idol. "Loy is just the name for this girl," Subsequently, Myrna Williams became Myrna Loy.

Ramon Novarro danced and acted as an extra under his own name, Ramon Samaniegos, until he attracted the attention of Rex Ingram and the late June Mathis. Immediately this director-scenarist combination saw him they cast him for one of the leading roles in *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

"We can't bill him as Samaniegos," Rex proclaimed, when the subject of cast credits arose. "No one could possibly remember it."

Stepin Fetchit was the name of a winning race horse, so Lincoln Perry took the name for luck

"Why not call him Ramon Navarre?" suggested June.

"That's too obviously patterned after the province," the director returned. "But there's Novarro, which is practically the same thing and not so story-bookish. What say?" There remains only the observation that no other name could have suited the personality of this young Mexican more ideally.

Ernest Carlton Brimmer blossomed into Richard Dix because the elder Brimmer, when young Ernest made up his mind to go on the stage, objected to the use of the family name in any profession "so scandalous."

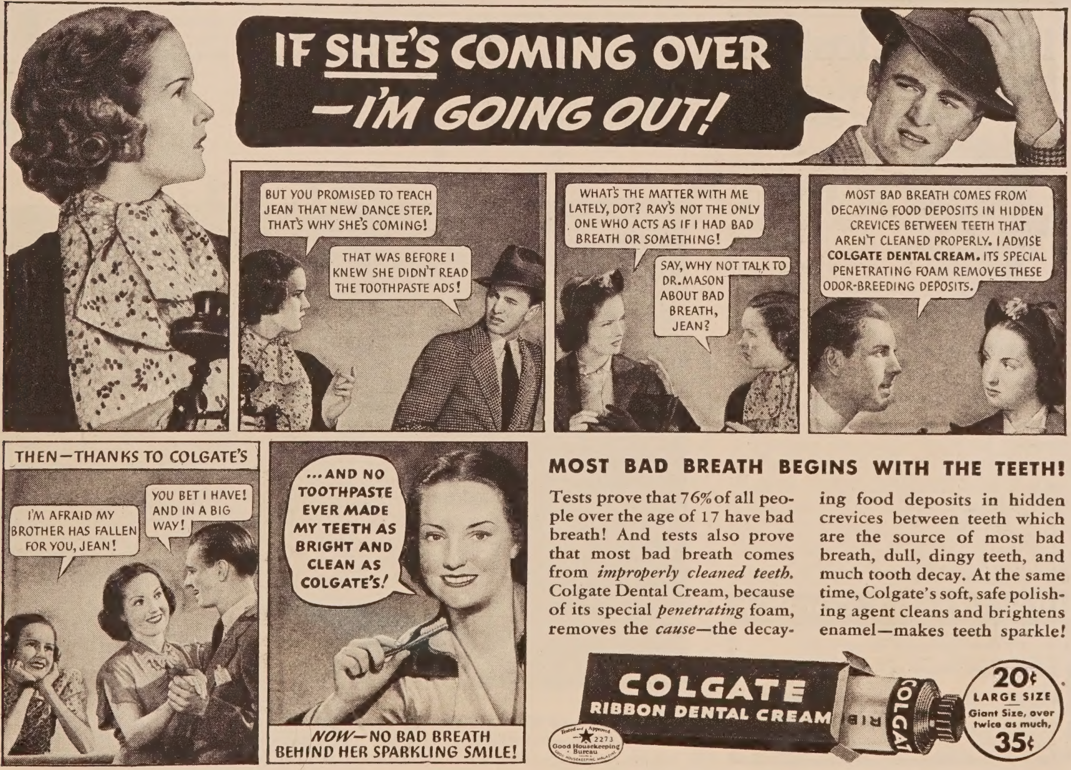
Brimmer went into a huddle with his favorite Aunt Louise. They considered and discarded many improvisions. Suddenly, Aunt Louise's eyes sparkled roguishly.

"Why don't you choose Richard Dix?" she murmured, with a soft blush. "An old sweetheart of mine bore that name and he personified everything the ideal man should be."

Her nephew grinned. "Richard Dix it is," he shouted. If the original Richard Dix is alive today, he must get a terrific boot out of this circumstance.

ANN HARDING, too, met with stern parental objection to the family name being employed on the stage. Her father, General George Grant Gatley, demanded she drop Dorothy Gatley entirely.

Ann always had been a favorite name. Harding she drew from the annals of her family and added to Ann because it seemed to match and sounded rhythmic.


IF SHE'S COMING OVER —I'M GOING OUT!
BUT YOU PROMISED TO TEACH JEAN THAT NEW DANCE STEP. THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!
THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTHPASTE ADS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME LATELY, DOT? RAY'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTS AS IF I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
SAY, WHY NOT TALK TO DR. MASON ABOUT BAD BREATH, JEAN?
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THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN FOR YOU, JEAN!
YOU BET I HAVE! AND IN A BIG WAY!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
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Voila! The question of name was solved! Up until the time he played the role of Gene Gibson in *Young Sinners* on Broadway a number of years ago, Gene Raymond used his own name of Raymond Guion. The play ran for two years on the Great White Way with such success that the young actor became superstitious about changing his luck.

Consequently, when the production closed, instead of continuing his career as Raymond Guion he retained the first name of his stage role and appended it to his given name, completely eliminating the family Guion. Hence, Gene Raymond.

Cary Grant is another actor who adopted a stage name for his own. When Paramount placed him under contract, they informed him that Archibald Leach lacked every element of interest and color and asked him to suggest a name he would like to assume.

On the New York stage, the young English actor had been seen in a character known as Cary Lockwood. "Why don't you take that?" someone inquired.

"Too actorish," replied Archie.

"How about Cary Grant, then?" cited the other, who happened to be John Monk Saunders, author of the play, *Nikki,* in which the player had appeared on Broadway. "Grant's a good old American name and it goes with Cary tiptop." From another . . .

Mauritz Stiller gave Greta Garbo her nom de theatre. When Greta went to the noted Swedish director fresh from the Royal Dramatic Academy in Stockholm, the man who later wielded so potent and dynamic an influence upon her life opined she was destined for a brilliant future.

As an introductory step in building toward this event, Stiller insisted she change from her own Greta Louvisa Gustafsson to a name more distinctive. "You select one for me," the young actress begged the master. "Then you will be Greta Garbo," he told her, taking the surname of a boyhood friend. The whole world acclaims Garbo now.

A horse supplied the incentive for Stepin Fetchit to espouse that appellative. Lincoln Perry, the negro entertainer maintained, exued too much dignity for the type of act he offered from the stage. One day, he bet on a nag called Stepin Fetchit and the animal won.

"Hot diggety dog," mumbled Lincoln Perry, "if that hoss done bring me mazuma, it sho' to bring me luck, too." Consequently, overnight Mistuh Perry became Mistuh Stepin Fetchit, probably the first case on record in which a man was named after a horse. And that's news!

If Nancy Carroll hadn't tried out in an amateur vaudeville show, she might still be Anne La Hiff today. And therein lies how and why she changed her name.

While awaiting her turn to go on, she learned only neighborhood children could enter the try-outs. At a loss momentarily how to proceed, since she lived in another section of the city but wanted desperately to show what she could do, she gave the last name of her sister's boy friend when the director called her and tacked before it the name she always had wished her own. In a twinkling, she abandoned Anne La Hiff forever and ever since has called herself Nancy Carroll.

Wallace Ford took the name of a friend who died in a train wreck so that the memory of that friend might be perpetuated. The real Wallace Ford and the future screen favorite (whose actual name is Samuel Jones Grundy) were hoboing over the country, when Ford fell from under a freight car, while "riding the rods," and met his death. So great was young Grundy's admiration for Ford that he dropped his own and adopted the name of the other.

Her ambition to get ahead as a dancer prompted June Knight to change from Margaret Vallikette. She signed an agreement with a well-known dancer, Jack Holland, to appear as his partner for one year. A former June Knight had been billed with Holland and in order that the identity of the team might remain intact he asked Margaret if she would assume the name of her predecessor. Margaret consented, and now legally is June Knight.

Anita Louise and George Brent are paying little attention to Dialogue Director Irving Rapper, on the set of *The Go-Getter*, but it's rumored they are paying lots of attention to each other, off the set

Judith Allen picked her name out of a *True Confessions* magazine, and Ricardo Cortez combined two brands of cigars to take the place of Jacob Kranz. Anne Shirley dropped Dawn O'Day for the name of her favorite heroine, when Radio Pictures cast her to portray that role in the picturization of *Anne of Green Gables* . . . and John Offield became Jack Oakie as a result of announcing to a theatrical company that he hailed from Oklahoma. People immediately started to call him "Okie," which he later turned into Oakie.

NOT a few personalities of the screen drew upon family names when they concluded that their own, for varying reasons, would not be practical as professional nomenclatures. Many, too, changed the spelling either for brevity or pronunciation.

There's Barbara Stanwyck. Ruby Stevens, she decided, sounded like a chorus girl and lacked dignity. So, she took Stanwyck from her mother's side of the family and prefaced it with Barbara, since childhood a favorite designation.

Boris Karloff chose his maternal grandfather's because he deemed his own name, William Henry Pratt, unsuitable for the stage. Claudette Colbert's mother's maiden surname provided one-half the present appellation of the famous actress and she selected Claudette due to the fact that it sounded more euphonious than her christened Lily (Chauchoin).

Both Ann Dvorak and Edna Mae Oliver appropriated their respective grandmother's name, keeping their own first names, and Jean Harlow lifted that of her mother en toto. Because Mary Dantzler was too difficult to remember, Mary Brian came into being, Mary being prefixed to her mother's maiden Brian. Fredric March gave his Frederick (Bickle) new spelling and likewise shortened Marcher, on his mother's side, to March. Barbara Kent, Don Alvarado, Tom Keene and June Collyer likewise turned to the various branches of the family.

For obvious reasons, Claude William Dugenfeld became W. C. Fields, the two initials being reversed and Dugenfeld abbreviated to the more easily-remembered Fields. Likewise, Anita Louise dropped her last name of Fremault, Warren William that of Krech and Jean Muir her Fullerton, leaving this trio actually using their middle names for their surnames. Helen McDougall shortened hers to Helen Mack and Gail Patrick originally was Gail Fitzpatrick.

Mae Robson, Merle Oberon, Colleen Moore and Janet Gaynor simplified the spelling of their names, adjudging May Robinson, Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson, Kathleen Morrison and Laura Gainor, respectively, less suitable for stage and screen. Gary for Frank Cooper, Alice for Alva White, Bette for Elizabeth David and Pat for William O'Brien were other changes. Gary came from the family, Alice seemed more appropriate than Alva, Bette inspired a greater share of interest than Elizabeth, and Pat went better with the Irish O'Brien.

The studios themselves changed the cognomens of Jacques de Bujac, Roy Radabaugh, Violet Krauth, Mae Green and Patricia O'Brien to Bruce Cabot, Richard Cromwell, Marian Marsh, Jean Parker and and Pat Ellis, respectively, apparently drawing the names out of a hat. The secretaries at the Paramount studio voted the name of Richard Arlen and Gus Edwards.

CAROLE LOMBARD adopted her first name at the suggestion of numerologist because that worthy told her that Jane was unlucky for her, and annexed Lombard as more glamorous than Peters. Ralph Morgan laid aside Raphael Wupperman as totally unfit for the stage and assumed the last name of an old actor friend. When Frank Morgan embarked upon a stage career, he followed suit.

After a casting director told Alan Hale his real name of Rufus MacKaham was impossible either to remember or pronounce, he chose the appellation he uses today from a character in a story by whom he had been highly impressed.

A director-friend persuaded Lucile Langhanke that she would fare better as Mary Astor if she wished to get ahead on the screen. Lupe Velez abandoned Guadalupe Villalobos by the simple process of shortening Guadalupe and taking unto herself the last name of the heroine in a book she had enjoyed. Because he realized that Muni Paul Weisenfreund would never attract crowds to the theatre, Paul Muni transposes Muni and Paul.

The origin of stage and screen names contrives to be a fascinating study all its own. As with all sources, the majority are stranger than fiction.

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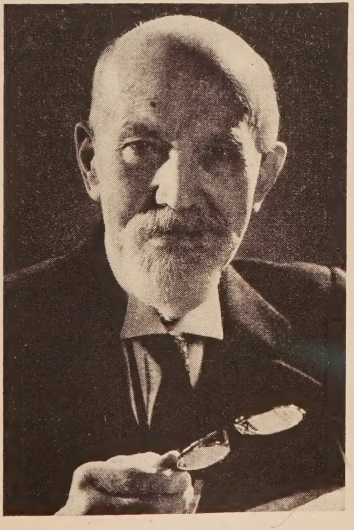

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Bedtime Stories of the Stars!

[*Continued from page* 31]

understand. No trick gadget beds for Bingie. Like Richard Dix, he tosses for as much as three whole minutes before he's lost in pleasant dreams!

CHESTER MORRIS has this sleeping business licked. It takes him exactly three hours to fall asleep, regardless of his retiring hour. If he wants to be asleep by midnight to insure himself eight hours, he climbs between the sheets at exactly nine o'clock. In the morning, Chester doesn't know where the bed clothes end and he begins. He's tied up in a sort of straightjacket.

And Joby Ralston can't understand why Dick Arlen hasn't smothered long before this. He never fails to place a pillow over his face instead of under his head and there's nothing Joby can do about it but be optimistic.

Many of the stars cling to old habits despite their luxurious surroundings. Frank McHugh has a very elaborate bedroom befitting his growing importance as a comedian but he confesses to a nostalgia for the sweet slumbrous hours on an old property trunk backstage during his barnstorming days. Ah, youth, sighs Frank.

Bette Davis' room is typically New England, which means simplicity and feminine charm, without frills. Bette is a confirmed stay-up-later, and hate-to-get-up-in-the-morninger. It's kind of tough on "Ham" Nelson, her husband, because she coaxes him to keep her company and Ham is an early bird who likes to get in a couple of holes of golf before breakfast.

The Davis bed is an old-fashioned four-poster. Tibby and Mr. Woggs, a Scotty and Sealyham, respectively, sleep in their own sensible little beds in Bette's room.

Another creature of habit is that Crawford girl who has gone through the routine of making her bed every morning since childhood. Joan is never fully awake until the job is complete, after which she becomes her own scintillating self. Joan likes long-sleeved, loose-fitting night dresses.

George Brent clings to an old tattered bathrobe which he wears when he wanders about his estate on those nights when that old debbil insomnia's got him. The exercise exhausts him to the point where the thought of bed is most agreeable and the disreputable garment gives him the feel of old familiar things.

ANY old pair of pajamas will do for Ralph Bellamy, but his ancient, sheep wool-lined slippers go to bed with him. The adventurous Irishman, Errol Flynn, prefers an army cot to bunk in. He compromises on a plain, single bed, in a plain, unpretentious room. He's that kind of a simple guy.

Thick carpets are the rule in Hollywood bedrooms. All of them have Venetian blinds and shutters to keep out the sunlight when they must work at night and sleep days. There are those who chortle proudly over their gadgets that turn off the alarm, turn on the heat, raise and lower the windows without the necessity of getting out of bed.

Kay Francis is always cold. So she starts the fireplace blazing in her room by pressing a button at the head of the bed. Pat O'Brien has three alarm clocks, each set a few minutes apart. He doesn't begin to get into action until the third alarm has gone off. There's a chap who likes his sleep.

So does Andy Devine, but it doesn't like him. Andy takes half a dozen hot baths during the night, hoping frantically for that drowsy feeling. He encourages it also with hot milk but it's a losing battle. He is one of Hollywood's worst insomniacs.

THERE'S also Paul Muni who has to retire to his tiny study house, formerly Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s portable dressing room, to read himself to sleep. Mrs. Muni is the only member of the household permitted to cross its threshold. Even she is most careful, whistling first before opening the door, and not entering if there is no answering whistle. A purple bed spread matches the rug on the floor.

Anita Louise sleeps in the same small bed she has used since childhood. It is footless and satin covered. Anita wears "sleepers" made especially to her measure. Woolen in the winter-time and silk in the warmer months. These would never do for Claudette Colbert who cannot bear anything that isn't voluminous and very sheer in her sleeping garments.

Ida Lupino has to make frequent trips to the beauty parlor because she can't keep her hair confined in a hair net or curlers. Dolores Del Rio has to have her nightly Russian steam baths; Fred MacMurray has to have every window in the house wide open, and Al Jolson, the veteran trouper, has to be in the in-a-door bed he had especially built into his ranch house. It seems that Al is so used to hotel life he gets lost in a regular bedroom.

Though Basil Rathbone has one of the largest collections of silk pajamas in any masculine bedroom, the screen villain always sleeps in cotton pajamas of a cheap make. They shrink after the first washing, but Basil isn't aware of the unromantic figure he presents in them. And even his wife can't tell him. She has despaired of getting him to break in those gift pajamas.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown seems to be true of picture royalty. They all admit to taking the day's problems to bed with them and finding Morpheus more fickle than the motion picture public.

Sitting down on the job! The camera catches Carole resting between scenes of her latest Paramount picture, *Swing High, Swing Low*

I Taught Olivia In High School!

[*Continued from page* 38]

was concerned. And since teaching was nine of the ten things I'd rather not do, anything that faintly resembled a pupil was just a pain in the neck to me. And in the second place—Olivia was just *too* intelligent and too *nice!* She was always doing the right thing, always courteous and thoughtful.

It's true that I could always turn to her after probing at the others in the class and get the answers I was after—and generally expressed in words that I wouldn't take the trouble to use. But I used to pray that just once Olivia wouldn't know what I was talking about so that I could *teach* her something. That was what I was getting paid for, wasn't it? But no such luck.

It was quite obvious that Olivia was too smart for me. I guess others must have thought so too, because I walked into the class room one morning and saw a Japanese boy sitting in Olivia's place. All I could get out of him was that the principal had told him to come there.

When I asked the principal how come, he told me he had changed Olivia to Miss Douglas' class because the average of intelligence in mine was too low for her.

I mumbled something about hoping she wouldn't find the other class quite so dumb, and spent the rest of my teaching career explaining the intricacies of the English language to the Japanese.

Olivia de Havilland is primarily an outdoor girl. She loves dogs—the bigger the better

AND from that time to the day I saw her at the studio, I had neither seen nor thought very much of Olivia, but during those years I had seen other gals with the same sort of background and beginning as she had, "go places" in the movie industry. And I had seen the results—seen the swelled heads and the inflated personal esteem that so outweighed their importance in the scheme of things.

So when the door opened and Olivia herself walked in I was prepared for most anything. She didn't see me at first, and while she was making arrangements for some wardrobe fittings, I had a quick chance to look her over. What I saw was the same big brown eyes in the same childish face—matured and softened by the aging that any normal girl gets from the beginning to the end of the teens.

But I noticed that her face looked more alive, and that her old severe simplicity of sweaters and skirts was replaced by linen overalls and a careless bandana tied around her hair. And when I saw that her fingernails weren't even manicured I gave a sigh of relief and realized that the one thing I used to dislike so much—the eternal "rightness" of her—was apparently gone.

When she finally turned and smiled at me, I forgot that I had ever been a school mam, and we went into the longest hour

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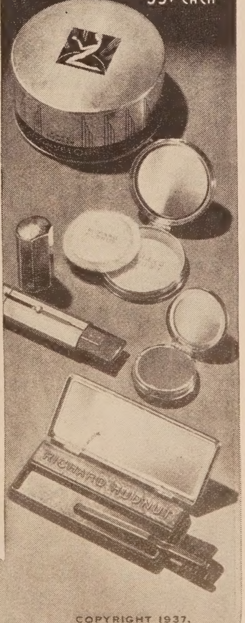

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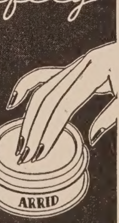

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of downright woman-to-woman gossiping you have ever heard.

Over Olivia's favorite chicken and tomato salad we talked of everything from the funny looking girl who had turned out to be a beauty, to the young good-looking man teacher who played such a good game of tennis.

But in between all the gossip I found out things about Olivia—I found what she thinks about her sudden rise to the movie heights. And so you won't have the same fear that I had—that she would be horribly conceited—let me tell you that Olivia's main reaction is one of *amazement!*

She doesn't even give herself credit for her initial step toward appearing in Reinhardt's production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*—all of which you have read many times, so I won't go into it here.

She says that she was just going along, enjoying herself in a small town summer, waiting eagerly for Mills College to open in the fall, when her friends and neighbors practically pushed her into preparations being made for the production.

LET me take time out to tell you about that Mills College business—because I think it will surprise you as much as it did me.

If Olivia has ever definitely planned anything, she planned to attend college. All her schooling up to her graduation from high school had been aimed at that—a desire for a college education had been instilled in her from the time she was old enough to think about herself. Culture and study was so much a part of her home life that it was only natural that during her high school career, she worked for and received a scholarship to Mills.

But when *The Dream* opened in the Hollywood Bowl, Mills' fall term had already started. Olivia was worried. She didn't want to miss the college education she had planned on as a child. So she wrote asking if she might enroll three weeks late. The college board gave her permission, but after the three weeks were up she had already started on the movie version, so she again wrote and received permission to start in February.

And that was the place that Old Fate stepped in and started to run things—because by February Olivia had signed her contract with Warner Brothers, and her desire for college had been supplanted by the desire to go on with her career. But all during that fall and winter she sincerely wanted to go to school and was unhappy because her work kept her in Hollywood.

Now can you imagine you or I grieving over *having* to live in Hollywood and be a star? Well, I can't.

"I had never particularly planned on a career," Olivia told me, in that voice that is even richer off the screen than on, "Altho' I spent a great deal of time in amateur dramatics because I liked them.

"Why, I know lots of girls—the girls you knew in my high school class—who have every bit as much talent as I have, in their own separate lines, but who never had the chance to develop it because no one has helped them. And I can't give them any advice from my experience because I *actually didn't have anything to do with it*—I was pushed.

"When opportunity knocked—it darned near knocked me down."

And that's about all I could get Olivia to say about this movie business—she was much too anxious to tell me about the people we had known in Saratoga, California, in fact, that is what she is really interested in—what other people are doing and particularly what they are doing in her home town.

She loves that place—she loves to go back there between pictures. Not as the "local gal who makes good" but as that little de Havilland girl, going home to see her friends.

She was scared to death the first time she went home—after the picture version of *The Dream* had been completed.

"When I walked down the street on that first visit, I could feel the people sitting back watching me, looking for the

Looks like a new version of *Button, button—who's got the button?*, with impeccable Menjou as the loser. At any rate Fredric March and Janet Gaynor are enjoying the situation

slightest act of mine that would mark me as changed, as having 'gone Hollywood.'

"But when they found I was no different—after all I had only been away a few months—they accepted me as myself. Now when I go home they still call me 'Livvy' and I have a grand time."

Then she told me about the first time she went back and did what every girl does, the first year out of high school—she went to visit some of her old teachers and their classes. And I think there was a special malicious twinkle in her eye while she was talking. That first time back they asked her to speak in the assembly and tell them something about movies.

"And you know what I did, Marion? (At least she had forgotten the *Miss* Blackford.)

"I slaughtered and murdered in cold blood all the English and public-speaking rules you or any other teacher had ever taught me!"

And she giggled just as any high school kid would who had put something over.

BETWEEN the "remember-so-and-so" and the "do-you-know-what-whosit-is-doing" I found out other things about Olivia—things she told me and some things she didn't.

I found that, altho' she had fun at the high school assembly, regular public appearances make her sick! And I mean literally. When she has to make one of the many appearances that every actress does, she gets that sinking feeling in the middle and can't trust her tummy not to do nip ups all over the stage before she is through.

She doesn't go in for hobbies. She likes to swim and ride and does both when she wants to. And walk—that is her favorite way of amusing herself. When she doesn't go to Saratoga between pictures, she goes to Carmel, that world famed artists' retreat in California, and there over the sand dunes and thro' the pine forests, she walks. And when Olivia walks it takes her half a day to get there and the other half to get back.

I FOUND that she never does anything on purpose. I asked her what lessons she takes, knowing that most of the younger crowd study painting, dancing, singing or something. But Olivia admits that she is lazy and doesn't study anything—on purpose. If she becomes interested in something, she will read all she can on the subject, or work on it by herself—but for *fun,* not because she definitely plans to.

There are two things that some day, if she is home long enough, she wants to do. She would like to take lessons in painting and singing. Not because she thinks she has any particular talent for either, but because she has two good friends, one a prominent singer and the other a painter, with whom it would be fun to study.

But she wants to do that at *home,* with people she knows and in the town she loves—not in Hollywood with strangers.

When she is in Hollywood, Olivia lives with her mother and sister in a small apartment.

I thought this would be a good time to get her to say something about romance—since movie gals are supposed to be authorities on the subject. So I told her that the old solution seemed to be to get married and then she would have a man about.

But with the same amused smile she uses so often, (and when she smiles her nose wrinkles) she said that she would rather have a dog. I sort of gasped and asked why.

"They don't snap at you quite as often," she told me.

And that closed the subject as far as our talk was concerned—which is remarkable considering that when two women get together they are supposed to talk of nothing else.

But Olivia isn't particularly interested in romance. Not that she "doesn't have the chance." I know a lot of the Hollywood young bloods who would take her to the moon if she wanted to go.

She admits that some day, she will probably marry and more or less settle down, in fact she believes that every girl should.

And when Olivia left me to go back to the set, where she's starring in *Call It a Day,* that was the main impression she left with me—that she was having fun. It was the most important change I noticed from the girl I had known six years before—she has stopped taking things as seriously as she used to take her English lessons. Now she is doing things for the fun of it.

So I'm going to make another confession—and I hope Olivia reads this, because I want her to know. I like her.

Why? Because in the face of her sudden popularity and the unavoidable public demonstrations that go with that sort of fame, she has kept all the likeable traits she had as a child of fourteen.

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Garbo's Seclusion Hits Back

[*Continued from page 29*]

her fame has been so lastingly wooed and won, it wouldn't matter much . . . but "No autographs!"—that was one of the most important of the taboo clauses in her original contract with fame, and as such she keeps it now.

THERE is something else which only women will understand. Has ever a girl dreamed of success without dreaming of also showing it off now and then? It is a distinctly feminine foible but basic and true. There is always that long-looked-for pleasure of walking into a public place and having everyone point you out; "how beautiful she is. Look at that fascinating man she is with. Did you ever see anything so lovely as that dress?" And so on and on. Small tributes really, but the kind of thing that does every woman's heart good. Yet Garbo has never had any of that. Oh, she has her castles in Sweden and her fortune in the bank, but what little foolish feminine pleasures can she buy? Rather than show herself and her glory she must sneak through dark alleys, cling to deep corners, hide behind high walls. It's a tyranny which she'll never escape.

Yet, and most remarkable of all, Garbo has never complained . . . at least not publicly. Intolerably confined at times, she has still never let on how trying it must have been. There is a blunt statement which is often heard made about her in her own studio's publicity department, "Garbo never beefs!" The slang is incongruous with the subject, but it expresses the amazing feeling that all that department's workers have for her. Not only does she not complain about her enforced solitude, but neither does she complain about the many public slams which have been handed her. For years there has been the taunt about the size of her feet, for example. They have been written about, talked about and laughed about not only in print, but in theatres and on vaudeville stages throughout the country. They have been the subject of many a ridiculous anecdote. Most recent was the one about the tennis game she proposed, during an evening at producer David Selznick's. A newspaper columnist wrote, "They looked in the ladies' lockers, but there were no shoes big enough for Greta. They looked in the gentlemen's lockers, and all the tennis shoes were too large. So, with aplomb she played in her stocking feet, attired in an evening gown." This of course is pre-publicity fiction. . . . anyone who knows Garbo knows that her feet are not unduly large . . . and everyone who was at that party knows that she did not play tennis in her stocking feet. Still, this is the sort of thing that is always looking up at her from the printed page. The dignified silence which she long ago agreed to wear has prevented her from refuting this rumor, ridiculous as it is. So in a way her silence is not only nerve, it is submission, too. It's easy to understand why this is one part of the bargain she hates with all her heart. She has been taunted with countless other things too . . . stinginess and tightness, especially . . . how often that 1927 car of hers has been thrown in her face! But to all this she must pretend to turn a deaf ear. Her ear is not deaf, either, you may be sure, because nobody reads movie magazines any more avidly than she does.

IT TAKES the men who work with her on her pictures to tell you how "stingy" Garbo is. They swear by her. To them she is the most thoughtful, generous person on earth. At the end of each picture her gifts are the most practical given by any star. Another star may make much to-do about getting a red leather jacket for the prop man because red is his favorite color, and green for the electrician because green is his, etc., but does she ever stop to think that maybe none of them *needs* a leather jacket? Garbo is one of the few who makes *sure* her presents will come in handy by making it a sizeable check. One of her cameramen also told me that Garbo always left promptly at five, not so much on her own account, but because of the crew. "She said to me one night as she was going out: 'A person should go home to his family on time!' Well, she hasn't got any family to go home to, has she, so she must have meant us." No, Garbo hasn't anywhere to go when she gets through . . . except a lonely house.

Once she tried to go out . . . there was her venture into the Trocadero a year or so ago, with Prince Rollo. What a fizzle it was. There was so much fuss and excitement that this little outing held a threat of actual danger. Garbo escaped just in time to avoid a physical mauling. The seclusion she had kept for so long had defeated her in the end. Making up her mind to get out of it at last, she discovered that it was too late. She has never tried since.

Recently she had luncheon with Tilly Losch and Katharine Hepburn at George Cukor's, but it was a feeble wing-beating against a cage. It was a meeting of three women, strange to each other . . . and they were scarcely more strange to each other before the luncheon than they are now, several months later. Neither of the other women made any attempts to further the acquaintance. Not that they didn't like her . . . not that they didn't want to . . . it was just that they didn't want to put themselves in the position of chasing after her friendship. The legend of her remoteness had frightened them just as it has everyone with whom she has ever come in contact. Friends and would-be suitors alike, they have all been self-conscious about the aloofness rumor has told them to expect there.

Beverly Roberts and the boy friend, Bill Keighley, thinking it over at the Biltmore Bowl

All Roads Lead to Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 13]

to the door of the Clark Hotel, in the center of the shopping and theatre district of down-town Los Angeles and directly across the street from the Pacific Electric Depot from which the Big Red cars will interurban you rapidly to all the best known play-spots of glamorous Southern California. One of Los Angeles' most modern hotels which is famed for its excellent cuisine, the Clark Hotel is near famous Pershing Square, Los Angeles' best known metropolitan park.

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Monday morning will be devoted to a tour through the sets on Paramount Studios, home lot of Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Claudetté Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Carole Lombard and many others, and the studio where Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur made *The Plainsman.* Grinding of cameras, intricate secrets of how sound is made and perfected, method of constructing sets and backgrounds for pictures, and the little tricks whereby directors perfect pictures are among the intimacies of picture making which will be revealed to you that day. The tour will be followed by luncheon with the stars in the Paramount commissary.

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The same plans prevail for the second tour, with the exception that the cocktail parties for that trip will be at the Edward Everett Horton home on Sunday afternoon and the Fay Wray home on Monday afternoon.

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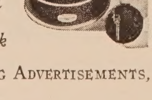

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Hollywood's Big Party Man

[*Continued from page* 58]

begins with a phone call that always goes exactly like this:

"Cesar?"

"Yes, this is Cesar," I answer.

"Cesar, this is so and so. I want to have a garden party a week from Thursday at my home for sixty people. Have you got that?"

"Yes."

"It must be different, Cesar. Goodbye."

Then the phone clicks and that's all there is to it. Everyone inevitably asks for a "different" party. Then I have to sit down and figure out something that is entirely novel and that has never been done before. And in the above case knowing the actress who spoke to me, I've got to know her guests, too. And I've got to plan food that they all like and will relish.

CAROLE LOMBARD is famous for her "different" parties. One of her most celebrated affairs was that one to which everyone came dressed as either a hospital orderly, a doctor, an operating surgeon, a nurse, or a dentist. Meals were served to guests on hospital beds and dentist chairs. Only drinks to be had were mouthwash and toothpaste mixed with coffee. Incision knives and forceps were used instead of knives and forks. Gauze and bandages were used instead of table napkins.

Recently Miss Lombard gave a real "surprise" party. Her guests were sent telegrams at odd hours of the day, instructing them to come right over to the party dressed as they were. You've never seen a more conglamorate assortment of costumes—everything from bathtowels to riding habits. Another time Carole had the town talking for days after she staged a party at the Fun House in Venice. I would like to have seen all those stars sliding down the chutes and riding spinning wheels.

Contrast that sort of function with the ones Miss Lily Pons holds for her friends. Lily Pons doesn't like big parties, and she rarely invites more than a half dozen people. Her functions are small and intimate. After a good meal of the choicest viands and finest wines, the company sits back to enjoy delightful strains of classical music, rendered by a talented member of the musical profession.

I mention and contrast these two kinds of parties to show the varied types of affairs that stars call upon me to help them plan. Having fun and enjoyment depend, of course, entirely on your frame of mind.

Stars usually find odd reasons for giving parties. Birthdays, engagements, weddings, anniversaries are commonplace sorts of occasions. But "Wisdom Tooth," "Sat in Bed," and "Broken Leg," such as the one they held for Miss Claudette Colbert after she injured her leg on one of Carole Lombard's steeple chase sprees, and "Shooting End" are only a few of the odd names given other types.

"Shooting End" isn't a hunting party. "Shooting End" refers to that time when a picture has been completed, and a party is given by way of celebration.

I like these "Shooting End" parties. One of the most lavish that I've ever catered was the one given by Miss

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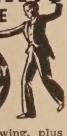

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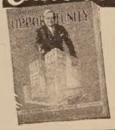
BILLY TILTON SCHOOL OF STAGE DANCING
512 Carnegie Hall Cleveland, Ohio

Come to WASHINGTON



Train for a Fine Hotel Position
Graduates Earning Substantial Salaries
Good positions for trained men and women in hotel, restaurant and institutional field. Qualify in 4 months—learn on real hotel equipment. Placement Service FREE of extra charge. New day classes start Sept., Oct., Jan., Feb. Catalog FREE!
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
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SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS Use DERMOIL

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women to secure relief from the effects of this ugly skin disease often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally. Does not stain. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and their skin became clear again. **Dermoil** is backed by an agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil **Free**, or send 25c for generous trial bottle and amazing proof of results. Give druggist's name and address. Your name not mentioned. **Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried.** Don't delay. Write Today. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. F-18, Detroit, Mich.**

Francine Larrimore to members of the B. P. Shulberg Studios after finishing *A Man and a Woman.* Francine came to Hollywood and starred with Edward Arnold in this, her first picture.

Miss Larrimore was very nervous at first. Camera technique was so different from her accustomed stage ways. She lost patience with herself many times, but when she saw how considerate everyone was after retake and retake, she smiled and continued fresh and pleasant for another try.

She was grateful, all right, to everyone—down to the errand boys and telephone attendants. So she phoned me up to cater a party to the entire Shulberg lot. We had a grand time. But then who wouldn't with about one turkey to every half a dozen people. And after a delicious turkey dinner, complete with all the trimmin's, Miss Larrimore presented everyone on the lot with a gift. That *is* gratitude.

ONE of my associates in the business told me of a party they held over on the RKO lot after the completion of *Night Waitress* with Margot Grahame. The locale of the story is in San Francisco on its notorious waterfront, and most of the action transpires in a little hashhouse near the docks.

That must have been quite a sight to see: Margot Grahame slicing up and handing out real cake, in the form of a boat, to members of the set in that restaurant replica.

He also tells me of the daily Katharine Hepburn teas. It seems that four o'clock tea is a ritual with Miss Hepburn, and the entire retinue of her picture stops promptly at the stroke of four for a few moment's respite and refreshment.

Walter Wanger and Walter Huston are two other celebrities of the screen—one a producer, the other an actor—who are famed for their "Shooting End" parties.

One of the most difficult parties I've ever catered was the one held by Preston Foster, star of *Plough and the Stars.* Though Mr. Foster owns one of the most attractive homes in Hollywood, he insists on throwing his party on Zoa. Zoa, it should be explained, is his yacht. I remember the day he asked me to cater one of his affairs. It was one of those unusually rough and stormy days on the Pacific. We cooked under a terriffic handicap, and we had to nail strips of wood to tables and boards to hold down our pots and dishes. The beef gravy splattered into the pie, and the pie filling oozed into the soup. Everyone was hungry from fishing, so I guess they didn't mind that queer combination of tastes.

When it comes to spontaneous fun, you've got to hand it to the Hollywood younger set. Theirs are the parties that I rarely cater, but just the same they have a wonderful time. Anne Shirley gives about the most informal of any parties in Hollywood. The guests usually meet and then drive out for dinner. Not at the Cocoanut Grove or the Brown Derby, mind you, but at some down-at-the-heels dog wagon on the open road.

Then after filling up on hamburgers and spaghetti they go to a swanky place for dancing. Sometimes they don't go so very swank, and they'll meet at the local amusement park and get some "five-cents-a-dance" palace for their enjoyment. Owen Davis, Jr., Phil Huston, Phyllis Fraser, Ida Lupino are the most usual members of that group.

Skin So Bad That People Talked!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion—it was so bad."
HER SKIN'S A FRIGHT!
"Reading in a magazine how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them."
MAYBE THEY WILL HELP ME!
"Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."
WHAT A LOVELY SKIN!

YOU'VE read at the left how Yeast Foam Tablets helped *one* person, and you want to know how they may help *you!*

Well, this ad is based on a true experience. And while it is only *one* case, it's so typical of many others that it warrants you in giving a most thorough trial, in similar disorders of skin and complexion, to Yeast Foam Tablets.

Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins.

This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll *look* better—and *feel* better too—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.

Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE! **Mail Coupon NOW for Sample**

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

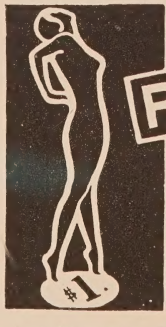
Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.) *FG 5-37*

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ____________________ *State* __________

NOTE: *The above letter is but one case, of course, but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.*



REDUCE **by this quick, safe external method . . . or no cost!**

Lose many pounds *safely*, without drugs, limited diets or tiring exercises! Take off extra superficial fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Hundreds of celebrities in the last 25 years have kept slim, youthful-appearing figures this easy, inexpensive harmless way. Originally prescribed by a doctor for his wife . . . now available to the public.

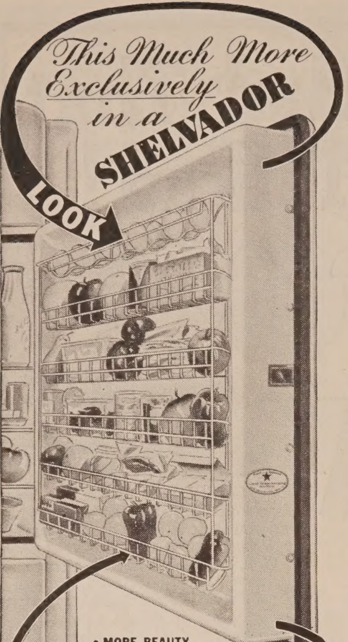
PROFIT BY THESE AMAZING EXPERIENCES!

"I have lost 47 pounds and think your cream wonderful." L. P., No. Carolina. "Have had wonderful results . . . lost 30 pounds." Mrs. O. R. S., Penna. "Searched for years for some safe, quick means of reduction. Have lost 26 pounds and feel and look like a new person." S. C. F., New York.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! ACT TODAY!

If you do not lose at least 10 pounds with the first jar of Cream, following directions, your money will be refunded at once! Write today for full half-pound jar of Dr. Hatch's Formula Massage Cream.................................$1.00
Send Cash or Money Order or sent C.O.D., plus postage.

YOUTHFUL FACE AND FIGURE INSTITUTE, Dept. FW-1
853 Seventh Avenue, New York City

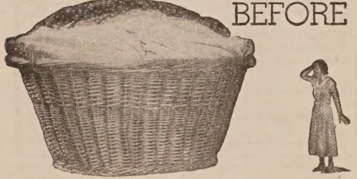

This Much More Exclusively in a
SHELVADOR
LOOK

- MORE BEAUTY
- ECONOMY • CONVENIENCE
- USABLE SPACE • ACCESSIBILITY

EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

GET RID OF UGLY HAIR
ZiP
ODORLESS DEPILATORY

The new ZiP Facial Hair Remover contains no sulphides, no offensive odors. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Face, arms and legs. Ask your dealer or write *Madame Berthé*, **562 Fifth Ave., New York**



We hope this message may bring for you the decision *now* to turn, to change to this modern powdered starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, they don't brown things and you get no spots or rings as with solid starches. We, The Hubinger Co., number 363, Keokuk, Iowa will send our little proof packet. Simply write for *"That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch"*.

QUICK
ELASTIC
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS
Makes Ironing Easy

RECENTLY Tom Brown and Paula Stone had a horseback party. That means that they all met before dawn at a local stable. After riding until sunup they stopped off for breakfast. Then they continued riding through the day with Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney, Mary Carlisle and others until the evening. Dancing usually followed.

For sheer magnificence and beauty there are few that can rival the parties of Marion Davies, who is just about Hollywood's Number One Hostess. Miss Davies is a swell sport, and is as popular as any star. Though she likes informality her gatherings are usually very formal and very lavish. The elite of Screendom are in attendance and on their best behaviour. Marion Davies likes catered parties, but steers away from the so-called "different" affairs as sharply as those who turn toward them.

Fred Stone is famed for his "different" parties. One of those that made screen history, (and what star doesn't try to make screen history with his or her affair,) was a "Gay Nineties Party." Only guests in Nineties costumes were admitted. The approach to the Stone mansion was decorated with the facade of a turn-of-the-century nickelodeon, "The World's Finest Outdoor Nickelodeon." Wasp skirts, of the Gibson period were everywhere in evidence.

In keeping with the spirit of the occasion relics of an era past were shown on the kinetoscope, the first motion picture machine. *Goodness Gracious,* starring Clara Kimball Young, *Battle of Manila Bay,* and pictures featuring Blanche Sweet, Maurice Costello, Lillian Gish, and Mabel Normand were later shown.

A roster of the celebrities in attendance included: Patricia Ellis, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson, Anita Louise, Richard Arlen and his wife Jobyna, Ralph Bellamy, Jeanette MacDonald, Inez Courtney, Eleanore Whitney, Gene Raymond.

When Fred Stone and Charles Collins and Tom Brown decided to make their homes on the land that once was part of the Lonridge Estates, they held a "Ground Breaking" Party. After the ground breaking ceremonies during which Tom Brown scattered pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters to the four corners of his land, a tremendous dinner consisting of Colorado Elk and little else was held for the company.

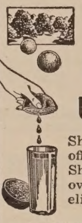
Tom Mix and Leo Carillo were there in cowboy uniform. They tried to get Tom to shoot in the contest for a Thanksgiving Turkey, but when told he'd have to be blindfolded with both arms tied behind before shooting in order to give everyone else an even chance, he decided to withdraw.

Robert Armstrong, Jim Cagney, Donald Woods, Buster Crabbe, Mary Carlisle, June Travis, Glenda Farrell, Joe E. Brown, Fred Keating, and Eleanore Whitney are only a handful of the many I saw waiting around that Colorado Elk for a third (or maybe fourth) helping.

WHEN Martha Raye holds a party she looks for a cellar. Not that she's afraid of air raids or volcanoes, but Martha Raye's affairs are about the most hilarious—and the noisiest—in Hollywood. So when Martha goes out looking for a cellar the news gets 'round that Miss Raye is about to have a party. She spent months looking for one for her last affair, finally located it at "Eugene's," one of the less pretentious night clubs in Holly-

SENSATIONAL
LOLA A. SHARP, INDIANA NURSE NOW SAYS:

Drinking 1 Glass of ORANGE JUICE Mixed with 1 Tablespoon of BONKORA 2 times a day and eating her fill of the delicious foods as shown in the Bonkora package made her **LOSE 108 LBS. UGLY FAT**



She lost 6 in. off waist, 4 in. off hips and 6 in. off bust. She lost avoidable reducible overweight and regularized elimination.

SEND FOR Free Sample and copy of Lola Sharp's letter. Address BONKORA, 544 S. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Dept. 135

Off stage shots!
On set news!
Inside facts!
Up to the minute styles!
All this, and more, will come to you in

JUNE—SCREEN BOOK
10c the copy

BE A CARTOONIST

AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME under **personal** supervision of the famous cartoonist NORMAN MARSH creator of "DAN DUNN" appearing every day in big papers. **Success — Fame — Real Money** may be **Yours** when you learn Marsh's **easy simple methods** and **secrets.** Send name and address for free details of MARSH'S **Personal** course. ACT TODAY!
MARSH CARTOON SCHOOL
Chicago Daily News Bldg., Dept. E2, Chicago, Ill.

EVENT IN GIRL'S LIFE

Many girls who are looking forward to the wedding ring find their strength failing. They suffer from nervousness, backache and pains associated with functional disturbances.

The wise girl takes a dependable tonic such as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which stimulates the appetite and this increases the intake of food, thereby building up the body.

This herbal tonic is equally as beneficial to the prospective mother who suffers from loss of appetite, also many middle-aged women find it is just the tonic they require.

New size, tabs. 50 cents. Liquid $1.00 and $1.35. Buy now of your neighborhood druggist.

wood. So Louis da Pron, Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney and scores of others roared themselves hoarse when the spirit moved them. P. S. The spirits moved them.

Leave it to Donald Ogden Stewart, one of Hollywood' favorite funsters, to really plan the unusual. Mrs. Stewart was under physician's care with strict orders to retire at six in the evening. Nothing daunted Mr. Stewart arranged for a formal, very, very formal party to be held within the narrow confines of the doctor's instructions. So he set the clock back about six hours, arranged to have a twelve course dinner at three in the afternoon while the sun was still in the heavens. Guests began arriving at one, everyone as formal as a tophat and dinner jacket. No one smiled or showed the least concern about the hour. Only Mrs. Stewart was a little bewildered.

Then when William Powell began to play tennis, immaculate in evening clothes, high heels, trail, long gloves, top hat, scarf, chesterfield coat and all—that was too much.

Dinner was served for three o'clock. At the crack of 5:45 guests began to yawn and then left. Of course, yawning was part of the act. It was called Mrs. Stewart's "nervous breakdown" party. As far as I could make out, she got a nervous breakdown after the party, not before it.

FOR real fellowship and good times you've got to hand it to the Pat O'Brien set. Recently he had a birthday party only for his Irish buddies. The James Cagneys, George Meekers, Frank McHughs, and llan Jenkins were there. The group presented Pat with one of the finest decorated cakes I've ever seen. Candles were made out of chocolate. On the top of the icing the baker had written the following message: "You're a pair of '7's' and that's no 'Snakeyes.'"

Everyone brought presents. Everyone, that is, except the Cagneys, who protested that they never read the newspapers. But Jim made up for that by giving one of his famous toasts. Jim, by the by is one of the finest toast masters in Hollywood. Here, incidentally, is the toast:

"May you live as long as your friends want you to live; may your friends live as long as you. Oh, hell, let's eat."

I've been telling you about the swell times. Now a little about the headaches.

When I'm called on to plan a party I've got to know, without asking, who's going to be there. I can usually guess the nature of the company by the star who gives the function.

So when I get out to the house, with my steam tables and pastry bins set up and ready to go, I have to know the stars' favorite dishes.

Here's a tip to you all. And this has never been made public yet. The secret of making a party successful is to give every individual person that which he likes most. You can't give a hundred people ice cream if only ninety eight like it. And you can't give a hundred people stewed rabbit if only two like it.

So when I'm called on to cater a party I'll remember this:

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone like red wine, very, very slightly cooled. Marlene Dietrich will eat filet of sole with maguery sauce before anything else.

Just heap a dish of boiled potatoes for Clark Gable. He eats a man's meal. Cabbage, corned beef and plenty of

A MARVELOUS VACATION IN
COOL
COLORADO
. . . ON THE
NEW
DENVER
Zephyr!

● From the city's sweltering heat to the tonic coolness of the Rockies—that's the refreshing change Colorado offers you this summer. And now there's an added thrill in a trip to Colorado—the thrill of gliding from Chicago to Denver, just overnight, on one of Burlington's famous, air-conditioned, 12-car Denver Zephyrs.

These diesel-powered, stainless steel wonder trains offer you every conceivable accommodation—at *no excess fare*. Their 16-hour schedule gives you *two extra days* in glorious Colorado. Denver with its renowned mountain parks—the awe-inspiring canyons of Bear Creek and Turkey Creek—enchanting Colorado Springs—majestic Pikes Peak—Boulder and the alpine beauty of Estes Park.

Burlington's special summer fares are amazingly low. You'll be surprised how little a vacation in cool Colorado will cost. Whether you travel independently or join a congenial ALL-EXPENSE ESCORTED TOUR PARTY, "go Burlington" for the greatest travel value. In addition to the Denver Zephyrs, these luxurious, air-conditioned Burlington flyers—

THE ARISTOCRAT—*Chicago—Denver*
OVERLAND EXPRESS—*Chicago—Denver*
COLORADO LIMITED—*St. Louis—Denver*

To California by way of Colorado. Enjoy more than a thousand miles between Chicago and Denver aboard the Denver Zephyr with almost a full day in the beautiful capital city of Colorado without loss of time en route. Speedy, convenient routing from Denver, through Salt Lake City, to the coast. One of the country's most scenic routes.

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Room 1431, 547 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Send me your free illustrated booklets, rates and information about Colorado Vacations.
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Street and Number__________
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ON APPROVAL
CHAIN AND KNIFE FREE!
GOLD BOND GUARANTEE

SOLID Gold effect case, guaranteed 25 years. Accuracy guaranteed by 100-year-old Million Dollar FACTORY. We'll send yours on APPROVAL. Simply send 25 cents to show good faith. Money back if not pleased. If delighted, continue two monthly $2 payments. Nothing more to pay! Send 25 cents stamps or coin TODAY. Your watched shipped by return mail.
BRADLEY, 395-C
NEWTON, MASS.

LUCKILY I USED "HIDE-IT"

CLEAR-LOOKING SKIN FOR EVERYONE!

New Cream Hides Blemishes

NO longer need a conspicuous blemish cause you embarrassment! Now you can instantly conceal a Birthmark, Scar, Burn, Bruise, Pimples, Freckles, Dark Circles Under Eyes or any skin discoloration with "HIDE-IT". Won't rub off, peel or crack. Perspiration or water won't affect it. Lasts all day until removed. $1 at Dept. and Drug Stores. 10c size at Ten Cent Stores.

Hide-it
HIDES BLEMISHES

TRIAL Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept 12-E, Chicago
I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it." ☐ *Cream* ☐ *Stick*
Check shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan
Name..........Town..........
Address..........State..........

REDUCE
WEIGHT
GUARANTEED

Amazing NEW HOLLYWOOD METHOD

THE SAFE WAY

TRIAL SIZE AND PROOF OF QUICK RESULTS *Only* 25¢

* 24 POUNDS 31 DAYS!

M. G. M. STARLETTE *Glorified* BY DE MILLE

VIA

HOLLYWOOD STARS Reduce-Eazy method: When your health, home, happiness and very existence depends upon your figure—can **you** sit idly by—realizing excess weight is taking its toll and do nothing? Of course **you** are too intelligent for that; why don't you try **Reduce-Eazies** today? **Reduce-Eazies** are compounded under the supervision of a duly licensed physician. **Read a few of the selected at random testimonials** received in 3 days from happy users of this pleasant, safe, easy method of reduction. Mrs. B. Cook, Pa.—Works like magic, **I lost 65 lbs., with** no ill effects or sagging skin, feel wonderful. Miss H. Olson, Minn.—**Lost 8 lbs. on 25c size,** amazed at results. Mrs. J. Best, Wash.—Reduce-Eazies improved my figure, cleared my complexion. Mrs. K. Smith, N. Y.—**Lost 48 lbs.,** feel and look like a young girl, had not slept in years, now sleep like a baby. Reduce-Eazies did wonders by taking the fat away from my heart. Marion Swanson, 225 N. Kaukini, Honolulu, Hawaii—Reduce-Eazies are marvelous, **I lost 11 lbs.,** ate anything I wished. They took out the dark circles from under my eyes.

LOSES 26 POUNDS

* Tried all other methods, was desperate. Tried Reduce-Eazies, lost 26 pounds in a short time, feel like a new person. I want to help others so you may use this letter in any way you wish.—Miss Penny Cartier, Cherokee Road, Louisville.

DRAMATIC PROOF

These actual case records, showing how unfortunate victims of useless fat are now enjoying the fullness of life so rightfully belonging to every woman, thankfully praise this celebrated Hollywood Star Reduce-Eazy Method that set them on the road to happy slenderness.

SEND NO MONEY

You need not send one cent; just pay postman on delivery. REDUCE-EAZIES contain no dinitrophenol—no thyroid—no dangerous drugs. Eat what you like—no strenuous exercise; a safe Root herb leaf and other pure, harmless medicinal ingredients method; sold under a certified gold bond

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION

SEND MONEY ORDER, CASH OR CHECK—$1.00 for 30-day trial, 60-day treatment for $2.00, or save money by getting the proven, most economical six $1.00 box treatment—on free money-back trial for only $5.00 for full complete combination, assuring you of no break in treatment.

WHY NOT SEND WHILE THE PRICE REMAINS LOW?

Please rush me____boxes of your famous **REDUCE-EAZIES.** Enclosed find $____to cover payment or send C.O.D.____I will pay postman on delivery. Include your priceless FREE Book on Reducing.

NAME______________________________

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HOLLYWOOD STAR PRODUCTS, LTD.
Studio U-2, Box 375
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Would You Like to be Happily Married

Thackeray said "Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them." Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, has the charm within her to attract and fascinate men. You can learn how to develop and use those natural charms from "Fascinating Womanhood", an unusual book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of men's pyschology. Married or single, this knowledge will help you. Don't let love and romance pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood", an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood". Sent in plain wrapper. **PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 42-E, St. Louis, Mo.**

boiled potatoes. Wallace Beery gets ill at the sight of chicken in any disguise. But he loves coffee. So I start serving him coffee before the soup. He gets coffee with every course right down through cigars after dinner.

William Le Baron, the director, likes scallops on the side. Tartar sauce is his main dish. One of my waiters came back with a face as white as his napkin. He said very nervously. "Cesar, maybe I'm wrong, But Mr. Le Baron, he just put tartar sauce in his coffee." I think he was wrong. Maybe one of his friends pulled the gag. But it gives you an idea.

Joan Bennett likes calves liver and the Max Reinhardts like vodka with caviar. With their main course they'll take nothing but Chateau Moulton, 1929.

Arlene Judge starts her parties at ten in the morning, finishes them at ten that night. She is one of the waiters' favorite patronesses because she treats them so well.

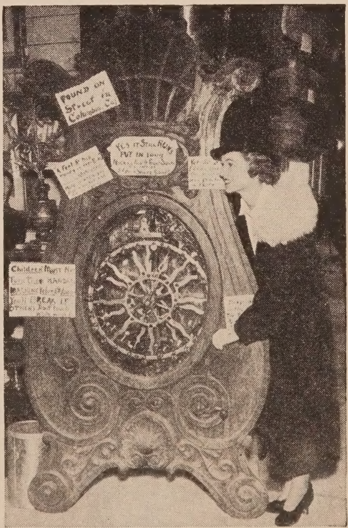
Gracie Allen likes lambchops that are almost transparent. You'd think she eats them that way to reduce.

Charles Boyer who is one of the few men who knows the rare art of dining well, likes champagne with everything he eats, and George Raft likes a steak the size of a boat. After he gets his steak I always have one of my men bring him two bottles of ketchup. That's the only seasoning he likes.

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard like crepe suzette and dozens of chafing dishes from which to select their dinner items. Guy Kibbee likes "sauce a la poulet" and will use it for every dish except dessert.

I could go on indefinitely, but I've merely indicated a few of the stars' favorite dishes. I have to remember each and every one of them when I cater a party. The moment I spot one of them I'll tell my chef to make up their special dish-delight.

I'm Cesar, the big party man.



Polly Rowles, Universal featured player, runs off an old-time record on this ancient Thomas Edison record-changing phonograph. It used cylinder records

Many Happy Women Now Say

PAR-I-O-GEN

(Pronounced PAR-'I-O-JEN)

• TABLETS •

MAKE

FEMININE HYGIENE

Simple
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Easy

Dependable Pariogen requires no applicators or other accessories. The easy-to-use tablet alone is sufficient. Harmless, non-caustic, greaseless, odorless. Twelve tablets in glass container cost only one dollar. Don't hesitate to ask your druggist for Pariogen Tablets. If his supply should be temporarily exhausted, write us for free sample.

Pariogen Tablets

AMERICAN DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.
420 S. Sixth St., Minneapolis, Minn. Dept. 265

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 391, Chicago.

New **POCKET RADIO**

MUSIC SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT

BEAUTIFUL CLEAR TONE DIRECT FROM POCKET RADIO

All one unit—just like the big sets, but weighs only 6 oz. Fits pocket easily. Take it with you. Nothing to adjust. No batteries, tubes, or electric socket connections required. Tuning knob is the only moving part.

Costs Nothing to Operate! Guaranteed! Brings in stations with fine tone quality. Tunes broadcast band. Accurately made, precisely assembled, rigidly tested, assures excellent performance. Should last for years. Comes complete with built-in phone with easy instructions for use in camps, office, picnics, home, bed, etc. Listen to music, sports, radio entertainment, etc. The "Cathedral" Pocket Radio is ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED — all ready to connect and tune in. Thousands in use. An ideal gift. **SEND NO MONEY!** Its enjoyable radio entertainment should delight you! Combines performance and economy. Get yours today. Pay postman on arrival $2.99 and postage or send $2.99 (we pay postage). **Little Giant Radio Co., 1166 Diversey Pky., Dept. 206, Chicago**

Help Kidneys

Clean Out Poisonous Acids

Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex, the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles. $10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, California, guarantees that Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-Tex) today.

Following The Sothern Trail

[*Continued from page* 44]

present place in the cinema sun and finds just *three* high points that have meant more to her than anything else. And, strange to say, her present film stature is not one of them.

You can mark it down in your book that Ann Sothern never will go Hollywood. Reason? Here it is in her own words: "Because I know too much about it." She thinks those who go Hollywood, in the usual meaning of the term, are mostly the over-night successes. Whatever renown Ann Sothern has won, came the hard way which gave her a keen sense of proportion.

For a film celebrity to select his or her "big moments" and leave the screen entirely out of it stirs wonder on the part of those outsiders who look upon the cinema with certain degrees of awe. However, Ann Sothern is a girl who never will run true to form with movieland traditions. And now, in case suspense is consuming you, here are the trio of big moments in Ann Sothern's life:

One—Winning the first prize for musical composition in a middle-western high school. (Incidentally, she carried off this honor three years in succession.)

Two—Selection by the late Florenz Ziegfeld, after having heard her sing a song at a Hollywood party, for second lead in his Marilyn Miller starring vehicle, *Smiles.*

Three—When she became Mrs. Roger Pryor.

YOU see she makes no mention of picture work, but if the writer read her conversation rightly while lunching with her in a 20th Century studio dressing room, where she was on loan from her own studio, RKO—he might save the day for the films and add a fourth "big moment," namely, her reactions when she recently was given the top role in a picture made by the same studio that for months featured her in stills but never on the screen.

That music and the theatre should have played a conspicuous part in Ann's career is natural. Her mother was a concert singer, who paused at Valley City, North Dakota, during a tour to give birth to Ann Sothern, nee Hariette Lake, one 40-below-zero morning in January, 1909. Annette Yde, the concert singer, saw a musical career as the goal of little Harriette as they toured the country. Part of the time Ann attended schools here and there.

Although Ann managed to complete her schooling and climax it with three years as campus belle at the University of Washington, she never was more than a hop, skip and jump from the theatre and grease paint. Taking first prize for the best original piano composition at a Minneapolis high school just once proved an incentive to Ann and repeating for a second and third time proved to her that the first was not just a happenstance. Attainment of a goal by a girl in her teens seems so much more important than achievements in later life. These three accomplishments were red letter days for the girl you now know as Ann Sothern.

While Ann was making the hearts of boys on the University of Washington campus go pit-a-pat, her mother was coaching Hollywood actors and actresses who had just become talkie-conscious. On Ann's third-year vacation period she came to Hollywood to visit her mother, and Southern California sold itself to her. She elected to stay, even though it cost her an allowance from her father. This loss was soon compensated for by a $75-a-week stock contract at Warner Brothers, where she appeared in one picture, but the released film failed to show her.

The late Paul Bern interested himself in her and gained for her a $250-a-week contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where she stayed for several months, lost in the shuffle cinematically speaking, but subject of almost every conceivable still picture that could be made.

"Whenever they needed leg art, someone to ride in a parade, or to meet visiting firemen, I was elected," smiled Ann, who admits she is glad she did not make good in her first fling at the movies. She made a lot of friends among studio folk, even if she did not get on the screen, and was invited to numerous cinema social gatherings. Her voice and her dancing made her popular.

"I met Florenz Ziegfeld at one of those parties," said Miss Sothern in commenting on the second major episode in her life. "I was tremendously flattered when he told me he might have a part for me in his next Broadway show. But I had heard so many Hollywood promises that I actually was amazed when I received a telegram from him to come to New York for the second lead in *Smiles,* which starred Marilyn Miller.

"It was without any feeling of regret that I left Hollywood for New York. I was fully appreciative of the honor of being summoned by Ziegfeld for a part in what proved to be his last big show. Here I was gaining a goal sans all the struggle so many actresses have made to become identified with a production of the great Ziegfeld, so I could not be sincere if I did not admit this was the second 'big moment' of my life."

AFTER *Smiles,* Miss Sothern scored success in three brilliant musical comedies, *America's Sweetheart, Everybody's Welcome* and *Of Three I Sing.* She had the same role in the road show of the latter that Lois Moran played in New York. Eventually her company played in Los Angeles and west coast producers began to make discreet queries as to whether she would like to be in pictures. Though she had been on studio payrolls more than a year in Hollywood, she was an unknown quantity in motion pictures. These overtures failed to sway Ann and she had returned to New York to do another stage play, when Harry Cohn of Columbia signed her to star in *Let's Fall in Love.*

Whatever success she had gained up to this point was garnered as Harriette Lake, but now that the films were to put her into star company, she was rechristened Ann Sothern—Ann, through a shortening of her mother's name, and Sothern, because she always had admired the work of E. H. Sothern on the stage.

In her very first picture the girl who had been tucked away in Hollywood's best moth balls proved that once given a chance she was an able actress. Thus, at 22, the girl that Samuel Goldwyn once turned down for a chorus job, became Eddie Cantor's lead in *Kid Millions.* For

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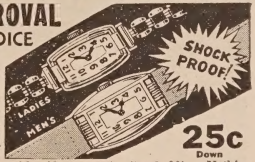

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a time she became one of the busiest actresses in Hollywood. When she was not busy at Columbia she was loaned out to other studios, one loan being opposite Maurice Chevalier in *Folies Bergere*.

None of these events, it will be noted, rated high enough in Miss Sothern's classification of "big moments" in her life to be included in the first three. For four years she was more or less in the company of Roger Pryor, to whom she was introduced by the owner of the College Inn in Chicago. Then last fall Ann Sothern became Mrs. Roger Pryor. They spent their honeymoon in Chicago; ate their first dinner there at the same table in the College Inn where they sat the night they were introduced. Now Roger Pryor is conducting his own orchestra at the College Inn.

Her marriage thus becomes the third major event in her life and yet the early days of that union finds most of their time spent some 2,000 miles apart.

"Perhaps some married couples would find little lure in a marital arrangement such as Roger's and mine," confided Miss Sothern. "I, for one, believe that marriage of professionals have a much better chance of success if the husband and wife are not constantly together. I don't suscribe to the idea that 'absence makes the heart grow fonder,' but I am confident that much of the friction that leads to Hollywood divorces comes from too long sustained association of people whose work demands much of them and who, when they go home, get into arguments because of upset nerves.

"As it is now, if I am wrought up when I get home from the studio, my maid and other servants bear the brunt of my lapses, if any, but they treat me like a spoiled child, whereas, a husband, were he in the same frame of mind as I, might be less likely to work in the interests of harmony. I am superstitious about forecasting how such a marriage arrangement as Roger's and mine will work out, but I am hopeful for the best. Between pictures we can be together; he is doing the thing he likes and so am I."

Just before New Year's Miss Sothern had M-G-M officials in a dither because, in accepting a leading role there, her contract called for a completion of the picture on December 30. Production delays made it appear impossible to meet the deadline, but Miss Sothern was adamant because she elected to spend New Year's with Roger Pryor in Chicago. The picture did finish on time, but almost everyone who knew her, besieged her with phone and personal call trying to change her plans to go by air. The loss of one transcontinental plane in Utah and the fatal crash of another near Hollywood late in December made everyone but Miss Sothern fearful for her safety. Many gathered at the airport to bid her a funeral goodbye, but the air trip was uneventful.

Miss Sothern has no yen to return to the stage, now that pictures have begun to do right by her. She admits that audiences startle her, a fact she learned when she recently went on an air program where there was an audience.

"I've always liked Hollywood, even when pictures jilted me, but I prefer it to Broadway as a place to work, and it is ideal as a place to live," she says. "To love Hollywood best, one should go away occasionally. With my husband working in Chicago, I have a dual incentive for frequent departures from Hollywood, which keeps its lure ever fresh in my mind."

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Hollywood Love Thief

[*Continued from page* 59]

have called a hearse—not us!" Police were questioning Ted, the chauffeur. A thought more sickening than all the rest crowded in on me. Things like this could ruin your career! If it was broadcast that I had once been engaged to Dick and had thrown him over when success came—then had been in the car that killed him . . . It could wreck me! Smash my name professionally . . .

I shrank into a corner of the back seat and covered my face with my hands.

"It's all right, dear," said Ted climbing in beside me. "They will do everything that's necessary . . . Oh, Doddy, you're sweet to care so much even if you did know the man. He didn't—he *couldn't* mean anything in particular to you. Could he?"

"He handled my publicity when I first came to Hollywood," I said.

I could pass over like that everything that Dick Witters had done for me. *Dick*—the man who had *made* Hollywood recognize me . . .

I needn't have worried. Not one of the papers mentioned my name in connection with the accident. Ted and his manager saw to that. And two days later we were on location for the opening scenes of *Mad Love* down near San Diego.

The studio had established headquarters for us at Rancho Santa Fe, picturesque spot. Golden sunshine filtering through the sycamores, lazy hills spread out toward the Pacific. It was out of season so we were practically alone there. After each day's "shooting" Ted and I rode horseback through the dusk. He was jubilant. His voice rang with gaiety. One evening at dinner Pierce Overman said, "We're getting something special on this picture. A young, glamorous quality that's sure-fire stuff. If you two kids can keep it up . . ."

WE COULD. It was easy to seem in love with Ted, to slip rapturously into his arms. Out of the tail of my eye I could see Overman directing as suavely as ever—but there was torture back of the glance he gave me. It was *his* arms he wanted around me. And I knew it. I had set out deliberately to make him care for me. I'd succeeded a little too well.

"I'm jealous," chuckled Ted. "Every time the old boy is near you he turns white!"

I chuckled too. Then I remembered the "sweetness and light" role I had set for myself. "He's been so good to me," I murmured wistfully.

"When are you going to start being good to *me*, honey?" whispered Ted, edging closer. We were lying on our backs on a sweet-scented hill, watching a thin slice of new moon hump its way up over a boulder.

"What do you mean?" I said.

For answer Ted rested his dark head against my shoulder. "I haven't been acting these last three weeks, Doddy. It's been real. I love you."

For a wild, breathless moment I was close against him. Feeling his heart against mine. Then he swung me up suddenly, lifted me to my feet. "Doddy, we'll be married! We'll be married tonight! Across the border . . ."

It was a reckless, gloriously insane drive along the ocean. San Diego . . .

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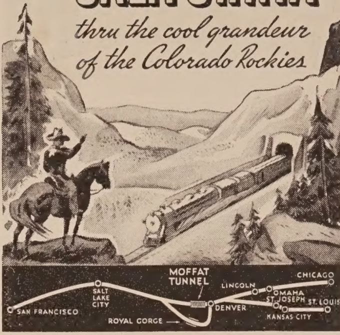

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Tia Juana . . . We raced into the next sleepy little Mexican town and Ted found a room for me at the hotel. "It won't be long, my darling! Another hour and you'll belong to me, young woman! As soon as I can rout a justice of the peace out of bed . . ."

After he had gone I paced the little room for what seemed an eternity. My mind a whirlwind of thoughts. I could see the headlines, SCREEN IDOL AND NEW STAR WED. Women everywhere adored him so . . . But marriage put such a period to romance. It might spoil the "in" I had with Pierce Overman. It might spoil my attraction . . .

Swiftly I went down into the small lobby. "I've got to have a car and driver right away. Do you understand?" I told the Mexican in attendance. He nodded.

"Be quick!" I ordered. Any moment Ted might return.

"I can get you Pietro but it will cost you double fare at this hour."

"I don't care. *Hurry!*"

Five minutes later I was on my way.

PIETRO was more willing than skilled as a driver. He tore along the road swearing furiously at the engine most of the time. Once we took half a bridge rail with us and a little further on the inevitable happened. The car skidded, swayed drunkenly and ploughed down an embankment . . .

I woke as from a deep dream to the smell of ether. "My face!" I gasped.

"Your face is all right," said an acid voice crisply. "You movie dames are all alike. You go on a joy ride and squawk if you end up in a mess."

I opened my eyes wide. No man had ever talked to me like that *before!* He was sandy-haired and grim. "Here, swallow this and go back to sleep."

That was my introduction to Dr. John MacBreen. He was the specialist the studio had sent from Los Angeles to the small seaside hospital where I had been taken. Pierce Overman had come. And Ted was bewilderingly humble. Considered everything his fault.

"I—I got a little afraid in the hotel alone," I told him, and knew that the effect of my hand lying limp in his would do the rest.

But the trouble was—he remained humble. And devoted. Ted Shields dogged me through the rest of that picture and through three others which followed in quick succession after the studio discovered the popularity of *Mad Love*. I was bored. I went about with dozens of other men. Most of them proposed. Two were crack polo players with vast incomes. One was a count who, surprisingly enough, also had a fortune to offer. And all of them treated me with the same lady-on-a-silver-platter attitude, with a certain masculine protectiveness that left me cold. All except Dr. MacBreen . . .

I'd had to make any number of excuses to get him to call at the house. Once he growled at me, "Listen, you're as healthy as I am. Your kind doesn't break—even though you do look as fragile as the devil. That collar-bone you knocked loose in the accident is okay. This is my last visit, Dorothy."

And it took a month before I could get him back. Meanwhile I played a fast and loose game with Pierce Overman and Ted. Pierce had become a leading producer now and he still wanted to marry me. He hated Ted but for professional reasons he kept him under contract. I was on the crest of the wave. Men at my feet. And then Ted bolted.

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IT WAS at the Trocadero that I saw him dancing with a blonde girl. He was the gay old Ted I had almost forgotten. I'd looked on him as my property for so long that I knew an unreasonable anger. After a while he brought her over to our table—I was with the count and a party—and introduced her. She was a slim, quiet person. What could he see in such a girl? He evidently saw plenty. "Dorothy," he said, "you'd better congratulate me. Kay and I are going to be married tomorrow!"

I felt a queer little shock run through my veins. Was I in love with Ted? I managed to smile sweetly, to wish them happiness. But the shock wouldn't leave. For the first time my power was slipping . . . *slipping!* I had to do something quick.

I went to Dr. MacBreen's office the next morning. And I put on the best act of my life. It ended by us flying to Yuma for an abrupt wedding in the dusty courthouse. Newspapers carried the story to every part of the globe. DOROTHY DONER WEDS DOCTOR SECRETLY. The implications were that Ted had married in spite . . .

But I wanted him back. There had been so much publicity about us that our next picture together was a sensation. And I saw to it that the love scenes had never been more heart-breakingly tender. I adopted the old camaraderie on the set, slipping my hand into his as we walked along, kissing him at night when we finished work . . . And one evening Kay, his wife, saw us.

She had come unexpectedly onto the stage and he dropped me as if I'd been a sack to rush to her. There was no denying what was in his eyes. He adored his wife. She had given him something that he never could have gotten from me and he knew it. She didn't rant or protest as I hoped. She said simply, "Let's go home, Ted."

A blinding fury came over me. I'd get him back! I'd exert every influence I knew how to get him back!

But I could not . . .

That was more evident as the weeks went on. Often we made a foursome together—John and I joining them for dinner or dancing. I wore my prettiest frocks. My prettiest airs. To no avail. Ted treated me with the amused tolerance he'd show a kid sister. If Kay saw what I was up to she made no sign. If only she had!

Finally I went to Pierce Overman. I got him to withdraw Ted from the new production we were about to start.

When Ted heard about it, he did what I expected he would do. He tore up his contract. The studio could prevent him legally from making any other picture with another firm for a year's time. And in that time—well, the public has a short memory.

But I had not counted on John MacBreen. He'd heard about it at the hospital where Kay was expecting a baby. About Ted being withdrawn from my picture. And he'd guessed the reason.

He came into the living room, livid, more grim than I'd ever seen him. "I've been pretty dumb, Dorothy. But I've put the puzzle together now—of why you married me. You're not going to do this to Ted, see? I'd like to kill you, you dirty little cheat. You've cheated your way through life. Cheated every man you've ever met. You and every woman like you ought to be sent to hell. I can't do that. But I can do *this!*" And he took a long snake whip from the cabinet...

(To be concluded)

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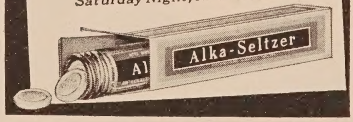

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THE PUBLISHER'S OWN PAGE

By W. H. FAWCETT

FOR the benefit of new readers, your publisher would like to explain that for the past several months we have been filling this last page with personal experiences as a soldier in the United States Army in the Philippine Islands in the years of 1902-3-4. While we realize that soldiering as a buck-private during the Philippine Insurrection bears no direct relationship to the publishing of a motion picture magazine, we feel that our numerous skirmishes with the Mohammedan Moros on the Islands of Mindanao and Jolo cannot help but interest us in the making of such pictures as *The Good Earth, The Road Back, All Quiet on the Western Front, Journey's End, What Price Glory?* and other famous pictures.

In visiting numerous studio sets used in the war scenes or in a grand picture like *The Good Earth,* we are reminded of the settings and the excitement of various engagements against religious frenzied natives. Our service with Uncle Sam's doughboys also carried with it many friendships with famous American soldiers who are now highly respected and some of them able members of the Film Colony. One of Hollywood's most popular actors is Jimmy Gleason.

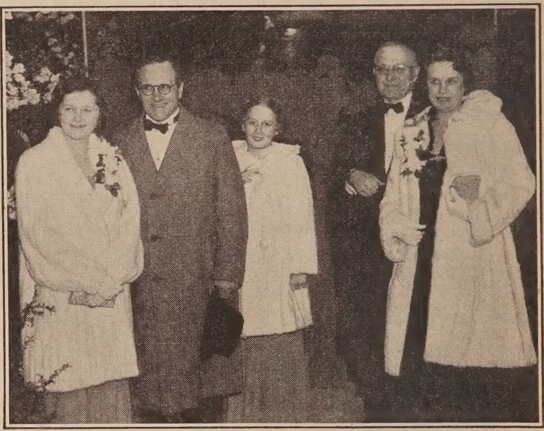
Jimmy was in the Cavalry during the Philippine excitement and when we two old vets get together we cannot help discussing our experiences.

Incidentally, the Gleason family, consisting of Jimmy, his charming wife, Lucille, and their son, Russell, will entertain movieland tourists on one of our annual summer excursion tours sponsored by SCREEN BOOK Magazine.

In the April issue of this magazine we were at the finish of having cleaned up some recalcitrant Moros on the Island of Jolo, when space limitation ended the campaign. When we encamped that night of November, 1903, at the base of an extinct volcano, General Leonard Wood received a cablegram from the nearby city of Jolo, informing him of his promotion to Major General.

I recall quite vividly a scene where General Wood and some staff officers ventured for a hunt with light shotguns. At the same time the Commissary department was issuing rations from some covered wagons. General Wood and party had not proceeded more than 100 yards on their hunting expedition until a volley of bullets splattered around from the neighboring woods. At about the same time the quartermaster sergeants were greeted with a shower of pellets while receiving rations. One wounded sergeant was the extent of the damage to our troops. The hunters hustled back to camp and the guard was doubled.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason and their son, Russell, are rated as one of filmland's happiest families. Jimmy, besides being a veteran actor, is a veteran of Far Eastern campaigning while in the Army



The premiere of *The Good Earth* brought reminiscences of the Orient to the publisher, who tells you more interesting experiences this month. Photo shows Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fawcett, Mrs. Gordon Fawcett, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Newberg at the Carthay Circle

The next day we encountered some excitement and lots of ammunition was wasted. An elderly Moro went *juramentado,* or more often referred to as running amuck. We had heard lots of wild stories about the religious fanaticism of these Mohammedans and you can imagine our excitement in seeing this Moro attacking several hundred soldiers with one long spear. He came out of a bunch of bushes about 200 yards away and at first sight the Americans considered the affair as some sort of a joke. It was not until the Moro had almost reached our pathway when two or three men sent the deluded old boy to his happy hunting ground.

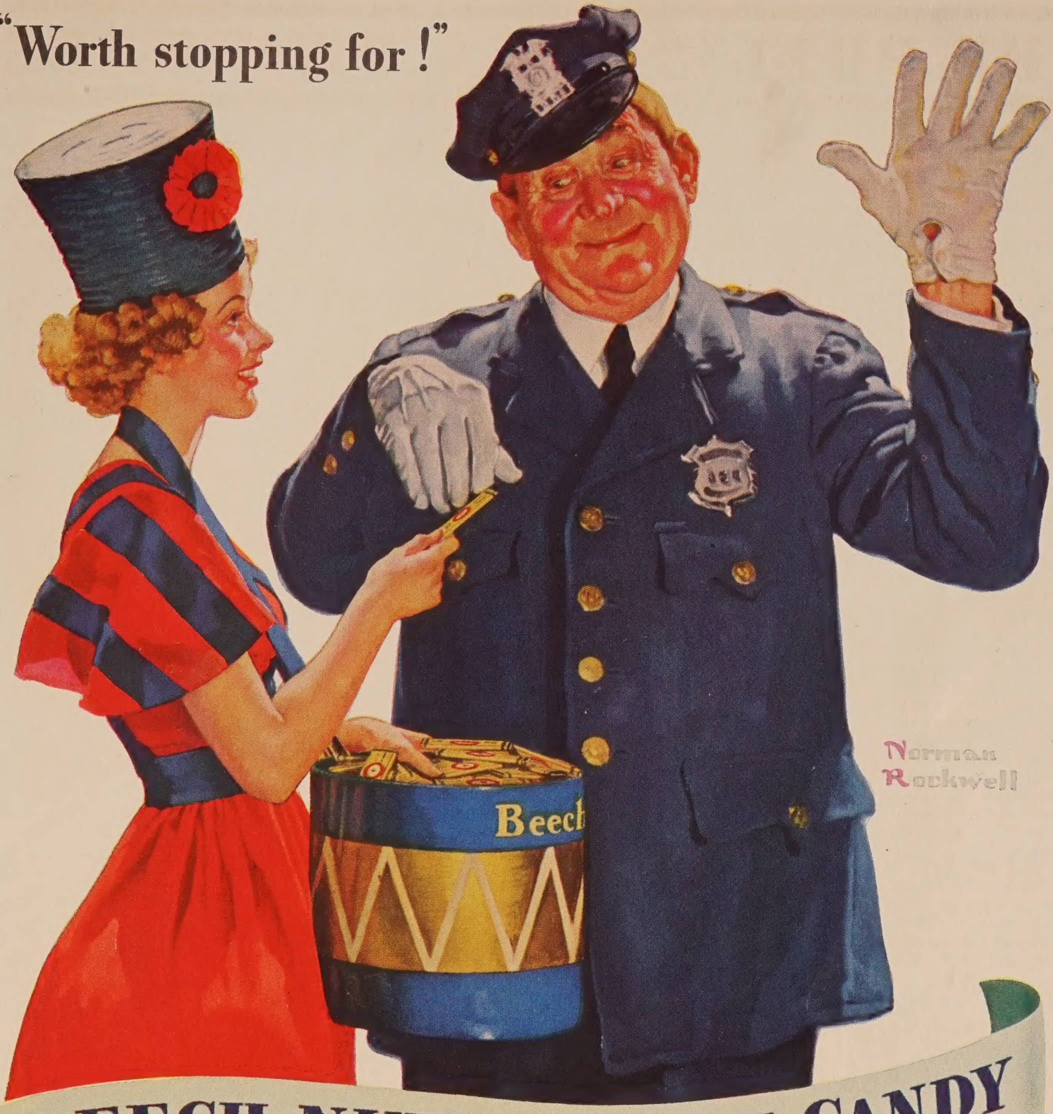
The story generally told about the Moros is that they are taught in the Koran that by killing a Christian or a non-Mohammedan they would be rewarded in their Mohammedan Heaven with a special seat of honor and at regular intervals would be furnished with a white charger and would be signally honored. Religion reacts strangely at times.

Quite frequently since 1903 I have read of difficulties encountered by the constabulary on this same island, and although at my time it undoubtedly was necessary for Uncle Sam to subdue them, most of our scraps were of minor nature and hardly comparable to early Indian uprisings. In retrospect our occupation and subjugation of the Philippines would seem rather absurd. Not being an international lawyer and having had the pleasure in later years of hunting and associating with Indian and African tribes, I have always found them happy groups of people.

After witnessing the premiere showing of the picture *Good Earth* in Hollywood recently, it is my belief that so-called civilized people of the world are not always as happy as are the semi-civilized tribes, peacefully living on their parcels of land. Though your publisher left the Philippines with 27 night attacks, skirmishes, engagements and campaigns on his service record, not one of any great importance can be recalled.

Incidentally, after having hunted big game with rifle and camera in Alaska, Africa and other out-of-the-way places, I have yet to see a wild animal that ordinarily would not run away from the scent or sight of a human being. I do not mean that animals are not dangerous, but I probably have been too damned careful. Which might serve as the subject of another fireside talk.

Next month your publisher will continue his reminiscences of a life of adventure in all parts of the world.
—The Editor.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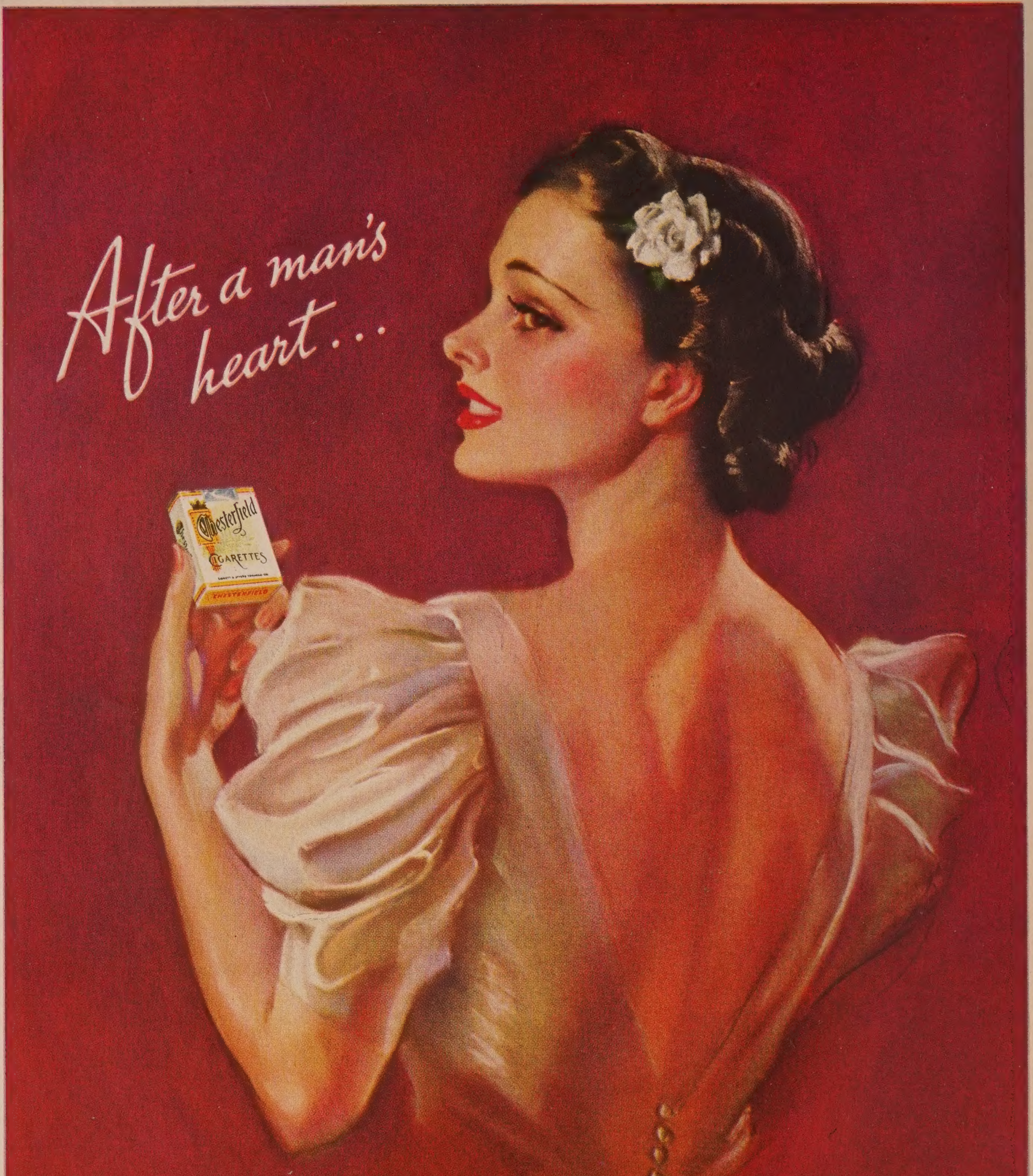
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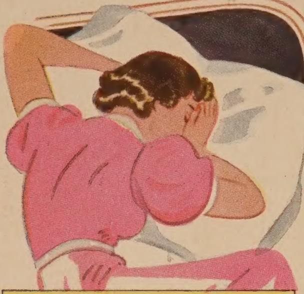

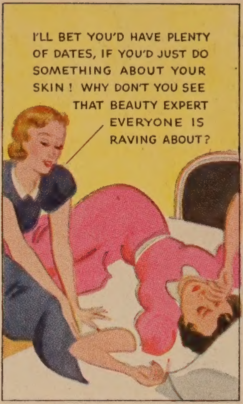
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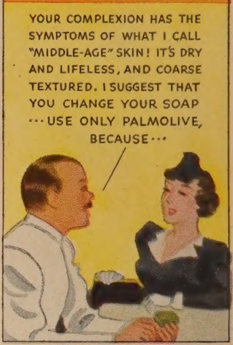
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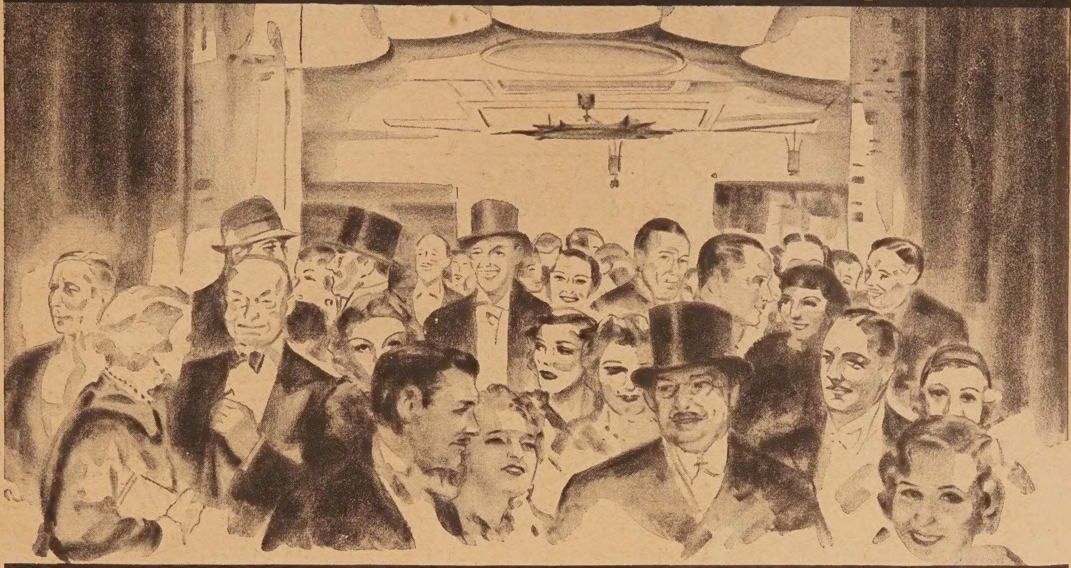

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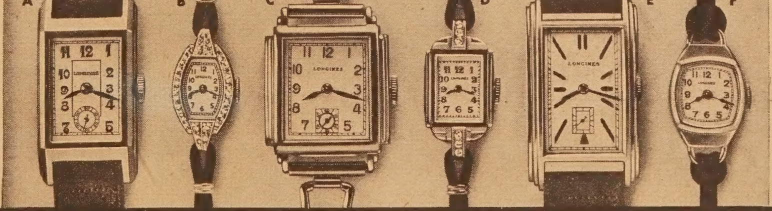

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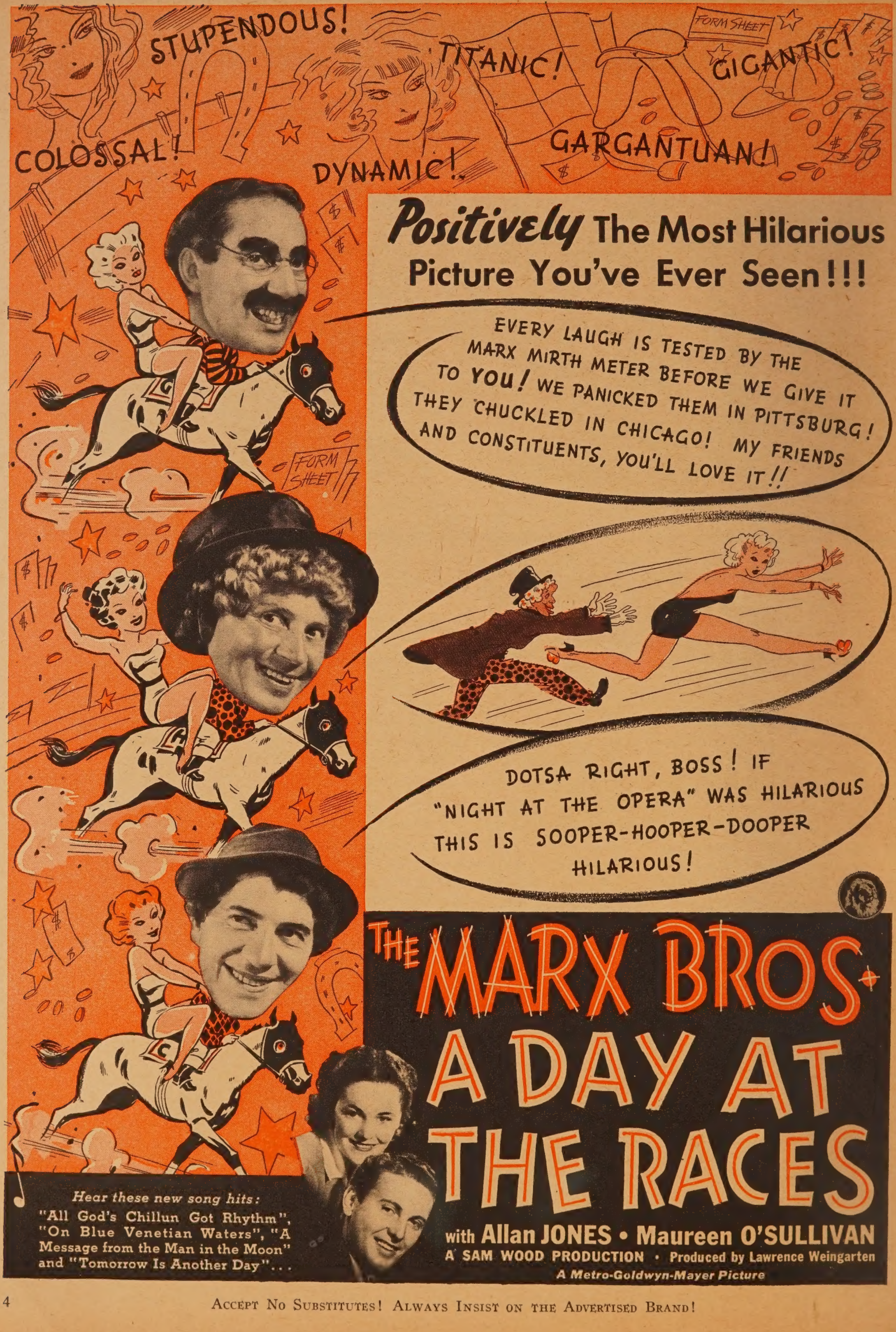
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SCREEN BOOK

VOLUME XVIII No. 11 JUNE, 1937

TED MAGEE
EDITOR

AL ALLARD
Art Director

EDITORIAL OFFICE

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W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher.....**JOHN LEROY JOHNSTON, Western Manager**

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Anna Neagle

You'll see her...you'll love her...you'll nominate her the screen's loveliest. She dances; she sings; she romances; she wins her way into your heart. Watch for the glorious, glamorous ANNA NEAGLE in Herbert Wilcox's "Backstage" and other forthcoming GB releases.

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie, center, gave a *Come With the Wind* party on a recent night. The Jimmy Cagneys are shown on the left and the Dick Powells on the right. For further "costumeries" see what we have for you on page 8

BECAUSE the residents of San Fernando Valley are as rabid fans of movie stars as are found anywhere in this wide land, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable will not be able to enjoy real western rodeos.

Each Sunday Clark, Carole, Gail Patrick and Bob Cobb have gone out to a secluded ranch for a calf roping rodeo. Luncheon for the farmhands, cowboys and guests was furnished by the Brown Derby—a treat for any farmhand. On the first visit the stars were treated like natives. On the second Sunday word began to penetrate the countryside that movie stars could be seen at the ranch, and on the third Sunday most of the valley turned out in its Sunday-go-to-meeting finery and the stars were besieged for autographs and photographs.

●

The Jack Oakies celebrated their first wedding anniversary with a *Come With The Wind* party. The invitations were signed by Scarlett Varden and Rhett Oakie. Each guest was to dress in keeping with Confederate times. Betty and Robert Young arrived as colored slaves. Frank Morgan went as a Confederate soldier, but Jack decided that he should have been a *wounded* soldier so his arms and legs were bandaged.

Joe E. Brown won first prize for costumes when he arrived as a southern colonel with a long walrus mustache. (See photo on page 8.)

●

A new romance has entered the life of Herbert Marshall which is more serious than Hollywood realizes. She is Lee Russell, the tall attractive sister of Rosalind Russell. Each day they can be found lunching at Lucey's near the RKO studio and at night they dine at Victor Hugo's.

●

It seems that the first real vacation that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone have planned to enjoy together is to be disrupted at the last moment. They were

[*Continued on page* 8]

BUILD AN IDEAL HOLLYWOOD HOME!

Revealing in detail complete plans for building an ideal Hollywood home, SCREEN BOOK next month will present architect's drawings, plans and photos showing how you can have America's most unusual bungalow. You never before have seen such a smart, efficient and modern design—at an amazingly low construction cost. Don't miss complete details in July SCREEN BOOK.

In One Thrill-Packed Night

YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

Mark Twain's immortal tale of RED-BLOODED ADVENTURE is yours with its thousand thrills now! . . . It's as exciting, as breathless, as amazing as the strange adventures of the two lads whose story has long stood first in the hearts of the world's readers!

WARNER BROS. present:

the PRINCE and the PAUPER

with

ERROL FLYNN

CLAUDE RAINS

HENRY STEPHENSON

BARTON MacLANE

and THE

MAUCH TWINS

☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆

Patric Knowles · Montague Love
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp
Alan Hale · Anne Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Seven months to film in the world's greatest motion picture studios!

Watch for Mark Twain's beloved story at your local theatre soon!

BOBBY—THE PRINCE

BILLY—THE PAUPER

Doctors know the TRUTH about laxatives-do you?

IN PROTECTING your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will *your* laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

Go right down the list. Ex-Lax checks on *every* point. It meets the doctor's demands fairly and fully. So much so, in fact, that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes. Ex-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the world.

LET EX-LAX PROVE ITS OWN CASE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You will find that it is mild and gentle. You will find that Ex-Lax is *not* upsetting. Yet it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the pleasant sense of well-being that follows such a thorough internal cleansing.

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Once you try Ex-Lax, you'll say good-bye to harsh, nasty cathartics, for it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG67, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 6*]

to leave on Wednesday for three weeks on the desert and on Sunday Franchot was stricken with a heart attack.

This is the first time in three years that both of them have been free at the same time to enjoy a little vacation. However, the doctors think that he will be well enough in a couple of weeks to go to the desert for a few days.

They had planned to go to Death Valley.

●

It seems that Elaine Barrie Barrymore is casting a weather eye toward the networks. She is seen lunching and dining daily with one of the better known Hollywood talent scouts for the broadcasting companies.

The publicity conscious young lady is also being squired to Hollywood affairs by B. P. Schulberg.

●

Curiosity once killed a cat, they say, and the other day in Hollywood conscientiousness killed a career in the bud for a young actor. He was given the romantic lead opposite a certain young blonde actress and upon hearing that the producer of the picture was to be on the set that afternoon to watch a very romantic love scene, he decided to give the scene all the emotion he possessed.

After one "take" the director yelled "Cut. Perfect. We'll print that."

Stillness pervaded the whole company when immediately the producer walked over to the young man and said "You may get your check."

It seems that the producer has a real life romantic interest in the young blonde actress.

●

Any woman with a little whim for something unobtainable can take a lesson from the resourceful Marlene Dietrich, who creates a situation that makes her whim a necessity.

Upon her return to Hollywood from Europe she notified the studio officials that the wall separating her dressing room from the one next door must be torn down. She needed more space.

"No, definitely no!" answered the officials. A recently signed contract with an actress on the same lot had caused no end of difficulty because she had demanded certain interior decoration, a particular still man, etc. They would have no more of these feminine whims.

Miss Dietrich retired into her masked silence and the other day when the studio head had gone to New York it was discovered that Marlene and Travis Banton had conferred and decided that her gowns for *Angel* should feature long trains. She has notified the studio that she cannot view these voluminous lengthy trains in the limited amount of space before her mirror, so the wall has been ordered torn away.

●

When Madge Evans' mother left Hollywood recently for Europe she boarded the train with two more tickets than were necessary.

Possibly you will recognize Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien at the Oakie costume party, but we'll bet a cookie you don't realize Joe E. Brown is hiding behind those handlebars!

It seems that in the hurry of packing the envelope containing passports, train and steamship tickets was misplaced. The loss was discovered just as Madge and her mother were leaving the house. Forty minutes of frantic search in trunks and bags were consumed before the missing envelope was found in a make-up case. In dashing to the station the car went through a red light and a boulevard stop and each time the officers presented them with traffic tickets.

●

George MacDonald, ex-newspaperman and husband of Jean Parker is being tested for a screen contract. He has already signed with the agency in Hollywood that boasts of no failures to obtain successful screen tests.

Mr. MacDonald will come to the screen with two or three minor portrayals on Broadway to his credit together with a number of roles in college theatricals. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has dark wavy hair.

●

During the filming of *Shall We Dance* at RKO the expensive set on which half the picture was to be shot caught on fire. Fred Astaire was having luncheon in his dressing room when he noticed the smoke pouring from the set. Eight fire engines answered the call and the entire area surrounding the set was roped off.

George, Fred's ultra-English valet approached the fire chief in charge of the conflagration and informed him that it was imperative that he be permitted to enter the charred set. He said there was something among the ruins which he must find.

After several minutes of argument during which the chief reminded him several times that no one was to be admitted to the set, George said, "But I must be allowed on the set. There is something in there that Mr. Astaire must have."

The officer said, "Well, wait a while then until the smoke subsides and you may enter."

When George emerged from the stage he was bearing Fred's tap shoes!

●

Claudette Colbert, upon moving into her new dressing room over at Paramount, let it be known to all her friends, including husband, Dr. Pressman, that she didn't want flowers to celebrate the occasion.

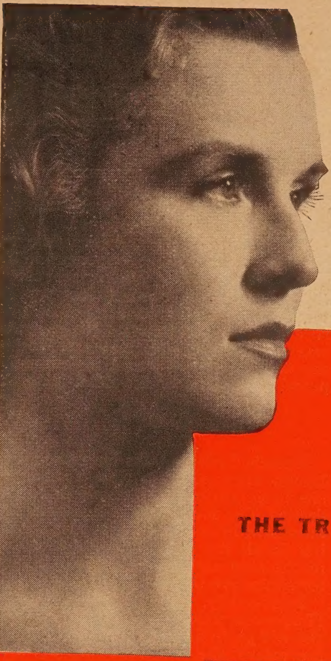
She was quite surprised to enter the dressing room on the first morning and find three dozen lovely red roses to which were attached a card bearing the following message:

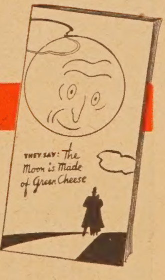
"Dear Claudette—Congratulations on my excellent golf score."

On the previous day he had surprised himself with a score of seventy and this was one way of surprising Claudette without disregarding her wishes.

●

On his way home from the studio several weeks ago Ray Milland stopped in at an auction sale and after looking around decided to bid on a spode demi




THEY SAY: The Moon is Made of Green Cheese

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THE TRUE STORY OF COSMETICS

TOLD BY DONA RAY

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Visit your beauty shop often! Between times — depend on . . .

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REGULARLY $1.00

1881 ROGERS
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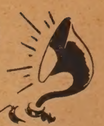
HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS



tasse set which he knew would delight his wife who is collecting Early American pieces for the new home they are planning to build in Brentwood.

He started bidding and each time was overbid by a feminine opponent in the rear of the room. The price rose to thirty-five dollars, but still Ray was determined he would have it. The price rose to forty-five dollars. No glassware was worth that much. He started toward the door and there was Mrs. Milland in proud possession of the demi tasse set!

●

Francis Lederer talks long distance to Margo every night in New York where she is appearing in Theatre Guild production *The Masque of Kings.* He is so interested in her success that he coached her in all the lines before the opening of the play and has since seen the performance five times.

Incidentally, when Margo returns to Hollywood following the run of the play she will go to Samuel Goldwyn at double the salary she was receiving at RKO, which studio failed to exercise its option on this talented girl.

Sniffing Grace Moore's posies at a Lux broadcast is Cary Grant, who has just finished being her leading man

●

One of Joan Crawford's fans sent her two love birds for her birthday, which is a burdensome addition to their store of pets.

Several months ago Joan and Franchot were kind enough to give a home to three Great Dane dogs whose owners were going to New York. A month after they moved to Joan's, one of the Danes gave birth to four puppies, which added to the four Dachshunds already basking in the light of Joan's affection, makes a total of eleven dogs in the household.

Several friends have tried to persuade them to part with some of the Great Danes but they have become too attached to the animals.

Snapped at the Trocadero, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Marlene Dietrich have just danced together

●

The rumor of a jealous feud between Ginger Rogers and Harriett Hoctor is just a columnist's pipe dream.

People who know them both well on the RKO lot assure us that they are close friends. In fact, when Harriett came to the studio to do the special ballet number for *Shall We Dance?* Ginger turned over her portable dressing room to Harriett and also has been helpful in advising proper make-up.

This same rumor was rampant last year when Harriett Hilliard arrived on the same lot.

●

John Beal, who now lives in the Charles Laughton home in Hollywood Hills had a very weird experience several weeks ago.

His parents were visiting him from Joplin, Missouri and he was showing them around the house. John had not found time to explore all the rooms and there was one in particular in the basement into which he had not penetrated because he had heard that this had been used as a developing room by Charles Laughton, who had dabbled in film developing as a pastime. John jokingly said he feared the ghost of Laughton in this room.

However, to complete the tour of the house they opened the door and there before them in the inky blackness were two enormous orange eyes peering at them. They were so frightened that they dashed upstairs to find a flashlight and on investigation found that a mother cat was guarding a litter of six kittens in the Laughton gallery.

●

Michael Whalen has eighty-four cousins, one-half of whom he has never met, although he has heard from most of them since rising to popularity on the screen.

Whenever a stranger goes to his home or to the studio to see him he makes a point to be courteous and kind, fearing that it may be another cousin come to see him.

The other morning at 2 a. m., his door bell rang. He answered the ring himself he was so certain that it would be a cousin that had just arrived in town.

A very lovely girl was standing outside in evening dress and said, "I live down the road. Someone told me you were Michael Whalen and we are having a party so I thought you might care to join us."

He was so amazed at this forthright statement and so relieved that she was not a cousin that he went to the party.

●

All Hollywood has breathed a sigh of relief to learn that Freddie Bartholomew has at last found a permanent home. After nearly a year in the courts, the thirteen-year-old M-G-M star has become the legal ward of his "Aunt Cissy," who brought him to Hollywood three seasons back.

When Freddie's salary moved into the four figures a week class, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Bartholomew, came from England to contest "Aunt Cissy's" right to act as guardian for the brilliant young actor.

The parents returned to England several months ago. Under the terms of the adoption agreement regular deductions will be made from Freddie's salary for the living expenses of his mother and father, and his two sisters.

Jean Harlow and Bob Taylor form a big IT team in *Personal Property*, an M-G-M film

MAKE-UP REVOLUTIONIZED!

Daye Shade Gives You Glowing, Dramatic Color During the Day
Nihte Shade Gives You Soft, Romantic Loveliness at Night

LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By Lady Esther

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamor-ize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of *color!*

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a *dramatic* shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a *romantic* shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (34) **FREE**

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Please send me trial packets of your two new face powder shades, Daye and Nihte.

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IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

Bennie Bartlett—Paramount Junior Star

Home Made

Ice Cream

Is the Grandest Treat of All

● The most wholesome kind of frozen food is old-fashioned Home Made Ice Cream. The freezing, the serving, and the eating is a peck of fun at a children's party. The second and even the third dish won't hurt them a bit.

Plan a party for sister's or brother's birthday and make it a howling success with Home Made Ice Cream.

Your local dealer has all the new freezer models on display now.

"Have a Party"
IT'S FUN

BUY A FREEZER
at your
HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE

LAST CALL FOR Movieland Tour

There will probably be a lot more fair visions like these when lucky movieland tourists climb the steps to Edward Everett Horton's home on one of the Movieland Tours. Pictured above are Suzanne Kaaren, Evalyn Knapp and Lois January

TWICE this summer SCREEN BOOK and affiliated publications will offer personally guided tours through Hollywood — tours which will take you inside the studio gates and into the homes of the stars—in fact, give you glimpses of Hollywood almost always forbidden to tourists.

And you can make this tour for the price of a transcontinental round-trip rail journey. If you have not yet made your reservation, act now. There is little time left before the reservations are all gone for the first tour which leaves Chicago July 11th. If you fail to get accommodations on this trip, perhaps you will be lucky enough to make the second tour leaving Chicago August 8th.

Besides visiting Hollywood, both movieland tours will take you through the Badlands, the Rocky Mountains, Mt. Rainier National Park, the breathtaking Pacific Northwest and historic old San Francisco.

Ordinarily this would be enough for any one trip, but when you arrive in Hollywood the fun will just be under way. Here is what you can expect:

Headquarters in the famous Clark Hotel, located in the heart of downtown Los Angeles shopping and theatrical district.

Early Sunday afternoon of the first day in Hollywood, a tour of movieland where you will see homes of the stars and other famous spots.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, above, will be hosts at a cocktail party in their beautiful English home

Later in the afternoon, on the first tour, you will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone at a cocktail party in their home. On the second tour in August Edward Everett Horton will be host at a party in his home.

Sunday night you will be guests at the world famous Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard.

Anne Shirley

Monday morning the imposing studio gates at Paramount will swing open, admitting Movieland Tourists inside forbidden ground You will be escorted through the studio, where you will see pictures in the making. This is the home lot of Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Carole Lombard and others. The tour will be followed by luncheon with the stars in the Paramount commissary.

Following a party in the late afternoon in the home of James Gleason, a private studio preview will be held of an important picture. (Fay Wray will be hostess on the second tour.)

Tuesday morning will feature a tour through the Max Factor Beauty studio where you may see how stars are made up.

On that night stars and tourists will mingle together at a sparkling party at the Wilshire Bowl, where Warren Hull, brilliant young actor, will be master of ceremonies.

Phyllis Fraser

Attending the various parties will be many film celebrities. You will have a chance to meet lovely Anne Shirley, RKO star and vivacious Phyllis Fraser, young writer and film actress. Many other film personalities will help entertain you.

Following these glorious hours with the stars you will be whisked home via Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs. Write for the free illustrated booklet or send $5 at once to reserve a ticket for yourself!

S. B.

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I enclose $.................... Please enter my reservation for .... persons, to insure a place for us on tour No. ....

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

EVELYN EARLE GRESHAM
"Search for Talent" winner

HOLD·BOBS
keep your hair
READY FOR A "CLOSE-UP"!

THE first lesson that every newcomer to Hollywood learns is that a glamorous hairdress is absolutely essential in every "close-up." That's why Hollywood Stars insist on HOLD-BOBS. They know that HOLD-BOBS are invisible, even under the brilliant Kleigs. They know how securely they stay in place and keep their hair looking as it did the minute it was fixed, even after a long day's work before the camera.

Take a tip from these beautiful actresses. Working, dancing, playing . . . keep your hair lovely and ready for a "close-up" at all times with HOLD-BOBS . . . the only bob pins with so many exclusive features; small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. You'll find HOLD-BOBS sold everywhere—accept no substitutes.

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SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS
Curved Shape Style

★ Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name . . .

HOLD·BOB
The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

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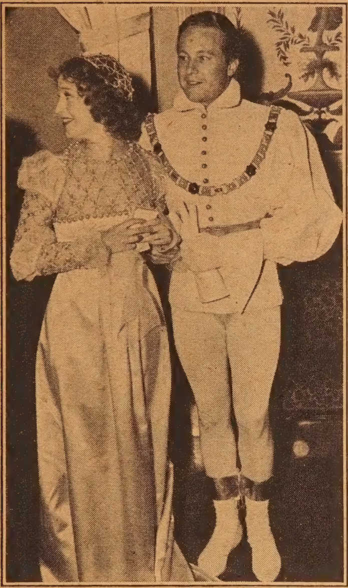
HOLLYWOOD

It's the tenth anniversary of the Basil Rathbone nuptials, so host and hostess deliver a resounding kiss to launch their gay party at the Victor Hugo

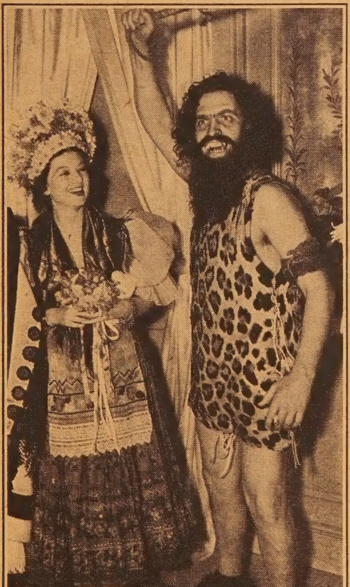
What costumes! The man behind the mop and horns is Jean Hersholt, and no fooling! Napoleon and wife are played by Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson

It's easy enough to see that the lady in the voluminous dress is Kay Francis, but who's the gent? After you've guessed we'll tell: Mervyn LeRoy

PARTY!



Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald did not try to hide their identities at the Rathbone party



Perhaps you can identify Myrna Loy, but you'll never guess who the cave man is! All right—Freddie March

GET WISE, *Miss Scrub-Hard,*
Good brushing isn't enough! You need the *right dentifrice* too!

Change to
PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE
containing IRIUM

Quickly loosens and removes dull, dingy film . . . Wins flashing new luster on teeth

● Now a thrilling dental discovery *ends* Scrub-Hard disappointment—makes your daily brushing *amazingly effective!*

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—*steps up* the cleaning power of tooth paste. Because it provides a smooth, gentle cleansing action that speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like *magic.* You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing gets *results*—in teeth that sparkle with lovely natural brilliance.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth feel clean and stay bright much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it! You'll no longer be a Disappointed Scrub-Hard.

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . . contains NO GRIT . . NO PUMICE
—*Safe!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
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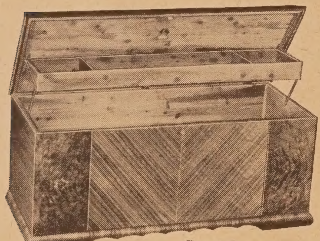

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INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

What is the name of the picture in which Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow co-star?—G. P.

The picture was originally titled *The Man in Possession* but will be released under the title *Personal Property.* It is a rollicking comedy which will gain thousands of new fans for both Jean and Bob.

Who is to be Robert Young's newest leading lady, and in what picture will they appear?—B. T. S.

Robert Young is at present co-starring with Melvyn Douglas opposite Claudette Colbert in Paramount's newest release, *I Met Him in Paris.*

Would you please tell me the name of the slow, hauntingly sad melody which furnished the theme song for *Come and Get It?*—C. W.

The name of the song is *Aura-Lee.* It was taken from an old Yale song book, and is not available in sheet-music form. Sorry.

What will be Boris Karloff's next picture? What does he do when not making a picture? He appears in so few that he must have a great deal of spare time for other activities.—M. H.

His next picture for Warner Bros. will be *War Lord,* in which he has a more or less sympathetic part—that of a lovable bandit. When he is not working, much of his time is spent in preparing for a future role, the balance of his time is spent on his lovely estate, with his charming wife, his three dogs, and his two "quackless" ducks.

***His job's a flop!* As lackey to "lady" Jean Harlow in *Personal Property,* Bob gives a forlorn picture of a butler on his night off—or should we say—off night!**

Is Anita Louise married? If not, who is in the field for her affections?—B. T.

Anita feels that she is too young to think of marriage, but her current heart interest is George Brent, with whom she co-stars in *The Go Getter.* Perhaps George will take the title seriously and make her change her plans.

What is Ray Milland's next picture for Paramount? Is he married? If not, who seems to be the tops with him among the fems?—M. M.

Ray has a featured role in *Easy Living,* starring Jean Arthur, as his next step up. Too bad, but he is married, and has been for several years.

Do the movie stars really look, in real life, as they do on the screen, or is it all make-up?—P. C.

Except in the case of character roles, make-up is not used as a disguise, but merely as a means of enhancing the beauty of a star. There is, therefore, only the natural difference in the appearance of a star with and without make-up, as there is in any girl's face, before and after applying all available aids to beauty.

What is Ginger Roger's age and nationality? Is she married at present? Does she plan to retire from the screen?—J. M.

Ginger is a perfect example of the All-American girl. Her age is 26. She has not yet received her final decree of divorce from Lew Ayres. Contrary to any rumors of Ginger retiring from the screen, she is constantly working and studying to advance herself even further in her career.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

If Jackie Cooper decided to come back to screen work, does he have to have a screen test like beginners do?—B. G.

That is up to the studio for which he works. Many established stars undergo a screen test in trying out for an important part in a picture in order that the director may see if they are suited to the role.

Please tell me at what studio Dorothy Lamour can be reached; the name of her latest picture; her age and where she came from before entering pictures?—B. L. C.

You can write to her in care of Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, California. Miss Lamour had an excellent part in Paramount's *Swing High—Swing Low*, in which she lures Fred MacMurray away from Carole Lombard. She is 22 years of age, and came to Hollywood from New Orleans.

Is Kay Francis married? If not, who seems to be the "object of her affections" as far as appearances go?

Kay Francis is unmarried, but has been keeping "steady company" with Delmar Daves, a prominent writer, for years and years.

I read an article recently which stated that Errol Flynn employed only men, both in his home and as his secretary at the studio. Is this statement true?—M. B.

No, it is not true. Errol Flynn does employ a male secretary, but he has both male and female help in his home.

Did Lee Dixon, who danced in Warner's *Gold Diggers*, ever take dancing lessons? What is to be his next picture?—M. L.

Lee Dixon learned to dance on the sidewalks of New York, and has never taken a lesson. He is to appear next, in Warner's new picture, *Singing Marine*.

Is Lyda Roberti appearing in pictures at the present time? If so, what is the title of her latest picture?—C. F.

Lyda is at present under contract to Hal Roach and is co-starring with Patsy Kelly in a series of comedies, the latest of which is *Road Show*.

Will the picture, in which Gary Cooper plays, from the novel, "What Ho," be released under the same name?—H. L. D.

At present the picture, taken from this novel, is retaining the original title. However, it is still in production and may eventually be released under a different name.

Has Norma Shearer made any definite plans for returning to the screen?

As yet, Miss Shearer has issued no statement as to her future plans. We hear, however, that she is seriously being considered by David Selznick for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*—a role which should be tempting enough to make anyone forsake private life for the public acclaim it is sure to receive.

Which of the Mauch twins played the part of Anthony as a boy in the picture *Anthony Adverse*?—C. I.

Billy Mauch was the twin who's name was listed on the cast sheet for the part. Both boys, however, played the part by alternating from day to day.

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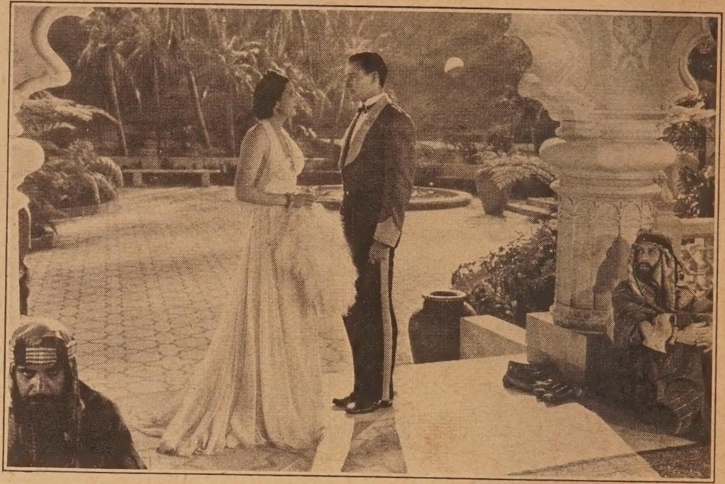
OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES



Kay Francis and Errol Flynn share romantic moments with Ian Hunter in Warner's new picture, *Another Dawn*. The first two named are shown above

Prince and the Pauper—★★★

Warner Brothers

Mark Twain's famous classic of the English prince who exchanged places with a ragged youngster of the streets comes to the screen as an entertaining, human spectacle adequately enacted by a sterling cast which features the Mauch twins, Billy and Bobby, in the title roles.

Claude Rains, Henry Stephenson, Errol Flynn and Barton MacLane lend strength to the performances of these unusually handsome twins. The emotional power, pageantry and photography in this film combine into a forceful combination that will send you away from the theatre with pungent memories of the spectacle.

Admirable in supporting roles are Alan Hale and Montagu Love.

The ascendancy of the Mauch twins to stardom was rapid under Warner guidance. They first appeared in *Anthony Adverse*. Only one of the boys was supposed to have a role, but they were so identical in appearance that they traded off during filming without anyone being the wiser.

Captains Courageous—★★★

M-G-M

Although the studio managed to get two stories rather badly intertwined in this saga of a spoiled rich man's son, *Captains Courageous* nevertheless proves to be probably the finest thing Freddie Bartholomew has done on the screen to date, with Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore and Melvyn Douglas contributing excellent supporting roles.

It is Freddie's picture from the first scene to the last, except for one or two moments when Tracy triumphs. The first, his analysis of Heaven, is a beautifully told story in the simple language of a fisherman. Later, when Tracy meets his doom in the sea, only hard effort can stifle a tear or two.

To this critic's mind this picture cannot achieve highest honors because it does have a mixture of stories, and because it does drag in certain spots. This takes no credit from the general superior tone of the production, however.

Captains Courageous is a picture for the whole family to see and enjoy. It is something that will not soon be forgotten by most spectators. And despite its all-man cast (only two women appear for brief seconds) it has appeal for both sexes and all ages. Take the youngsters.

Another Dawn—★½

Warner Brothers

Only the triple threat cast of Errol Flynn, Kay Francis, and Ian Hunter saves *Another Dawn* from a pretty terrible fate. The story is largely at fault because it deals with mental more than physical conflict.

Hunter, commander of a British outpost, falls in love with Kay Francis on vacation leave. He marries her despite her protest that she can never more than respect him. Returning to the army quarters, Hunter brings his bride with him. Inescapably she falls in love with Captain Flynn.

Dialog in *Another Dawn* makes good fodder for contemplation, but fares poorly as entertainment. The three principal players enact their roles with finesse, but are just too noble for words. Director Dieterle puts too much Pasteur treatment in a picture that needs action badly.

The climax loses all drama by being told in a wireless message instead of showing a valiant man actually going to his doom.

Top of the Town—★★½
Universal

Heralded by a solid year of fanfare *Top of the Town* arrived at its Hollywood preview as the season's most elaborate cinema extravaganza. The largest set ever constructed at Universal City is impressive in its size and treatment and serves as an attractive background for scenes in which hundreds upon hundreds of smartly dressed supernumeraries appear in a "Jamboree" number in which nearly all of the principals contribute either specialty songs or dances.

Top of the Town has bigness and laughs and some good music. It also has George Murphy, a dynamic and talented young master of ceremonies who should win stardom through his efforts in this gay film. It is regrettable that Murphy's exceptional dancing ability does not become known until the very end of the picture where his black evening clothes minimize his surprising dancing ability through a lack of contrast with a black floor and a dark background. But regardless, Mr. Murphy finishes as champion of the big cast with Peggy Ryan, a veteran performer of ten, Hugh Herbert, Doris Nolan, Ella Logan, Mischa Auer, the three sailors and Gertrude Niesen clocked at the finale in the order named.

Director Ralph Murphy has done a creditable job with a difficult screen presentation and Cameraman Joe Valentine's closeups are artistic masterpieces and he may proudly say he has photographed more of a big studio setting than most cinematographers could accomplish. Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson have written the music of which "Jamboree" is most played and "I Feel a Foolish Feeling Coming On" the most captivating. For the first three reels Hugh Herbert and Gregory Ratoff run a close race for comedy honors. Later they are almost forgotten. But after the fourth reel when one gets acquainted with George Murphy this likeable Irishman capers into the lead and finishes a long race with a magnetic smile and deserved applause. Henry Armetta puts on a dress suit and looks out of character.

San Quentin—★★
Warner Brothers

There is going to be a difference of opinion on this picture. To some eyes it will be a thrilling, superior prison drama, and to others it will be a bit tiring. Personally, we side among those who prefer rousing good drama, and label this film as sufficient for the purpose.

Pat O'Brien is cast as the army officer sent to a prison to become captain of the yard in an attempt to reform the system. On the way to his new position he meets and falls in love with Ann Sheridan, whose brother (Humphrey Bogart) is soon sent to the prison in atonement for a felony.

Bogart is brought under the fair but iron rule of O'Brien and reforms. Within a short time, however, he falls under the influence of a hardened prisoner (Joseph Sawyer) and believes O'Brien is having an affair with his sister.

When Bogart escapes from the institution, Warners present one of the most thrilling series of chase pictures you've ever witnessed, and then ruin the whole sequence by showing twice over the fugitive's car trying to beat a speeding train to the crossing. All previous good effects are ruined by this seedy device.

We'll go on record as liking the picture, as a whole. Your own opinion may or may not agree.

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OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

Ann Sheridan, Humphrey Bogart and Pat O'Brien have leading roles in *San Quentin*, an exciting melodrama of prison life which will reach your theatre shortly

Personal Property—★★★

M-G-M

When the most gorgeous It girl of the screen meets the most handsome It boy, one might rightfully expect a story fairly drowning in a pool of romance. *Personal Property*, however, brings Robert Taylor as Jean Harlow's co-star in a rollicking British comedy, with just enough nonsensical romance to get the idea across.

Your reviewer was startled and pleased with the result. Taylor showed himself to be a first class comedian. Jean never, never looked more enticing.

Taylor, just out of a jail sentence, has disgraced his English family. Father, Dabney (E. E. Clive) and brother Dabney (Reginald Owen) try to send the wayward lad out into the colonies, lest he upset the marriage-for-money they are planning with apparently rich Crystal Wetherby (Jean Harlow).

It remains for Bob, through a too liberal twist of fate, to become acquainted with Jean and seek joyful vengeance on his worried family. Ordinarily it would seem too much of a thing to have Boy meet Exact Girl in such a large city as London, but here we are glad to charge this meeting off to Coincidence, and see what Bob will do now he has met the girl who is to marry his own brother.

Una O'Connor is her usually satisfactory self as the maid. Two really splendid comedy bits are contributed by Lionel Braham and Barnett Parker as dinner guests in the Wetherby home. All in all, if you like light parlor comedy, you will thoroughly enjoy *Personal Property*, and perhaps conclude that Bob Taylor is learning more about acting every day. Jean's acting is exceeded, as usual, by her gorgeous figure.

Wake Up and Live—★★★½

20th Century-Fox

The phoney feud between Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell is the basis for this sparkling production. Amply justifying all of Winchell's advance personal ballyhoo, the picture is hysterically funny in parts and just plain pleasant in others.

Winchell and Bernie, playing real-life roles, show far too much concern over a phantom singer neither is able to identify—Jack Haley. Only beautiful Alice Faye knows who the mysterious air crooner is. Whether Haley's voice is as good as these people pretend is unimportant. For the sake of argument you will join in the uproar and try to identify the man who sings over radio without knowing it himself. Incidentally, Haley scores a tremendous hit in this picture. It's a happy climax to a long struggle.

Walter Catlett, Ned Sparks and Patsy Kelly are top notch in supporting the general laughter. Alice Faye again gives one of those graceful, well-rounded performances that are becoming a habit with her. If Winchell and Bernie both seem a little too important, you must be forgiving. Without them this picture would not be so funny.

The Hit Parade—★★★

Republic

This newest Republic release is definitely a hit! It is an entertaining, fast-moving story of life behind the mike. Phil Regan as a radio talent scout promotes an early discovery (Louise Henry) with whom he is in love, to the pinnacle of success, only to have her go "Broad A" and affiliate herself romantically and professionally, with Monroe Owsley, her lawyer.

Phil sets out to replace her with a rival voice, and after a search through various night-spots, he discovers a prospective protegee in Francis Langford. Her meteoric rise to a top rung in radio, in spite of complications, pattern the balance of the plot.

The picture is packed with an amazing array of talent, logically interspersed throughout the film, which includes: Duke Ellington and his band; Carl Hoff and the Hit Parade orchestra; Eddie Duchin and his boys; Al Pearce and his gang; the Tic Toc girls, and many others.

Miss Langford delivers her quota of songs with a natural, throaty sweetness that will win the applause of every listener, while Phil Regan's twice-repeated number leaves the audience clamouring for, "More!"

Swing High, Swing Low—★★★

Paramount

In some previous version of this picture Skid Johnson was a burlesque king. Paramount has brought the film up to date by making that gentleman (Fred MacMurray) a trumpet-tooting sensation. We like the modern version, and everything about it.

Fred, mustered out of the army in the Canal Zone, meets Lombard, and promptly both of them are tossed in the jug overnight because of a small disorder in a cafe. Next day Carole's boat has gone without her. Broke, the blonde dream lands jobs for herself and MacMurray in a jointery, and marriage inevitably results.

Skid's trumpet lands him a bigtime job in New York, and he swings north temporarily, planning that Carole shall trail him shortly. Misunderstandings arise, Skid lands on the skids, and all looks very gloomy for awhile.

Additional attractions in the picture: Charles Butterworth in a role tailored to his talents; Dorothy Lamour as the hotcha dancer; Harvey Stephens as the man Lombard almost married.

We might as well warn you that there are at least two swell songs in this picture, played and sung under just exactly the right conditions. You'll get a boot out of hearing Fred toot, Carole sing "I Hear a Call to Arms."

Director is Mitchell Leisen. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer.

Seventh Heaven—★★★

20th Century-Fox

We are not going to do what you expect of us—compare the current production with the famous Farrell-Gaynor vehicle of years ago. The 1937 model should be able to stand on its own feet, and with sound added, be as far apart from the silent version as is possible with the same basic story.

Simone Simon proves thoroughly adequate in the role of Diane. She has the fascinating naivete that goes with an ideal Diane. More than that, the French actress catches the full meaning of her role and embellishes it with her own individual interpretation.

Better than Simone is James Stewart as Chico. Nine out of ten reviewers will tell you that he is, indeed, a "very remarkable fellow," just as he insists in his screen role. The nine critics will not be wrong. Stewart elevates himself in Hollywood standing with a corking performance. Women and men will find themselves in close agreement that here is a young fellow whose star is near the zenith. Stewart should return to M-G-M's fold a full-fledged film star, thanks to Director Henry King, Photographer Merritt Gerstad, and Raymond Griffith who produced the film.

[*Continued on page* 65]

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HE TOPS THE TOP OF THE TOWN

George Murphy, new to the screen, starts places in Universal's *Top of the Town.* He's already busy rehearsing for a picture with Eleanor Powell

'TIS the top o' the town to you, George Murphy.

You're a fine broth of a boy . . . and we're after thinkin' that a smart young fella with your college athlete's figure and the honest good looks of the ould Sod . . . with the rollickin' wit and humor and charm . . . the ingratiating acting . . . the liltin' voice . . . and the dancin' feet of the Irish . . . will be sittin' on top o' the town of Hollywood in no time at all, at all.

Sure, the girls will be sighin' and their hearts will be turnin' over and over . . . whilst the byes will be sayin':

"Whist, Mary . . . don't blame you for likin' him . . . that Murphy looks like the right sort of a man even if he is an actor."

In the vales of Killarney there'll be great rejoicin' and celebratin' to hear that the son of "Old Mike" Murphy is makin' a big hit on the screen starrin' with that pert colleen, Doris Nolan, in *Top of the Town* . . . and dancin' and playin' opposite that elfin Eleanor Powell in *Broadway Melody of 1937* . . . and 'tis proud that grand old gentleman will be of his broth of a boy.

You're a fine chip off the old block, George, me bye!

'Tis well we remember how your dad, Mike Murphy, used to talk to his boys back at Yale and Pennsylvania when he was coachin' and trainin' them for the Olympic Games: "Take it easy now, boys. Don't try to get along too fast. You have to build your foundation slowly and carefully. It takes more than strong legs and strong arms to break world's records."

It's a matter of athletic history that Old Mike's boys like Ted Meredith, Alvin Kraenzlin, Steve Farrell and the rest took your dad's advice so to heart that they usually stepped out and broke the world's records.

Sure now, George, we're after thinkin' that you have been takin' your dad's advice, followin' your career as an actor.

When you were graduated from Yale with a big "Y" on your college sweaters for track and football, the neighbors back in New Haven, Philadelphia and around the old farm at Westboro, Massachusetts, were proud of you. They would wag their heads knowingly as they said:

"Ah, that young George is a chip off the old block. He'll be a coach himself soon, and a good one, too."

But, you fooled 'em, didn't you? Went to work with a pick and shovel in a coal mine doing a man's work because you had an idea that you wanted to become a coal miner. And, no son of Mike Murphy would want to start at the top. You started at the bottom of a pit to work up, and we think you would have made it and probably been an "unknown" mining engineer today in some far-off spot like South America if a load of coal hadn't dropped on you.

'Tis a good thing it did, from a Hollywood viewpoint, for the Murphys have been few and far between on the screen.

WHO would ever have suspected a Murphy of a hidden flair for play-actin' and a rare talent for dancin' . . . but come to think of it, why not? . . . what with all the generations of Murphys ahead of you who could dance jigs and reels all night at the fairs and the wakes!

For a husky young athlete who played all those games in college: football, baseball, basketball, track, tennis, golf, boxing, wrestling and fencing; heaven alone knows how you found time to become a dancer. But, even if "Old Mike," who had passed on to his heavenly reward, could have seen the pride and joy of his athletic soul cavorting on night club dance floors and on Broadway stages, we doubt if he could have been very mad, because there has always been Irish in your dancin', me bye.

We recall sayin' as far back as 1927 when you danced your way into fame in that rollickin' college musical comedy, *Good News*, that you looked as if you danced for the fun of it, just like "Old Mike" when he used to cut loose with a jig to celebrate an athletic victory of one of his boys. We're also after thinkin' that if you hadn't decided you could make more money with your terpsichorean talents than you could as a mining engineer, you would never have met up with that pert, pretty little colleen, who now bears the name of Mrs. George Murphy. Well do we remember what a sprightly little lass she was as Juliette Johnson, when she was your dancin' partner in *Good News* in New York and London. She could well have been a star herself, me bye, but then the Murphy men [*Continued on page* 75]

Here's Irishman Murphy with his two pet dogs. One is a kerry blue, the other a collie—both are prize winners

"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Not me. I elect Doris"

"Why should I? Anne's the one"

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—*after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

IT ALMOST DROVE ME MAD!

THE PAIN I BORE IN SILENCE!

If there's any pain that is maddening, it is that of Piles! There seems to be no relief in any position you take. Even a reclining position holds no relief.

But Piles do more than torture you. They drain your strength and vitality. They line your face and make you look drawn and haggard. They handicap you in your every activity.

The worst part about Piles, however, is that on account of the delicacy of the ailment, many hesitate to seek relief. And, as any doctor will tell you, Piles can develop into something very serious.

What you should do if you have Piles, is to try Pazo Ointment. Pazo acts quickly and definitely. It almost instantly relieves the distress due to Piles—the pain, soreness, itching. It is definitely efficacious because it does three things.

Three Effects in One!

First, Pazo is *soothing*, which tends to relieve inflammation, soreness and itching.

Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy.

Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

Satisfy Yourself!

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory.

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

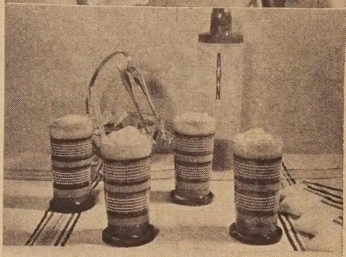
GROVE LABORATORIES, INC. **MAIL!**
Dept. 72-F, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose **10c** to help cover packing and mailing.
*Name*________________
*Address*________________
*City*________ *State*________
This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

FROSTY DRINKS FOR THIRSTY THROATS

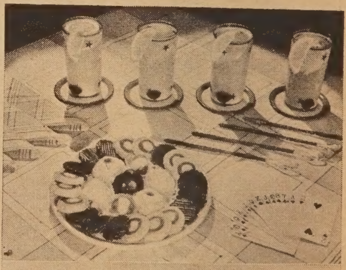
Nothing like a fruit mixture to cool off between scenes! Melvyn Douglas mixes one for Leona Maricle on a Columbia set

By

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



Chocolate coffee punch, served with trimmings, is an ideal summer drink



Try frosted gingerale flip to distract thoughts from a soaring thermometer

THE good old summertime, and time of course for refreshing drinks and punches. 'Tis said that an aged Hindu made the first "punch," only he called it "panch" from a Hindu word meaning "five," because in his drink he blended five ingredients.

So it may have been an old Indian custom, but in any case it's now a good American custom for the hostess to greet her friends with cooling drinkables from her own home soda bar. Frosty drinks for thirsty throats give an opportunity to show off charming glassware and smart table novelties, and to lend the color of gay linens and trays to such informal hospitality.

Probably tea was one of the five main ingredients used in the original Hindu punch, because tea and tea infusions are still the basic summer drink. Good iced tea requires careful making. Use a dark, full-bodied tea, and make it double or triple strength, since ice dilutes it. Allow 2 teaspoons of tea to 1 cup of water at a bubbling boil, and allow to steep not more than 5 minutes. Then pour the hot boiling tea very slowly over crushed ice or cubes, so that it will chill rapidly and thus retain flavor.

One of the worst housekeeping mistakes it to use cold stale leftover tea, and expect it to be a refreshing "live" drink. Make all tea infusions called for in so many punch recipes, in the same manner.

Iced coffee is always in good taste as the perfect beverage to accompany the smart luncheon or summer festivity, as

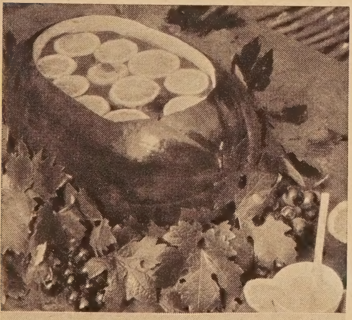
With warm days just around the corner, you'll want to know the inside secrets on keeping cool. Try these—send for other FREE recipes!

well as the home meal. Here again, freshness and strength are of prime importance. Iced cereal beverages, malted milk drinks, and the many delicious cocoa and malt preparations are all refreshing and nourishing hot weather thirst quenchers.

Fruit juices have a large share in the concoction of these light and cooling drinks. No matter whether called cocktails, punches, sodas, "shrubs," shakes, flips or juleps, the summer beverage depends on a well made sugar syrup for its sweetening. That is, instead of stirring in a spoonful of granulated sugar each time a cooling drink is prepared, use the required quantity of a basic sugar syrup. This is easily made by boiling together 2 cups of sugar and 2 cups of water, for 10 minutes.

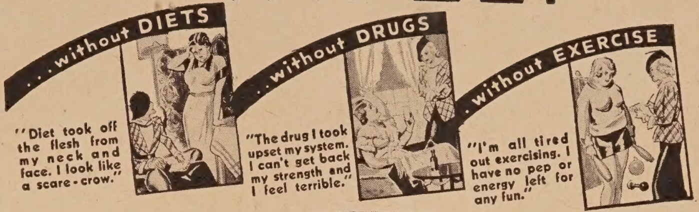
Such thin syrup is preferable because it has "body" to impart to the drink, and also because it dissolves so easily. Make up a quantity of syrup, and store in a glass jar in the refrigerator. Chocolate syrup is just as easily made, and may be similarly stored for the many drinks where chocolate is the preferred flavor.

IF THE recipe calls for a tea infusion, combine it with the sugar syrup and allow to cool. Then add any fruit juices, and set to chill. Add whole fruits and all sparkling or charged waters and gingerales last, just before serving. It's a small point, but well to remember, that if you add fruit juices (or any extracts or similar flavoring) to hot liquids, the flavor "flats" or fades, and thus the whole perfume of the drink is lost. Again, a trick worth knowing, is that all these fruit-flavored drinks gain immensely if allowed to set and "ripen" several hours; for thus, when [*Continued on page* 104]



Did you ever see anything more alluring?—Watermelon with a punch!

Reduce SAFELY...


...without DIETS
"Diet took off the flesh from my neck and face. I look like a scare-crow."
...without DRUGS
"The drug I took upset my system. I can't get back my strength and I feel terrible."
...without EXERCISE
"I'm all tired out exercising. I have no pep or energy left for any fun."

GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn Separately
TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE AND BRASSIERE ... at our expense!

SAFETY is the most important factor in any method of reduction. Diets and drugs may undermine your health ... they surely reduce face and neck, leaving your skin old and scrawny. Vigorous exercises take all your energy. But there *is* one absolutely SAFE way to reduce without losing health or beauty, and that is the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE.

Appear Slimmer At Once!

■ You will be amazed at the apparently instant reduction the minute you put on your Perfolastic! Then, you will be so delightfully comfortable you will hardly realize that every minute you wear your Girdle and Brassiere the wonderful massage-like action and gentle pressure are actually taking off the unwanted inches at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm — the spots where fat first accumulates. See how, with the loss of excess fat, energy returns.

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES ... IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!

Reduces the Diaphragm, Hips and Thighs

■ You may have excess fat at hips and thighs as well as an unsightly "diaphragm roll." Perfolastic will remove this fat quickly.

Takes Away Abdominal Fat and "Bulge Derriere"

■ Perfolastic reduces line-destroying fore and aft bulges so that frocks once again have sleek, smart, flowing lines.

■ "My hips are 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds," writes Mrs. Derr. "I used to wear a size 42, now I take size 18," says Mrs. Faust. "I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted," writes Miss Browne.

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

... it will cost you nothing!

■ Because so many wearers have reduced more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

Send Today for Booklet and Free Sample!

Examine the FREE sample of material ... see the wonderful quality. Read about the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches. Mail coupon today for illustrated booklet and particulars of 10-day FREE trial offer!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 76, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Address ....

City............................State..............

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

SUMMER ... IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE

THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

'Wake Up and Live'

THE HOTCHA-TOPSA OF THEM ALL!

with

WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY

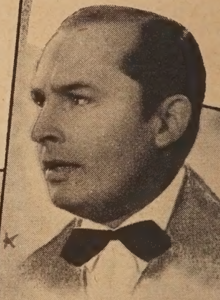
GRACE BRADLEY · WALTER CATLETT · LEAH RAY JOAN DAVIS · DOUGLAS FOWLEY · MILES MANDER

'OKAY, AMERICA! ORCHIDS TO 'EM ALL—EVEN BERNIE—FOR A SWELEGANT SHOW! I HOPE I DIDN'T SPOIL IT ANY MORE THAN BERNIE DID! IT'S CINEMAGNIFICENT! I SHOULD HAVE PAID TO BE IN IT!'

'YOWSAH! IT WILL THRILL YOU IN SPITE OF WINCHELL! WITHOUT WINCHELL, IT'S GRAND —WITH WINCHELL, I'LL NEVER SEE IT! —BUT GEE WHIZ, KIDS, IT'S THE MOSTA OF THE BESTA EVER PACKED INTO ONE FILM! YOWSAH!'

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production



Galamorous! Galorious! Howlarious! Winchell's wincing ... Bernie's burning ... as they flipcrack face to face!

The studio that gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "On The Avenue" now brings you the greatest of all musicals!

Nine Gordon and Revel hits to make you come alive all over!

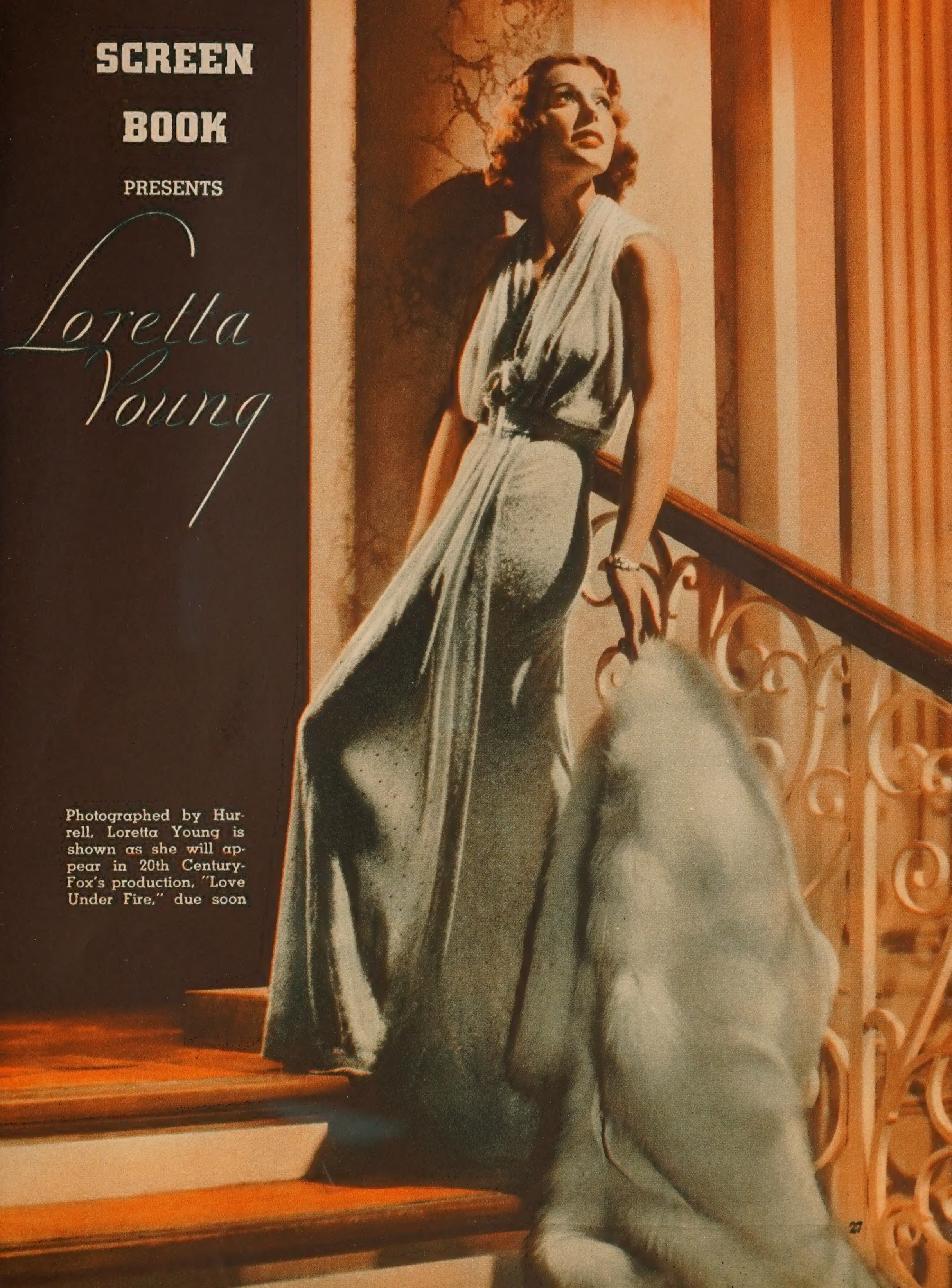
including

'It's Swell Of You'
'I'm Bubbling Over'
'Never In A Million Years'
'There's A Lull In My Life'
'Wake Up And Live'

SCREEN BOOK

PRESENTS

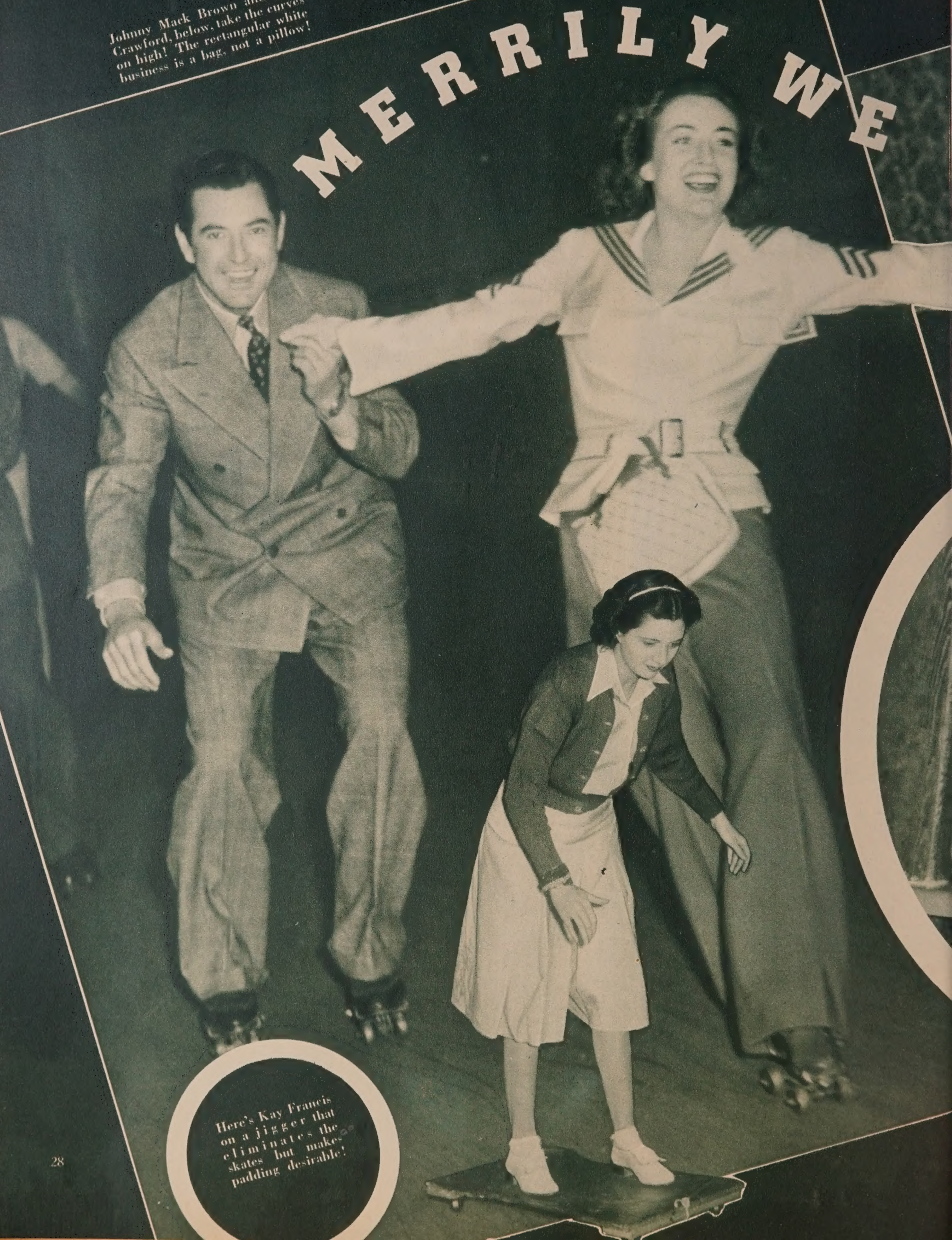
Loretta Young



Photographed by Hurrell, Loretta Young is shown as she will appear in 20th Century-Fox's production, "Love Under Fire," due soon

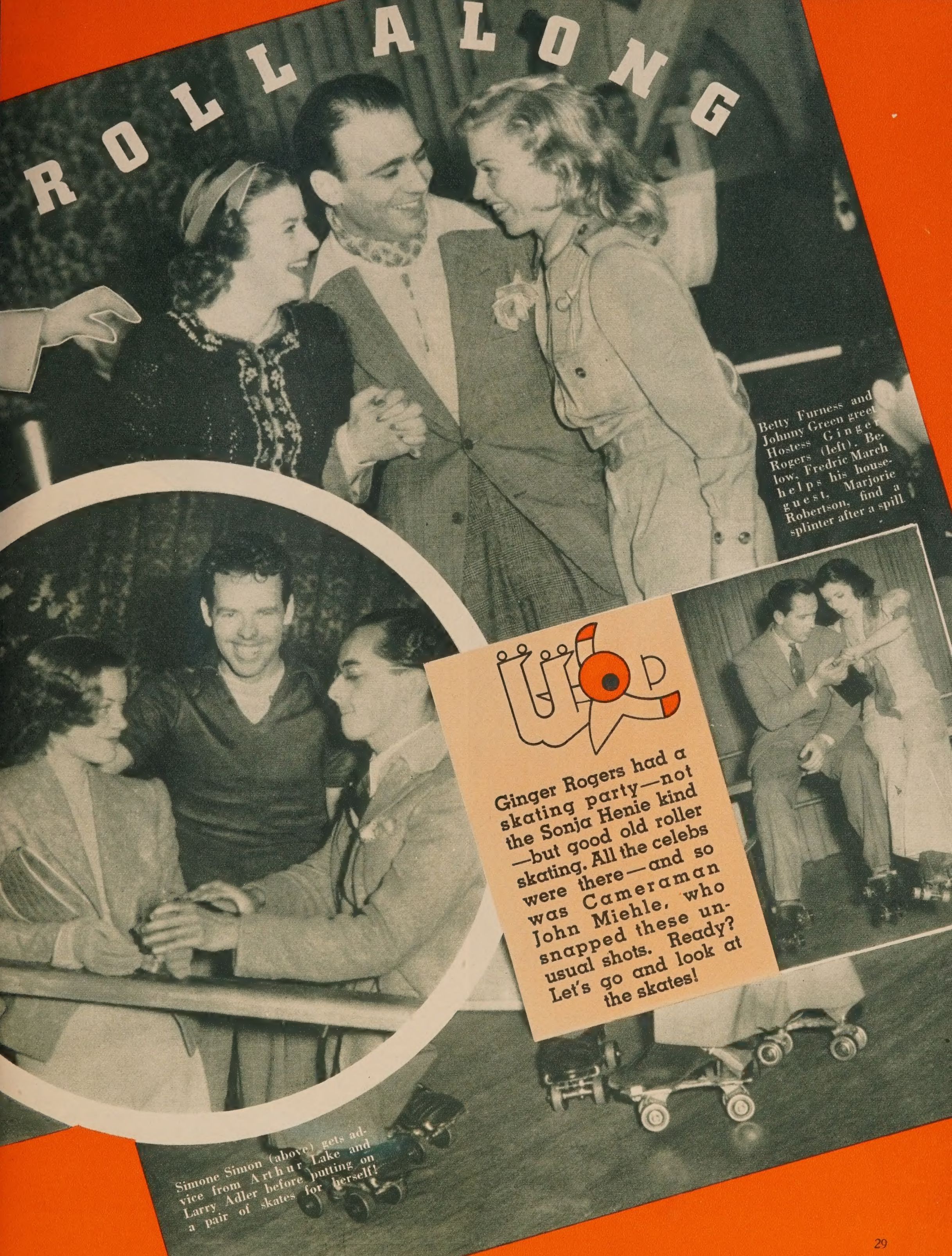
MERRILY WE

Johnny Mack Brown and Joan Crawford, below, take the curves on high! The rectangular white business is a bag, not a pillow!



Here's Kay Francis on a jigger that eliminates the skates but makes padding desirable!

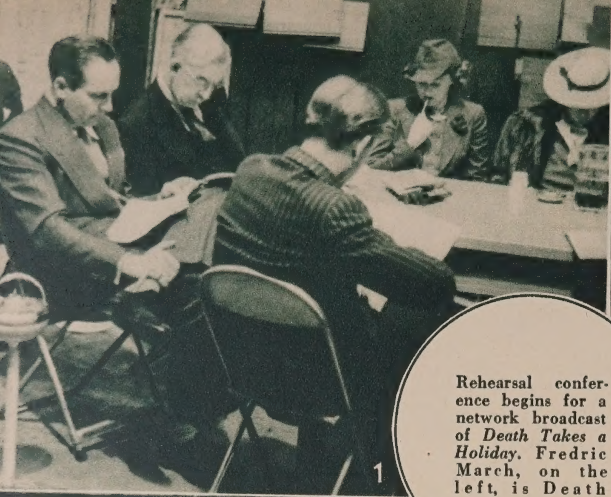
ROLL ALONG



Betty Furness and Johnny Green greet Hostess Ginger Rogers (left). Below, Fredric March helps his houseguest, Marjorie Robertson, find a splinter after a spill

Ginger Rogers had a skating party—not the Sonja Henie kind—but good old roller skating. All the celebs were there—and so was Cameraman John Miehle, who snapped these unusual shots. Ready? Let's go and look at the skates!

Simone Simon (above) gets advice from Arthur Lake and Larry Adler before putting on a pair of skates for herself!



1

Rehearsal conference begins for a network broadcast of *Death Takes a Holiday*. Fredric March, on the left, is Death

ALONG THE

2

Freddie March lights Arthur Byron's cigaret. And then lights one for himself

7

Well, Mr. Death, try talking backwards through this megaphone. Maybe that will help your characterization

MORE entertaining than seeing a Lux Theatre of the Air program is watching a rehearsal, when the cast first faces a microphone.

For SCREEN BOOK's candid camera department this month, Photographer Charles Rhodes invaded a radio theatre of the Columbia Broadcasting System, shot more than fifty pictures of Fredric March, Florence Eldridge (his wife), Kay Johnson, Gene Lockhart, Arthur Byron and others in the cast as they rehearsed a capsule edition of *Death Takes a Holiday*.

Poor interior lighting already had called two strikes on our Leica cameraman, but he went right ahead with his work and emerged with this series of unflattering but true-to-life shots.

For a Lux broadcast, leading screen personalities receive a reputed $3,000 or even more. For this amazing sum the star puts sixty minutes of his time before the microphone plus a long series of rehearsals.

In the case of Fredric March, the actor rehearses for three hours on Thursday while these photos are being snapped without his knowledge. Further rehearsing is done on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Again on Monday, just two hours before the Lux air show begins, the cast goes through a final polishing up.

Then, at six o'clock Pacific Standard Time, the curtain of the theatre goes up, the actors face a microphone—and a full-sized theatre audience, a red warning light glows, the program director gives the signal, and with a burst of music the show goes on from coast to coast with Cecil B. DeMille as master of ceremonies.

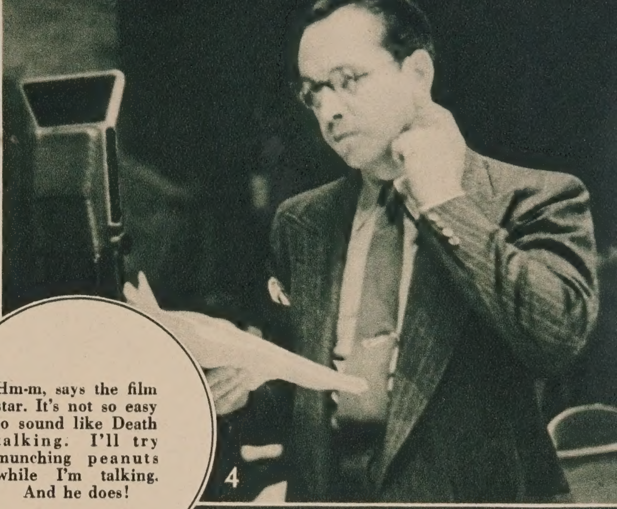
Lux is but one of ten programs emanating from the Hollywood studios of CBS. So taxed are the present

RADIO FRONT

3

Glancing over to the sound-mixing booth, Freddie is ready to begin his microphone work

Right, here's how Freddie looks gulping down those salted peanuts. Try it some time—some fun!



4

Hm-m, says the film star. It's not so easy to sound like Death talking. I'll try munching peanuts while I'm talking. And he does!

5

6

facilities of Columbia that a million dollar broadcasting plant is being erected two blocks from the busiest corner in town.

A radio broadcast is at its best with a full-sized theatre audience in attendance. Troupers act more at home and audience reaction builds up the effect in your own receiver. With this situation prevalent, both CBS and NBC have scurried all over Hollywood and environs leasing unprofitable theatres for radio use only.

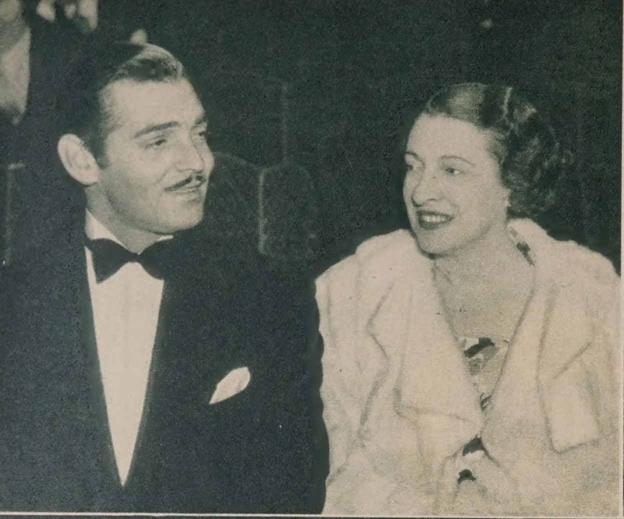
The trend toward Hollywood which began more than a year ago is now on full force. NBC made the first move by building a large, modernistic executive plant adjoining RKO and Paramount studios in Hollywood. Now NBC is scouting around for a site on Sunset Boulevard to erect a studio rivaling Columbia's new setup.

As a result of radio's crashing in on Hollywood, film stars this year will capture at least $3,000,000 supplementary money through broadcasting contracts. This estimate represents an increase of approximately 100 per cent over the figures of one year ago.

The leaders in radio's big money circle, as far as movie stars are concerned, are such regulars as Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Jack Benny, Dick Powell, Burns and Allen, Joe Penner and Nelson Eddy. Individual broadcasts involve nearly every big name in Hollywood—with thousands of dollars being paid out in salaries.

One thing seems certain: with 11 NBC broadcasts going out weekly to the nation over NBC, and ten moving out over Columbia's "pipes," Hollywood has a cinch lead in the cataclysm everyone sees just ahead—television.

Whoa—there, fellow! You're supposed to talk through those peanuts, not choke on them. Think of the microphone!



Gable and his present wife, above, were happily married instead of separated when this photo was taken two years ago

Everywhere in Hollywood and wherever crowds gather, you'll find Clark and Carole Lombard. Will this camaraderie last?

WHAT WOMAN CAN HOLD

No woman has yet been able to corner permanently the affections of this great screen star. Why? You'll find the answer here

By IDA ZEITLIN

TWO women have called Clark Gable, husband. By hundreds of women throughout the world, to whom Gable represents all that is exciting in masculine appeal, these two were deemed the darlings of the gods. Yet neither of them held her man.

Which leads directly to the question: Could any woman hold Clark Gable? The answer is, of course, up to fate and time. But those who know him have their guess—and I have mine. I say Clark Gable *can* be held.

Against my conclusion stand these facts:

Two unsuccessful marriages.

What he described to a friend as his "impudent craving for freedom"—a constitutional hatred of being tied down by anything—regular hours, investments that would keep him worried, property that would hold him to one spot. He doesn't own an inch of ground. He puts his spare cash into annuities.

His complete distaste for conventional social life. He chooses his friends where he finds them, for the interests they have in common. South American diplomat, prop boy, waiter, glamour girl—he makes no distinctions. If he'd been tinkering on his car with the garage man who shares his passion for machinery, and invited him home for a bite to eat, he'd take it for granted that this friend would be welcomed like any other.

His refusal to be fussed over by man, woman or child. When another star wants a cigarette, you hear him calling for his valet or standin. Gable has pockets and uses them. His man goes to his room at the Beverly-Wilshire twice a week to see that his clothes are in order. The rest he does for himself. He doesn't have to have his suspenders buttoned for him.

His idea of a good life when he's through with the movies—to go roaming over the world as the mood takes him, meeting humanity and wild life on their own ground, roughing it when necessary, finding out as best he can for himself what makes the world go round.

In favor of my conclusion, stand these facts:

That Gable is no natural recluse. He wants companionship.

That he has the normal, healthy male's interest in the opposite sex. That male companionship does not suffice, as evidenced by his close friendship with Carole Lombard.

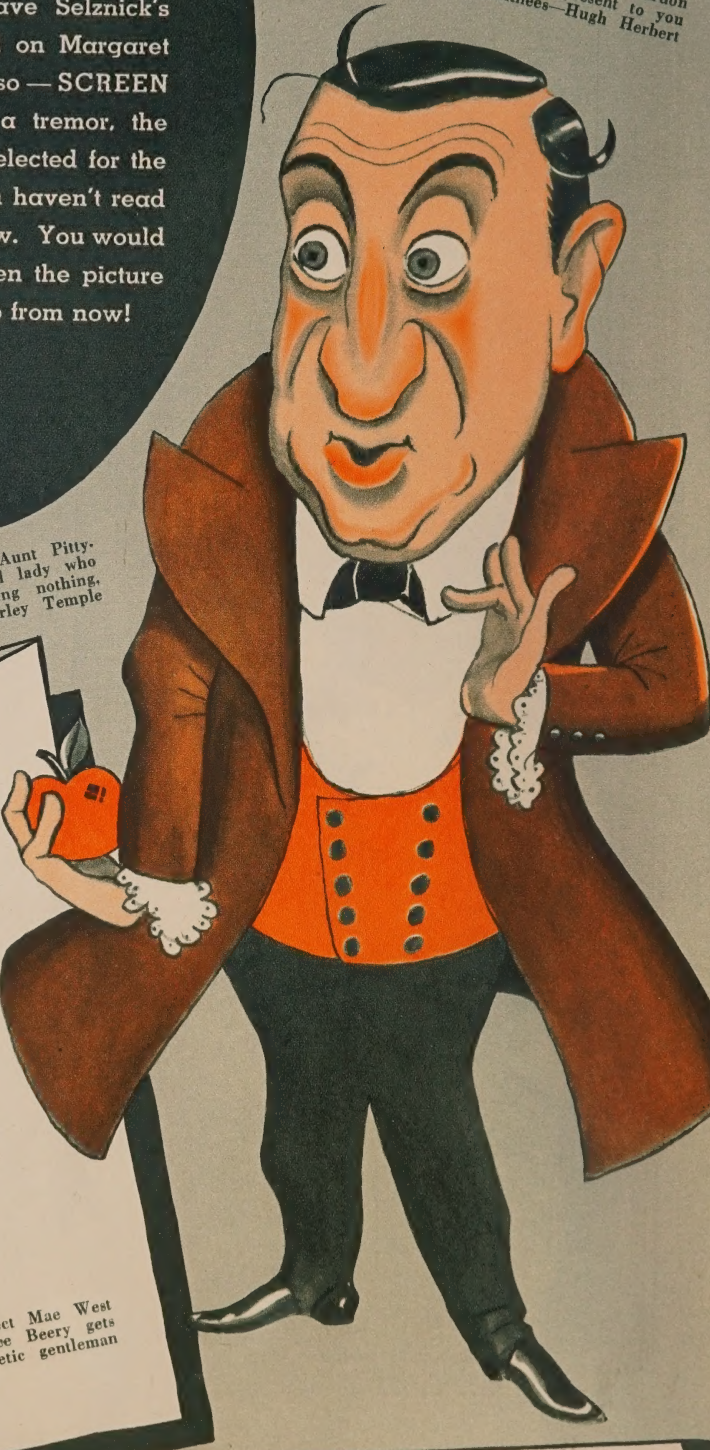
That he

[*Continued on page* 86]

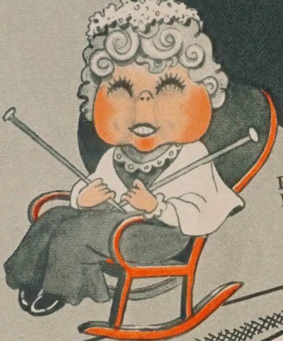
CLARK GABLE?

Gable and his hunting hound—a photo typifying the kind of man this film star really is!

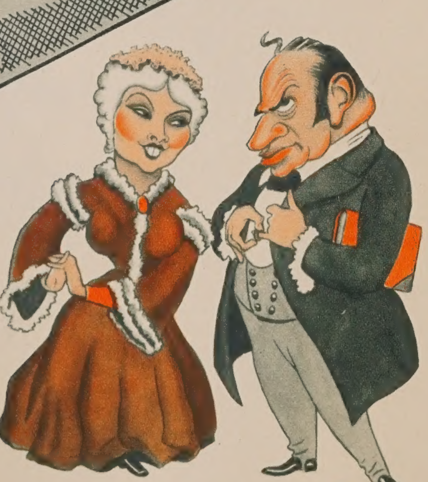
INEVITABLY, it had to come. Everyone else in Hollywood has been chosen for Dave Selznick's coming production based on Margaret Mitchell's great novel, so—SCREEN BOOK presents, without a tremor, the stars who will never be selected for the leading roles! And if you haven't read the book yet, don't start now. You would be in the middle of it when the picture comes out—a year or so from now!



Dashing, lovable, hateable, impertinent and handsome—that's Rhett Butler! Pardon a wink of the eye as we present to you our nominee of nominees—Hugh Herbert

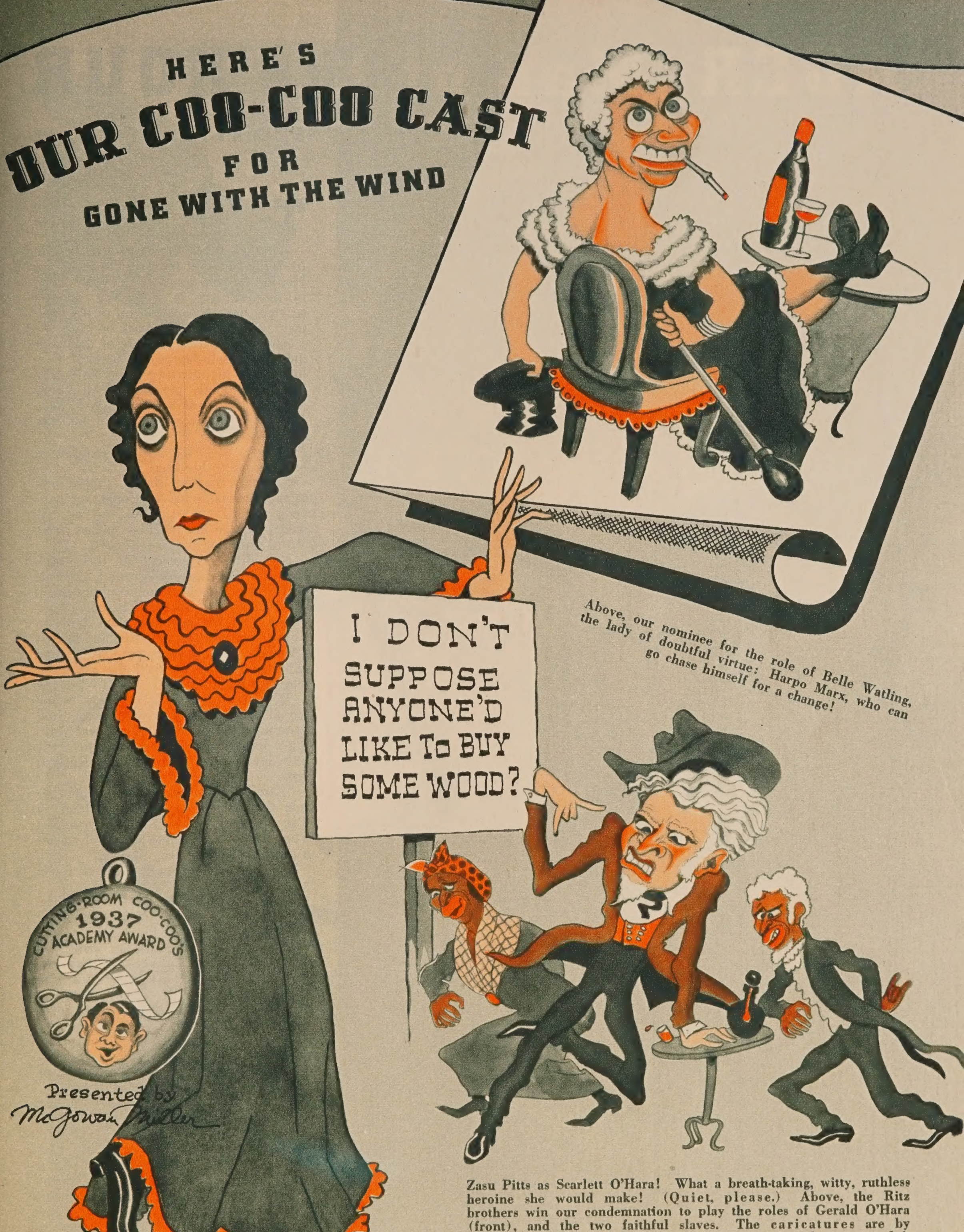


For the role of Aunt Pitty-Pat, the little old lady who fluffs around doing nothing, we nominate Shirley Temple



For quiet, humanity loving Melanie, we select Mae West because nobody else will. Similarly, Wallace Beery gets the ticket for Ashley, the aristocratic, aesthetic gentleman

HERE'S OUR COO-COO CAST FOR GONE WITH THE WIND


I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE'D LIKE TO BUY SOME WOOD?
CUTTING-ROOM COO-COO'S
1937
ACADEMY AWARD
Presented by
McGowan Miller

Above, our nominee for the role of Belle Watling, the lady of doubtful virtue: Harpo Marx, who can go chase himself for a change!

Zasu Pitts as Scarlett O'Hara! What a breath-taking, witty, ruthless heroine she would make! (Quiet, please.) Above, the Ritz brothers win our condemnation to play the roles of Gerald O'Hara (front), and the two faithful slaves. The caricatures are by McGowan Miller, who is shown on the medal to your left

AUER, Man of the HOUR

PORTRAIT BY RAY JONES

By BETTY MITCHELL

THESE days everybody wants to know about Mischa Auer. Even his best friends.

For the sudden flight that soared him from the ranks of the great unknown of Hollywood to a spot where every studio in the industry is clamoring for his services has not robbed him of his mystery. But it has left a mark on him.

And that mark is a sort of down-in-the-mouth, self-deprecating smile. For, in spite of his amazing sense of humor, Mischa's mouth persists in dragging down at the corners, as though to keep faith with the doleful look in his big, sad eyes.

Clearly, Mischa's belated recognition hasn't gone to his head.

Probably because life has taught him to take in his stride anything that happens to fall to his lot. And he has memories that are indelible to that heretofore unfailing eraser—Success.

Not bitter memories, for this man's fatalistic Russian background and his sparkling sense of humor wouldn't tolerate bitterness. Rather, his entire impression of his toughest days both in Soviet Russia as an anti-Red and in that relentless mill known as "Hollywood experience" has assumed the aspect of one long laugh.

"My first job was as an extra in the old silent *The Last Command* with Emil Jannings," recalls Mischa. "I was playing a Russian soldier—and got fired the first day because I was not the Russian type.

"After a couple of months I got another job, this time as a Russian soldier in *The Tempest* with John Barrymore. They fired me from this because I wasn't a good enough soldier.

"Then I was between pictures for a year."

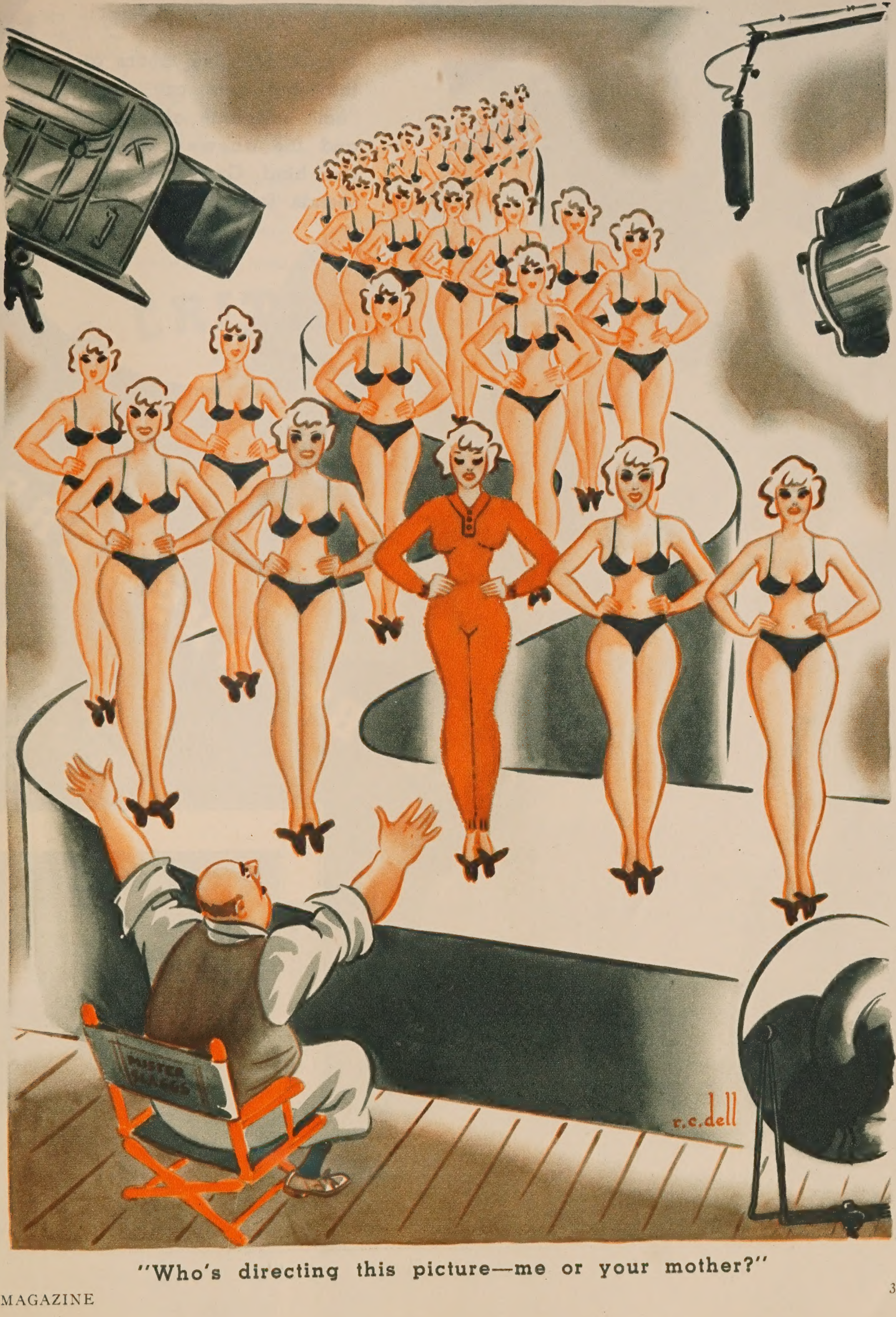
Mischa did a few more pictures, at the rate of about six days work every three months.

"The talkies threatened to bring my career to an end," he added in that dry, doleful manner of his. "I remember stopping outside a barred window, and after about ten minutes arguing I got a casting director to peek out at me.

" 'Ve kent use you,' he said. 'Vit talking in pictures de stoodios ken honly use pipple wit gute H'Inglish. You kent talk.' "

Mischa admits that even then, he got a laugh out of it, as he took in his belt another notch.

Amazingly, most people think that Mischa's success began with Universal's now famous mad comedy—*My Man, Godfrey.* Easiest thing to remember about him is the crucify-me attitude he took as the protege of Alice Brady in that picture.


MISTER BRAGGS
r.c.dell

"Who's directing this picture—me or your mother?"

BING CROSBY ANSWERS

By VIRGINIA WOOD

It took detective tactics at that—but here are some "hot" criticisms of Bing—and the answers direct from him! Grab your hats, friends, for the battle's on!

Above, Bing and Martha Raye are shown in a scene from *Waikiki Wedding*. Below, Bing kids with Bob Burns

HE'S "regular," this Bing Crosby. He is one of the most unassuming chaps in the world. Honest as the day is long. Not only with other people, but with himself.

He has never kidded himself into thinking that he was a great artist or that any particular effort on his part has placed him in the top spot of radio and pictures.

"It's just luck," he'll tell you. "Why, there are a million guys with better voices than I have in any cafe in the country, but they've just never gotten the breaks."

And because he is so nonchalant about

HIS CRITICS

himself, you'd think Bing Crosby never got criticized. But he does—day after day people tell him things he already knows and can't do anything about. Some letters are decent in approach, others are unforgiveably rude. But it *makes no difference to Bing.* He answers his severest critics personally, and tries to keep the whole business out of the public eye.

Bing wouldn't give this magazine permission to reprint the usual run of letters and their answers. "Private business," he said.

So we fooled him. Your correspondent sat down and really wrote some nasty letters to Bing, disguising them with strange pseudonyms. Right back came the replies. Presto—I had the proof, and it was printable!

Bing's flow of fan mail brings all kinds of letters. He takes 'em seriously, too

Bing squirmed when we told him how we had slipped around his taboo. But don't think for a minute he wasn't game. He just grinned and said, "Okay, you're violating no confidence this way. Go ahead and shoot the works."

It all began this way:

A while back Bing started having a separate file kept of all his fan mail which panned him for some reason or other. When he began coming into his office every morning for the sole purpose of answering and absorbing each and every letter of this nature personally, I became interested. After all, he receives some 10,000 fan letters a month. Possibly twenty-five of these are critical. These are the ones he's really vitally concerned about.

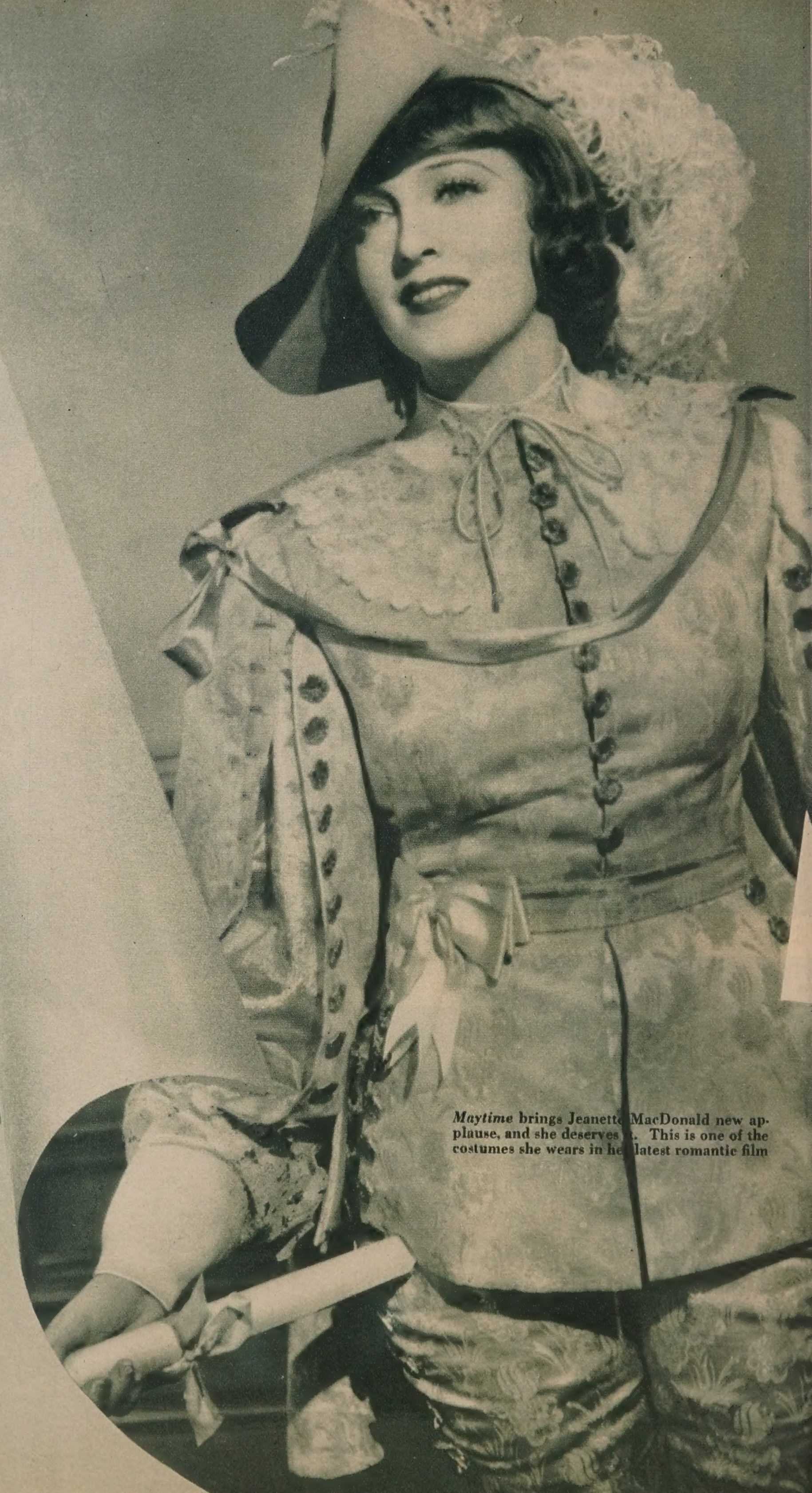
I asked him if I could run over one morning and look some of them over.

"Sure," he agreed, "but *you can't print them.* I just don't think it's fair to divulge the contents of letters these people have been kind enough to write me.

"There's this about it. Of course I like fan letters that tell me I'm pretty good — who wouldn't? It'd be false modesty not to admit it. But these critical letters are different, in a way. In the first place, they take a kind of courage in addition to the trouble of writing. I feel these people are trying to help me—and after all, they pay my salary, too.

"I don't mean to say I do or want to do everything they tell me, but sometimes I feel maybe they're right—maybe they've got a slant on things I've overlooked. On the other hand, with the best intentions in [*Continued on page* 100]

Nelson Eddy will not play opposite Jeanette in her next picture, but they're still pals



Maytime brings Jeanette MacDonald new applause, and she deserves it. This is one of the costumes she wears in her latest romantic film

WHEN JEANETTE WAS THE UNWANTED GIRL

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

How Jeanette MacDonald looked in 1926, when she was first beginning her stage and screen career, is shown in the photo below. Hollywood, indeed, has done something for her!

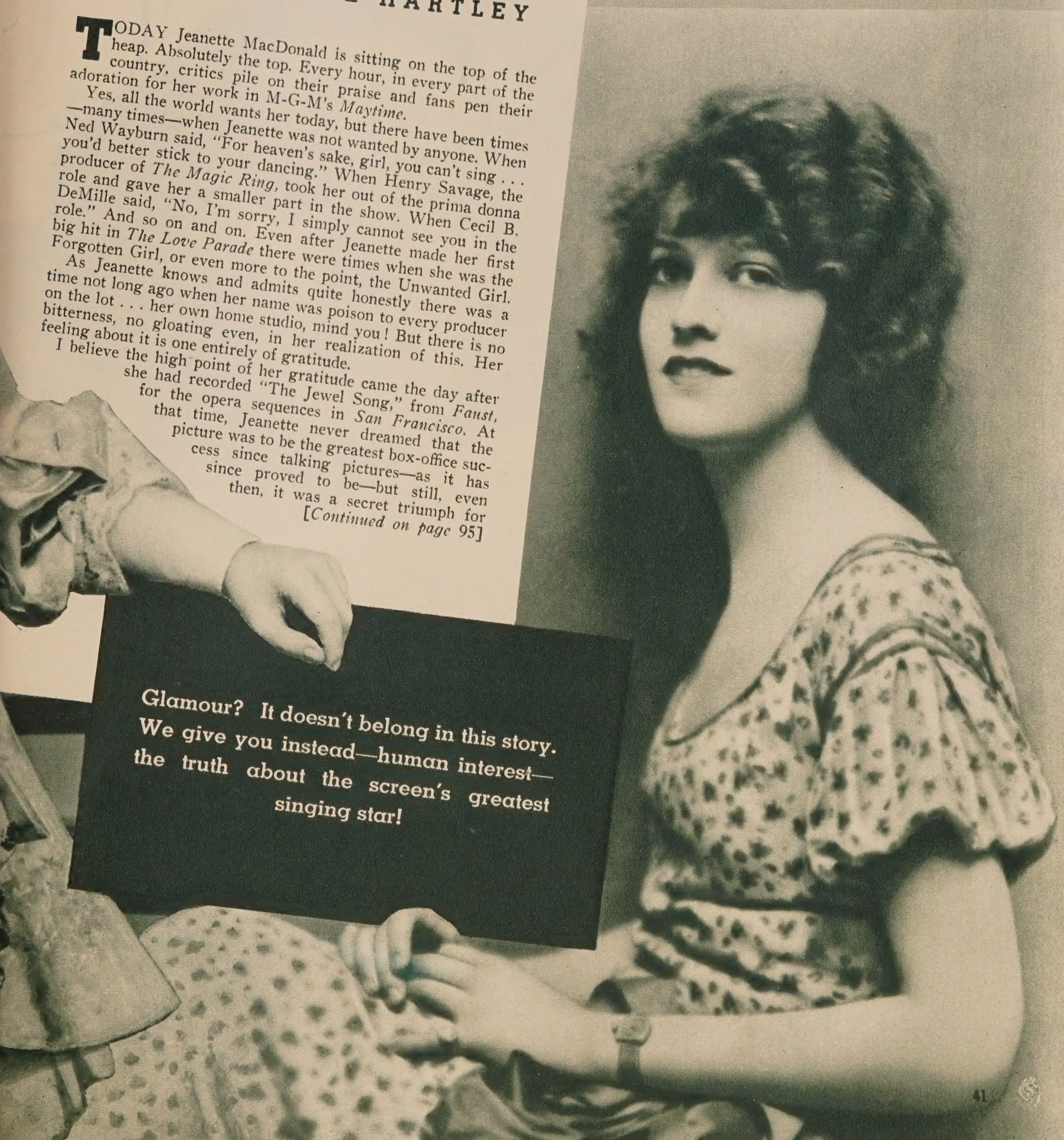
TODAY Jeanette MacDonald is sitting on the top of the heap. Absolutely the top. Every hour, in every part of the country, critics pile on their praise and fans pen their adoration for her work in M-G-M's *Maytime.*

Yes, all the world wants her today, but there have been times—many times—when Jeanette was not wanted by anyone. When Ned Wayburn said, "For heaven's sake, girl, you can't sing . . . you'd better stick to your dancing." When Henry Savage, the producer of *The Magic Ring,* took her out of the prima donna role and gave her a smaller part in the show. When Cecil B. DeMille said, "No, I'm sorry, I simply cannot see you in the role." And so on and on. Even after Jeanette made her first big hit in *The Love Parade* there were times when she was the Forgotten Girl, or even more to the point, the Unwanted Girl.

As Jeanette knows and admits quite honestly there was a time not long ago when her name was poison to every producer on the lot . . . her own home studio, mind you! But there is no bitterness, no gloating even, in her realization of this. Her feeling about it is one entirely of gratitude.

I believe the high point of her gratitude came the day after she had recorded "The Jewel Song," from *Faust,* for the opera sequences in *San Francisco.* At that time, Jeanette never dreamed that the picture was to be the greatest box-office success since talking pictures—as it has since proved to be—but still, even then, it was a secret triumph for

[*Continued on page* 95]



Glamour? It doesn't belong in this story. We give you instead—human interest—the truth about the screen's greatest singing star!

History Is Made at Night, starring Jean and Charles Boyer, left, further insures her career as an actress

C

Jean Arthur NEEDS HELP!

Screen success she's had aplenty—but here is a star with a bigger problem—and all because of success!

JEAN ARTHUR needs help and needs it badly.

Making one of the most successful come-backs of any star on the screen, the blonde little Arthur is becoming more sought-after with each new picture. She is constantly being borrowed by other studios, her name spells box-office every time. Jean is definitely a BIG star today—yet she is desperately in need of advice and direction in order to be a happy woman, a poised star, one capable of maintaining her position with ease and assurance.

Who is going to help her?

Jean was just a sweet and ordinary little ingenue in the days of the silent screen. Pretty and quite satisfactory in her unexciting roles as a heroine. There was but one indication then of the Jean Arthur of today. That was in *The Saturday Night Kid* starring Clara Bow. But when it looked as though she was never to be anything more than the pretty little love interest in the picture, Jean packed her trunk and hied for New York where she started all over again. Learning how to act, how to walk, and how to talk. Especially how to talk, for it is the Arthur voice that first attracted talkie audiences. No one else on the screen has Jean's peculiarly fascinating husky, varied-pitched little girl voice.

A sound technician told me that Jean has a greater range of speaking voice than any other star on the screen and that sound men must be on their toes every second to catch each change in register.

When Columbia made *The Whole Town's Talking* the fans went to see Edward G. Robinson, its star, and came away raving about Jean Arthur. Not that Eddie wasn't good—he was grand—but Jean gave movie audiences the surprise of their lives by revealing a refreshing and entirely new personality AND a voice that was to attract more attention than Garbo's first throaty utterance! Jean Arthur, come-back star, had arrived! *Mr. Deeds* really cinched it and put Jean way up front with the biggest box-office stars.

Today Jean has a nice starring contract, is being borrowed for big productions and is happily married to a New York man. In other words, the world today is little Miss Arthur's oyster—yet she is not happy. No, perhaps happy is not the exact word—Jean is not *comfortable* in her position. [*Continued on page 76*]

By ROWENA DEVINE

In *Mr. Deeds,* lovely Jean shared honors with taciturn Gary Cooper. Both of them became the talk of the town

MacMurray

SMALL TOWN BOY

By RAYMOND CARDWELL

Fred doesn't like to talk, but he can't resist a personal friend. So here's a fresh, illuminating interview with him!

IT SEEMS odd when I think of it—being in this business of writing about movie stars—that I haven't written something before now about Fred MacMurray. It seems odd, I say, and for two reasons.

First: Among editors, Fred is considered to be exceptionally "good copy." He is, as the saying goes, "hot;" meaning, of course, that because of the enviable niche he has carved for himself in the hall of movie-fame, people everywhere like to read about him.

Second: Because of a friendship between Fred and myself which has extended over a period of several years.

The trouble was, as I discovered upon analyzing the thing, that it was my very friendship with him that had stood in the way. You see, my friendship has been with Fred MacMurray, the man, not the actor.

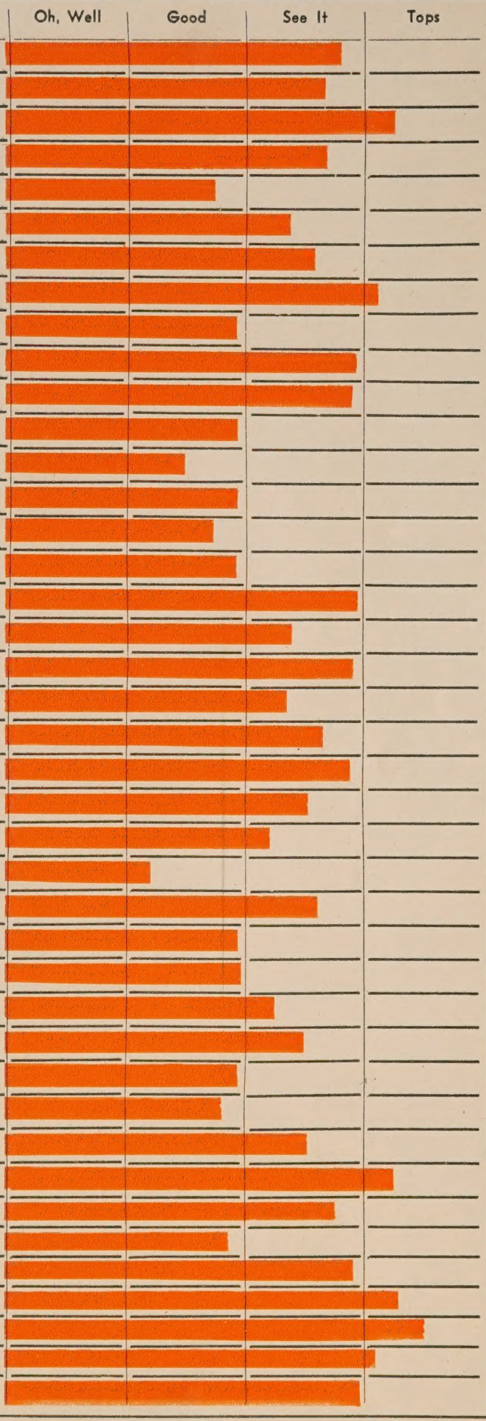
Our first meeting came about in a very casual way, as most things come about where Fred is involved. It was at a little get-together in the home of our friend-in-common, Dean Jagger. I was immediately struck by Fred's shyness and reserve—qualities not always found

[*Continued on page* 90]

Carole Lombard, left, shares honors with Fred in his new picture. In circle, Fred with Lillian Lamont, the girl he didn't forget. (He married her, you dope)

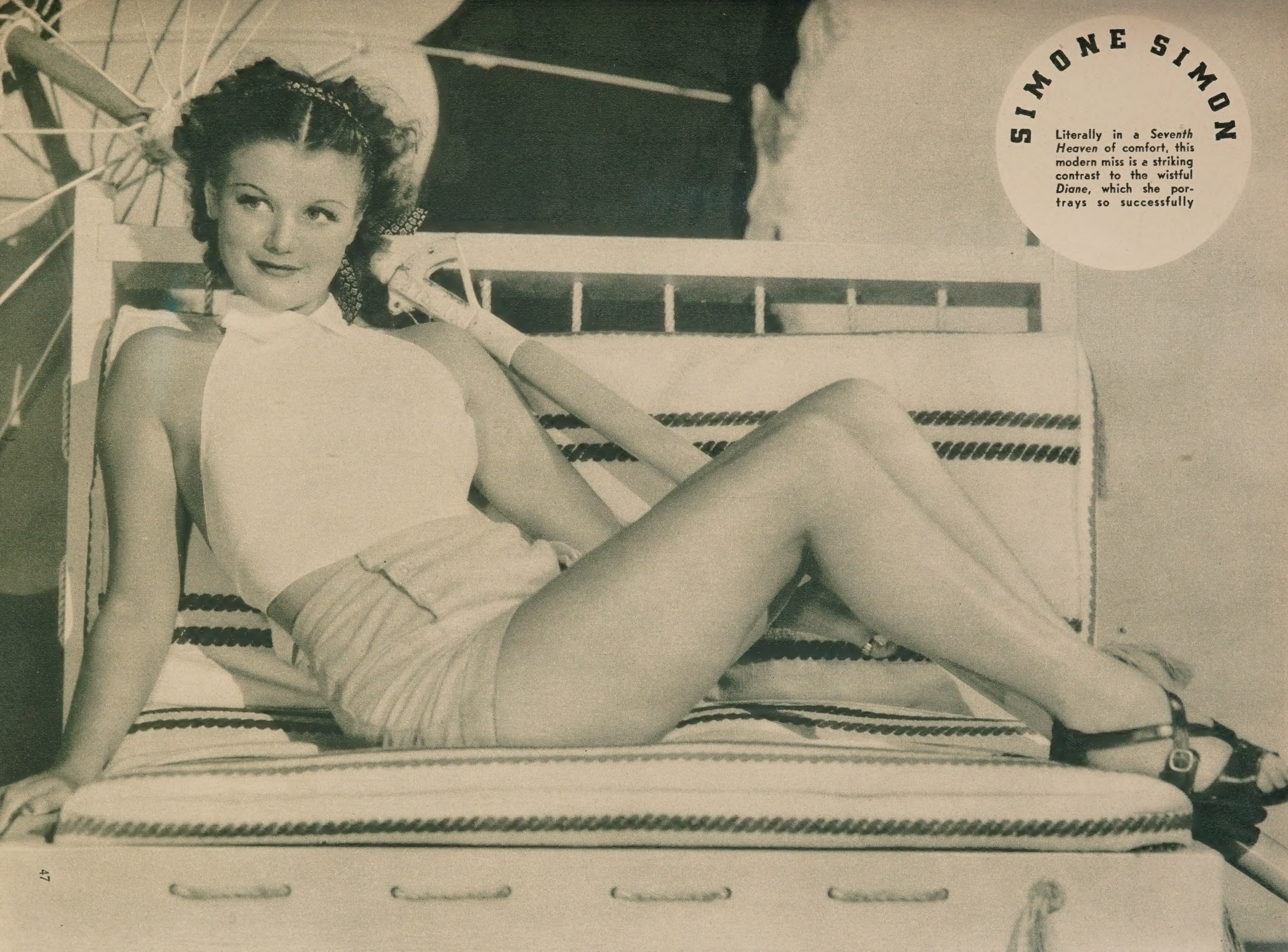
SCREEN BOOK'S REVIEW CHART

Picture Title	Who's In It
MAYTIME	MacDonald-Eddy
HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT	Arthur-Boyer
LOST HORIZON	Colman-Wyatt
KING AND CHORUS GIRL	Gravet-Blondell
MARKED WOMAN	Davis-Bogart
QUALITY STREET	Hepburn-Tone
LOVE IS NEWS	Young-Power
THE GOOD EARTH	Rainer-Muni
ON THE AVENUE	Dick Powell
MAID OF SALEM	Colbert-MacMurray
BLACK LEGION	Humphrey Bogart
A DOCTOR'S DIARY	Cast of "Finds"
YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE	Sidney-Fonda
FIRE OVER ENGLAND	Flora Robson
DANGEROUS NUMBER	Robert Young
STOLEN HOLIDAY	Kay Francis
GREEN LIGHT	Flynn-Louise-Lindsey
PLOUGH AND STARS	Foster-Stanwyck
CAMILLE	Garbo-Taylor
ONE IN A MILLION	Henie-All Star
BELOVED ENEMY	Oberon-Aherne
GIRL FROM PARIS	Raymond-Oakie-Pons
COLLEGE HOLIDAY	All Star
GOD'S COUNTRY AND WOMAN	Brent
CHAMPAGNE WALTZ	Swarthout-MacMurray
AFTER THE THIN MAN	Loy-Powell
THE GREAT O'MALLEY	Pat O'Brien
RAINBOW ON THE RIVER	Bobby Breen
THREE SMART GIRLS	Deanna Durbin
LLOYDS OF LONDON	Carroll-Bartholomew
GOLD DIGGERS OF '37	D. Powell-Blondell
BORN TO DANCE	Eleanor Powell
LOVE ON THE RUN	Gable-Crawford-Tone
WINTERSET	Margo-Meredith
THEODORA GOES WILD	Irene Dunne
GARDEN OF ALLAH	Dietrich-Boyer
LIBELED LADY	Powell-Loy-Harlow-Tracy
COME AND GET IT	Arnold-Farmer
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE	Flynn-de Havilland
DODSWORTH	Huston-Chatterton
ROMEO AND JULIET	All Star



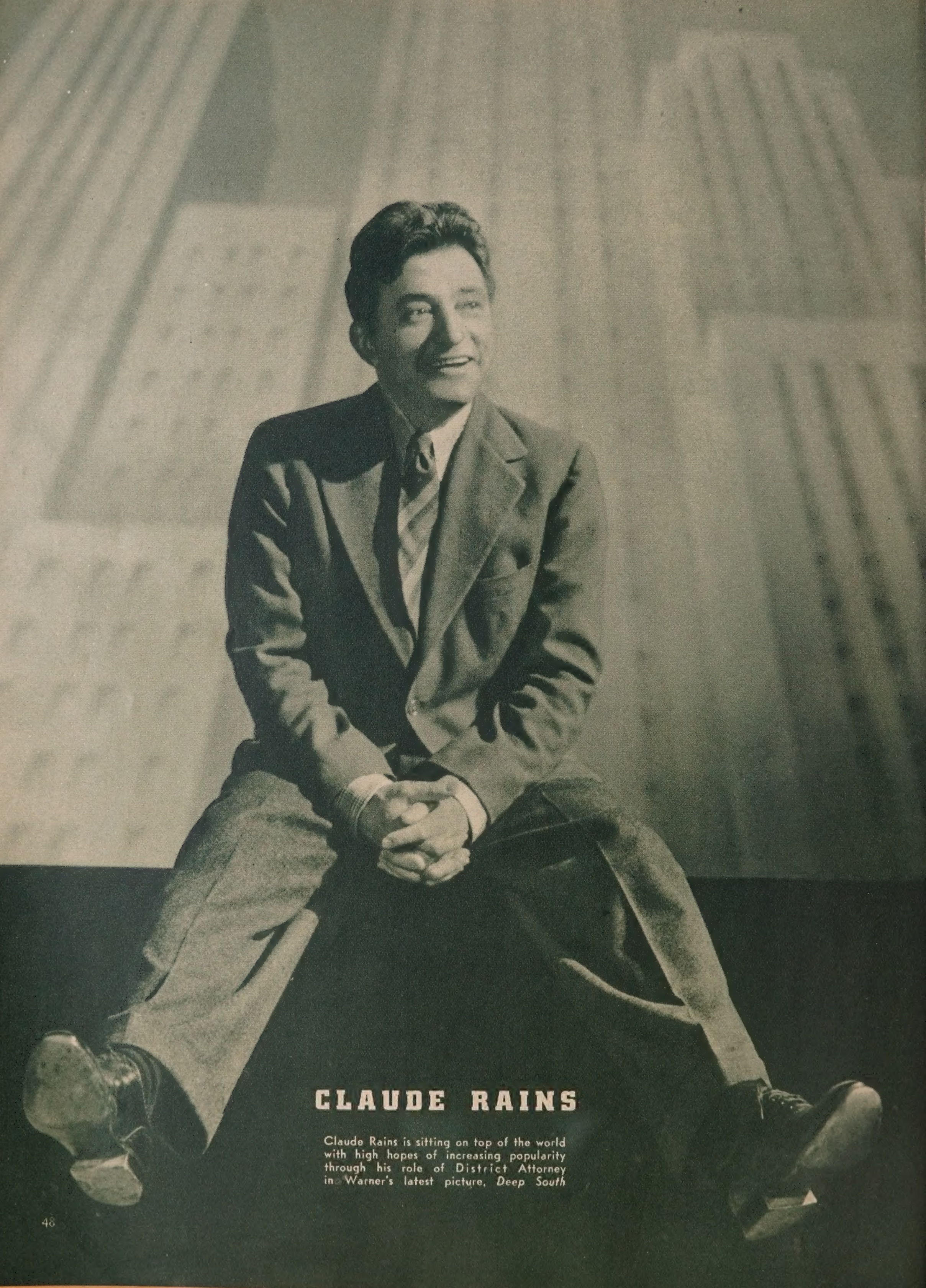
JANE WYATT

The brilliance and glamour of the Far East are reflected in this pose of Jane Wyatt, who co-stars with Ronald Colman in Columbia's *Lost Horizon*



SIMONE SIMON

Literally in a *Seventh Heaven* of comfort, this modern miss is a striking contrast to the wistful *Diane*, which she portrays so successfully



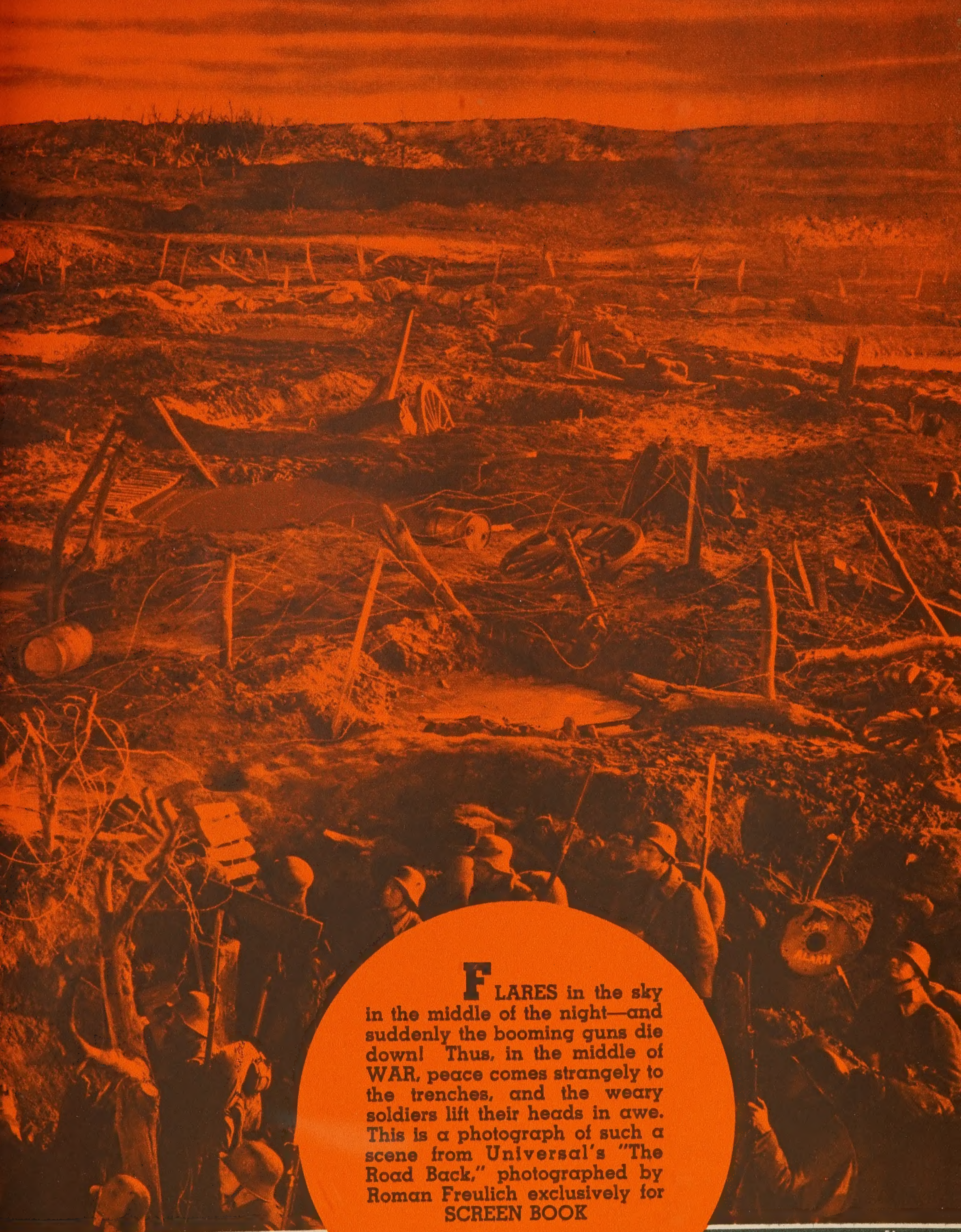
CLAUDE RAINS

Claude Rains is sitting on top of the world with high hopes of increasing popularity through his role of District Attorney in Warner's latest picture, *Deep South*

MARY ASTOR

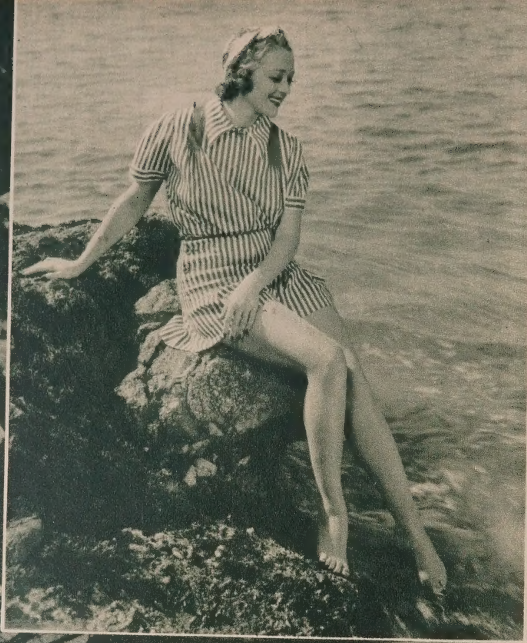
Mary Astor's regal beauty inspired the studio to select her for the chosen role of Antoinette de Mauban, in Selznick's production, *The Prisoner of Zenda*

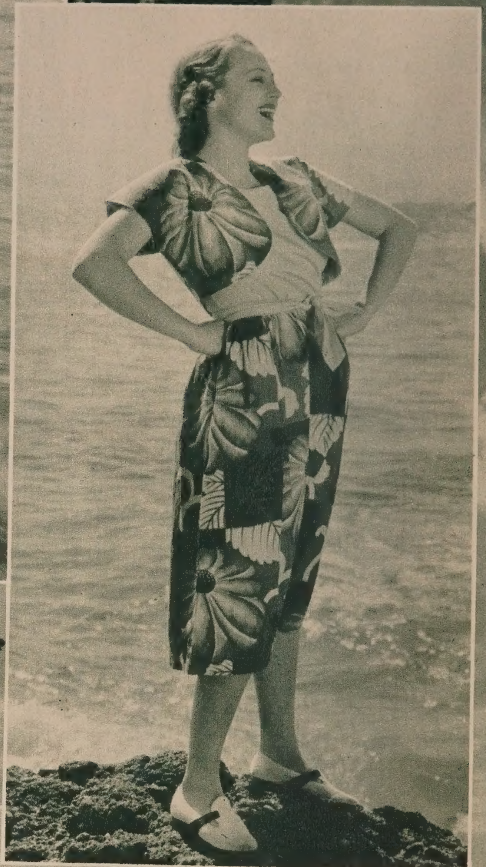
WAR!



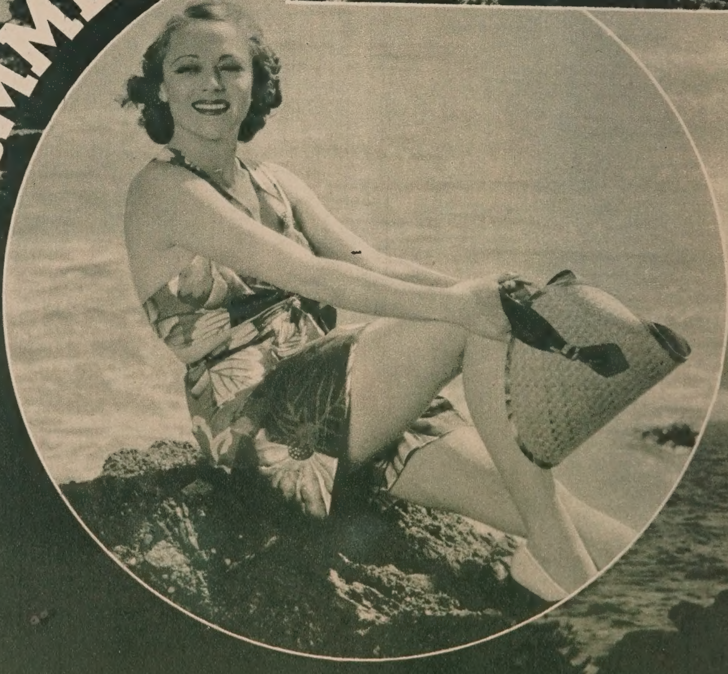
FLARES in the sky in the middle of the night—and suddenly the booming guns die down! Thus, in the middle of WAR, peace comes strangely to the trenches, and the weary soldiers lift their heads in awe. This is a photograph of such a scene from Universal's "The Road Back," photographed by Roman Freulich exclusively for SCREEN BOOK

By SALLY MARTIN

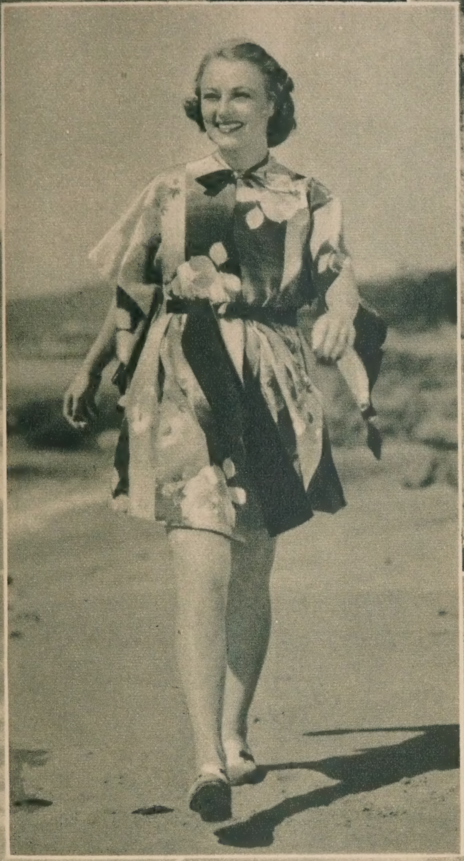


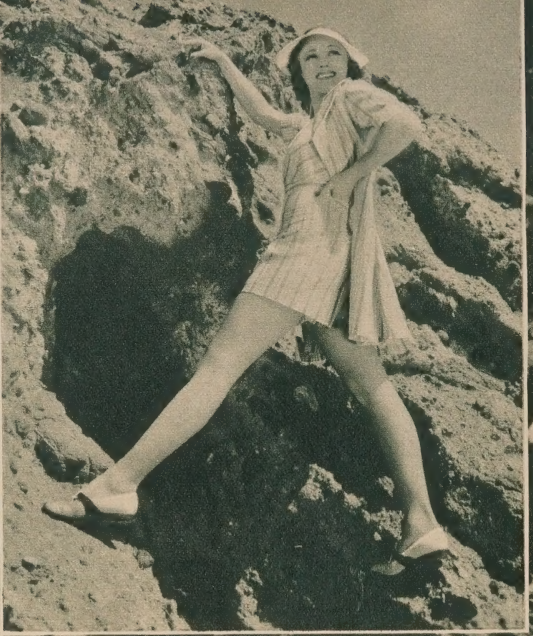


SUMMER IN

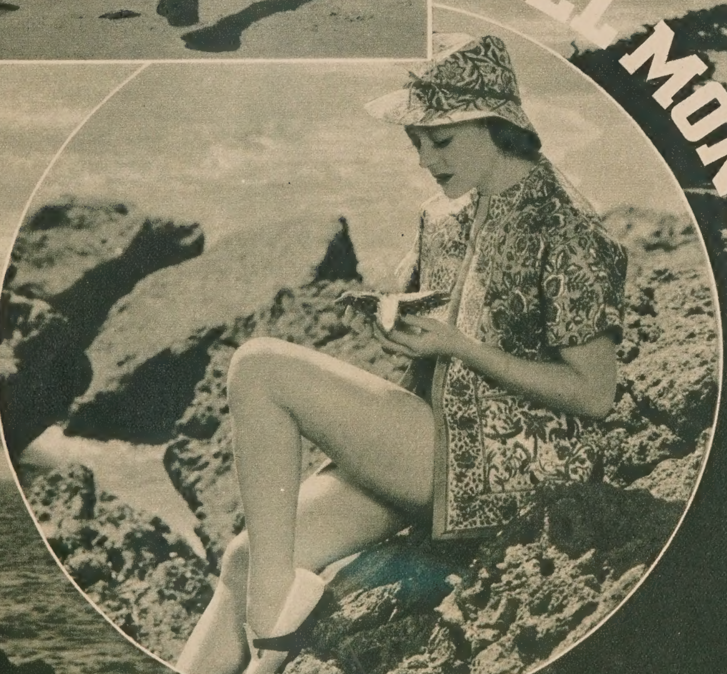


Above: Stripes are the smart thing for summer. Sally Eilers chooses hers in the form of a play suit. Red and white is the color combination and shoulder tucking is of fashion interest. From J. W. Robinson Co. Upper right: A striking Japanese print fashions this unusual beach dress. Gay chrysanthemums roam over the full skirt and short bolero while plain yellow is used for the bodice. Right: Sally wears shorts with a halter top of the same print accompanied by a sunbonnet of bamboo matting from Kahala Importing Co.





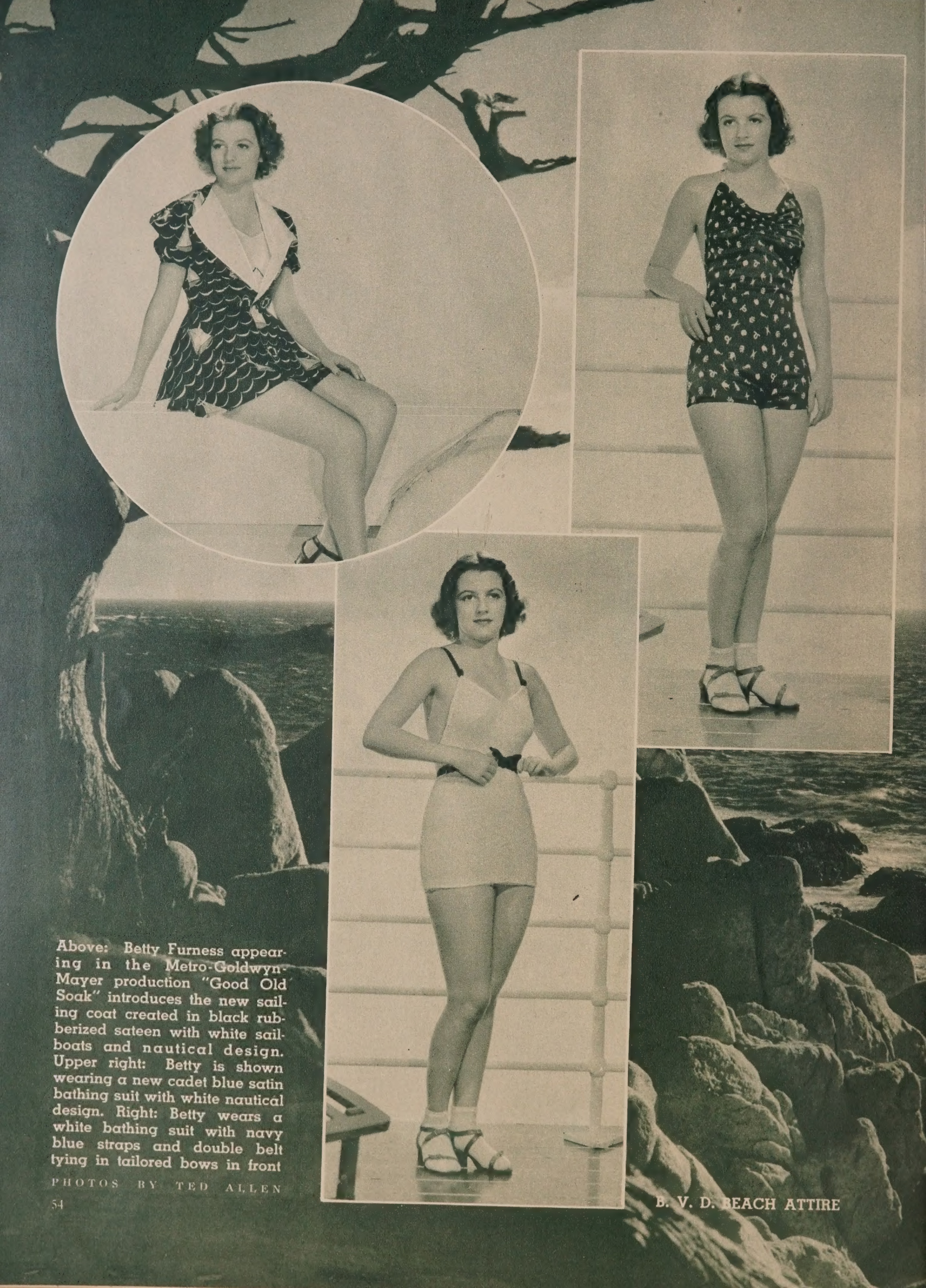
DEL MONTE



Upper left: Strolling along the beach in front of the Del Monte Hotel, Sally wears a short wool challis Japanese print beach coat designed by Kahala

Above: Again Sally chooses stripes, this time in blue and white. Her backless sun suit is worn with a short sleeved beach coat of matching fabric. **Left:** Sally Eilers appearing currently in the Universal production "We Have Our Moments" is attired in a coral pink sun suit and jacket and hat of Indian print, designed by Mildred Sergeant

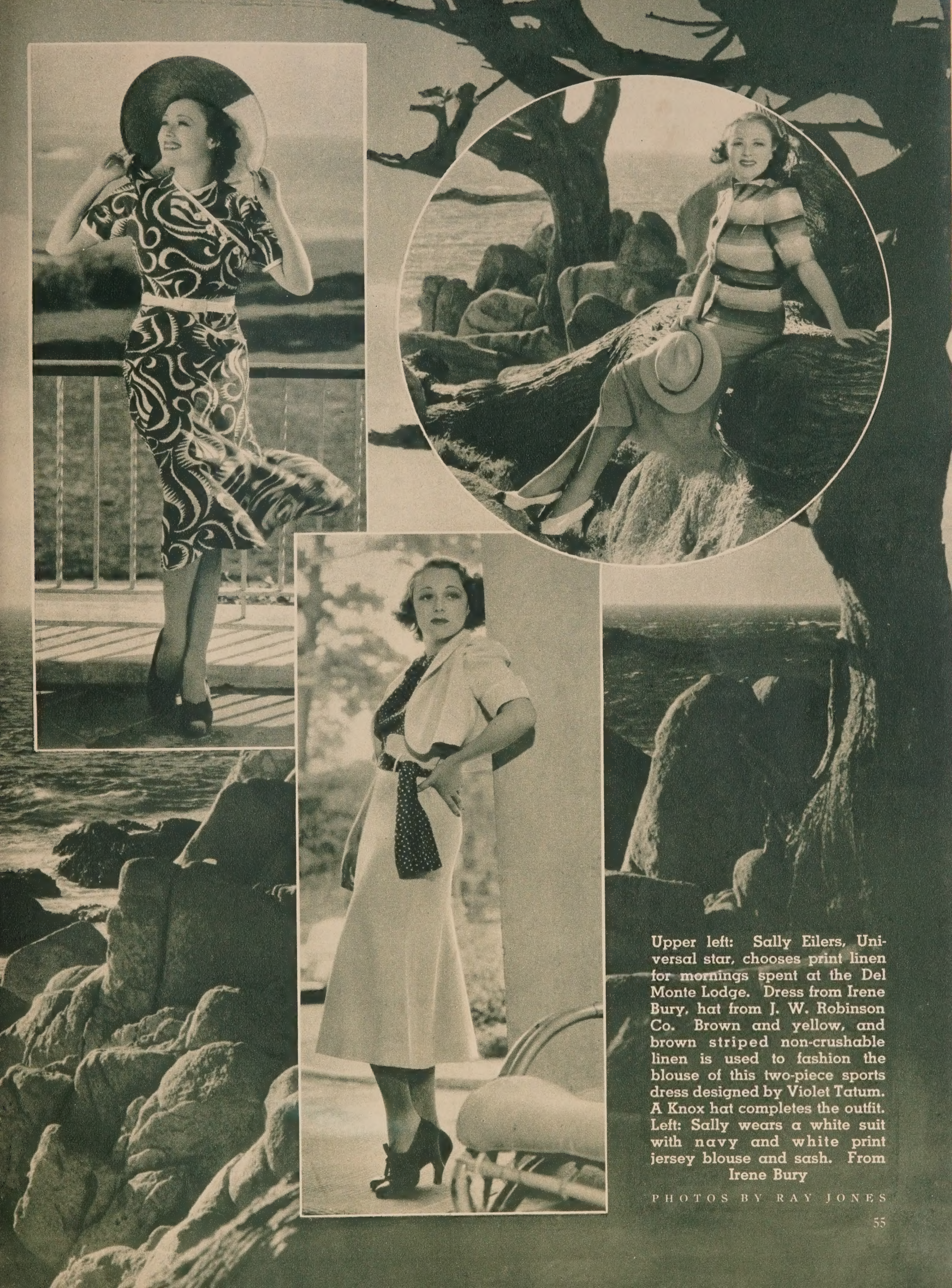
Photos by Ray Jones



Above: Betty Furness appearing in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production "Good Old Soak" introduces the new sailing coat created in black rubberized sateen with white sailboats and nautical design. Upper right: Betty is shown wearing a new cadet blue satin bathing suit with white nautical design. Right: Betty wears a white bathing suit with navy blue straps and double belt tying in tailored bows in front

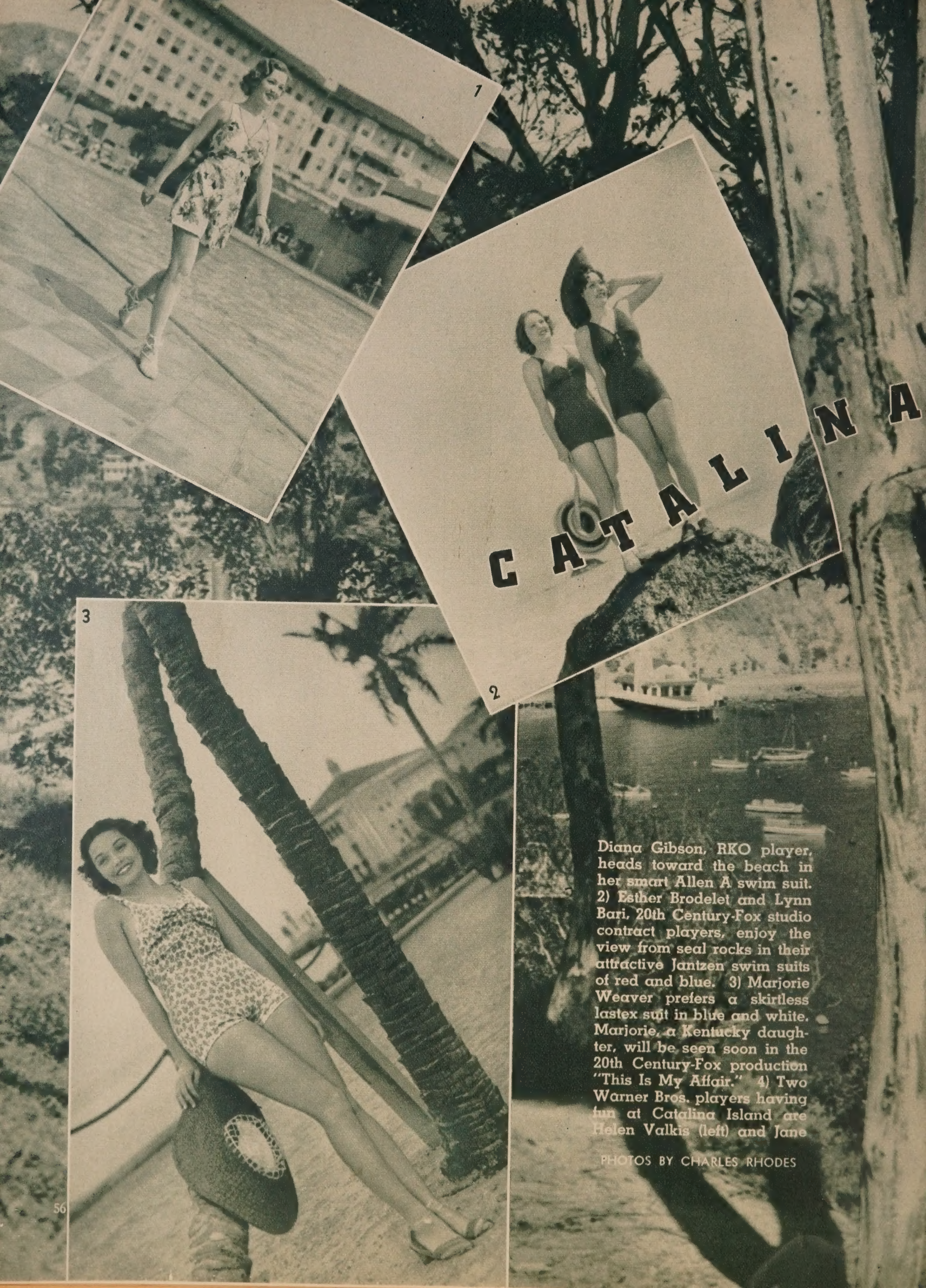
PHOTOS BY TED ALLEN

B. V. D. BEACH ATTIRE



Upper left: Sally Eilers, Universal star, chooses print linen for mornings spent at the Del Monte Lodge. Dress from Irene Bury, hat from J. W. Robinson Co. Brown and yellow, and brown striped non-crushable linen is used to fashion the blouse of this two-piece sports dress designed by Violet Tatum. A Knox hat completes the outfit. **Left:** Sally wears a white suit with navy and white print jersey blouse and sash. From Irene Bury

PHOTOS BY RAY JONES



CATALINA

Diana Gibson, RKO player, heads toward the beach in her smart Allen A swim suit. 2) Esther Brodelet and Lynn Bari, 20th Century-Fox studio contract players, enjoy the view from seal rocks in their attractive Jantzen swim suits of red and blue. 3) Marjorie Weaver prefers a skirtless lastex suit in blue and white. Marjorie, a Kentucky daughter, will be seen soon in the 20th Century-Fox production "This Is My Affair." 4) Two Warner Bros. players having fun at Catalina Island are Helen Valkis (left) and Jane

PHOTOS BY CHARLES RHODES

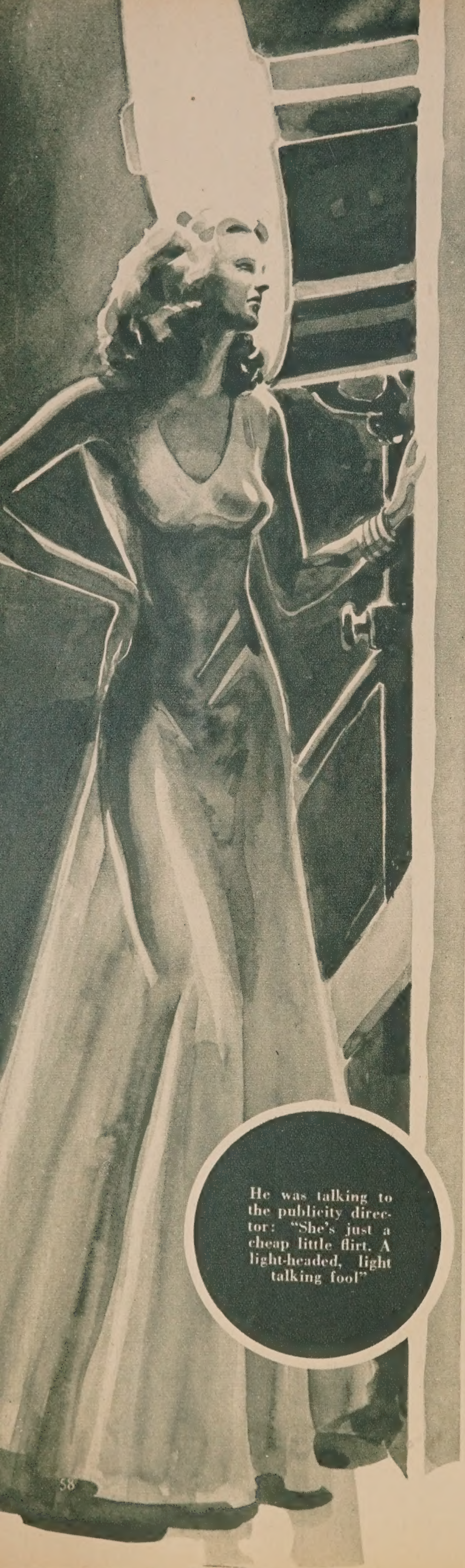
HOLIDAY

4

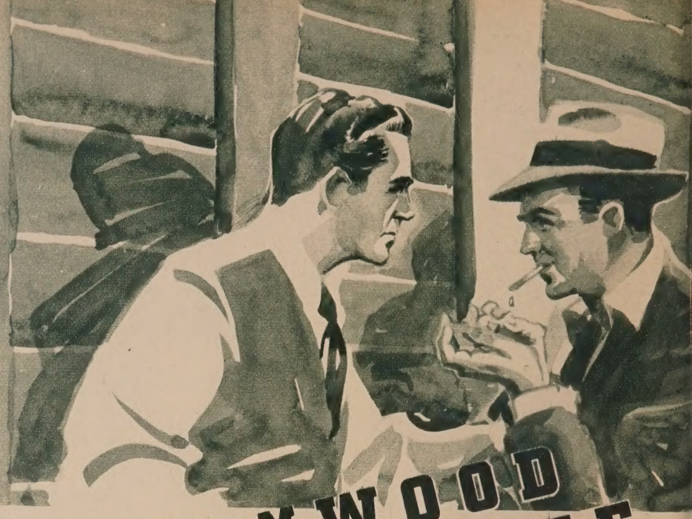
6

5

Wyman. Helen wears a flowered Catalina lastex while Jane chooses a blue novelty knit with deeper blue trim. Helen Valkis plays in "The Prince and the Pauper" while Jane Wyman has "Public Wedding" to her credit. 5) Betty Grable wears a red knit Catalina suit. Interesting details are the three button front closing and button-on straps. Betty's next for RKO will be "New Faces of 1937." 6) Two shades of blue fashion this Catalina suit worn by Mary Carlisle appearing in the Paramount production "Exclusive"



He was talking to the publicity director: "She's just a cheap little flirt. A light-headed, light talking fool"



HOLLYWOOD LOVE THIEF

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES BRUNO

THIS is my candid confession. I wasn't anyone in Hollywood until Dick Witters, the newspaperman, fell in love with me and helped me get started in pictures. After that my name grew in importance—I was a star almost overnight. I dropped Dick for no good reason and broke his heart. For one thing, I was going places with Ted Shields, the screen idol. I was with him the night his car ran down and killed a bum—and I still see the vision of the poor fellow, for it was Dick Witters who lay on the street, dead.

A short time after that, when we were on location near the border, Ted wanted me to run off and marry him. Somehow, after we had crossed the line into Mexico, I lost courage and fled home without Ted. He remained humble, but I couldn't stand him any longer. Then I met Dr. John MacBreen, and married him secretly. I did it because I thought I was slipping. When John found out the truth, he took out a long snake whip and confronted me. I was horribly frightened.

"This is not the dark ages, John," I managed to say through stiff lips. "Men do not go around whipping their wives any more. It looks so bad in the headlines. . . ."

But neither the thought of public scandal nor of his own reputation would stop John MacBreen. He was not made that way. He came on relentlessly. That dreadful thing in his hands . . . I screamed once and pushed back against the wall, feeling for the bell cord. It was no use. The servants had the afternoon off and the nearest neighbor was a quarter of a mile away.

"John, you're mad!" I gasped. If only I could run—but I had lost the power.

And then the telephone rang. Softly and imperatively. From sheer force of habit he answered. The expression on his face did not change but I heard him say swiftly, "Tell Scherwin to stand by until I get there. We'll operate immediately." The receiver clicked. Without another word he turned and left the room—the snake whip still coiled in his hand.

The *doctor* would always supersede the *man* in John. The fact had saved me now but in a wild revulsion of feeling I resented it. It was a bad blow to my pride. I had lost Ted Shields. And John hated me. Worse, I felt I had suddenly become unimportant to him even as a menace. Terribly unimportant compared with his work.

In a burst of hysteria I threw myself on the couch and sobbed uncontrollably. . . . And it seemed hours later that Mitzi Morris found me there. Mitzi was a cute little [*Continued on page* 78]

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG Duchess OF Leinster

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin

- Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

SHE will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly,* till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see *your* skin growing lovelier!

- (*below*) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.

Send for* SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 6-CF. Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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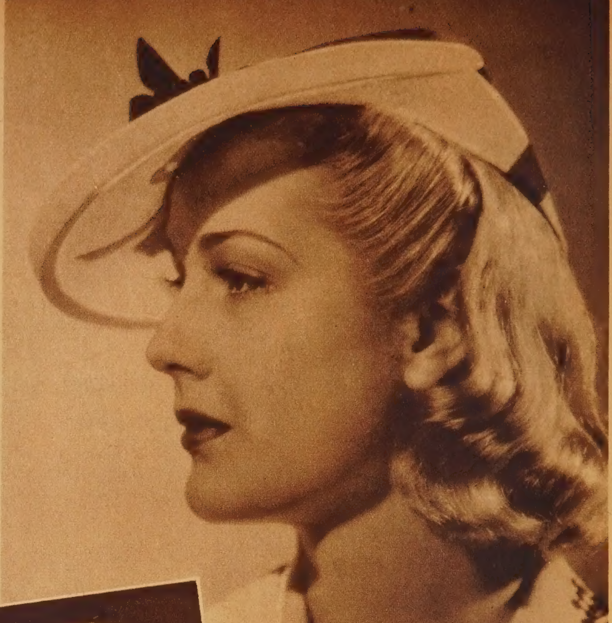
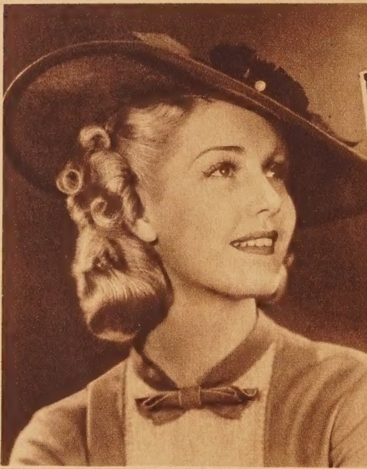
By JANET LYNN

Hats OFF— AND ON

Lovely Anita Louise takes off her hat to display three smart versions of the 1937 coiffure



A high-riding hat with visor brim effectually reveals the side roll of Anita's coiffure. This version of her basic hairdress combines the off-the-face trend with the long bob. Tilting her hat to one side ovalizes Anita's slender face



The large-brimmed hat worn at an angle is the perfect foil for Anita's blonde curls. The hairdress a casual interpretation of the current mode

WHICH comes first, the chapeau or the coiffure? Should hats be selected to accommodate the hairline—or should the hair be styled to glorify the hat?

I decided to put this intriguing question to both Anita Louise, noted for her golden blonde tresses, and to Perc Westmore, famous hairstylist of Warner Bros. studio. Anita and Perc had their answers ready—and they agreed that hats must follow the hairline.

No young star has introduced and popularized more fashions than the beautiful Anita. What she wears is as important to the teen-aged girls as Kay Francis' wardrobe is to their older sisters. Anita is particularly interested in youthful hair style and she deserted the set of *The Go-Getter* long enough to pose for the accompanying photos as a special favor to SCREEN BOOK.

"Every girl," Anita said, "has a definite feeling about her hair. She may not know the reason why a certain line doesn't flatter but she passes it up regardless of the millinery trend and selects a coiffure that does something for her. She knows that hat designers no longer confine their efforts to a single shape and she will find a model that is becoming.

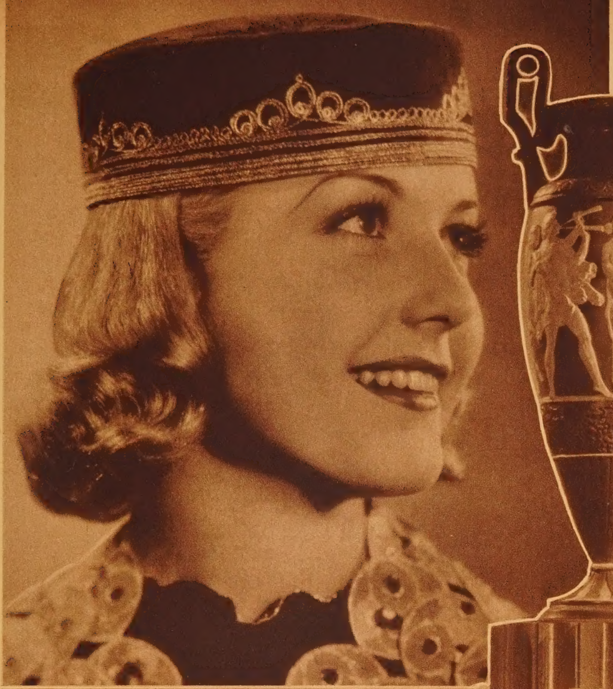
"As for myself, I know that bangs are not an asset. Although the page-boy haircut was originally designed with bangs, I must pass them by. When I wear a Dalmation pill-box planned for this hair style, I wear it tipped a trifle over the forehead, although when worn with a banged haircut it can be clapped far back on the head.

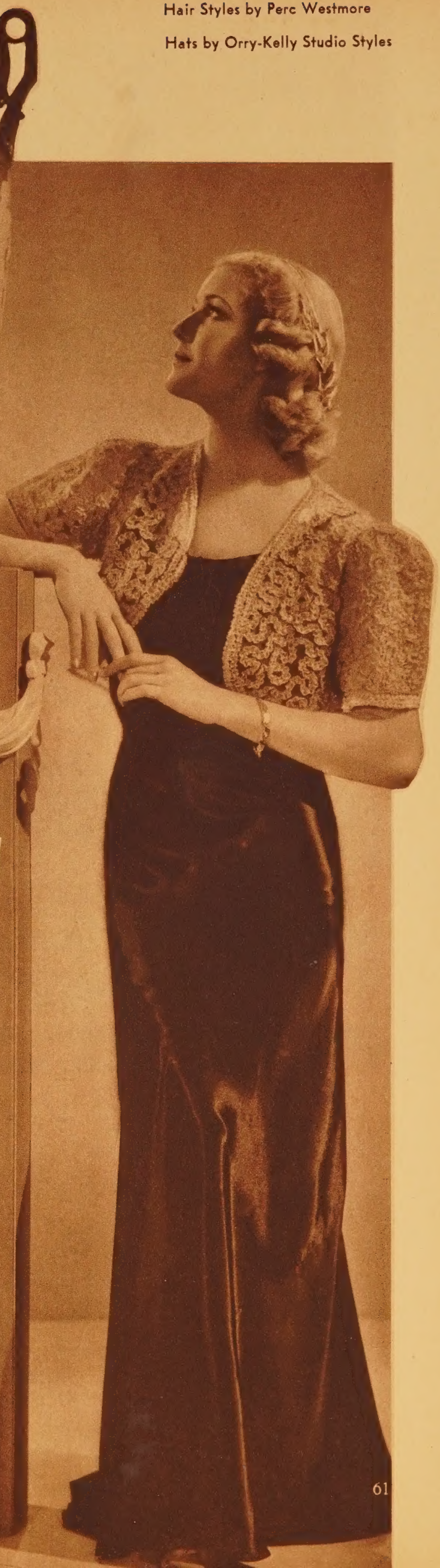
"Another thing I do not feel is becoming to me is short hair done with sculptured curls. A bob, not quite shoulder length, is my permanent choice, although I like to have it dressed in various ways."

Perc Westmore, who also had an answer [*Continued on page* 68]

Hair Styles by Perc Westmore

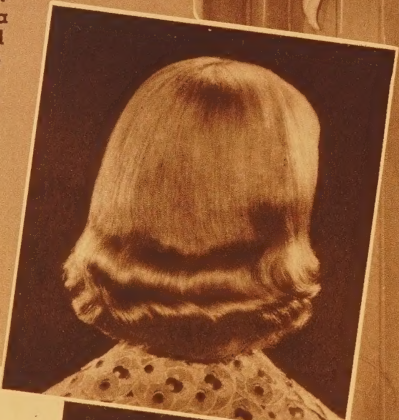
Hats by Orry-Kelly Studio Styles





UNFAIR TO WOMEN!

Any woman can struggle along without a diamond clip or a fox cape—but what woman can get along without her lipstick? In spite of this obvious fact, Congress persists in levying a ten per cent luxury tax on toiletries, although it has removed a similar tax on jewels and reduced the fur tax to three per cent. Unfair to cosmetic manufacturers, already pressed by rising costs, unfair to millions of American women whose cosmetics are as necessary to them as food and clothing—it should be repealed. Why not register your disapproval of this tax? Write a letter to your Representative in the House and one to your Senator!



To enhance the youthful line of her page-boy bob, Anita chooses a gold-braided Dalmation pill-box, above. Just missing shoulder length, her hair is turned under softly at the ends and worn with sleek crown and center part. To complement her lustrous black satin gown with val lace bolero, Anita adds a flat spray of gold leaves to her evening coiffure, right. The leaves outline her circlet of curls

Always good for a laugh is Milton Berle, famous radio comic, but it looks suspiciously like his rollicking rivals, Parkyakarkus and Penner are laughing *at*, and not *with* him

---

HURRY-HURRY!

Be Sure to get your copy of wonderful New Dance Book

by ARTHUR MURRAY—

World's Greatest Dance Instructor— Learn the Latest Dance Steps from this Expert—

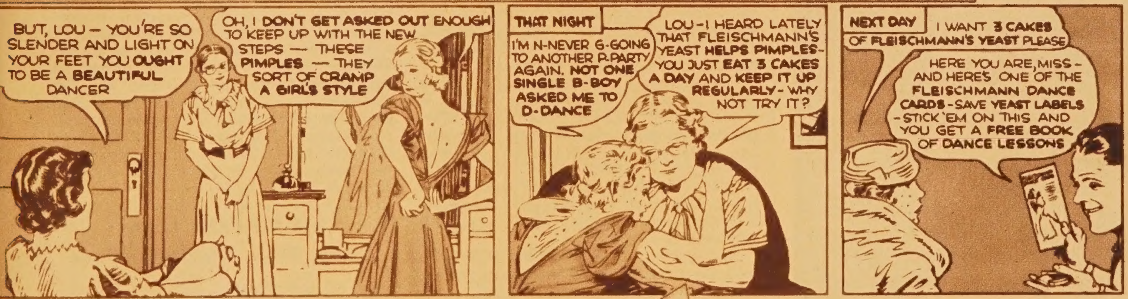
FREE!

Start Now—
IT'S DARLING OF YOU TO GIVE ME THIS DRESS, AUNT EM—I ONLY WISH IT WOULD COVER UP MY PIMPLES—AND MAKE ME A GOOD DANCER

4 WEEKS LATER
LOU SENDS HER CARD FILLED WITH LABELS FOR DANCE BOOK
FEW DAYS AFTER
LOOK, JANE—IT'S REALLY EASY TO DO THIS RHUMBA MOTION
I'LL SAY SO—THAT BOOK SURE MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAR
(TO HERSELF) ISN'T IT JUST MARVELOUS HOW HER FACE HAS CLEARED UP
SAY—YOU'RE THE PRETTIEST GIRL AND THE BEST DANCER HERE—HOW COME I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE
OH, I HAVEN'T BEEN 'ROUND MUCH TILL NOW—
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY ME—MY, BUT I'M GLAD I ATE THOSE YEAST CAKES!

"Contrary" Mary is still the center of attraction wherever she goes. Here Miss Brian is pictured with Lee Tracy and Bob Burns during a radio broadcast.

to Clear up your Skin! Be a Good Dancer! WIN POPULARITY!


BUT, LOU — YOU'RE SO SLENDER AND LIGHT ON YOUR FEET YOU OUGHT TO BE A BEAUTIFUL DANCER
OH, I DON'T GET ASKED OUT ENOUGH TO KEEP UP WITH THE NEW STEPS — THESE PIMPLES — THEY SORT OF CRAMP A GIRL'S STYLE
THAT NIGHT
I'M N-NEVER G-GOING TO ANOTHER P-PARTY AGAIN. NOT ONE SINGLE B-BOY ASKED ME TO D-DANCE
LOU — I HEARD LATELY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HELPS PIMPLES — YOU JUST EAT 3 CAKES A DAY AND KEEP IT UP REGULARLY — WHY NOT TRY IT?
NEXT DAY
I WANT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST PLEASE
HERE YOU ARE, MISS — AND HERE'S ONE OF THE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARDS — SAVE YEAST LABELS — STICK 'EM ON THIS AND YOU GET A FREE BOOK OF DANCE LESSONS

GET THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD FROM YOUR GROCER

Don't wait another day! Start right now to save yeast labels for the wonderful book of 20 dance lessons by Arthur Murray!

This book is *not for sale*. The *only way* to get a copy is with Fleischmann Yeast labels.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily* for 27 days. Save the label from each cake. Paste these on the *free* Fleischmann Dance Card you can get from your grocer. Send it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, save your 81 labels and send them in an envelope, or pasted up on plain paper.

Address envelope containing labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. And be sure to include *your* name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states west of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD
20 DANCE LESSONS ALL THE POPULAR NEW STEPS
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, says: **"STICK TO IT, and Fleischmann's Yeast will help to correct ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."**

● Important glands develop after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age—and final growth takes place. This disturbs the entire system. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and unsightly pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to free your skin from pimples by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—a cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water.

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DON'T WILT WITH THE WEATHER

wear "Screen"

LASTEX FOUNDATIONS

Styled by

HICKORY

YOU won't know you're wearing "Screen"—as ventilated as it sounds. It's mighty cool—yet it molds your figure to a flattering silhouette. Porous mesh-knit Lastex permits cool air to reach and circulate about your skin. Trimly tailored to fashion your figure to the smooth, svelte lines you'll adore—and so will everyone else.

It's sensible to own all three—Foundation, Girdle, Pantie. Have a cool, fresh, *and right* garment for each Summer costume—sports, about-town and formal.

Two-Way Stretch Lastex

YOU'LL WANT ALL THREE BECAUSE YOU NEED THEM

$12 and up for the Set of Three. May be had separately, of course.

FOUNDATION: Perfect uplift bra. Side bust control. Streamlined back. **$5.00**

GIRDLE: Flattens and flatters hips. **$3.50** and **$4.00**

PANTIE: Cool, comfortable, controlling. **$3.50** and **$4.00**

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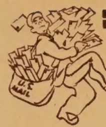


THE POSTMAN RINGS

This happy foursome has fun frolicking through the making of *Wake Up and Live*, a Fox picture. Patsy Kelly and Alice Faye form the interference for the friendly enemies—Winchell and Bernie. "Do they deserve orchids?" asks Winchell. "Yowsah!" retorts Bernie

$15.00 Prize Letter

Knock, Knock

DEAR EDITOR:

No knock, I suppose, ever won a prize, but I take my typewriter in hand just the same—"it isn't the money, it's the principle of the thing!" The object of my malevolence is *That Girl From Paris.*

Lily Pons is a very great singer. When people go to a picture featuring Pons it is in order to hear a great singer sing. Why, then, do not her producers allow her to sing her songs without Jack Oakie's clowning interruptions? Clowning is all very well in its place, but it is a breach of taste for the fun to take place while an artist is singing. It ceases then to be fun. Music lovers are pained—and frustrated.

And that boy choir! We are allowed to hear three bars of song interpreted by angelic, trained, young voices and then—Jack Oakie thrusts his head into the group and emits vile sounds, spoiling everything.

When Pons began her aria from the *Barber of Seville* I really had hopes. She starts off brilliantly, we sigh with relief—and—the scene immediately changes. We are shown those oh-so-funny boys sitting in the front row, ready with rattles and tomatoes to ruin the song. They experience a change of heart and spare Lily—but the mischief is done so far as we are concerned—our enjoyment of the aria is ruined.

Miss Pons' singing suffered from all this flippancy. She seemed to be struggling against terrific odds—as indeed she was. On the radio there is a seriousness and control about her art which make it quite different. No doubt, feeling safe from interruptions by Jack Oakie, she can put her heart into her work.—*Ethel S. Small, 1827 Belmont Road, Washington, D. C.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Escape From The 'Dole'drums

DEAR EDITOR:

So many years I felt that for poor people to spend money for Movies was the greatest of all extravagances. I took this

[*Continued on page* 88]

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, Hollywood, Calif. The first prize letter published each month in this letting-off-steam department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

Our Critic Goes to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 21]

Seventh Heaven centers so much on the two lovers that it becomes easy to overlook good performances by others. In this version credit should be given Gale Sondergaard, Jean Hersholt, Gregory Ratoff, John Qualen and others for lending additional quality to the film. Musical direction of Louis Silvers materially aids in jerking tears—plenty of which will be shed by the ladies before the final fadeout.

Her Husband Lies—★★

B. P. Schulberg

Real entertainment from a none-too-fresh theme makes this picture a creditable presentation of Paramount release. Taking a cast of second flight names, Producer Schulberg has built up a tense drama of country boy versus city slickers.

Ricardo Cortez, cast as the big time gambler, sees to it that his younger brother, Tom Brown, is financed through school and into marriage without knowing too much about the source of the money. Brown, who has the same gambling heritage as his brother, goes to the city to clean up. He succeeds in taking everything his brother and friends possess, but is promptly frisked. Eventually the complicated situation puts Cortez on the spot and he meets his doom.

Performances of these two key players are both top notch. Gail Patrick as the night club singer and wife of Cortez, and Akim Tamiroff (minus make-up) lend additional sock to the picture.

Outcasts of Poker Flat—★★

RKO

Bret Harte's great story of a gambler and his loves comes to the screen entertainingly done by Preston Foster and a good supporting cast. Foster is the gambler who falls in love with the school teacher and later is driven out of town by the new order. Jean Muir as the teacher and Margaret Irving as Foster's partner, The Duchess, capably support the leading gent. You will approve of Van Heflin, a new screen personality, who is Poker Flat's preacher. Virginia Weidler has plenty to do as the little orphan around whom much of the story centers.

Let's Get Married—★

Columbia

Outcome of an important election depends on the weather. The weatherman is Ralph Bellamy. And while he can't actually produce rain or clear weather, he still manages to get mixed up with a politician (Walter Connolly), his daughter (Ida Lupino) and the young politically ambitious gentleman who also happens to love her (Reginald Denny). If it rains on election day, certain voters won't bother to slop to the polls, and Denny will be elected. Forecasts and love affairs get mixed up, and a lot of other things happen one way or another. The picture doesn't click any too well from a story standpoint, but you may enjoy the work of the cast.

THIS DEODORANT COMES OFF ON MY CLOTHES TERRIBLY!
WHAT YOU WANT IS THE NEW ODORONO ICE— IT DISAPPEARS INSTANTLY

New! Non-Greasy Odorono Ice goes on like a vanishing cream —checks perspiration instantly

FOR YEARS women have complained—"Why do cream deodorants have to be so greasy?"—"They stick to clothes and ruin them!"

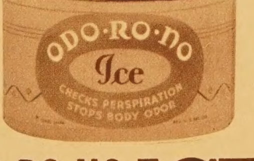
The new Odorono Ice was created in answer to these complaints—on an entirely new principle. It vanishes completely! It *can't* leave a messy film of grease to come off on your clothes.

And, unlike other cream deodorants, it gently checks perspiration. You are completely protected from both odor and dampness for 1 to 3 days.

Try it! It is delightful, entirely different in texture. Light and fluffy. It pats on easily—you don't have to work at it!

And Odorono Ice never develops a musty odor of its own after it has been on a while. Its clean, fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates completely the minute it is on.

Really, Odorono Ice is the perfect cream deodorant at last! 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used. Buy a jar of the new Odorono Ice tomorrow—35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.



*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 6-A-7*. 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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GANTNER

Floating Bra

Above . . Peasant rosettes on a wool matelasse, $6.95

Left . . Persian wool with a separate skirt, $8.95

Others . . $3.95 to $9.75

If you wear a bra in a formal, . . . you need Floating Bra on the beach!

WHATEVER YOUR FIGURE . . this semi-detached inner uplift makes you *modern and glamorous!* Floating Bra cups under the breast, lifting your bustline smartly. Slims your waist! Narrows your hips! Eliminates embarrassing sagging, wobbling or slumping! Floating Bra is exclusive with Gantner swim suits.

At smarter stores everywhere . . . or write bust measure, weight, choice of color. (Style book upon request. Canadians, write us.)

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SWIMSUITS & WIKIES - FAVORITE OF WATER LOVERS

COOKING UP HAPPY MARRIAGES

C. Henry Gordon, who makes a business out of being an old meanie on the screen, is very happily married

By JULIA WILLIAMS

DO YOU like pate de fois gras, highly seasoned frogs legs, strawberries Romanoff? Or do you prefer meat and potatoes? Marriage is like food. Rich, highly spiced concoctions are all right for banquets, buffet suppers, occasional jamborees. But for day after day menus at home—that's something else again.

Meat and potatoes are pretty good year round fare—but pate de fois gras and frogs legs make life more interesting at intervals.

Marriage is much the same as food, even in hectic Hollywood.

It's harder to stay married in Hollywood than most any other city in the world. Even actors and actresses used to the word "glamour" fall for it. Rob Roy McIntosh, super romantic leading man, meets Beatrice Heart-Stealer, movie queen. Flaming stories emanate from asbestos publicity departments anent Hollywood's latest love affair.

The two who like to dance, lunch or dine together, find themselves heralded as Hollywood's newest heart throb. Rob Roy reads in Missy Parsnip's column that Beatrice is "that way" about him. She grabs another chatter column and finds that Rob Roy can't sleep nights for thinking of her. They fall for it and before long—SCOOP—"Rob Roy McIntosh Weds Beatrice Heart-Stealer in Romantic Yuma Elopement."

Living with a temperamental star who may be the ultimate in sex appeal and glamour on the screen, is like eating truffles and crepe suzette three times a day. Temperament is often a short cut to temper, selfishness and extravagance. Rumors in the same romantic columns of an impending divorce—each star believes his or her publicity notices and wonders why the connubial partner's appetite seems to be waning. Meat and potatoes every day seem very dull to an appetite geared up to spices and condiments.

The two separate—good friends, and all the usual bunk. And once more Mr. and Mrs. Star are in circulation again. And once again they are seeking other glamourous partners.

But there are plenty of married couples who have weathered the storms and rapids of Hollywood picture making; the limelight of public attention. These have steered their marital barks into safe waters. They don't make sensational headlines but they have their own recipes for happiness, and here are a few of them:

C. HENRY GORDON'S MARRIAGE ENTREE

1 screen's meanest man
1 non-professional helpmate
2 parts interest in actor's career
1 lb. reciprocated understanding
1 cup serious mutual interests
1 cup enjoyment in same pleasures and recreations

Take the screen's meanest man, add the non-professional helpmate when he is in the throes of villaining on the screen; flavor with a sense of humor, sympathetic understanding, and put into the marital oven. Let bake for several years and cover with jaunts to favorite resorts, interests in the same books, plays and all forms of recreation. This kind of a marriage has and will last for years and will improve with age.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT'S MARRIAGE APPETIZER

1	man of tolerant age (late twenties)
1	woman of understanding (middle twenties)
2	parts equal joint interests
1	lb. faith in each other
3	parts sense of humor
1	dash of tact

Stir ingredients together. Pour love of music and interest in each other's career over a number of years: add faith, season with a sense of humor and liking of the same things. A dash of tact lends smoothness to the Gladys Swarthout-Frank Chapman marriage.

WALTER CONNOLLY MARRIAGE PIE

2	people with common interests and love
2	cups of time at home
½	cup of time off to follow hobbies
1	part mutual friends
1	part hospitality

Bake a crust of well-flavored sense of humor; add filling of freedom for each to follow his own hobby or wishes, stirred into a mutual interest in the other's career. Pour over all a meringue of hospitality, graciousness and real friendship. Bake in marital oven until a crisp, warm brown. The Walter Connollys' pie is a favorite of our film folk.

WARNER BAXTER SALAD WITH EVERLASTING DRESSING

1	whole heart of love
2	parts real companionship
2	parts joint interest in books, friends, travel, pastimes
½	part individual hobbies
1	cup of remembered anniversaries and sentiment

Over this tender, fresh salad, pour the dressing of mutual enthusiasm for life and living. Flavor with a successful career and a [*Continued on page* 94]

Here is Grace Moore with Valentin Parera, the man she met on shipboard, and later married

"Hi-ya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this?...You can't change 'em?...Say, that's tough!"

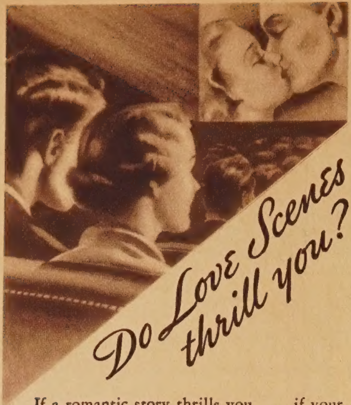
"Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"

"Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"

Johnson's Baby Powder

"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—it's as soft as the kitty's ear! Not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps my skin so smooth." ... Smooth, healthy skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the rarest Italian talc...no orris-root...Don't forget baby's other toilet needs—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil!

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY


Do Love Scenes thrill you?

If a romantic story thrills you . . . if your heart beats faster when lovers embrace on the screen—give a thought to *your own* romance! For excited emotions stimulate perspiration glands, resulting in unpleasant body odor.

Are you sure your deodorant lasts through nerve tingling moments? DEW is the deodorant which stops perspiration *instantly* and *thoroughly*—and remains *effective* under all circumstances.

Also prevents the under-arm stains that ruin clothes.
Use DEW and be sure.
Safe and gentle. Non-irritating to delicate skin. 25c, 50c, $1.00 at drug and dept. stores.

DEW
DEODORANT
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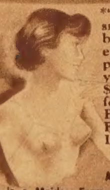
Instant
DEW
CRYSTAL PURE DEODORANT
Non Perspirant

for that all important
„LINE-OF-SEPARATION„
VARIATION

Maiden Form's "Variation"—for a fashionable "dividing line"—has under-breast stitching for uplift support, with or without diaphragm band—$1.00 to $3.50



*"ETUDE" (*left*) has smaller-than-average breast-sections, cleverly *spiral* seamed to preserve precious youthful firmness—$1.00 and $1.50. Send for free Foundation Booklet FG: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

AT ALL LEADING STORES
"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

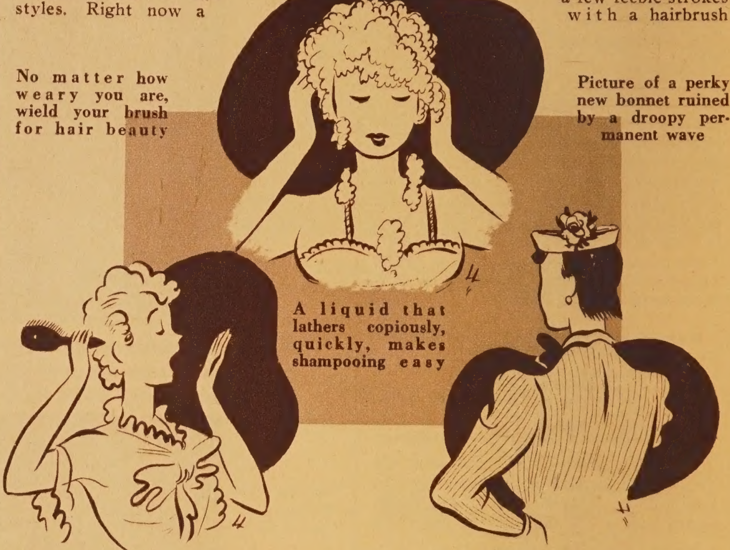
Maiden Form
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · GARTER BELTS

Hats Off—and On

[*Continued from page* 60]

for the hat-hair riddle, has originated hundreds of coiffures during the years he has been in charge of the make-up department of Warner Bros. studio. Perc, by the way, is almost as famous for his wit as he is for his art and is one of the most popular men on the Warner lot.

CONTINUING the hair-versus-hat discussion, he said, "Women took great interest in the dressing of their hair before hats were conceived. The first hair styles were too simple for hats, then they were too fantastic, but the mode for hats came along when the fashion in hair-dressing warranted it.



No matter how weary you are, wield your brush for hair beauty

Picture of a perky new bonnet ruined by a droopy permanent wave

A liquid that lathers copiously, quickly, makes shampooing easy

"Naturally we follow certain trends in hair styles. Right now a bob that just misses being shoulder length is important. Narrow, precise waves are as dead as the dodo. Subtlety is the keynote, and only a slight tracery of wave marks the modish bob. The ends are softly turned under. It's the front part of the hair that offers the greatest lee-way for a designer's originality.

"After we have discovered what we can do with hair of a certain texture, our next problem is to study the shape of a girl's face and then dress her hair to make the face look as oval as possible. Her hat, too, must help to accentuate the oval. Although Anita Louise is one of the screen's most beautiful girls, her face is inclined to be a bit more oblong than oval. To make it appear more oval we brush her hair away from her temples and cheeks to fall in loose waves over the top part of her ears.

"When the front hairline is changed, a different type of hat must be added to the wardrobe. However, in ovalizing the oblong, the best hat is one that dips over one eye and off the face on only one side."

Without deviating from the long bob and middle part which are so becoming to Anita, minor changes in dressing her front hair resulted in three interesting coiffures. To reveal the high side roll of one hairdress, Anita chose a small hat tilted to one side. For the page-boy bob, flat at the temples, she selected the Dalmatian pill-box. For the more casual hairdress, with soft curls over her ears, Anita decided upon a broad-brimmed hat which gave balance to her fluffy hairline.

Anita's hair is thick and naturally blonde, with a lustrous sheen. But don't imagine for a minute that the burnished, spun-gold appearance of her hair is an accident! I wish some of you girls who feel so self-righteous after a few feeble strokes with a hairbrush could have witnessed the "beating" Anita took in the process of having her hair dressed. Her hair was brushed and brushed and then brushed some more by the hairdresser, in long sweeping strong-arm strokes.

I asked Anita if all this brushing was a regular occurance.

"Not only regular at the studio, but regular at home," Anita replied. "I brush my hair thoroughly every morning and night which helps to keep it clean, extremely important wtih blonde hair, and gives it a high gloss. However, I never look upon brushing my hair as a chore; I really enjoy it. If done with even rhythmic strokes, it is very relaxing."

"Spare the Brush and Spoil the Hair" would be a good motto for every girl to hang over her dressing table. The importance of brushing cannot be overemphasized in conditioning the hair and scalp.

The hairbrush has long since ceased to be a dressing-table ornament. So if you have been hoarding a matted, limp old brush just because it has a fancy back that matches a hand mirror or comb, you'll be doing yourself a great favor by passing it on to little brother to use as a tack hammer. He'll get better results out of it than you will on your hair.

Then as a reward of merit provide yourself with a sturdy workmanlike brush with long resilient bristles that will penetrate to the scalp. To my notion one of the best brushes on the market is the type with serrated, wave-like bristles that pick the hair up in strands, polishing and cleansing the whole length of the hair as the brush is swept through. The brush has a comfortably rounded handle, providing a good grip, and a solid wooden back which permits repeated dunking in soapsuds without injury to brush or bristles. In the same brand of brush you may select various sizes ranging in price from $1.50 to $3.50. I'll be glad to send the name upon request.

One of the tricks Anita Louise uses to keep her hair immaculately clean is to tie a piece of thin silk over the bristles of her hair brush and then brush her hair in layers. The silk picks up every vestige of dust and dirt and provides an extra bit of cleansing between shampoos.

When she is working, Anita's hair is shampooed every other day. When at home, she has her hair shampooed every fourth day because, rightly, she feels that blonde hair should be washed as frequently as possible to avoid any suspicion of griminess.

IF YOUR hair is also of the type that demands frequent washing, you should know about the bland, non-drying shampoo formula that requires just one washing and one rinsing and makes shampooing your hair a mere matter of minutes. After wetting your hair, you sprinkle on a few drops of the shampoo and massage it quickly into a rich, billowy lather. Then with only one rinsing in clear water your hair emerges soft and glossily clean. This shampoo is a boon to the business girl who must crowd beauty rites between work and pleasure and, if interested, I'll be glad to supply you with the trade name. The price is $1 for a large bottle.

If you follow the Hollywood trend in hair styles, your coiffure this season will be casual in effect but studied in design. The success of your hairdress will depend largely on your curls *staying* where they are put. Curls piled high on the side of your head should retain their upswept grace through the most hectic day, and the page boy hairdress, so popular with the stars at present, should never show signs of coming unrolled. But with a good permanent wave in your hair, to give it body and staying qualities, you will have no difficulty in adapting the current styles to your own needs.

To get a really good permanent wave you should acquaint yourself with various types of waving systems and ask for one by name just as you would ask for a special brand of face cream. One manufacturing house, long identified with permanent waving, seals its pads in individual cartons which the operator opens just as used to assure patrons of getting what they ask for. The wave is one endorsed by many screen stars and also by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild.

The same manufacturer has developed a new machineless system of waving which does away with all the heavy-heavy-hangs-over-thy-head type of equipment and reduces the business of getting a permanent to an incident in-

[*Continued on page* 71]

"Always worth stopping for"

9:07
BEECH-NUT BRAND
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT
SPEARMINT

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

BEECH-NUT GUM

Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT BEECHIES CANDY COATED GUM 5¢
Beech-Nut PEPSIN BEECHIES AID DIGESTION
Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT BEECHIES CANDY COATED GUM 5¢
The Beech-Nut Circus

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

You can taste the difference Quality makes

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

"I've found Complete Personal Daintiness"

QUEST... for Foot Comfort

During hot weather especially, fastidious women consider Quest part of their daily toilet. It is the *positive* deodorant powder, soothing, completely effective! Try it as a foot powder, and see how Quest gives tired, perspiring feet a new lease on life as it keeps them fresh and dainty.

QUEST... after the Bath

For all-day-long body freshness, use Quest as a dusting powder, and for under-arms. It prevents perspiration offense; keeps you dainty always; yet does not clog pores or irritate the skin. And, being unscented, it does not cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume.

QUEST... totally effective on Sanitary Napkins

This is the key test for *any* deodorant powder! Prove for yourself that Quest never fails on sanitary napkins — assures *complete* personal daintiness. Buy the large can today —only 35c at drug counters everywhere.

USE IT WITH KOTEX

Divorcee Contest Winners!

FOLLOWING are the six prize-winning letters of the Divorcee Contest—the prizes, specially designed white and yellow gold rings, to be worn by divorcees only.

SCREEN BOOK received many hundreds of entries from all parts of the United States, listing the pitfalls of married life and the penalties of "poor picking," which made the selection of the six most interesting answers to the question, "Why I Divorced My Husband," a difficult task.

We were pleased to discover that the title "Gay Divorcee" is not unwarranted, and were happy to find that in spite of the heartaches involved, the majority of our competitors retained a sense of humor which is evidenced below.

The winners may proudly display their "badge of freedom," for this latest Hollywood vogue is gaining unprecedented popularity among the screen's loveliest un-weds.

Because of the personal nature of the contest, we cannot identify by name, the winning authors. We feel sure our readers will agree with our policy. Now for the winners to whom prizes are being sent:

Dear Editor:

He did to my life what a dirty stream does to a clear pool of water; spoiling the beauty someone else might have enjoyed.

Dear Editor:

Believe it or not, I wanted him to marry the "other woman." I figured she'd make him as unhappy as he made me. She did!

Dear Editor:

I divorced my husband because, after more than six years of married life, I found that he preferred blondes to brunettes.

Dear Editor:

He divorced me after 32 years because he felt the feminine half of the world was cheated when he was taken out of circulation.

Dear Editor:

No wedding ring—he took wedding trip without me. Said I was childish and unreasonable to want to go along.

Dear Editor:

I divorced my husband, not because he beat me or was jealous, but simply because I was bored. Charming shadows on the screen take his place competently.

HOLLYWOOD FEUD!

Yep—there's a new one in Hollywood—between two of the most sensational young ladies of the screen! You can find out the whole truth about this latest movieland battle in the July issue of SCREEN BOOK. Watch for it at your favorite news dealer!

Hats Off and On

[*Continued from page* 69]

stead of an endurance contest. The hair is wound on rods as usual but the clamps are preheated to just the proper temperature and then transferred to the head. In the process of cooling, which takes only a few minutes, your hair is transformed into lovely ringlets without danger of burning or discomfort, and you are free to move around as you wish. I'll be glad to send you the trade name.

No matter what your choice of hat this season—off-the-face cartwheel, forward dipping visor or open-topped bandeau—a large portion of your hair will be exposed. And although you depend on your hairdresser to set your hair once a week, you will have to do plenty of homework to keep your locks perfectly groomed between visits to the beauty shop.

Bob pins will take care of the flat curls around your face, but for the curls at the sides or back of your head you need a supply of round curlers, the size depending on the length of your hair. A dandy curler that sells at five cents, features a spring lock that holds the hair securely around a perforated metal tube. The holes in the shaft of the curler permit free circulation of air to speed along the drying process. The same manufacturer offers wave clamps, also priced at five cents, which are particularly helpful if you wash and set your own hair. Want the name?

If you have envied that "finished" fine-grained look which distinguishes the coiffures of the screen stars, take a tip from Perc Westmore. He advises the use of two combs—a large-toothed comb for disentangling the hair and an extra fine-toothed one for the final grooming, to produce that sleek, even surface.

For names of products mentioned in above article send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*

WHAT ARE YOUR HAIR PROBLEMS?

If your hair is too dry, too thin, or prematurely gray, or if you are tired of combing it in the same old way, write Janet Lynn explaining your problem. She will be glad to advise you on the care or restyling of your hair, FREE OF CHARGE.

Miss Lynn, who interviews the Hollywood stars at their homes and in the studios, can also give you make-up secrets that will transform you from plain to pretty. In writing her for make-up advice, describe fully the shape and coloring of your face.

Address your letters to Janet Lynn, c/o SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Do not forget to enclose a STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE for her reply.

MODERN NECESSITY!

—the 3-way protection that only Kotex offers!

1-CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to provide lasting comfort. Sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2-CAN'T FAIL

Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—prevents twisting and roping.

3-CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress reveals no wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX—ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE
Regular, Junior and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

DUART
creme
of
milk
PERMANENT

Now TWO-PURPOSE LIPSTICK IS BIGGEST NEWS!

ADRIENNE AMES

IT'S PERMANENT! IT'S SOFTENING!

Duart's two-purpose Creme of Milk Lipstick is creating a nationwide sensation. Thousands upon thousands of women every day are throwing away old style lip rouge and demanding the lipstick that has BOTH the qualities every woman wants. PERMANENT COLORS in beautiful, glamorous new California shades: WINE for brunettes with dark skin; SPANISH for brunettes with light skin; DESERT FLAME for blonds; and CINEMA, a special shade for evening wear. SOFTENING INGREDIENTS in this amazing new lipstick protect your lips from becoming rough or cracked—keep your lips always soft, smooth and youthful.

TUNE IN "THE PASSING PARADE" NBC

SEND FOR IT!

TRY THE GENEROUS 25c SIZE

Large size $1 at drug and department stores

Mark your shade—Mail Coupon

Duart, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California

Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin). Please send me the shade of lipstick marked below

☐ Wine ☐ Spanish ☐ Desert Flame ☐ Cinema

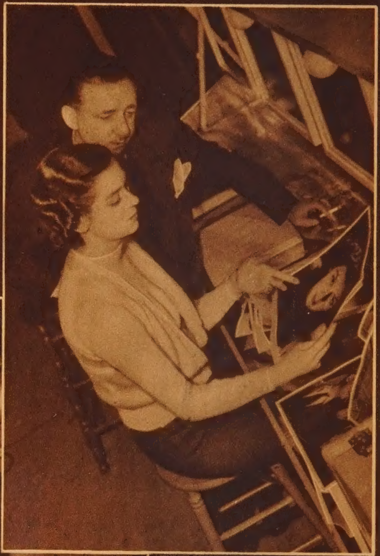
Name ____________

Address ____________

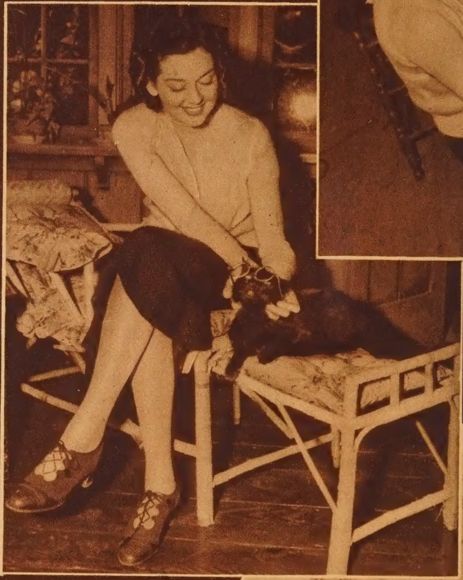
City ____________ *State* ____________ 15

KILLING TIME

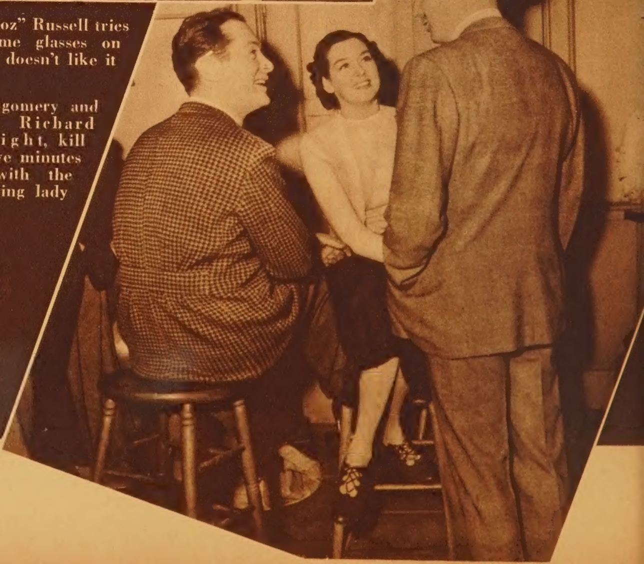
What to do till the camera turns? We've found the answer for you in exclusive candid photos, snapped on a sound stage at M-G-M where they are shooting "Night Must Fall"



Selecting portraits is one way to kill time, Rosalind Russell is being helped here by Milton Brown, manager of the gallery



Above, "Roz" Russell tries her costume glasses on kitty, who doesn't like it



Bob Montgomery and Director Richard Thorpe, right, kill another five minutes kidding with the film's leading lady

Time marches on, and Bob Montgomery grows a bit weary. Cigaret over the ear awaits fadeout of the pipe

At last, they're ready to shoot. So Miss Russell dabs at her make-up for the last time, the bell rings and the show goes on

MARY ASTOR, APPEARING IN COLUMBIA PICTURES

RECOMMENDED AND ENDORSED

by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild

If the beauty of your hair was worth thousands of dollars to you—if you knew millions of people would criticize the slighest fault—wouldn't you seek the advice of the world's beauty experts? That's just what the Hollywood stars have done and the group of beauty experts who care for every lovely star on the screen is known as the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild.

They are Hollywood's "Supreme Court" of beauty knowledge. Their exclusive endorsement of the Duart Permanent Wave is worth remembering next time you visit your beauty shop. Remember that no other waving method has this endorsement, and that to be sure your hair is waved by the same method used in 100 Hollywood Beauty Salons—just say, "I want a genuine Duart Wave". The price depends on the artistic skill and reputation of the hairdresser you select.

DUART
PERMANENT WAVES

SEND FOR DUART'S
HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY
Pages of smart screen-tested hairstyles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—enclose 10c for postage and wrapping.

DUART, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed please find 10 cents for my copy of DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

*City*________ *State*________ 15

TUNE IN • JOHN NESBITT'S "PASSING PARADE" NBC RED NETWORK

THOUGHT HER NERVES WOULD **SNAP!**

● I was depressed, jumpy, irritable. Sharp noises made me want to scream. I knew what the trouble was—but dreaded taking bad-tasting laxatives. One day I asked my aunt for advice. "Child," she said, "phone for FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative."

FEELS LIKE HER REAL SELF AGAIN

● I found FEEN-A-MINT a blessing. It relieved my condition promptly, easily. It's the chewing that helps make FEEN-A-MINT so wonderfully thorough and dependable. No disturbance of sleep, and the action occurs gently in lower bowel, not in stomach. Try this modern, non-habit-forming laxative, praised by over 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. M-5. FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

"TELL *Everyone* SUFFERING FROM—

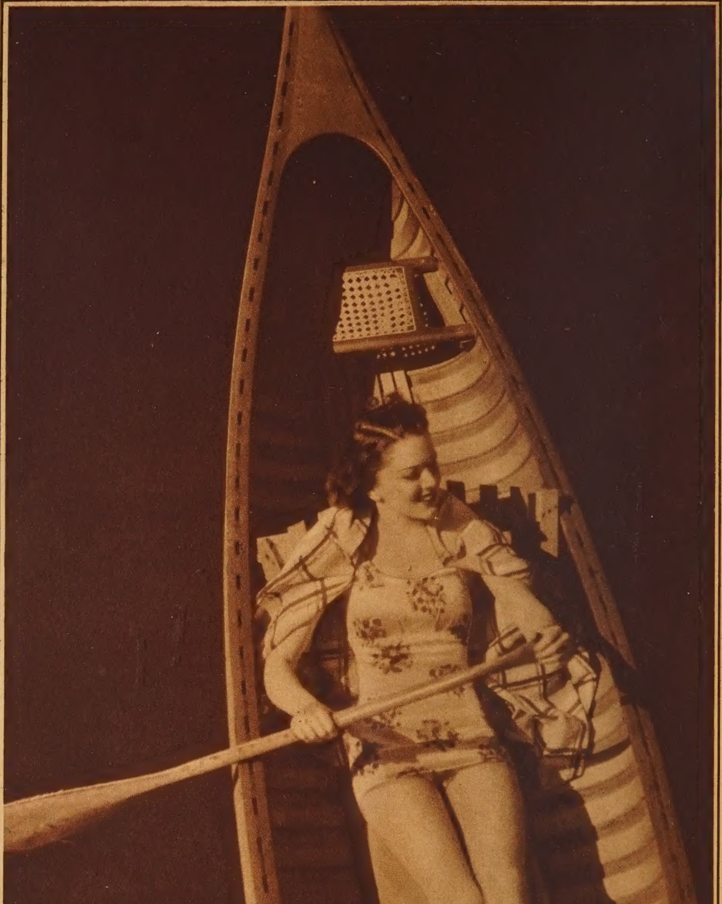
PSORIASIS

HOW MY DISCOMFORTS WERE RELIEVED"

This quotation from one of the thousands of enthusiastic letters we have received—tells of the gratification of Siroil users. Through Siroil men and women in all walks of life have rid themselves of the ugly scales and crusts of psoriasis. Siroil has enabled many women to wear sheer hose and short sleeved dresses again without embarrassment. Does not stain clothing or bed linen. If you are a psoriasis sufferer, try Siroil. It is sold on a money-back guarantee.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC. • DETROIT, MICH.



Can you guess who this is? It's none other than Carol Hughes a pretty Warner's ingenue who is "paddling" along towards stardom, as evidenced by her performance in *Marry the Girl*

He Tops the Top of the Town

[*Continued from page 23*]

always had a way about them that made their women folk proud of their man's talents, to the exclusion of most everything else.

WE ALWAYS liked the way too that the two of you refused to endow your partnership as dancers with that spurious foreign glamour. Billed simply as Juliette Johnson and George Murphy, it comes to our mind that you were featured for more consecutive weeks at more night clubs and hotels than any other dance team.

Ah, well, it paid dividends in the long run for we don't recall many times in the theatre when New York got such a kick out of a couple of kids clicking in the various shows.

And, when you got to playin' leads, actin' and singin' as well as dancin', in shows like *Hold Everything, Of Thee I Sing, Shoot the Works* and *Roberta* on Broadway, we say to ourselves, says we, "It won't be long now till the movies are grabbing George to star out there in Hollywood."

We recall with pride, George, how modest you were, and how you always attributed your amazing success in so short a time to the fact that you had been born on July 4, a Murphy and the son of "Old Mike" Murphy to boot.

If he were the romantic type, one would suspect Eddie Robinson was vowing eternal love, but instead, he is rehearsing a "shot" for a death scene in *Kid Galahad*

We should have recalled that you must have inherited some of your grand old dad's wisdom too, for you have followed his advice: "Take it easy now, boy. Don't try to get along too fast. Build your foundation slowly and carefully. Then you'll be ready when the time comes."

That's what you've been doin' in Hollywood, George. We've been watchin' you playin' here and there in a good picture, always doing your job unobtrusively but well, and all the time knowin' that you were busy as a bird dog studyin' up on all kinds of movie technique such as camera, cuttin' and so on. You're a thorough boy, George, me bye, just like "Old Mike."

When along came *Top of the Town* with another Murphy, Ralph, directin', you were ready and waitin' for the big chance. You've clicked, me bye, and we're all eagerly waitin' to see you dance and sing and act opposite that grand little girl, Eleanor Powell, in the new *Broadway Melody of 1937*.

And after that we expect a lot more good things of you. We know we won't be disappointed, me bye, for a Murphy never lets you down.

The top o' the town to you, George Murphy, you've come a long way in the right way.

I SEE A DARK MAN GOING OUT OF YOUR LIFE!
THAT NIGHT
THAT FORTUNE TELLER WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT DARK HAIRED MAN, SUE! I HAVEN'T SEEN TOM IN WEEKS!
I THINK I KNOW WHY, ANN! AND IF YOU'LL TAKE SOME SISTERLY ADVICE, YOU'LL SEE DR. LANE ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
ANN, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. LET ME TELL YOU...

"HOW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH"

"I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between your teeth which are the source of most bad breath . . . of dull, dingy teeth . . . and of much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel — makes your teeth sparkle."

THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

Flatter

your figure in a B.V.D. Swim Suit . . . fashioned to control and enhance your loveliest curves!

Crosstide

A fascinating new "sea yarn." The adjustable white braided straps and chrome sea horse clips do a dual job of form adjustment. Skirted, $5.95. Maillot, $4.95.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LADY, be beautiful! When you swim, glorify that form divine with the glamorous Swim Suits of B. V. D.! For in their evening gown backs, moulding fabrics, seamless side maillots and seamless backs, beautiful patterns and jeweled colors—you have the way to the body beautiful . . . alluring . . . goddesslike! The B. V. D. Corporation. Empire State Building, New York City.

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B.V.D.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Swim Suits

GIRLS INTO GODDESSES

Jean Arthur Needs Help!

[*Continued from page 43*]

There are no silk hats in this group! **But "snipe-shooting" with snowballs is still fun as far as Robert Young, Claudette Colbert and Melvyn Douglas are concerned as they cavort in the snow at Sun Valley while on location for *I Met Him In Paris***

Being a star hasn't given her the assurance it gives most girls.

TAKE a look at any girl who has been elevated to stardom. Even though she may not exaggerate her own importance, the average player who finds herself a star becomes poised and very sure of herself. Her arrival at star heights gives her that self-confidence. But with Jean Arthur the opposite is true. Jean's success came so suddenly that she is still bewildered.

She was just as surprised as you when her performance in *The Whole Town's Talking* shot her to stardom; made her the most talked-of girl on the screen. Perhaps it was because she was NOT new to the screen and had had such an uneventful silent screen career that she did not allow herself to vision such a swift and sudden success on her return. Whatever the reason, Jean Arthur found stardom bewildering and difficult to cope with, and after two years, she is still not at ease. That is why I say *she needs help!*

This is not the time-worn plea of an inferiority complex used so unashamedly by some of the most inflated star heads in Hollywood. Jean Arthur knows she's good. Knows that she has something the fans want and that she can give it to them. She knows her many long months of study and hard work in New York are bearing rich fruit in Hollywood today. Jean is not a fool. It is not her screen work about which Jean is ill at ease. She is assured and competent on the set. But it is after working hours when she must appear in public and at social functions as Jean Arthur, the star, that she finds herself perplexed. THAT is the role for which she finds herself unprepared. The role for which SOME ONE must help her.

There has been a great deal of unfavorable Arthur publicity and even more unfavorable Arthur talk in Hollywood: Jean Arthur is the most temperamental star on the screen; Jean Arthur made a terrific scene on the set today; Jean Arthur won't talk to the press; she won't listen to the publicity department; she refuses visitors on her sets. These are just a few of the things said and printed about her. I'm not making a blanket denial of them.

Some of them are true—maybe all of them—I don't know, but I do know there is always a reason behind our actions and when I heard the reason for Jean's I did an about-face. And I had been somewhat anti-Arthur, too. She had refused me an interview, along with refusing a hundred other writers, and I wasn't taking it any too graciously.

Then a studio employe came to me and asked me to write a story about the real Jean Arthur. I was suspicious at first, wondering just how close this lowly worker was to the star. But my suspicions were ill-founded, for the employe told me Jean hardly knew his name and had never done any favors for him.

"But she's really a swell girl," he told me. "She's one of the sweetest girls in pictures and all this talk about her temperament is because she is so greatly misunderstood. I've worked with her and I've talked to lots of others here at the studio who have worked for her, and believe me, we know. Why don't you give the gal a break?"

SO I listened to him and listened to several other people who have been in close contact with Jean and I learned a lot. Oh, not all of them were as lavish in their praise as was the first employe, but they did seem to understand Jean—to know her better than did the studio executives or even some of her friends. You can't fool studio workers. Big names mean nothing to them for they are surrounded by them every working day. When they judge they are not judging five thousand dollar a week stars, but men and women with whom they must put in long hours. They are simply judging fellow workers. And here are a few things I learned from them.

Jean Arthur's sudden change of moods, her tantrums, her bombastic statements at times, are all because she is trying to be different. To be a distinctly individual star. To be pointed out as such. She doesn't quite realize it, but that is what she wants. You may well say that displaying temperament is not a novel means of being individual—that it has been tried ever since the first Klieg light shone on the first movie star's head.

True, and Jean knows it, too, but she is bewildered. She hasn't discovered what will make her off-screen personality stand out and, groping, she has chosen the oldest method of attracting attention—a display of temperament. If the thought had occurred to her that she could be individual by being quiet and demure, THAT would have been the off-screen role she would have chosen.

In a nutshell, Jean feels that however fascinating she may be on the screen, she is just a colorless, ordinarily-nice girl in real life and she doesn't like it! She feels that she is a disappointment to the public off-screen and so if a burst of temperament will attract attention, make her appear more the movie star, why, she'll oblige and give them temper. Sounds like a logical explanation, doesn't it?

AND there is where Jean needs help. She needs someone to tell her that she isn't colorless off-screen; that the public likes to think that she is as sweet and wholesome and normal away from the camera as she is on the screen. Of course fans like to read about Lombard's mad practical jokes and Harlow's romances but Jean isn't a Lombard or Harlow and such publicity would be entirely off-key with her real and screen personality.

I imagine the nice young chap to whom Jean is married has explained all this to her but Jean needs an outsider to convince her. Knowing how much her husband loves her, she may feel his views are not those of an impartial public.

I think a woman could help Jean more than could a man. For she needs to be told about clothes, too. Jean has a lovely, slim figure (remember how beautifully she was gowned in *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford?*) but she does not display it to its best advantage when off-screen. That is also part of her scheme to be different. She wears old slacks and other careless attire so that THAT will make her different. And it doesn't. She doesn't want to conform to the set star pattern yet she wants to be every inch the star off-screen. But a poorly-planned costume isn't the answer.

Jean is not a demonstrative person and has often been labeled cold and unemotional. But she's not. She is merely afraid to let go, to let the public see her as she is, until she has made herself over satisfactorily. A woman who has served her at one of the studios told me that, although Jean is not lavish in her praise, she appreciates every small service done for her and never forgets to mention it.

She is deeply devoted to her husband and when in public, wants him at her side every minute. She craves affection as does a child and can be seen at parties, curled up in a corner next her husband like a little kitten.

I think Jean is finding her unsuccessful attempts at being "different" a little tiring. Certainly they are creating a lot of prejudice against her. She's such a grand little person when she stops laboring to be "unique" that I wish someone would tell her to chuck her efforts. Tell her to be herself. THAT'S how she can be a really different star!

The poise that refreshes! Ginger's performance in *Shall We Dance?* opposite Fred Astaire entitles her to take another step up on her way to top honors in versatility

Contour that appeals is yours in a *B. V. D. Swim Suit . . . every curve is flattered and controlled.

Fishnet
(*Mesh*)
A brilliant new pattern in a *Sea Satin maillot, made with "Lastex." Shirred bra top moulds the firm uplift held by adjustable shoulder straps, $9.95. Skirted, $11.95.
Designed by HELEN WILLS.
Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

GIRLS into goddesses—that's the mission of the glamorous Swim Suits of B.V.D.! Their silhouetting fabrics—their evening gown backs—the seamless side maillots and seamless backs that bring that sculptured look—their brilliant patterns and colors—all are the 1937 way to the body beautiful...lovely...glorified. The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City.

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*B.V.D. Swim Suits
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Beauty in her Eyes—
Hearts at her feet—

BECAUSE SHE KNOWS
ONE SIMPLE SECRET

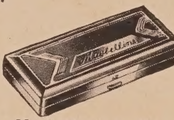
● A few simple touches of Maybelline—and presto! —straggly, unattractive lashes are instantly transformed into long, dark, luxuriant fringe — the very essence of romantic charm.

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature. No longer need you deny them the beauty advantages of mascara. Maybelline ends that bold, artificial, "made-up" look, which gummy, lumpy, mascaras cause. Try the thrilling new Cream-form—or the popular Solid-form. Both are harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Reasonably priced at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Have you often wished the color of your eyes were deeper, brighter? Accent their color and sparkle—shading your lids with a subtly blended tint of the exquisite, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow.

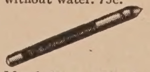
Are your eyebrows pale, uninteresting? Form them into graceful curves of loveliness, expressive of every romantic whim and wish — use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Generous introductory sizes of all the Maybelline harmonized Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at 10c stores. Be *beauty-wise* when choosing your all important eye make-up—*insist* on Maybelline.



Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid-form Mascara, in beautiful metal vanity. Black, Brown or Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline Cream Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue, in dainty zipper bag. Easily applied without water. 75c.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Hollywood Love Thief

[*Continued from page* 58]

dancing star and the one girl friend I'd made in pictures.

"The front door was open so I just walked in—" she began. Then, "Why Dorothy dear, what's happened?"

I couldn't tell her the truth. It was too humiliating. "We've quarrelled," I said, choking back the sobs.

IT ENDED by warm-hearted little Mitzi packing me off to her house for an indefinite stay. From there I telephoned my lawyer. A Mexican divorce was the quickest and simplest. He could arrange it without much publicity. Meanwhile Mitzi did her best to divert me. There were dinners, parties, week-ends in Palm Springs. She was getting ready to marry a sweet boy by the name of Jimmy Tucker, also in pictures. We spent hours planning it. I had little else to do. My new production had been delayed and Pierce Overman had flown east for business conferences. I missed him. I had leaned on his love for so long. . . .

There was no word from John. He was right, our marriage *had* been a sham marriage. I could put the thought of him out of my life completely. Or could I—?

On the spur of the moment Mitzi decided to buy her trousseau in New York and Jimmy and I went down to the airport to see her off. That evening I saw to it that I dined alone at the Brown Derby —Jimmy's usual dining place. I needed a new romantic adventure to buoy up my pride. With Mitzi away, it couldn't hurt her I reasoned.

He came in late looking forlorn and downcast. "You too?" I said with a melancholy smile.

"Why, Dorothy, hello there!" He slid into a seat beside me. "I'm lower than a pup's heel. Gosh, I miss Mitzi like hell already."

"I know," I sighed. "I had to move out of her house today. It was too lonely. I've taken a little place up on La Brea Terrace . . ."

After dinner he drove up there with me. It was a quiet spot enclosed by a garden wall and the Spanish cook I'd brought along had a huge fire roaring in the grate. "This *is* comfortable," said Jimmy. "Nice of you to let me come along, Dorothy." We talked for a long time, then danced to music from the radio. I was careful to be simply a Pleasant Companion that evening. But when Jimmy came up the next night I wore green velvet pajamas that did things for my hair and eyes and made me look strangely fragile. "Oh Jimmy," I said after a while, "I'm so *alone* out here—with Aunt Grace gone back to Kansas. And now this—this divorce coming up. . . ." He patted my hand awkwardly and I cried on his shoulder for a moment. Then I straightened up. "Sorry," I murmured. "Let's dance, shall we?"

"You're a game little sport," said Jimmy and I knew he had become vastly aware of me for the first time. I felt my spirits lifting. . . .

That was Sunday. I refused to see him again until Wednesday. We had a date that night. He took me to the opening of a show down at the Biltmore and afterwards we danced at the Grove. It was nearly two when we got home. "We've thrown food to the lions tonight," I laughed.

"Meaning the gossip columns? . . . Do you care, Dorothy?"

"No." I took his hand to lead him down the dark step into the living room. He stumbled against me—and forgot to let go. The old thrill of exaltation overcame me. *I was irresistible to men. They love me. They couldn't help themselves!*

WE DIDN'T go out in public again but I saw Jimmy every night for a week. He was mine if I wanted him. But I pretended we were just amusing ourselves until Mitzi got back. The day she returned I sent him a telegram: *"Thanks for being a wonderful friend. You've helped so much."* And he had!

I was gay and confident the day we started rehearsals for *Southern Moon.* I was so sure of myself, of the spell I could create . . . There was the excitement, too, of having a new leading man to work on —Niles Lord, Hollywood's greatest "find" of the year. Ted Shields, of course, was fighting to break his contract to avoid playing the third-rate role I'd arranged for him to have. And Niles—

He was so good-looking it tore at your heart. And so obviously unimpressed by his good looks. There was strength back of his mild manner, a take-it-or-leave-it quality that interested me from the first. I found myself waiting for his sudden smile, waiting to catch his eye. I made excuses to be on the set even when I wasn't needed just to be near him.

"How about dinner tonight?" he suggested casually the second day we worked together. "Or don't you like steak and onions?" How his eyes could tease! I adored the deep look of them, the way his lashes tangled.

He sent me roses. He seemed to be responding. Then he had three days off and I didn't hear from him, although we had dined together frequently since that first time. I grew so nervous my hairdresser asked if I was ill. Twice I called him but his man said he was away fishing.

Ah-ah! Mustn't bite your nails. Perhaps Miss Mack is taking the title of her latest RKO picture—*Borrowed Time* to heart and is wondering when she will get time out for a vacation

That south sea island smile

Island belle with the famed beauty of the South Seas—how much of her charm lies in the gleaming perfection of her smile! Her teeth are kept beautifully sound and white by healthful exercise on rough, primitive fare.

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COOL
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IMAGINE yourself landing a fighting bass or great northern pike—riding splendid horses over woodland trails—playing cards in the evening, dancing to irresistible orchestra music, or discussing your splendid golf score over cocktails in the smart new lounge. Doesn't that sound like the vacation you want this summer? It is not too early to send for free pictorial folder now. Address Manager, Breezy Point, Pequot, Minn.

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BREEZY POINT
PEQUOT, MINNESOTA
America's Finest Summer Resort

The fourth day we had an intense love scene together in a ship's cabin. When it was over, I promised myself, he'd be at my feet!

It took all the will power I possessed to stay in my dressing room there on the set when I heard his voice outside. I came out at the last minute. And I knew I had never looked better in my life. I had been at the studio since six thirty that morning working on my makeup. Gabrielle, the dress designer, had made me a gown of white wedding ring velvet with a train embroidered in seed pearls that was the most exquisite thing I'd ever worn. And I turned on every ounce of charm I possessed. . . .

It worked. "This is pretty easy to take," he said for my ears alone during rehearsal. "You're—gorgeous, Dorothy. I think we're going to need about twenty rehearsals!"

I slipped closer against him. Was that his heart racing—or mine?

During an intimate love scene only the director and necessary members of the crew are watching. Everybody speaks softly so as not to break the mood. I could forget them. Forget everything but that for the first time in my life I was in love. And the arms of my beloved were around me. . . .

Niles' kisses were like no other. They were piercingly sweet and passionate against my lips. *"My dearest, I do love you so!"* That was not in the script but I didn't care. I knew at last what it was to be lifted out of yourself by an emotion so great that everything else was dwarfed beside it.

IT TOOK all day, that love scene. Then Niles drove me home. We didn't say much. His eyes looked troubled. Brooding. "Shall we go out and dance somewhere?"

"Oh, no. No!" I cried softly. "Tomorrow night maybe, but not tonight!"

I made no attempt to hide my feeling. I was past that. We had dinner in the starlit patio. Still with that blessed quiet between us that went so much deeper than words. I laid my head on his shoulder, raised my lips. He kissed me roughly and a sharp pain of ecstasy ran through me. I, who had been loved so much, was learning what it was like to be in love. . . .

Abruptly his mood changed. He swung me up in his arms and danced me over to the radio. "Let's get some hot music!" His laughter was a challenge. With all my soul I responded.

We were madly gay for the next hour. Then the little clock on the mantel struck ten-thirty. "Tomorrow's another day, lady. I've got to go!"

"No!" I protested, framing his face with my hands. I kissed the tip of his chin, his strangely humorous mouth. He lifted me high from the floor and held me away. "Dangerous woman! . . . Good night. . . ."

We were eight weeks on that picture and I alternated between heaven and a private little hell that drove me into a frenzy. *Did Niles Lord care?* Sometimes I was sure of it. He seemed so attentive. The columnists called us HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST ROMANTIC COUPLE and predicted an early "altaring." If only it were true! But there were times when fear dragged at my heart. And that fear took definite shape when we finished the production—and I waited vainly for Niles to call. After all *I* was the star, he was merely a leading man. How could he dare play me along?

But the thought didn't make the dark hours I spent by the telephone any easier. Where he was concerned I had no pride. I went to his home. "Mr. Lord, he gone 'way," said the little Jap servant. Gone? Without a word? I stumbled back to the car, tears blinding my eyes.

It was like a reprieve when the studio ordered re-takes on *Southern Moon*. I'd be with him again. And I realized now that was the only thing in life I wanted. . .

As I stepped through the stage door I heard his voice on the other side of a "wing." He was talking to Bob Hesseldorf, the publicity director. "But listen Bob," he was saying, "no more romancing with the little Donner just to pile up publicity for the picture. I'm washed up with that! She's just a cheap little flirt. A light-headed, light-talking little fool. She collects men's scalps like other women collect perfume bottles. And I'm damned if I'll play flunky to her vanity again!"

I don't know how I got away from there, how I got back to the car. Some part of me seemed to die at that moment. The part that laughed and loved. . .

MY SECRETARY told the studio I was too sick to make the re-takes. For days I lay in a lethargy not caring what happened. Dear, faithful little Mitzi came regularly although her wedding was just a few days off and she had a million things to do. "Oh Dorothy, you're so thin and white. Please darling, whatever it is, snap out of it!"

"I'll try to," I said.

The day I left for June Lake up in the High Sierras I took a couple of plays along to read merely as a matter of routine. I didn't care if I never made another picture. In desperation I began reading one of the scripts.

It wasn't good. Technically speaking, it was terrible. But the main character held me. She had been stripped of all pretense. And there was no mistaking the identity. *That girl was myself. . .* Probably for the first time I did some real thinking that night. Especially after I saw the author's name. It was *John MacBreen. . . .*

Back in Hollywood, I went immediately to see Jimmy Tucker. "Listen Jimmy," I said, "your wedding is two days off. This will sound funny coming from me but I'm so ashamed of what I did that I could crawl on my knees to Mitzi. If you ever two-time her again I'll—I'll murder you!"

To my surprise he grinned. "Gosh Dorothy, you did get under my skin once —and I hated you for it. But this is the first time I ever *liked* you!"

From there I took a taxi down to John MacBreen's free clinic on Boyle street. It was late and I hoped he would be alone. He was. He looked tired enough to drop as I went into his tiny back office.

"Dorothy! What are you doing here?"

"I want a prescription, doctor," I said and the tears were spilling over my eyelids again. "It's a bad case and I don't know if it *can* be cured. If a girl uses love as a—as a plaything, something to feed her vanity, if she's blindly selfish in the bargain. . ."

I couldn't go on. John said quietly, "So you're awake, Dorothy. You are on to yourself at last."

"I've lost everything, John—including belief in the future. There's no remedy for that, is there?"

"Only this," he answered. He took the wedding ring I had sent back to him and slipped it on my finger. . .

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"Lightning" MILLAND
STRIKES THREE TIMES

Ray Milland at home is just a normal fellow with a flare for striped ties and navy blue shirts. And he likes to have interviewers visit with him

By
George Todd

SO HE took the $50—

Then he took Estelle Brody, beautiful English film star, to lunch at Ciro's, London—

And from that point on, Ray Milland, whom the lightning of movie success has struck three times in a row within the past year, was taken with the idea that a career in films was something he should embark upon immediately.

As a matter of fact, he did.

Miss Brody invited him to visit the British International studios as her guest the next afternoon. Milland arrived at the studio—broke—was introduced by Miss Brody to a casting director who offered him a contract as an extra at $6 a day. Milland grabbed the offer quicker than a Hollywood yesman can say "oke," and from that time on definitely dedicated himself to moom pictures.

That was a long time ago, and we'll get back to it shortly, but you've seen him in Universal's *Three Smart Girls,* in Paramount's *The Big Broadcast of 1937* and *The Jungle Princess,* and you've liked him well enough so that Paramount recognizes him as of star calibre and is going all the way to make this sensational young actor one of the "biggies" in 1937 films.

Now, as the man in the brown derby would say, "Let's look at the record."

Milland was born on January 3, 1907, in Neath, Wales. He's the son of a steel mill supervisor, A. Mullane.

From the time he was eight until he was sixteen, Milland studied at King's College as a preparatory step for higher education at Cambridge; but as in the case of so many other adventurous English youths, the call of the sea got into his blood and he forgot Cambridge.

"The call of the sea wasn't as emphatic as I wished," Milland smiles in reminiscence. "All I could get was a six months' berth aboard a potato ship that serviced the Channel Islands. That wasn't deep-sea sailoring by any means, so I went to work on my uncle's stock ranch."

Here he broke, trained, and exercised racers and jumpers and won a trunkful of cups and medals in innumerable contests. He says he is one of the few gentlemen riders in England who have raced over the Grand National course at Aintree without being jolted from a saddle. And that's something that even royalty couldn't do.

Besides providing means to win the above-mentioned cups and medals, his expert horsemanship won him a place in the ranks of the British Household Cavalry—the King's personal bodyguard. And that was—and still is, quite an honor as honors go.

BUT the wanderlust bit him again—not the sea this time, but an urge to "tour" Europe. Aided no end, as they say in merry England, by a $17,000 legacy, he hit the high and bright spots of Continental capitals—and in exactly a year was back in London and down to his last $50. So he took the $50, took Estelle Brody to dinner at Ciro's—and landed, as we said before, in moom pictures.

After the extra role in *The Plaything* he was idle for three months, finally landing a job with a province-touring troupe in *The Woman in Room 13.* Flat-broke when he returned, Lady Luck did a "knock-knock" on Milland's door of opportunity, entered, and perched on the young man's shoulder. Overhearing a telephone conversation in an agent's office of the demand for an expert marksman in a picture, he reported to Dr. Arthur Robinson, a German director, who made Milland pass a test of shooting a small coin 14 times from a distance of 100 feet. Milland got the role and his duties in the picture included shooting a mirror out of the hand of Lya De Putti and smashing, with a bullet, a window glass an inch from the leading man's nose. All this time the sharpshooter was gunning for a better job and got it—the leading role in *The Flying Scotsman.*

MILLAND added tap dancing to his many talents and when the picture was finished he signed up for a London stage revue where he came under the critical eyes of an American film scout.

Anita (Women Prefer Blondes) Loos, whom he had met while scattering his $17,000 legacy throughout Europe, came to bat for him with the theatre manager and succeeded in getting him released from his theatre contract. He came to Hollywood in 1930 and was placed under contract to MGM for a year and a half, then transferred to Warners where he played opposite Constance Bennett in *Bought.*

Paramount's promising juvenile lead is partial to spaniels. He calls this beautiful dog Gelert, but we don't know why . . .

"Throat trouble got me down," he admitted, "and I returned to England only to return to Warners six weeks later for two more films. Since then I've commuted back and forth three times. But now I'm here in Hollywood for good."

Paramount thinks he is, for his name is signed to a long-term contract at that studio where right now he is being starred in *Bulldog Drummond Escapes.*

So he took the $50—

Eenie-meenie
-miney-mo!

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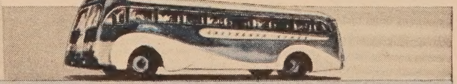

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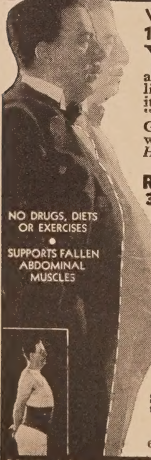
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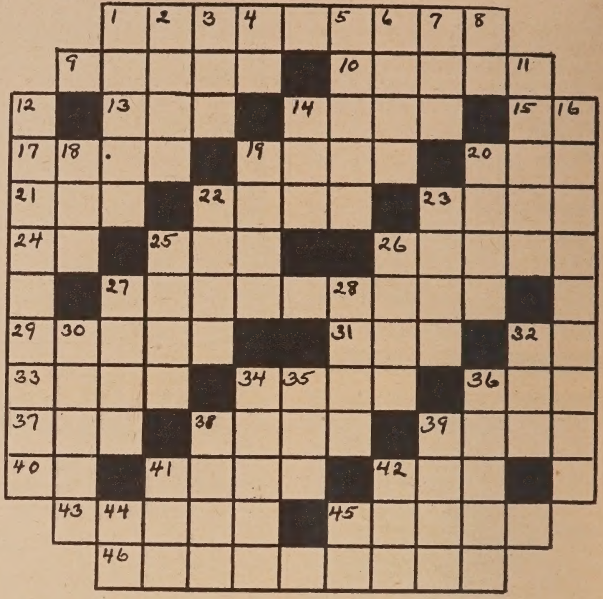


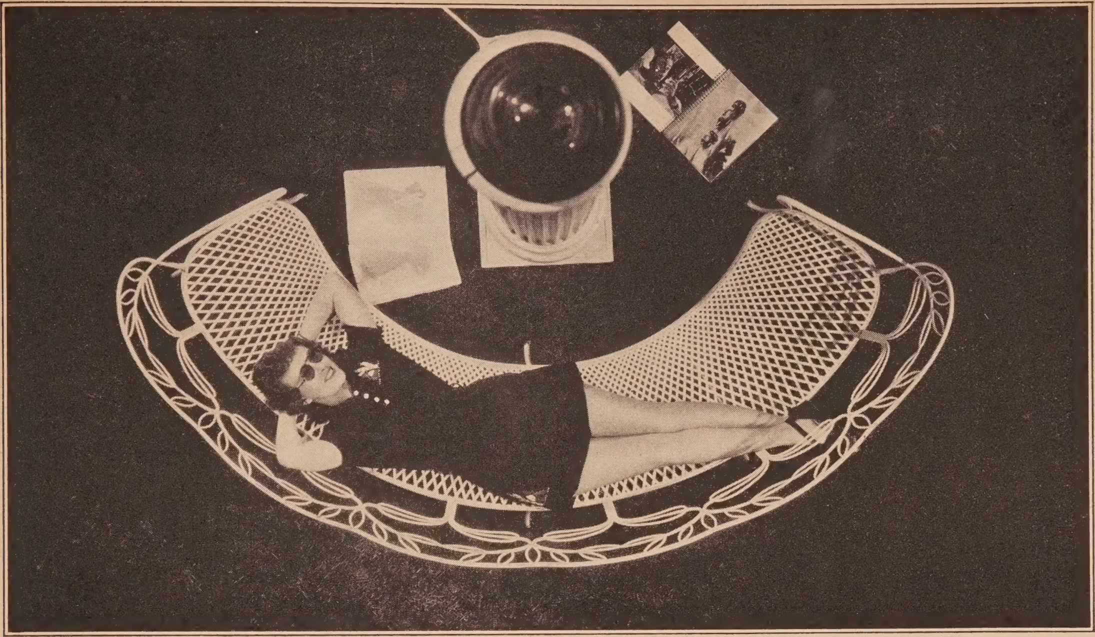
ACROSS

1. Child actress famous for her brattish roles.
9. Hero of A DOCTOR'S DIARY.
10. STEFAN ORLOFF in STOLEN HOLIDAY.
13. What patrons of Hollywood's Brown Derby do.
14. He played opposite Lily Pons in THAT GIRL FROM PARIS.
15. Ethel Merman (initials).
17. Young actors must sometimes use make-up to appear thus.
19. Bed used in nautical scenes.
20. Remember ——— Novak, Jane's sister?
21. LOVE ON THE ———.
22. His first name is Allan.
23. Leading man in MAID OF SALEM.
24. Initials of hero of DANGEROUS NUMBER.
25. He appears with Winchell in WAKE UP AND LIVE.
26. Birthplace of late Lew Cody.
27. Comedienne teamed with Victor Moore in WE'RE ON THE JURY.
29. Fruit tossed by Erwin in PIGSKIN PARADE.
31. ——— IN A MILLION.
32. Patricia Ellis (init.).
33. One of famous comedy team seen in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN (poss.).
34. What Charlie Chan seeks in solving a crime.
36. Garland worn by one cast as Hawaiian.
37. Ladies in last one may keep on their hats.
38. A nickname of Chester Morris.
39. State in which Walter Abel was born (abbr.).
40. Mr. Pallette's initials.
41. Walter Connolly's birthplace.
42. W. S. ——— Dyke is a director.
43. REPORTER CASEY in WOMMEN ARE TROUBLE.
45. Polly Moran and Alison Skipworth were TWO WISE ———.
46. Heroine of WINGS OF THE MORNING.

DOWN

1. LIGHT.
2. Feminine lead in THE MIGHTY TREVE.
3. Insect that appeared with grasshopper in a Silly Symphony.
4. Initials of former screen star, now Mrs. George Jessel.
5. Heroine of THEODORA GOES WILD.
6. Descriptive of Slim Summerville.
7. Villain tells one to deceive heroine.
8. Mr. Nugent's initials.
11. Date in February on which Buster Crabbe was born.
12. She made screen debut in JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN.
14. What soldiers carry in World War films.
16. Co-star of ON THE AVENUE.
18. First name of late Mr. Standing.
19. Bernie's lads.
20. BANDINI in CRIMINAL LAWYER.
22. First name of Comedian Errol.
23. Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael played opposite in FORGOTTEN ——— (sing.).
25. The Ritz ——— furnish comedy in ON THE AVENUE (abbr.).
26. THE ——— WITH THE IRON DOOR.
27. What the wind did in hurricane scenes.
28. To defeat utterly.
30. Mary Astor and Manuel Del Campo decided to do this recently.
32. It is used by player when signing movie contract.
34. Scenes of THE GOOD EARTH are laid here.
35. You saw him in THE GAY DESPERADO.
36. Her last name is Perry.
38. Jean Harlow has a dimple here.
39. Dick Foran and 36 Down had leads in CALIFORNIA ———.
41. MIND YOUR ——— BUSINESS.
42. ——— Stanton was COOPER in STAGE STRUCK.
44. Initials of star of SECRET VALLEY.
45. SING ——— A LOVE SONG.

(Solution on page 93)



Margaret Lindsay is the lovely lady winking at you from behind dark glasses as she relaxes in the garden of her home. Her latest appearance is opposite Pat O'Brien in the Warner's production, *Slim*

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Lady Smiley

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What Woman Can Hold Clark Gable?

[*Continued from page 32*]

has the chivalrous, idealistic streak of a man susceptible to love.

That nine men out of ten who crave single blessedness at 35 have changed their minds before the 40s set in.

That whatever wrecked his marriages, it was not a lightminded attitude toward marriage. He is too stable at core to take the plunge recklessly, because divorce is easy. He is called the most dependable worker on the lot. It is unreasonable to suppose that he would suddenly become shifting sand in his personal relations. He married, intending to stay married. Having found twice that he couldn't, he will certainly be wary of marrying a third time. But if he does—and I contend that it is not impossible—it will be for good. His very wariness will see to that.

GABLE was a green lad from the hinterlands, with a yen for the stage, when he made his theatrical debut with a third-rate touring company. To him that troupe, with its makeshift scenery and shoddy costumes, represented glamour. And it was all concentrated in the manager's wife. She awed and fascinated him. He trailed her like a puppy. She was at home in the world of the theatre—the world he was in love with. She could—or so he thought then—twist it by the tail or stand it on its head with a coolness that seemed to him audacious. It was the country boy's first encounter with sophistication, and it dazzled him.

Then he met another woman, equally at home in that world—a teacher of dramatics. He went to her for lessons. She detected the spark that was in him, and singled him out from among her other pupils. He responded to her kindliness and understanding. He grew to love her for those same qualities. They had two things in common—their interest in the theatre, their delight in fun. For Josephine Dillon was a jolly, wholesouled Irishwoman, with native wit and the gift for meeting a man on his own ground.

So they were married. Why the marriage broke up, Gable has never said, except that it wasn't Josephine's fault, just as he was to say later that it wasn't Rhea's. "I'm a tough guy to get along with." In neither case was that statement just a gentleman's gesture. Those who know him insist he was desperately sincere, concerned only that no blame be attached to any shoulders save his own. But it wasn't a question of blame. People grow apart in every walk of life. We know less about the reasons for his first marital shipwreck than for his second.

Josephine was older than Clark, which always increases the hazards of marriage. Maybe she was over-maternal. He had been her pupil. Without realizing it, she may have kept a guiding, restraining hand too long on the reins. And Clark grows restive under the bit. They must have found that a common love of the theatre and of laughter wasn't enough—that even kindly feeling wasn't enough. Clark was making his way in the movies. Maybe Josephine found that she couldn't follow him along that way, that it held no place for her. So she gave him up.

Again he married an older woman—this time a woman of the world, of social ease and polished charm. He still kept enough of his original naivete to be attracted by sophistication. His eagerness for the new, the untried, is a law of his nature. Rhea Gable opened for him the doors of still another world he had never known—the world of white ties and tails, of candle-lit, flower-laden dinner tables, of soft-footed servants and shining limousines, and the thousand and one refinements of social existence on a plane of culture and wealth.

THE time came when Clark began to weigh this life in the balance and find it wanting. He was no longer dazzled by the mystery of the unknown, for it had become familiar. Dinner parties meant nothing to him, dancing and bridge still less. People—yes—but only those with whom he could sit around in his stocking feet, so to speak. Of small talk he had none, and it drove him crazy to try to manufacture same. For the first time, he began to be conscious of himself and what he really wanted. And he found that his wants were simple—work, a moderate degree of comfort and, when he wasn't working, to roam the outdoors.

Mrs. Gable realized the problem and did all she could to meet it. But she had children and an obligation to them. Her whole life had been built against this background. She couldn't disrupt it completely to run the kind of household Clark's habits demanded. And the two ways of existence couldn't be combined.

Both the first and the second Mrs. Gable had qualities above the average. Neither of them held Gable. Therefore, you may argue, no woman could. But it's not a question of admirable qualities alone, but of those particular qualities which would so dovetail with Gable's as to leave no room for friction or chafing.

Anyone with the temerity to inquire of either Gable or Carole Lombard whether they intend to marry, would be met with a glazed eye and a muted lip. I share Hollywood's opinion that they will not. For Carole is herself too positive a personality to do any successful dovetailing, as her separation from Powell indicates.

But the girl I conceive as a possible wife for Gable would have to resemble Carole in two respects—her sophisticated charm, her laughter-loving spirit. He found the first in his second wife, the second in his first. In Carole they are combined. Therefore they would seem to be requisites in any woman who is to attract Gable.

I think she would have to be younger than he—considerably younger, perhaps, her pattern of life not yet formed, so that she would have no care but to adjust it to his. And it goes without saying that she would have to love him deeply enough to assume that care gladly.

SHE would either have to be a sportswoman herself and enjoy his expeditions with him, or send him off with her blessing and enjoy her temporary widowhood without him. And I mean, enjoy. No going with him as an act of self-sacrifice and to be a good sport. No sense of martyrdom, however silent (it will always seep through). No clinging-vine stuff—"Oooh, there's a snake—" "I'm so tired, darling, couldn't we rest a while?

That nasty old mountain lion'll wait till tomorrow." In short, no making a general nuisance of herself. She would have to like it honestly or leave it—to match her husband, stride for stride and joy for joy, or stay at home with her tatting. And if she decided for home, she'd have to enjoy that too—to develop enough interests without, enough resources within to keep her busy and content till he returned. For if she moped or met him with the least hint of reproach in her eyes, he'd feel the tug of an invisible chain that he must never feel.

Nor would she run away with the notion that in acting thus, she was acting nobly.

She would have to be a lady in the word's true sense. Clark likes them without pretensions, but with breeding. Which doesn't mean that she'd have to have either wealth or blue blood. Instinctive taste and courtesy would be enough.

She would have to let Clark do the wooing. Too many women have flung themselves at his head to make the experience agreeable. He would flee like a deer at the first sign of pursuit.

She must have a soul above night life. Clark doesn't like the gay spots. His idea of a pleasant evening is to gather with a few close friends round the fireplace, a dog at his feet, and discuss anything—and everything—under the sun, from affairs of the day to the race his horse didn't win and why.

SHE must have no shadow of Mrs. Craig in her makeup. Her house, if any, must be kept bright and clean. But if mud is tracked in by either the dogs or their master, she will keep her equanimity and know that mud can be washed away again, that even a rug can be replaced. But not a Clark Gable.

Whatever walk of life they come from, his friends will be hers—not with a lifted eyebrow, but with her whole heart.

She'll be ready to pack her things at a moment's warning for the farthest ends of the earth.

Above all, the tie that binds must be impalpable. Though they're man and wife, she must leave him his sense of freedom. How she contrives to do that is up to her—through a hundred intangible ways that can't be anticipated—but her love, her sensitivity, her wisdom will guide her instinctively. She must be like the girl in a poem I once read, who bade her lover go where the spirit moved him, she had no will to keep him, no bonds to hold him, no brooding thoughts to oppress his freedom by so much as a feather. And the last two lines, printed in italics, as though she were whispering them to herself, ran:

"Thus I hope to hold you
Inescapably".

I can hear the cry go up: "You're describing a paragon who doesn't exist." I know she does. Not by the thousands or even the hundreds, perhaps, but she does exist, for I've met one or two of her kind myself. Maybe Clark will never meet her. If he does, he'll be a happier man for the meeting. And she will find that her gift of giving bears its own rewards. For Gable—and I mean the human, not the star—is worth the holding.

To set off her jet black dinner gown, attractive Anita Louise has selected pearls as her choice in jewelry

—Pearls by Heller Deltah

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IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A HIT WITH MEN

Posed by professional model

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MEN have always admired, and always WILL admire well-built, alluringly shaped girls. And, according to physicians, there's no excuse today for thousands remaining skinny, scrawny and unable to win friends.

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Name..........
Street..........
City.......... State..........
Color of your hair?..........

The Postman Rings

[*Continued from page 64*]

attitude as a relief worker. My headquarters were in a certain eastern Y. M. C. A. building which also housed a splendid auditorium and where the management aimed to show only the best pictures, admission ten and twenty-five cents.

Many times I would see both children and adults of these "relief" families purchasing tickets. Sometimes I would be filled with disgust to see those who had to apply for food spend the little money they could rake up to see a show.

Interviewing one of these mothers in my office one day, I felt the time had come for me to reprimand and probably to threaten to cut off her relief because of this occasional unwise (?) spending.

I started with "I saw you enter the show last night—" but was interrupted by a voice that hitherto had been drab and lifeless, and I looked into a countenance that glowed with great pleasure. She proceeded to tell me how much they had laughed at the film; how she and her husband, after their return home, had discussed the picture far into the night. Said she, "It was the first hearty laugh we'd had for two years and it was followed by a good night's sleep. This morning we awakened and the air seemed to be filled with promise of something better to come soon. It seemed like we had come into a new world."

Did I reprimand her? I should say not. Not on your life. Then we made a study of the situation and found that while we were busy at our jobs, folks had been starving not only for food but also for good wholesome diversions, something to take them away from themselves and the conditions of which they were the helpless victims.

Then it was made possible for every person in that community to see at least one picture a week. The effect was marvelous. To see these crowds of poor and unemployed come from that auditorium, laughing and conversing about the picture was a sight never to be forgotten.—*Miss Lillian B. Fierstone, 1425½ Mohawk Street, Los Angeles, Calif.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Criticising The Critics

DEAR EDITOR:

This protest comes from a steady movie patron and might be titled, "What Price Honest Movie Criticism?"

SCREEN BOOK knows better than to praise indiscriminately all pictures whether good, mediocre or downright lousy. But too many magazines and daily papers, especially the latter, constantly print reviews which read more like paid advertising than like an honest appraisal of the entertainment offered.

The movie patron does not like to be told that a picture is "bright and highly entertaining" only to discover that it is unbearably slow.

Remembering the power and beauty of such films as *The Barretts of Wimpole Street, Mutiny on the Bounty, Winterset* and *Camille*, the movies need have no inferiority complex. And no critic need hesitate to put a poor picture in the class in which it belongs—for fear of hurting business.—*Miss Elizabeth C. Stoddard, 12604 Broadstreet, Detroit, Michigan.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Dodsworth Saves a Life

DEAR EDITOR:

Last month my wife left me, and I returned to my home town ill, broken-hearted, and on the verge of suicide.

One night my brother trying to divert my mind, took me to see the film, *Dodsworth*. For the first time I seemed to be looking at my own life from the sidelines, and thus was able to obtain a more balanced perspective. The solution of Mr. Dodsworth's problem showed me the way out in my own case and prevented a tragedy. I feel that many others in the same position have been helped by seeing that magnificent picture.

I have a deep gratitude toward all connected with the making of the film, which will live in my mind always.

Sincerely yours,
G. R. G.

$1.00 Prize Letter

—And Salvages Happiness

DEAR EDITOR:

I am a young wife of 17 who almost broke up my home due to the fact that my action closely resembled those of Ruth Chatterton in *Dodsworth*. I was a spoiled wife who thought my husband didn't love me unless he did everything I asked him to. This finally led up to my bossing him and making him do some very embarrassing things. After seeing *Dodsworth* I realized what a ridiculous person I must seem. I decided to mend my ways, and I am glad to say that my home is now running smoothly again. I am also sure that my husband loves me, and I have noticed he is willing to do more things for me without my asking him. I will forever be indebted to the movies and to that great film *Dodsworth* for the lesson I received and for the happiness I have gained from it.

I remain an ardent movie fan. L. W.

Editor's note: In consideration for the senders of the above two contributions, we are eliminating names and addresses.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Propaganda Pictures

DEAR EDITOR:

Bravo for the picture makers in giving us such swell propaganda pictures as *Black Legion* and *Fury!* Incidentally, *Maid of Salem* was pretty good propaganda too for our increasing intolerance. The whole world seems swept by the storms of prejudice and bigotry and the screen holds a powerful weapon to combat the spread and tragic toll of it.

Let the film people beware too that in their sphere they do not turn to selfish use of such a weapon. Let them always be fair, honest and fearless. Let them keep honor unto themselves. Only in that way can they continue to help in this terrible fight against human emotions of evil. If they do keep their shield clean they will truly be crusaders in a great and noble cause. Let them fight the good fight and all the world of free thinking men and women will bear their standard.—*(Mrs.) Clarence Rose, Hotel Sheldon, 629 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

One-Man Cast

MAY I say that I think that some producer ought to do something about one of the most versatile men in Hollywood. Who am I gabbing about, you ask? Why, none other than the man who was the soulful poet in *My Man Godfrey*, a silent Indian in *The Gay Desperado*, the charming fake count in *Three Smart Girls*, then a gutter communist in *Winterset*, and of late a "scat" pianist in *That Girl From Paris*.

Now, do I have to tell you that this one-man-cast is that marvelous Mischa Auer?—*(Miss) Dorothea Steffan, 1816 Verdery Street, Augusta, Georgia.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

A "Passing" Fancy

DEAR EDITOR:

Your SCREEN BOOK does a dozen good deeds in a somewhat naughty world. It adds to my movie enjoyment with it's "inside information" about stars. Then it travels on to a bed-ridden friend, who forwards it to a relation in Germany!! I try its cookery recipes and follow the "star" fashions. Capture the "crosswords" and chortle at the comedy. If only I could see a letter of mine on your page the copy would be perfect (though perhaps not the original).

Connie Cowell,
Suite 120, Stanley Park Manor,
Vancouver, Canada.

Joan Blondell deserves a rest and is entitled to pick out a high perch in the clouds after her vibrant performance opposite Fernand Gravet in Warner's picture, *The King and the Chorus Girl*

THEY WEREN'T FOOLING WHEN THEY SAID "DON'T BRING LULU"
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME, MAY? NO ONE EVER WANTS TO TAKE ME PLACES
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YES, LIFEBUOY'S A REAL HEALTH PROTECTION, TOO! I ALWAYS USE IT FOR MY HANDS—IT REMOVES GERMS AS WELL AS DIRT
AT THE CLUB
DON'T BRING LULU
A GRAND OLD TUNE—BUT I'D CHANGE THE WORDS! I'LL BRING LULU EVERY TIME! SHE'S THE SWEETEST GIRL IN TOWN AND SHE'S MINE

Don't gamble with happiness!

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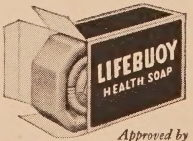
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

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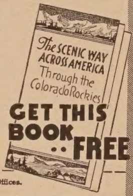
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City.................... *State*.......... *Age*....

MacMurray—Small Town Boy

[*Continued from page* 44]

among the popular and famous. He made no attempt nor showed any desire to be the life of the party. He did, when urged, dexterously execute a few mystifying card tricks, and others of the common parlor variety. He exhibited a quiet sort of friendliness and geniality, the kind that gives one the feeling that there is sincerity and genuineness behind it. There was a conspicuous absence of any degree of egotism.

Fred MacMurray, the man, is very different from Fred MacMurray, the actor. I mean by that, that the MacMurray often seen on the screen as a wise-cracking, cock-sure, over-confident, extrovert type of person, is not at all typical of the off-screen MacMurray. I often wonder how a man, such as Fred really is, can with such realism, portray characters so utterly unlike himself.

Fred has reached the pinnacle of success; he has attained heights which few persons even approximate and yet,—well, I know of no more apt way of saying it than this: If there ever was a small-town boy who remained a small-town boy after making good in the big city, that boy is Frederick MacMurray. When you know Fred, you lose sight of that fact that he is a movie star, and you think of him as being pretty much like the rest of us. It is that quality in him to which I contribute my failure to seize upon him as someone to write about.

IN HIS private life, Fred displays none of the idiosyncrasies popularly believed characteristic of movie stars. For instance, if you and Fred happened to be fellow-passengers on a railway journey and you didn't know who he was and had never heard of him, and if under those circumstances you were asked to guess his vocation, you would think of everything under the sun ahead of screen star.

Fred is handsome, yes; he has his full share of intelligence, certainly; he has charm and personality both in unlimited quantities. (It was that personality of his, exploding like a bombshell in Hollywood and shaking movie patrons around the world, that made him famous.) But even so, if you didn't know who and what he is, you'd never guess. Fred left the small town but small-town characteristics such as shyness, modesty and reserve have not left him.

Before sitting down to write this, I arranged with Fred to see him at Paramount studio. He had just finished *Swing High, Swing Low* with Carole Lombard, a swell picture. It may seem that an interview would have been unnecessary after knowing him as long as I have, but one isn't with Fred very long before it is realized that the one subject he most likes to avoid discussing is himself. I didn't tell him why I wished to see him, because I know how he dreads interviews.

Fred was waiting for me in his dressing-room. He said he was hungry and suggested that we step over to the commissary. When we had seated ourselves at a table and given our orders, he turned a cheery smile to me and said:

"Well, Ray, what's on your mind?"

"Oh, nothing much in particular. I

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Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE 25c STAMPS OR COIN.

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women to secure relief from the effects of this ugly skin disease often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally. Does not stain. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and their skin became clear again. **Dermoil** is backed by an agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil Free, or send 25c for generous trial bottle and amazing proof of results. Give druggist's name and address. Your name not mentioned. **Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried.** Don't delay. Write today. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. F-19, Detroit, Mich.**

just thought I'd drop in for a little chat," I replied, aiming to keep hidden my true mission. But Fred wasn't so easily tricked.

"I don't like the way you said that," he said slowly, regarding me with a suspicious grin. "We couldn't by any chance call this 'little chat' an interview could we?"

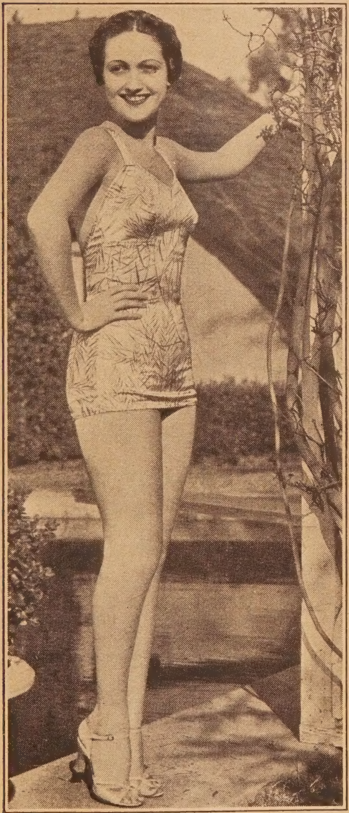
"Well, not a real interview, Fred." I tried to sound reassuring. "I just wanted to ask you one or two questions, that's all."

"Ray, you already know all there is to know about me," he objected.

"It'll only take a few minutes," I said coaxingly.

"Okeh, fire away," said Fred, in much the same way you'd expect a condemned man strapped in the electric chair to ask that the current be turned on. "I'm afraid I can't be of much help, but I'll do the best I can."

As we progressed, great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He called for ice-water and more ice-water. It wasn't climatic heat that bothered him. Inside of him a struggle was taking place. Two very strong forces were pulling against each other—one, a natural, habitual desire to be kind, obliging and ac-



Dorothy is certainly on her toes! After successfully scoring in *Swing High, Swing Low,* Paramount's prophets predict early stardom for Miss Lamour, whose lovely voice and gleaming smile is attracting so much attention

Don't Be a Slave to Cathartics

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

"I am a secretary and due to long hours of sitting and lack of exercise I became run down by constipation and indigestion."
"A friend advised me to try Yeast Foam Tablets."
"Now after three months trial I have been cured. I highly recommend them and will never be without Yeast Foam Tablets."
LAXATIVES? I NEVER NEED THEM ANYMORE!

NOTE: *The above letter is but one case but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of constipation or digestive disorder.*

IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only *temporary* relief. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the *real* cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. These precious factors are sadly deficient in many typical everyday diets. In many foods the B complex is *almost completely lacking.* When these factors are added to the diet deficient in them, in sufficient amounts, constipation due to this trouble goes. Elimination becomes regular—complete.

Energy Returns, Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and *yeast is the richest known food source* of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function, when these disorders, as is often the case, are due to the B and G deficiency.

With the *true* cause of your constipation corrected, you will feel better, look better and be better. Your energy will revive. Headaches of the constipation type will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it will not put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today . . . refuse substitutes.

FREE! **Mail This Coupon Today**

You may paste this on a penny postcard

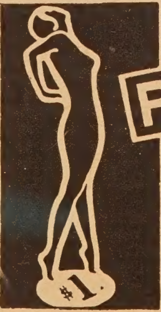
NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.) *FG 6-37*

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________ *State* __________



REDUCE **by this quick, safe external method . . . or no cost!**

Lose many pounds *safely,* without drugs, limited diets or tiring exercises! Take off extra superficial fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Hundreds of celebrities in the last 25 years have kept slim, youthful-appearing figures this easy, inexpensive harmless way. Originally prescribed by a doctor for his wife . . . now available to the public.

PROFIT BY THESE AMAZING EXPERIENCES!

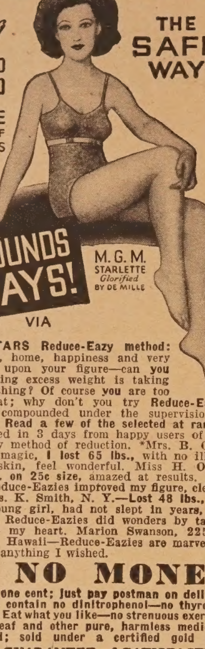
"I have lost 47 pounds and think your cream wonderful." L. P., No. Carolina.
"Have had wonderful results . . . lost 30 pounds." Mrs. O. R. S., Penna.
"Searched for years for some safe, quick means of reduction. Have lost 26 pounds and feel and look like a new person." S. C. F., New York.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! ACT TODAY!

If you do not lose at least 12 pounds with the first jar of Cream, following directions, your money will be refunded! Write today for full half-pound jar of **Dr. Hatch's Formula Massage Cream** **$1.00**
Send Cash or Money Order or sent C.O.D., plus postage.

YOUTHFUL FACE AND FIGURE INSTITUTE, Dept. FW-2
853 Seventh Avenue, New York City

REDUCE
WEIGHT
GUARANTEED


Amazing NEW HOLLYWOOD METHOD
THE SAFE WAY
TRIAL SIZE AND PROOF OF QUICK RESULTS Only 25¢
*
24 POUNDS 31 DAYS!
M. G. M. STARLETTE Glorified BY DE MILLE
VIA

HOLLYWOOD STARS Reduce-Eazy method: When your health, home, happiness and very existence depends upon your figure—can you sit idly by—realizing excess weight is taking its toll and do nothing? Of course you are too intelligent for that; why don't you try **Reduce-Eazies** today? They are compounded under the supervision of a noted physician. **Read a few of the selected at random testimonials** received in 3 days from happy users of this pleasant, safe, easy method of reduction. *Mrs. B. Cook, Pa. —Works like magic, **I lost 65 lbs.,** with no ill effects or sagging skin, feel wonderful. Miss H. Olson, Minn.—**Lost 6 lbs. on 25c size,** amazed at results. Mrs. J. Best, Wash.—Reduce-Eazies improved my figure, cleared my complexion. Mrs. K. Smith, N. Y.—**Lost 48 lbs.,** feel and look like a young girl, had not slept in years, now sleep like a baby. Reduce-Eazies did wonders by taking the fat away from my heart. Marion Swanson, 225 N. Kaukini, Honolulu, Hawaii—Reduce-Eazies are marvelous, **I lost 11 lbs.,** ate anything I wished.

SEND NO MONEY

You need not send one cent; just pay postman on delivery. REDUCE-EAZIES contain no dinitrophenol—no thyroid—no dangerous drugs. Eat what you like—no strenuous exercise; a safe Root herb leaf and other pure, harmless medicinal ingredients method; sold under a certified gold bond

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION

SEND MONEY ORDER, CASH OR CHECK—$1.00 for 30-day trial, 60-day treatment for $2.00, or save money by getting the proven, most economical six $1.00 box treatment—on free money-back trial for only $5.00 for full complete combination, assuring you of no break in treatment.

WHY NOT SEND WHILE THE PRICE REMAINS LOW?
Please rush me____boxes of your famous **REDUCE-EAZIES.** Enclosed find $ ____to cover payment or send C.O.D.____ I will pay postman on delivery. Include your priceless FREE Book on Reducing.
NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY____________________STATE__________

HOLLYWOOD STAR PRODUCTS, LTD.
C-A Studio, Box 375 Hollywood, California

MOULDS YOUR CHIN LINE
in a FIRM and YOUTHFUL CONTOUR

Here is the Contourette with its 256 molded rubber nodules that gently massage the chin line, stimulate circulation and reduce surplus tissue while you read or rest in comfort. In youth, as well as age, it molds your chin line to a graceful contour and makes the skin firmer. Flexible, pure gum rubber construction, molded to keep its shape. Perforated for coolness and free skin breathing. Prevents, as well as corrects, sagging muscles and drooping mouth lines. Washable and adjustable to any head size. U. S. Patent No. 2,065,191. Cannot be duplicated. No other contour support offers exhilarating "Nodule" Action. Send check, money order or currency for $1.50 prepaid or $1.65 C. O. D. Full refund made without question, if you are not thoroughly pleased.

THE COBEL CO.
1123 Rockwell Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

commodating; the other, an innate aversion to talk about himself.

"I never really decided to be an actor," Fred said. "As a matter of fact, I never even thought of being one. It all seemed to come about without any decision. One thing just followed another until one day, I was an actor. If I made any decision at all, I guess it was to be a musician. When I was a kid I day-dreamed like all kids do, but I always saw myself as a musician, never as an actor. Later on, I felt a desire to sing some too, and I hoped eventually to get to sing on the air. But I never once thought of acting as a career."

"That musical urge—when did it come upon you and how did you first go about obeying it?" I asked.

"I always had it, I suppose," Fred said, after a moment's thought. "You see, my dad was a concert violinist and I guess I inherited my hankering after music from him.

"My first job as a musician, if you want to call it that, was during high-school days back home in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. I played the bass horn in the school band. Later, I thought I'd like to play a saxophone. The only difficulty was that I didn't have one. But during school vacation I took a job in the canning factory and by fall I had saved enough money to get the sax.

"I HAD finished high school then and went to Waukesha, Wisconsin, and enrolled at Carroll College. I did no orchestral work there, but I continued my music lessons. At the end of a year, my desire to play music sort of crowded out academic interests and it was then, I guess, that I more or less definitely decided to be a musician. I quit college and looked around for an orchestra job, but Waukesha didn't seem to have much to offer in that line at the time.

"Chicago wasn't very far away and thinking a city of its size held greater possibilities, I moved on there with my saxophone. To my surprise, however, jobs in Chicago appeared about as scarce as they were in Waukesha. And not only that, but I found any number of other chaps there with saxophones who were also looking for jobs."

Those were lean days for Fred. He cut his living expenses to below minimum, doing most of his own cooking and eating in his room because it was the cheapest way. But undismayed, he patiently and doggedly made daily calls at the booking offices. Then came the day when he found a job with a small dance band, and his career began.

"But it wasn't clear sailing from then on," said Fred, "for many times in the next few years I sat up nights trying to figure out how I was to get money for food and room rent."

IT WAS while in Chicago that other indications of Fred's artistic nature came to the surface and demanded expression. He began to study voice and also enrolled as an art student at the Art Institute. His art studies soon came to an end, however, as he found they interfered with his work. Making a living had to come first.

Hollywood was the next stop on Fred's itinerary, but like so many others who come here, Fred wasn't discovered and it wasn't until some time later in New York that Hollywood scouts spotted him and realized his screen potentialities. The

Did Gray Hair
Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: **"You are getting old!"** To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

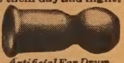
FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 36, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

700 rooms each with radio loudspeaker, bath and shower. Every facility for comfort and convenience. Famed Maryland cuisine. Experts in the bars and Cocktail Lounge. Rates $3. to $6. single.

Hotel LORD
BALTIMORE
H. N. BUSICK • MNG. DIR. • BALTIMORE, MD.

No JOKE To BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.


Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
774 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

HAIR
KILLED PERMANENTLY

From face, body or arms with maximum speed, without harm to the skin, by following simple directions. This electrolysis device is guaranteed to remove hair permanently or money refunded. Your home electric current not needed. **Price $1.95.** Post-Paid or C. O. D.
CANFIELDS & CO., Dept. I-E, 2675 Broadway, N. Y. City

Poor English!

How much is it costing you in wasted opportunity?

Every day your associates are judging you—by what you say and how you say it! Hazy ideas, ill-chosen words, halting sentences, crude, slovenly speech—these mark a man as loose in thinking. Thoughts clear-cut, words that give true shape and color, sentences aflame with power and originality—these are the things that proclaim ability, that win for their users swift advancement. Stop apologizing for poor English—it's inexcusable! In the quiet of your home—with LaSalle's help—you can learn to speak and write with real distinction, learn to make the words you utter and the letters you compose stamp you as educated, cultured, a power to reckon with in the business world. Complete details in an attractive 32-page book, "Effective Business English," sent you free upon request. Ask for it TODAY.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 630-BE, Chicago

time in Hollywood was not wasted, however, for while here, Fred and some other roving musicians formed a band, naming it the California Collegians.

They went to New York and for five years worked shows and night clubs. Fred played the saxophone and was a featured songster. It was his singing, his personality and general all-around showmanship perhaps more than anything else that finally landed the California Collegians in the New York stage hit, *Roberta*. In this show, Fred not only played his saxophone and sang, but he was made understudy to the leading man, besides.

Two momentous happenings occurred in Fred's life during this engagement. Paramount talent scouts found him, and he found Lillian Lamont, the girl to whom he is now married. The show's plot had to do with a dress designer and her shop, and models from New York modistes were used. Lilly, as she is called by her friends, was one of them.

It must have been a case of love at first sight with both of them, for from then on, neither could see anyone else. It was three years before they were married though, because Fred wanted to be "set" first, and Lilly waited. Long engagements are not uncommon among couples in small towns. There they are inclined to use a little more forethought than big-town people often display, and Fred is first, last, and always a small-town boy. When Fred signed his present seven-year contract with Paramount, he considered himself "set," and then he and Lilly flew to Las Vegas, Nevada, and were married.

They're building a home in Brentwood Heights now, the first they could ever call their own. It is being constructed along lines which they worked out themselves. A swimming pool and tennis court are included in the plan.

Fred has developed no hobbies.

"There are several things I've wanted to do," he said, "but I haven't had any time for them."

"What things?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," he drawled. "I haven't even had time to think about 'em much. I guess I'd sort of like to take up my drawing and painting again sometime. Later on, I think I'd like to build a little work-shop next to the garage and fool around a bit, you know, with a lathe, make a piece of furniture now and then."

The one word I know of which best describes Fred's way of living is, simplicity.

Solution of Crossword Puzzle

		G	R	A	N	V	I	L	L	E		
	T	R	E	N	T	■	R	A	I	N	S	
L	■	E	A	T	■	G	E	N	E	■	E	M
A	G	E	D	■	B	U	N	K	■	E	V	A
R	U	N	■	L	A	N	E	■	F	R	E	D
R	Y	■	B	E	N	■	■	M	A	I	N	E
I	■	B	R	O	D	E	R	I	C	K	■	L
M	E	L	O	N	■	■	O	N	E	■	P	E
O	L	E	S	■	C	L	U	E	■	L	E	I
R	O	W	■	C	H	E	T	■	M	I	N	N
E	P	■	O	H	I	O	■	V	A	N	■	E
	E	R	W	I	N	■	M	A	I	D	S	
		A	N	N	A	B	E	L	L	A		

THANKS to *Milk!*

FOR THIS AMAZING NEW ALL-PURPOSE FACE CREME

Erin O'Brien-Moore, star in Warner's THE BLACK LEGION

IT'S MADE FROM MILK-OILS, RESULTS WILL STARTLE YOU

Thanks to milk, pure, fresh, dairy milk, this amazing new face creme has special cleansing, softening and beneficial qualities not found in any other beauty preparation. Use it just a quick minute morning and night for complete skin care. It's a powder base too! Results that you can see and feel come quickly. Dryness, coarse pores, blackheads, and other marks of a poor complexion soon disappear as the penetrating milk-oils sink deep into the tissues, cleansing, softening and revitalizing them.

Try CREME OF MILK today. Use coupon for Trial Size 10c.

TUNE IN THE PASSING PARADE WITH JOHN NESBITT'S VOICE ON NBC'S RED NET WORK

AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS . . . 50c, $1, AND $2 SIZES
DUART, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, California
I enclose (10c). Please send me 1 special trial jar.
Name
Address
City State 15

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

ANTI-COLIC BRAND 3-HOLE N
No. 147
No. 151

USE "3-HOLE Anti-Colic" NIPPLES

Save Baby from Colic

Scientifically designed to prevent colic. Endorsed by mothers, nurses, doctors. Davol "Anti-Colic" brand nipples are made in two shapes. For a free sample of either No. 147 or No. 151 mail this advertisement, before July 1st, stating which you prefer.

DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. F-21
Providence, Rhode Island

DAVOL

If You Seek..
..a CLEARER Skin
try this
Simple Daily Care

CLEANSE the pores daily with warm water and Resinol Soap. Its rich, Resinol-filled lather gently removes clogging waste and surface grime, making your skin feel really clean--live--refreshed. Especially agreeable to sensitive skin. To relieve the itchy soreness and aid healing of surface pimples or like irritations, apply soothing Resinol Ointment.

Resinol products sold at all drug stores. For free sample write to Resinol, Dept. 3-B, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

Beauty
is not a mask! White shoes need more than a "mask" whitener..freshen them with one that cleans and preserves the leather and will *not* rub off!

WHITTEMORE'S
White
CADET 10¢
BOSTONIAN Large 25¢ size

Cooking Up Happy Marriages

[*Continued from page* 67]

home-keeping instinct. A large sprinkling of humor, well exercised, to season. The Warner Baxters keep this mixture on hand and find it stimulating and appetizing.

JIMMIE GLEASON'S CONNUBIAL CAKE

- 2 people in same profession, must be young and tender
- 1 other, preferably a son
- 2 cups humor
- 1 lb. tolerance and respect for other as individual
- 1 dash of hobby for husband, preferably horse to keep him out of mischief
- 1 part hobby or career for wife who loves home

Take ingredients, mix humor, tolerance and respect for each other as individuals. This acts as preservative, adds flavor and keeps cake from getting stale as years go by. Makes a tasty concoction with plenty of zest. The Gleasons have found it foolproof.

GRACE MOORE'S DOVES EN CASSEROLE

Take two love birds. Dip into the hot water of pictures, concerts, opera and remove pin feathers. Cover with a layer of understanding, forbearance, season with more happiness than sorrow, plenty of ambition, enough time to watch the cooking and let bake. Move around in the oven so that there is a change of scene. Garnish with little attentions, plenty of devotion and a delectable dish is the result.

DON AMECHE'S HAPPINESS SOUFFLE

- 2 reasonable human beings
- 1 part freedom for each partner
- 1 lb. real friendship
- 4 parts love

Pour the mixture into a bowl of understanding, beat until light with love and tolerance. Bake in individual dishes of freedom. Serve with the sauce of little attentions from the bottle of sweetheart days. This makes an excellent food and tops off the otherwise plain meal.

GRACIE ALLEN'S NUTTY BREAD PUDDING

- 15 lbs. rice of good nature
- 2 fairly good eggs—one male and one female
- 1 can or 2 can'ts, if you can't find a can

Remove the rice from a can (if it isn't in a can, put it in a can and remove, if from a can). Now boil the can 20 minutes and while it is boiling, beat up the two eggs, preferably fresh ones. Beating up the eggs keeps you from beating it from home and anything that keeps you from beating it from home is bound to make a happy marriage. By this time the rice has been boiling fifteen minutes and if you're still married after all this time, it must be a happy marriage.

JOE PENNER'S ROAST DUCK AND APPLESAUCE

- 2 love sick eggs
- 1 small chalet
- 1 squalling infant
- 1 weekly pay check
- 1 automobile
- 1 soft-eyed cocker spaniel

Take the love-sick eggs, heat rapidly under the moon. Stir them together in one small chalet, at the proper time add a squalling infant. If your dealer cannot supply the infant, wait until the ingredients are well settled and then pour in steadily one weekly pay-check, one automobile and one soft-eyed cocker spaniel.

Fat Girl Laughs and Grows Slim

Without Starvation Diets, or Back-Breaking, Bending and Rolling Exercises.

Here's a way to get rid of ugly fat that works hand in hand with Nature. Millions of people are losing millions of pounds of flabby flesh and getting back slender figures, without the need of starvation diets or back-breaking exercises.

Medical science has discovered that one of the causes of too much fat lies in a little gland. Doctors correct this condition by feeding this little gland the substance it lacks—and Marmola Prescription Tablets are based on this same method. Millions are using them with success. They are prepared by a famous medical laboratory. Their formula is published in every package so you know what you are taking.

So don't waste time and money with starvation diets or back-breaking exercises. Go to your druggist today and get a box of Marmola. Try this simple, easy way to get rid of excess fat.

At Last! A WIRELESS TUBELESS BATTERYLESS Pocket Radio

World's Smallest Real Performing RADIO

Amazing midget radio weighs only 3 ozs. Receives all stations with clear beautiful tone. No static or interference. Nothing to adjust or wear out—should last for years. ENTIRELY NEW DESIGN! Not to be confused with cheap "Pocket Radios"—Music and programs come DIRECTLY FROM FRONT OF RADIO. Has patented new "Speakophone" which gives more volume and stations—NOT A TOY! Tunes broadcast band, police and airplane calls. The newest radio sensation of the year. Absolutely complete with instructions for use in hotels, autos, boats, in bed, etc. TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—no hook-ups to any current and no extra wires. THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS report wonderful service in ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. Beautiful two color cabinets in six colors. SEND NO MONEY Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival, or send $2.99 (M. O., Check, Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. GUARANTEED. Can be used by anyone.
TINYTONE RADIO CO., Dept. F-6, Kearney, Nebraska

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP
BEAUTIFIES, REJUVENATES—IMPROVES SKIN TEXTURE

MINER'S
Liquid
MAKE-UP

Win glorious skin loveliness with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Applied to face, neck, arms and legs it gives your skin an alluring, youthful, silky finish. Lasts all day, will not rub off or streak. Shades—Peach, Rachel, Brunette and Suntan. At drug and dep't stores 50c. Introductory sizes 25c and 10c, at your favorite 10c counter, or send 10c, mentioning shade, for a generous trial bottle to Miners, 40 E. 20th St., N. Y. C.

MINER'S INC. Masters of Make-up Since 1864.

When Jeanette Was the Unwanted Girl

[*Continued from page* 41]

her. She and Grace Adele Newell, her singing teacher for the past ten years, sat together in a small studio audition room and listened to the recording, and when it had finished there were tears—tears of relief and happiness—in their eyes.

A silent question passed between them. "Is it all right with you?" was what Jeanette's expression asked. And simultaneously the older woman's eyes asked the same thing. Then they both laughed and Jeanette's hand took hold of Miss Newell's and squeezed it, exuberantly. "Imagine!" Jeanette whispered girlishly. "Who would have thought it . . . after all these years! Do you think Phoebe would have approved it?"

"Wait until the picture comes out," Miss Newell nodded confidently. "She'll approve it all right! Oh, Jeanette, she'll be so proud of you!"

"The Jewel Song" . . . and Phoebe . . . what memories that brought back to Jeanette. Memories of heartbreak and disappointment first; then more pleasant ones of a friendship, and an ambition. The tears were for the first, the smiles for the second. And in the triumph there was a blend of the two.

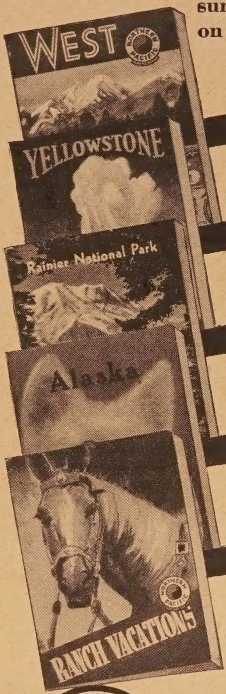
AS MISS NEWELL confesses the story: It was during the early part of her career that Jeanette went to see Henry Savage about the prima donna role in *The Magic Ring*. She had just returned to New York from Chicago where she had been appearing in a road show. Her part had been a specialty act, dancing and singing, and she had made a hit in it. There was confidence in her heart, and good notices in a scrap book under her arm . . . and both these things had an influence on Mr. Savage. He heard her sing one number, and hired her.

"Of course you may have to sing some-

Jeanette MacDonald's marriage to Gene Raymond is confidently predicted for this summer. But no one will guarantee it

Send for THE BOOK YOU WANT

Take your pick and plan a western vacation this summer—a trip that will give you a new lease on life, a vacation you will never forget.



WEST? NATURALLY!

It's the urge of the race—Westward Ho! Minnesota, "land of sky blue water;" North Dakota's weird badlands where Theodore Roosevelt ranched; Indian country; lumbering and mining empires; Alpine wilderness of Mt. Baker, Mt. Hood and the untrodden Olympic Mountains; exotic Pacific Northwest Cities.

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thing a little heavier in the show," he warned her, "but I guess you can handle it . . . we aren't sure yet, but we may use an aria from some popular opera."

But even this couldn't squelch the MacDonald enthusiasm. Opera or operetta, she felt sure she could sing either. Even when they picked "The Jewel Song" a few days later she was still confident. She worked on it night and day, and at home they told her she was marvelous.

But home and Mr. Savage . . . they were two different identities! He soon saw what had to be done, and it tortured him. That lovely radiant young girl there on the stage, so proud and happy to be the show's prima donna . . . and he had to break the news to her that she couldn't be! It was an awful blow to be dealt and he wished, above all things, that he didn't have to deal it. For days he put it off, and of course the longer he put it off, the more sure Jeanette became that she was succeeding. That's what made the moment so much more difficult, when it finally came. He tried to let her down easily: "You have a sweet voice, Jeanette . . . only it just isn't big enough for this number. It isn't heavy enough, and it's not trained. I'm sorry but I'm replacing you with Phoebe Crosby!"

To be sure he expected hysterics, angry words and temperament, but Jeanette just stood there calmly—and took it. Oh, he could see that it was a shock . . . all the glow suddenly went out of her eyes, but in its place came a sensitive, sane reasoning. "Why? Why?" she kept asking herself. "I want to be a singer, I think I *will* be a singer some day, but there's no one else to agree with me. What's wrong?

And in answer to her unspoken question Mr. Savage continued, "You need years of study . . . oh, I know you've studied *some*, but if you're ever going to get anywhere you've got to devote yourself to it." Then because she had been so regular he added, "If you like, I'll find another part for you in the show."

To be fired was one thing. But to be demoted and still stay on—to face the pity of the cast, to work side by side with a successor—that took courage. Fortunately, Jeanette had that courage to give, for out of her good sportsmanship grew one of the most valuable and pleasant things in her life—a friendship with Phoebe Crosby, the well-known singer who took her place. Any other young girl in this situation would probably have hated anyone who had stepped into her shoes, but Jeanette determined to make the most of it, and the most of everything to Jeanette is to *learn.* This is the quality which has brought her, surely to the top, even against discouragement at every turn.

Long before the show's opening night Jeanette and Phoebe were adoring friends, and as Jeanette gave the prima donna her heartfelt admiration, so the other gave her, for the first time, true encouragement.

"Oh, if only I could sing "The Jewel Song" like you do some day!" was Jeanette's constant fervent wish.

"You can and you will, and you will far surpass me!" was Phoebe's promise, and to help Jeanette achieve her wish Phoebe took her to her own singing teacher, the great Ferdinand Torriani. Jeanette studied with him for a year . . . Torriani died . . . and then because Miss Newell had been working with him, Jeanette carried on with Miss Newell and has been with her ever since.

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VERY few girls would have kept on in the face of such setbacks as Jeanette has received. True, there are many in the cinema world today, who went through years of starvation and back rooms and years of pavement pounding along Broadway . . . and compared to these unsunny lives, Jeanette's was—at least, physically—soft. She never starved. She never went without nice clothes. There was always a nice firm non-leaky roof over her head. She could always get jobs . . . in the chorus, or dancing. But she did starve for hope at times. The one thing in the world she wanted to be was a great singer, and it was the one thing which, for years, seemed the least likely.

"I'll never forget the time John Murray Anderson listened to her, but scarcely heard her!" Miss Newell said. "That was awful, but it was the sort of thing she went through time and time again. He was preparing a very important show and Jeanette was one of about twenty aspirants auditioning for the prima donna role.

All of those who were trying out were clustered there on the stage and Mr. Anderson was out front listening. We had prepared two numbers, working on them for several weeks, and of course, as usual, Jeanette was confident.

"But when it was her turn and she went forward to the footlights to sing, she noticed that someone was coming down the aisle from the back of the auditorium, motioning to Mr. Anderson, and right then and there they went into a huddle. They were looking at a large sheaf of sketches, costume designs I suppose, and Jeanette could not only see them arguing, but she could *hear* them! She was frantic. She sang louder and louder, trying to attract their attention, but she was singing to herself. And just as she reached the most brilliant and difficult part of the song, they left . . . just got up and left. There was no need of her finishing. She got her hat and we went home.

"A SIMILAR thing happened later in connection with the *George White Scandals.* The director called her one day and said they were thinking of replacing their present prima donna and would she come to the theatre and audition? Well, that was like telling an ambulance chaser about an accident. She was there in less than a half hour. But when she arrived there was another woman already singing and when she finished they made such a fuss over her that Jeanette was afraid she was too late. Still, out of politeness, they said they would listen to her, but all the time she sang she could hear the singer and the director out front discussing her contract. 'Thank you so much for coming down.' was all that was said to Jeanette afterward. When they say that you know there's not a chance.

"It's bad enough not getting parts, but even worse when you get the part you want, and then have to stand by and see it pared down bit by bit until it's a mere shadow of its former self. That has happened to Jeanette too, more times than we like to remember. There was one show . . . she started out as the prima donna with six numbers to sing, but long before the opening night there were only

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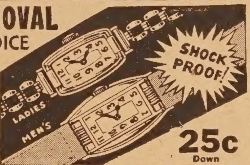

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two left which she could call her own. They gave her some dances though, to make up for it, and as a result, the opening night of the show she scored her first really great success—but as a dancer! Not what she wanted at all. It was a bitter disappointment to both of us.

"Yet Jeanette could have continued as a dancer and found big fame long before she did. It was a temptation that many a girl, with less purpose and integrity, might have fallen for. But Jeanette had other dreams, and it was because she pursued those dreams so steadfastly that she made them come true. It meant work and study, hour after hour, day after day . . . and it meant that all the light things of life must be ruled out. No parties, no fun, no dates, no vacation.

"Every day she came to my studio in the Carnegie building, and evenings she would go to hear other artists, and every minute she lived she lived for that voice that would some day be hers. Every penny she made she placed on its altar. Unlike many people who seek fame, she never sat back and said, 'Some day the break will come.' Instead she heaved to and worked and said, 'Some day the voice will come.' The voice was of first consideration. That achieved, the breaks would follow after. This inner confidence was the thing that fortified her against every slam, every disappointment, every rebuke. This was the thing that enabled her to face, square-shouldered, the oft-said, 'Thank you so much for coming down.' It was only Jeanette's Scotch per-

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sistence that kept her marching on. Of course there were blue days at times, even after we came to Hollywood, and after Jeanette had a big movie contract. But I was the only one she ever let see her in those moods.

"I remember when she was making *The Love Parade*. We were sharing an apartment at the Beverly Wilshire, and we used to get up every morning at six-thirty so she could have her lesson before she went to the studio. Naturally a voice isn't at its best at that hour, and sometimes she would get discouraged and say, 'Oh, Grace, I wonder if I ever will really get there!' And I'd have to go on the set with her to keep her buoyed up. She didn't really need me to help her with her singing, but she did need someone to give her assurance. It's a habit that's carried over from that day to this . . . whenever and wherever she records I'm always there with her.

"I think the most difficult period came after *The Love Parade*. Remember, she was suddenly acclaimed the great prima donna of the screen . . . then, after that nothing but mediocre parts, mediocre pictures. That was during the period, too, when musicals, after a first spurt, were losing their popularity. There were long months of doing nothing and finally one day Jeanette came to me and suggested that as long as we didn't have any picture roles to work on right then, couldn't we spend some time learning opera. That is typical of her. Whenever she is stymied in one direction she picks another to follow, and usually one that's more difficult.

"That same day she happened to drop a clipping out of her bag and as I read it I suddenly realized what had prompted her to suggest putting full time against opera for a while. It was a criticism of one of her last pictures and in it the reviewer said, 'Miss MacDonald has everything but a voice.' That was the sort of thing she was always hearing about herself in those days . . . that was the kind of thing that put fight into her. Of course she has her reward now. Just recently N. J. Henderson—the dean of music critics—wrote that Jeanette's voice exhibited the finest example of singing technique on the screen. That, from him, was worth all the work in the world.

"AND the amazing thing is that she studies just as hard now as she did back in the old days. Even recently, when she was working all day long on the set in *Maytime*, she came to me every night, at six o'clock for a lesson. I know she feels more like going home and tumbling into bed . . . but she won't let herself give in. She's one of the biggest stars in pictures now, but she's not content to let it rest at that . . . she's already looking forward to other things—opera first, and then concerts. She's had many offers to go into opera, long before this, but Jeanette has always wanted to wait, and go in at the top. I think it's rather interesting—many singers start in opera and from there, go down and end up in night clubs. Jeanette's career will reverse the procedure."

Many a girl would have been content with the gifts Jeanette had to begin with . . . a bounty of beauty, charm and personality. But Jeanette was inspired to give more than this to the world, and even though the world minimized her talent and told her it was not wanted, still she persisted.

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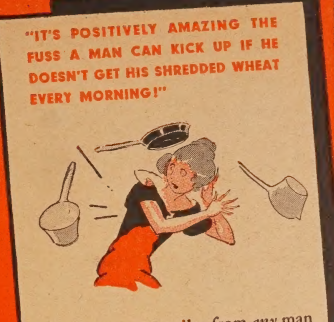
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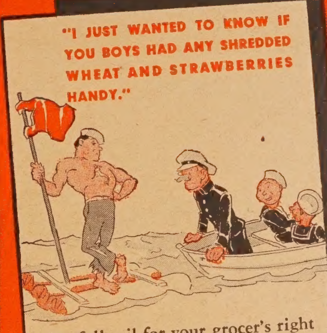
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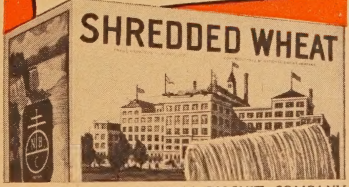

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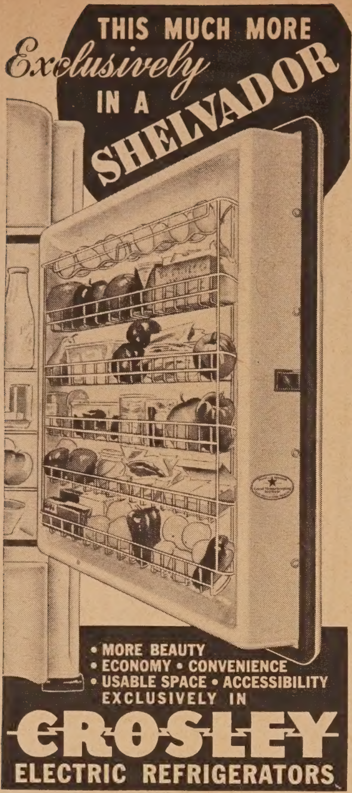
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Bing Crosby Answers His Critics

[*Continued from page 39*]

the world, they sometimes criticise things that I have no control over. There's at best one of those in the batch I'm showing you. It will illustrate my point to anyone interested in analyzing the bunch.

"But by and large, those letters are apt to be more helpful than all the praise in the world—if you pay attention."

And Bing does pay attention. For proof, here are my phoney letters and his answers.

The first one was from a "music teacher" in San Francisco. (That's me.) It read, in part:

"I don't think you have used your opportunities as you should have. With a musical soul and the money to develop your voice, it's a shame that you don't do more with it. Take John Charles Thomas, for instance. If you weren't as lazy as many of my less-gifted pupils you, too, could attain the serious heights that he has. You are not being fair to yourself nor your audience if you don't at least try to do something more worth while with your talent than continuing to croon."

Here is Bing's reply:

"Dear Miss———:

"I have many times wished that I had learned to breathe properly to save my vocal cords as trained singers are able to do, and if I had done this, I could sing much better, longer and with greater ease and facility. At the same time the naturalness of delivery would not be impaired. However, this instruction is something that should be acquired early.

"I really believe that the reason for what success I have obtained is directly attributable to the fact that my singing is just what any young American with an ear for music can successfully handle. I know for my own purposes the listeners I have don't like to have me sing in what I consider 'good voice.' That is, when I have had a long rest and hit a lot of high notes, sustain them and feel tremendously pleased with the quality of the job. I generally receive a flood of correspondence indicating that that's not what they want to hear.

"My wife and many of my friends insist that some of the best records I made were in 1929 and 1930 when I had a range of about four notes, had plenty of gravel in the throat and succeeded in hitting correctly only about half of the high notes in the song. This makes it very easy for me as I can sing that way without any trouble and it probably sounds more reasonable and natural, anyhow.

"I have never followed a diet, or daily curriculum of exercise. I have smoked cigarettes, cigars, pipes; drank corn whiskey, gin, coffee, tea and while I don't feel so good, singing apparently is just as good as ever—or as bad—according to your viewpoint."

I happen to know that Bing is very sincere about this viewpoint. I've often heard him say that he wished he'd really studied music when he first learned to sing. As a matter of fact, he started to take lessons once about four or five years ago. But as he states in his letter above, there was literally a flood of letters from people all over the country, reproaching

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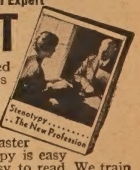

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him for having lost that certain "crooning" quality in his voice. So Bing gave up the whole idea and went on his casual way.

THE second letter I wrote concerned Bing's private life. It was apparently from a middle-aged woman (me again!) who, while she liked the movies, was so full of distorted tales of the depravity of the entire motion picture colony, she'd made it a point to pick and choose her film fare according to her knowledge of the private lives of the stars.

She went on to say that it was her custom, of a Saturday afternoon, to take her grandchildren to the local cinema and that she'd always felt perfectly safe when Bing Crosby was on the bill.

"But now I don't feel that I can take them any more," she wrote. "They are being raised as good Christian children with high ideals, patriotism and ambition and I think you are 'letting them down.' I have read and Mr. Johanesson tells me it is indeed true that you are little better than a race-track tout in private life. He didn't say just that, but he did say that you had race horses and encouraged people to bet on them. Frankly, I don't think and bet your mother doesn't either, that it's fair of you to make little children love you and then set them such a bad example."

Now, this race horse business has always been a very touchy subject with Bing. As you probably know, he was brought up in a straight-laced manner by a stern, but loving mother, who instilled in all the youngsters very definite ideas of right and wrong. Of all the children, none has lived up to her preachments more than Bing.

And when Mrs. Crosby first learned that her son had taken an interest in horse-racing, she was shocked beyond belief. But after Bing had explained his views on the subject, he won her completely over. So much so, that she wouldn't miss seeing a race in which Bing's horse was entered for a million dollars.

Bing explains it all in his reply:

"As a young boy, I worked in and around so many farms and ranches, I learned to love all kinds of animals—especially horses.

"It just so happened that I'd bought this rather large ranch in Southern California just about the time horse-racing came to California. Fine horses were at a premium. And inasmuch as the ranch was already equipped with stables, fenced-in pastures, etc., it occurred to me that it would not only be a good investment, but I would also be able to realize one of my ambitions—raising horses.

"As far as the gambling aspect is concerned, I have never yet purchased a sure winner. It makes little difference to me, personally, whether my horses make money on the track or not. I just get a big thrill out of buying horses of good stock, breeding them, and seeing what happens.

"Some people get the same satisfaction out of raising dogs. Many of my friends have kennels where they breed champions. But to me, there's no kick in the world like turning out a beautiful horse."

ANOTHER letter from myself was a criticism of Bing's recent broadcasts: "Why do you have to have those violin solos, sopranos and other classical fea-

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tures when I really want to hear you sing?" the letter read. "Are you getting lazy, or something?

"Frankly, I don't look forward nearly as much as I used to to those weekly broadcasts. What has caused you to change your program so radically?

"In a nutshell, the answer is—WE WANT CROSBY!"

Bing's reply follows:

"Sorry to hear you are not satisfied with my program but wish you to know your honest criticisms are understood and appreciated. (This made me blush!)

"The program goes over some 85 stations to all parts of this country and Canada and on short wave as far as Venezuela. Naturally, tastes in these various sections differ considerably, as in New York and the Middle West. Then my college chums have their desires and the older folks have theirs, so we have a real job and our best idea to date is to give you all a variety show and hope there will be something in it you can enjoy.

"Hollywood is filled with good talent, starving and waiting for a break. They need work and must be heard to uncover opportunities. For instance, we used three little orphan girls—the Clarke Kids—and many of you criticised me although many approved. But the youngsters were signed at the Hal Roach studio and I can take it, to help someone like that.

"So now that you understand, I hope you will bear with me. Maybe we can all stand a little education and come to like things we do not now understand—as grand opera or jazz."

Another thing some of Bing's more critical fans often overlook is the fact that Bing does not have the whole say about his weekly programs. His sponsor, the Kraft Cheese Company, has a producer, Col. Kabl, who also hires the talent and produces the show. Of course, Bing has a certain right to approve or disapprove, and make suggestions, but there are some instances where he must work in some artist just because his sponsor tells him to.

There was one letter which amused me no end because I'd been sitting back over a period of years, listening to the same complaint from Bing's fellow-workers, his family and his friends. Finally I wrote:

"I don't want to be critical, but I've been a fan of yours ever since I was twelve and just adore your singing especially 'Love in Bloom.' But I'm one of your friends who likes your looks, too. That is, I did.

"Now, don't take offense because I really couldn't stand making you angry but truthfully, haven't you put on a little too much weight? I know that your parts don't make you ride around like Gary Cooper and take all that exercise—but I think you'd be ever so much more romantic like you used to be, if you weren't so plumpish!"

The truth of the matter is that Bing has always been on the "plumpish" side. Just take a look at two snapshots—one when he was twelve and the other about the time he was singing with Paul Whiteman's band. You can't honestly say he looks anything but "chubby." And as time has gone on, the "chubbiness" has not decreased.

Now, I know, personally, that Bing has done all the things he should have done to keep himself fit. He rises extremely early each morning, exercises with the three boys, and takes off to his

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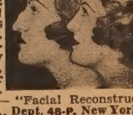

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The Love Code of

VIRGINIA BRUCE

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daily game of golf. He'd stay on the golf links all day long, if he didn't have anything else to do. But that darned "plumpness" still persists. It just is his nature to be that way. You know, healthy-looking.

Bing will tell you, if you take the trouble to ask him, that he's probably the most unromantic-looking person in the world. That's his opinion, of course. He's never had any ambitions to be a screen Romeo. And when his family and friends started ribbing him about overweight, they left him completely cold. But his fans—that's another thing. It's awfully important that they should like him. It only took one or two letters of criticism on this score to have the desired effect. I happen to know just how hard Bing worked to get off those added pounds before he started work on his last picture, *Waikiki Wedding*. And if you haven't already seen it, you'll have a treat in store when you see your favorite crooner's sylph-like figure.

So if you've ever had any doubt about what your letters to Bing Crosby mean to him, I think I've dispelled those for good. If I haven't, just write him a note and tell him what you don't like about him. I'll guarantee you'll get results!

Don't cry little girl! We'll make that big bad cameraman go away, then you can go into your dance for *Turn Off the Moon* in true Eleanore Whitney style

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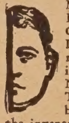

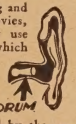

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BALD
BLIND TO HIS GREATEST HANDICAP!

READ FREE OFFER!

Frosty Drinks for Thirsty Throats

[*Continued from page* 25]

several fruit juices and sugar are called for, blend them and allow to set in a bowl at room temperature. Later, chill by cubes or ice, or set back into the refrigerator. Always have all ingredients called for, well chilled before combining.

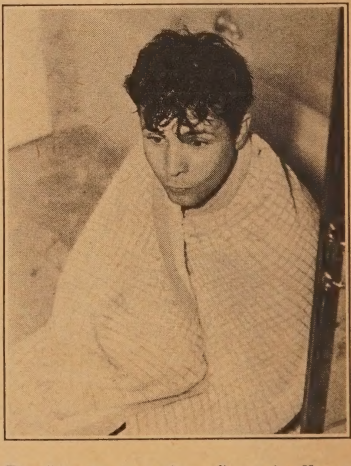
Speaking of ice, of course everybody is on to that little idea of making colored ice cubes, and those which have a whole cherry, mint leaf, or bit of lemon peel frozen in the middle. Just color water with a few drops of red, yellow or green coloring, and partially freeze. Then insert a whole cherry, etc., in each section, and finish freezing. Result: grand garnishes not only for summer beverages, but also for chilled salad platters, melons, seafood and a host of other hot weather foods.

Mint is the favorite summer drink garnish, but a hostess with a sense of showmanship can add leaves, small sprays of fruit, and colored melon balls as romantic accents. Mention of mint brings up the weighty decision of how to add mint leaves, whether, in short, to crush them or to bruise them. There is, believe it or not, a mint-crushing school of thought, and a group of non-mint-crushers, so decide for yourself! Anyway, here's an old Southern recipe for a delicious—

FRESH MINT PUNCH

12	sprigs fresh mint
3	lemons
6	oranges
¾	cup sugar
1½	quarts ginger ale
1	pint sweet cider
1	pint ice water
	green coloring

Crush mint into fruit juices and sugar, adding water. Place in punchbowl, and arrange large block of ice in center. Pour over cider and ginger ale, adding enough color to make a



The "singing in a shower" gag is all wet jitters Dick Powell as he shivers through a two-hour rehearsal for bath scenes in *The Singing Marine*

*** She Lost 17 lbs.**

REDUCIBLE **FAT** goes
by SAFE
Energy Food Method!

NO DRUGS

● Say goodbye to reducible fat right now. But don't take risks. Try this new safe principle—just eat delicious SLENDRETS Energy-Food Wafers (they taste like candy) and eat normal, satisfying meals. Remember, this is the new safe **all-food** way, no dinitrophenol, **no** thyroid, **no** salts or cathartics—in fact, **no drugs** whatever! SLENDRETS Wafers are immediately assimilated as a pure energy-giving food and you lose reducible fat while following the easy directions with every package. These food wafers replace fattening foods that you might otherwise crave, and make it pleasant and easy to lose reducible fat without "feeling starved" or taking dangerous drugs.

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BRADLEY **Dept. R-396,** **NEWTON, MASS.**
Here's 10 cents. Rush Ring by RETURN MAIL.

Name --
Address --

refreshing green when the punch is stirred. (Serves 20)

(That reminds me, there is a delicious Minted Cocoa Cup recipe among the special ones I have prepared to send you without charge, if you write me care of this magazine.)

Ginger ale, the champagne of summer, is a staple to have on hand from which to summon a royal drink at the arrival of unexpected guests, as well as to provide the family with a relaxing tonic drink. Grapejuice also, and a supply of beers, light and dark, should always be kept well chilled in the refrigerator. The many deliciously flavored sodas, such as lemon and raspberry, and sarsaparilla, make cooling drinks, quickly available from the home soda bar. Root beer, old favorite of the gay nineties, like trailing gowns and flower-covered bonnets, is "in" again, and many indeed are the pleasant drinks with this good root beer fragrance.

Lazily sipping, with ice cubes floating in a tall and tinkling glass, anyone is bound to have a cooler attitude of mind! Fresh taste sensations distract the thoughts from a soaring thermometer, and here's another recipe in point:

FIVE-STAR-FINAL FRUIT CUP

½ cup canned grapefruit juice
½ cup orange juice
½ cup unsweetened canned pineapple juice
6 tablespoons grape juice
4 tablespoons Grenadine syrup
1 12-ounce bottle ginger ale
cracked ice

Shake all ingredients together, pour over cracked ice, and serve immediately. (Serves 6)

The charm of any hospitality occasion in summer lies in the tasteful serving of chilled refreshments. Delightful painted trays and colorful sippers, as well as peasant and other informal linens, make the serving of summer drinks a gay ritual. One of the newer ideas is a three-way stand fitted with detachable small round trays. The stand and trays may be carried with one hand and set down beside the hostess who then disperses drinks and novelty sandwiches from the gaily painted trays. Another clever drink holder seen in the smart shops is fashioned like a tennis racquet, and is designed to hold half a dozen glasses which may be offered to all champions, amateur or professional guests alike. Another tray decorated in sea or marine motives in lovely jade and coral tones is also a newcomer to the beverage accessory corner.

One of the best novelty ideas is the punchbowl fashioned from a full size watermelon. Directions for making this original beverage container, together with other Star Recipes, have been prepared especially for readers who write in for them. Among the other recipes are Chocolate Coffee Punch, Currant Cocktail, and Malted Milk drinks.

FREE!
LET ME SEND YOU

my special recipes on cooling summer drinks, featuring a Minted Cocoa Cup such as you have never tasted before! Just send this coupon to me, addressed to Christine Frederick, SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Eastern Office, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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Here is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde hair—whether it is light, ash blonde, sandy or brownish—a shampoo and rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. Called New Blondex, this amazing Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get New Blondex today. New combination package, SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE, now also in a 10c size at all stores.

New **BLONDEX** THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

By W. H. FAWCETT, PUBLISHER

IN A LIFETIME of travel and adventure which has carried me to the far corners of the earth, one thing has proved of universal interest, whether the setting be a tribal commune in the heart of Africa's dense jungles or in the cathedrals of Europe. That one thing is *color*. There is not a single tangible thing that does not in some way reflect the importance of one or more colors. Color fits into the world we live in, the religion we follow, the things we eat, the clothes we wear and even into the physical characteristics of ourselves.

It is only natural, then, that we should now look to the importance of color in motion pictures. It has been slow in coming and, as in everything else, what we haven't known about, we haven't missed. But with some excellent Technicolor pictures under our collective belts, our appetite is whetted for more. There can be no denial that *The Garden of Allah, God's Country and the Woman* and *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* were stunning pieces of entertainment. Now David O. Selznick, youthful screen impresario, is offering something entirely different in *A Star Is Born,* which you will soon be seeing. With Janet Gaynor and Fredric March playing in the leads, this burlesque on Hollywood itself is one of the most sparkling films I have been privileged to see at an advance showing.

As this is written, Mr. Selznick is debating whether to make this epic *Gone With The Wind* in color or in black and white and Paramount has decided to make a new version of *Beau Geste,* this time in color.

There is no doubt that at the present time there are limitations to the adaptability of color in films. In time this obstacle will be removed, just as other obstacles have been encountered and conquered. In the meantime there will be no end of good pictures. Producers, like Mr. Selznick, are aware of color's present limitations. They will use it when the opportunity presents itself, but there will be no sacrifices of story values which, after all, are the foundations upon which all good pictures are built. In this regard, I have the word of Mr. Selznick himself. And because his judgment carries so much weight in the production of successful Technicolor features, I take the liberty of passing on to readers of SCREEN BOOK, his own words:

"The only danger in color seems to me to lie in the possibility of producers relying upon it too much; the story should never be subordinate to the medium. Like all the other factors in production, color will enhance the presentation of the story, but, as with acting and direction, photography must always remain a secondary and subservient element in creating the finished product."

It has been said, quite frequently, that the motion picture industry is a young man's business. This is entirely true. But what hasn't been said is that the men who remain in business and who put all their energies in their work seldom grow old. The reason is obvious. They must keep up with a fast moving world. And if they do this, then they are as young in mind as the girls and boys who are just starting out, yet so much richer because they have behind them the knowledge gained in a lifetime of experience.

One of the most amazing men of Hollywood is Darryl F. Zanuck, production head of Twentieth Century-Fox. Another is David O. Selznick, head of Selznick-International. Both are still very young in years. Close to them, in age, is the tireless Samuel J. Briskin, who supervises all pictures made by RKO-Radio. Walter Wanger is still in the polo playing years. The late Irving G. Thalberg was hardly more than a youth, but before death snatched him from this world, he had built up a name and a reputation that will live as long as motion pictures are shown.

Fredric March and Janet Gaynor are the featured stars of Selznick's coming production, *A Star Is Born*

BUT outstanding, too, is the work of more seasoned heads. Why have Adolph Zukor, the brothers Warner, Cecil B. DeMille, Samuel Goldwyn, Louis B. Mayer, the Cohns of Columbia, Sol Lesser and other makers of great films been able to keep up with the unending march of film entertainment? The answer is simple: they have gone forward, profiting from the knowledge of yesterday, but never forgetting that today is a new day, with new standards, new methods and new demands from an exacting public. Hollywood soon forgets the man who falls by the wayside, but heaps just rewards upon those staunch fellows who keep their eyes over on the horizon and who know that the only way to stay in the sun is to keep up with changing times.

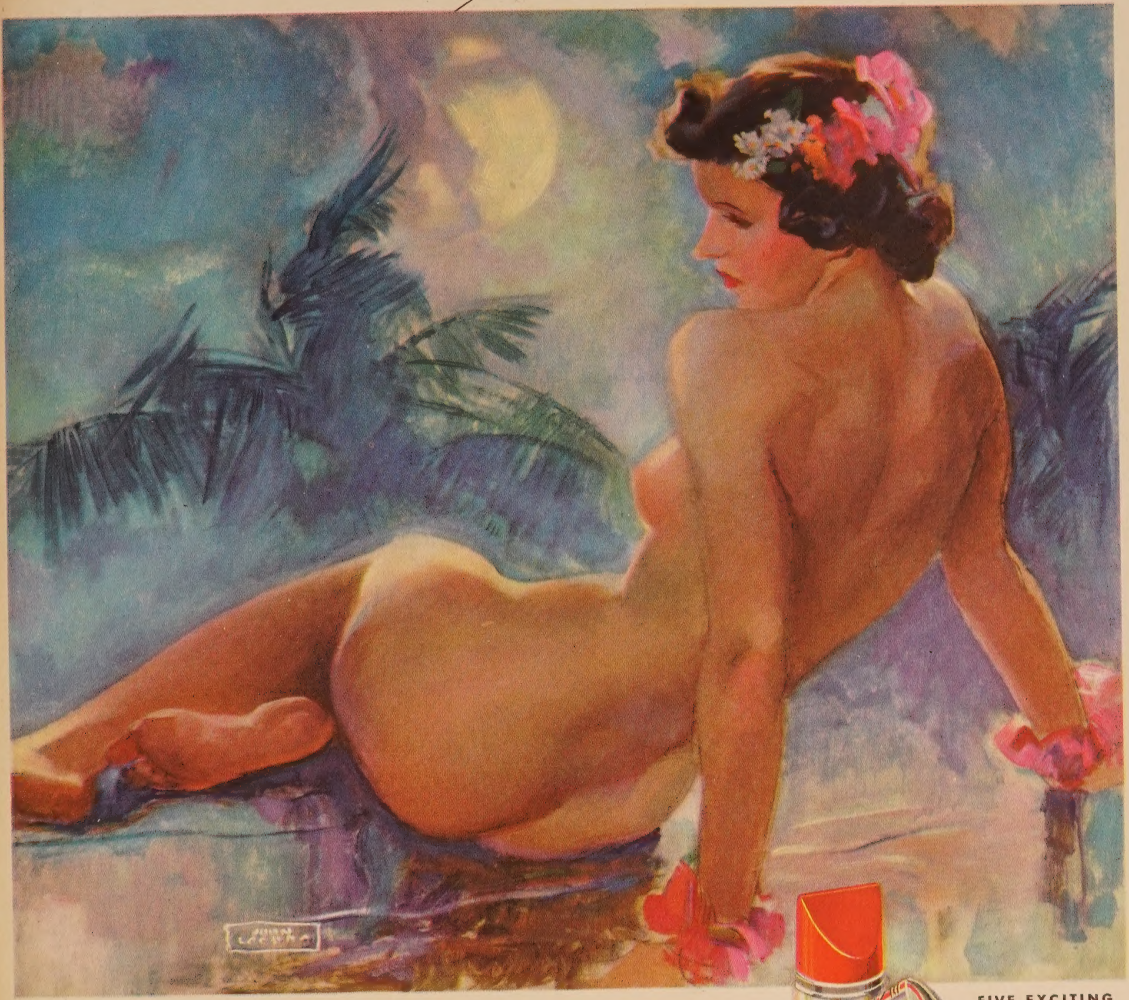
With the completion of this writing, your publisher sails from Los Angeles through the Panama Canal to New York which brings fond memories of hectic days spent in the army for Uncle Sam.

I HAVE learned, from Hollywood, that nothing makes one appreciate the place so much as to leave it for a while. It is too attractive to stay away from long; its people are the kind you miss. George Raft, who spent three weeks in New York and Florida after he finished his part in Paramount's great new picture, *Souls At Sea,* told me he had the same reactions when he was away.

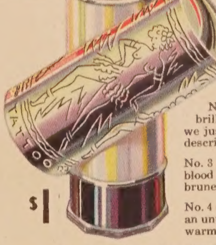
"We worked plenty hard on that picture," George said when we met at the Brown Derby one noon time shortly after his return, "and I thought that what I needed was a complete change. I rented a house at Miami and went there to relax. The people there were swell. The life was ideal. But soon I found that the relaxation turned to a yearning to the only place I now call home—Hollywood. So, here I am, back again and happy. Nothing ever made me happier than that first glimpse of Hollywood Boulevard. The palaces of the earth seemed as shanties when compared to what I know as the comforts of my own home. And it was a swell feeling to walk through the gate at Paramount once again and have the old gang welcoming me home."

And I know that George is right. This rest will be swell, other places will be intriguing and while I am a bit weary now, I know that it will only be a matter of days when I will be yearning to return to Hollywood and the fine people who work and live there.

South-sea glamour . . .
STOLEN FOR YOU



That glamorous little South Seas enchantress, with lips even more charming than herself. What thrilling color they have; a strangely enchanting, exotic red that no one can ever forget. But more! Her lips are alive with an iridescent luster . . . a sparkle, like silvery dew in moonlight. And utterly naked of pasty coating. She achieves this captivating loveliness by tattooing her lips with a transparent South Sea red. And now *you* can tattoo *your* lips with the same glamorous color in a shade created just for *you*. You can give them a luster too . . . a sparkle that's fascinating . . . and a new kind of softness that's bewitching. Try it tonight with the *New* TATTOO . . . but remember, your lips have never looked so tempting before!



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No. 5 has the rich intensity of Hawaii's most gorgeous flower . . . the wild Hibiscus. It's vivid, very vivid, yet has a lovely softness that's thrilling. It is called "HAWAIIAN."

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

RINTED IN U. S. A

Janet Gaynor says:

"Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies"

"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

Janet Gaynor

FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

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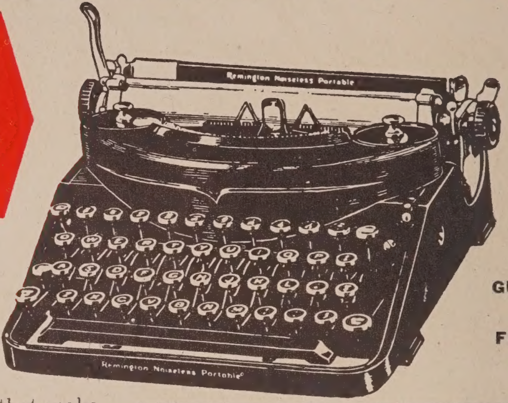

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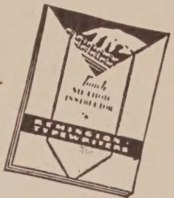

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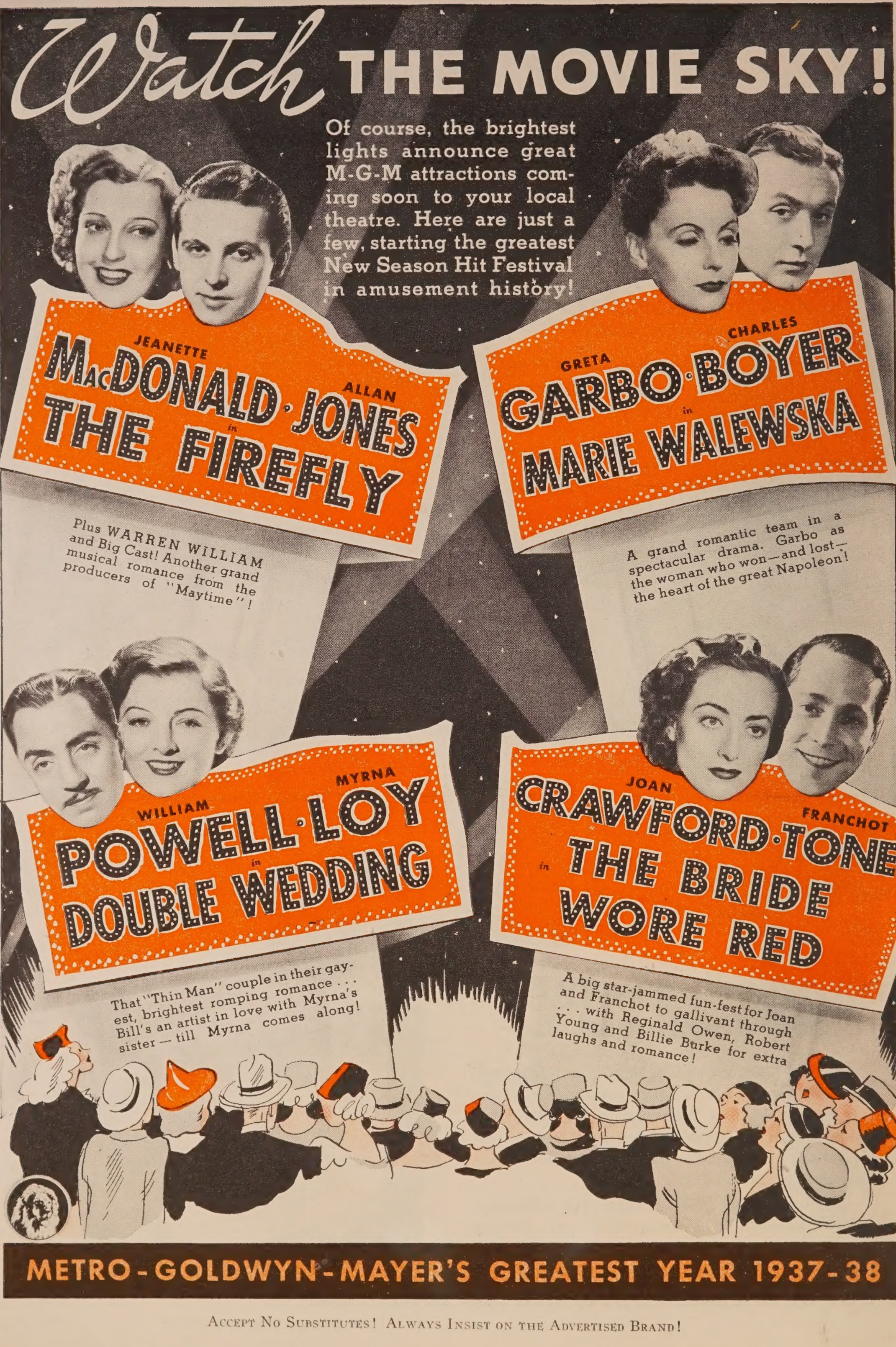

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SCREEN BOOK

VOLUME XIX No. 2 SEPTEMBER, 1937

TED MAGEE
EDITOR

EDITORIAL OFFICE

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Judy Canova and the Yacht Club Boys

Adolph Zukor presents

JACK BENNY in "ARTISTS and MODELS"

A Paramount Picture with

Ida Lupino · Richard Arlen · Gail Patrick

JUDY CANOVA · BEN BLUE · YACHT CLUB BOYS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Directed by RAOUL WALSH

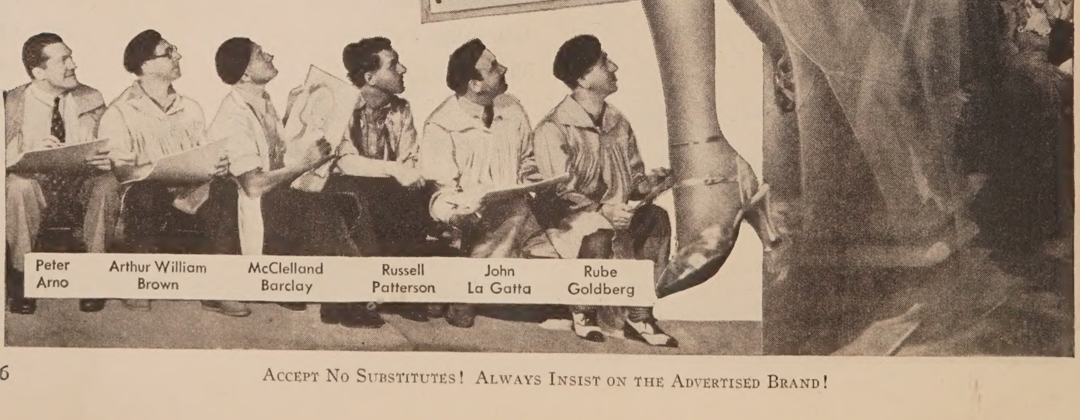
ARTISTS OF LAUGHTER . . .

To draw a laugh every time your face appears on the screen is some artistic achievement... and those zanies, the Yacht Club Boys (shown above giving a little support to radio's funniest female, Judy Canova)... are some artists. Wait'll you hear 'em go to town on that "Sasha Pasha" number, just one of the million mad moments in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.

ARTISTS OF FAME . . .

Name the six leading American artists and illustrators and you'll name the lads who chose the All-American Beauty Chorus for "Artists and Models": Peter Arno, McClelland Barclay, Arthur William Brown, Rube Goldberg, John La Gatta, and Russell Patterson. Here you see them doing a little plain and fancy homage to their choice of the Most Beautiful Model in the World, Sandra Storme, just one of the million glorified gals in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal show of this or any year.

Sandra Storme


Peter Arno · Arthur William Brown · McClelland Barclay · Russell Patterson · John La Gatta · Rube Goldberg

Jack Benny

Pop Goes The Bubble
Public Melody Number One
Whispers In The Dark
You're Breakin' My Heart

Judy Canova
and Ben Blue

ARTISTS OF MELODY

Hollywood's leading hit writers come through with 6 smash songs!

ARTIST OF WISE CRACKS . . . BENNY'S THE NAME!

Radio's Number One Entertainer, the biggest laughmaker the screen has ever seen...the one and only Jack Benny at his super-funniest heads the all-star cast of "Artists and Models." Above you see him in an artistic moment, below, at the head of the parade in one of the huge production numbers. At the top right you see Ben Blue teaching Judy Canova how to swing that thing. At the lower right is Martha Raye going to town in blackface, giving you a glimpse of "Public Melody Number One". . . just one of the half dozen hit numbers Louis Armstrong and his Band and Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra help you to enjoy in "Artists and Models," the biggest gag and gal, yes, and the biggest song and dance show of this or any year.

MARTHA RAYE

attacks "Public Melody No. 1"

FILMLAND WHISPERS

HOLLYWOOD, already somber over the deaths of Jean Harlow and Monroe Owsley, again was silenced with the revelation that Colin Clive had succumbed after a long fight against a pulmonary ailment.

Clive, like Owsley, was not so well known by name, but invariably was a strong addition to any cast. He recently added much distinction to his work playing the role of "bad man" in *History Is Made at Night.*

●

Oftentimes the desire of movie stars to cooperate with the demands of the press and public puts them in the light of being ridiculous.

This happened to Robert Taylor recently when he disembarked in San Francisco after his trip to Honolulu, when he was approached by a local newspaper reporter who asked him to go to a city high school and visit the assembly meeting.

Bob thought this would be a nice gesture and also felt he would enjoy such an experience. Of course the inevitable happened. He was mobbed on the school grounds by demanding fans and it was all quite embarrassing.

The public asks, why would he go to the school, if he knew this would happen? It seems impossible to explain that it was what he *wanted* to do.

—FAWCETT PHOTO BY RHODES

In a contemplative mood. The photographer caught Bob Taylor blowing an ineffective smoke ring with friend Barbara Stanwyck smiling appreciatively

●

A predicament about which all women may sympathize was Gale Sondergaard's recently, when planning to fly to New York for her first vacation since winning the Academy Award in January, she discovered at the last moment she couldn't take her favorite evening gown along. Airplane transport laws allow each passenger only thirty-five pounds for baggage—and Gale's black all-sequin gown (the favorite) weighed thirty-two pounds alone!

●

During the filming of *Wild and Woolly* Jane Withers was required for script purposes to write on a blackboard three hundred times the sentence, "The goose laid a golden egg."

When she had finished this task there was a lull while the cameras were being prepared to take the scene and little Jane had nothing to do but amuse herself.

Imagine the surprise of the director when he saw the rushes in the projection room! Every "o" on the board had been filled in with three little dots, making several hundred funny men's faces stand out in the scene.

Jane was admonished by the director and her mother.

●

Pat O'Brien has installed a dictograph system in his Brentwood home, the first of its kind to service a movie home. It's the newest portable type—you plug it, electrically, into the wall, and may carry it from room to room. At present Pat has one in the backyard where he may bark orders from swimming pool to kitchen; one in the baby's nursery, so he won't miss any new baby talk, and one in the library beside the radio.

●

Eddie Cantor and his wife Ida recently celebrated their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary.

He was called on location and had to report at five o'clock in the morning. This was the first time during their marriage they had been separated on this day so Eddie called her twice during the day from the location to wish her happy returns of the day.

●

Preston Foster recently went fishing at Balboa in an old pair of dungarees. While walking along the wharf a young girl approached him and said, "Are you a real sailor? You look like one from your attire, but you also remind me of my favorite movie actor, Preston Foster."

He was so embarrassed he tried to deny his identity but the young lady was so persistent in her belief that he finally admitted he was her favorite.

The reason for Wallace Beery's deep tan is not that he is trying to copy Buster Crabbe.

It was caused by constant exposure to the rays of Sol while teaching little Carol Ann to swim. It seems that his little girl has been terrified by the sight of water and for three months Wally has been taking her into the swimming pool daily, each time making her go a little further until she has finally conquered the fear. Last week she swam across the pool alone for the first time.

●

Myrna Loy has just learned that the beautiful home which Arthur Hornblow built for her as a wedding gift is on the site of a famous old "haunted house."

Eight or ten years before Coldwater Canyon came into the limelight as a fashionable movie residential section, an eerie old house stood on a thickly wooded piece of land and here were filmed some of the most famous thrillers, such as *The Greene Murder Case* and Cecil B. DeMille's *The Return of Peter Grimm.*

However, Myrna does not believe in the visitations of the supernatural, but feels that this adds additional color and background to the estate.

●

The head gardener at M-G-M is very angry at George Murphy.

[*Continued on page* 10]

A Revelation in Entertainment

Set in a big, human, heart-story by the authors of "Boy Meets Girl" that will give you the greatest thrill in years! Girls . . . music . . . romance . . . stars . . . comedy . . . fashions . . . all done in *Advanced* TECHNICOLOR so dazzling it takes your breath away!

MISCHA AUER—
twice as funny as in
"My Man Godfrey"!

HELEN VINSON—
alluring, but oh! . . . so
aggravating!

ALAN MOWBRAY—
what a riot of laughs
this guy gives you!

WARNER BAXTER
JOAN BENNETT

Walter Wanger's "VOGUES OF 1938"

IN TECHNICOLOR

with

Helen **VINSON** • *Mischa* **AUER**
Alan **MOWBRAY** • *Jerome* **COWAN**
Marjorie GATESON • Dorothy McNULTY • Alma KRUGER
Polly ROWLES • Victor Young and his orchestra
Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS
Original Screenplay by Samuel and Bella Spewack
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

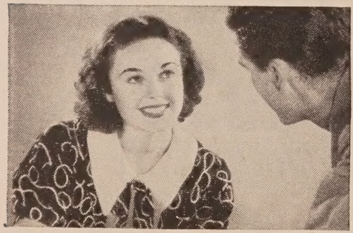
with *"The Most Photographed Girls in the World"* . . . those
WALTER WANGER MODELS
WEARING A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ADVANCED FASHIONS

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.



● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 8]

The candid camera craze has struck Hollywood with force. Mischa Auer makes candid camera movies with his tiny Univex 8 mm. camera. His subjects, Director Irving Cummings and Actress Helen Vinson, caught discussing a scene for Walter Wanger's new musical, *Vogues of 1938*

It seems that one afternoon recently between scenes of his current directorial assignment Murphy went out on the lawn to practice with his golf clubs.

The other day he received a bill for the replacement of three square yards of turf, together with a very curt order to confine his golf practice in the future to the graveled portion of the lot.

●

Freddie Bartholomew called the executive in charge of assignment of dressing rooms at M-G-M recently and demanded an interview with him.

Out at Metro the women stars have one row of dressing room buildings and the male stars have another. Since Freddie has been there he has been assigned to the feminine row, and this has been the cause of much ribbing by his playmates.

The embarrassment caused by this situation was readily understood and now Freddie is elated with a new dressing room on "masculine row."

●

When Buddy Westmore, Martha Raye's new hubby, returned from his honeymoon he was surprised to learn there was no paycheck awaiting him!

Buddy recently went to work for his brother Wally, head make-up artist at Paramount. In the hustle and bustle of his hasty marriage and subsequent honeymoon he neglected the little formality of informing his brother and immediate superior of his intention to take a two weeks' vacation.

Wally called the payroll department and ordered Buddy's check discontinued as of six o'clock on the day of his departure.

●

Rumors to the effect that Gail Patrick will remarry are unfounded—that is if gossip wags believe she is thinking of anyone other than husband No. 1, Mr. Robert Cobb.

They were married in Mexico in January but intended to go through the ceremony again in California, but with the starting of a new picture and a siege of 'flu after that, several months have elapsed. The California license which they took out will not expire until January 6, 1938, so Gail and Bob are planning a religious ceremony, probably at the Mission Inn at Riverside, on December 17th, the fourth anniversary of their meeting.

●

A bumble bee cost Carole Lombard exactly $22.50 the other day.

While driving down Sunset Boulevard on a shopping tour the bee flew into her coupe and so frightened and terrified Carole that she became entangled in traffic, bumping the fender of a car parked at the curb.

It took Carole and two passersby ten minutes to shoo the bee from the Lombard car.

●

Margo caused a great amount of excitement recently on the Columbia Studio switchboard.

[*Continued on page* 12]

PHOTO FLASHES

Top left, Mary Pickford and her bridegroom, Buddy Rogers, arrive at Pickfair after their wedding. Top center, Gene Raymond and bride, Jeanette MacDonald, board the *Lurline* for Hawaii. Mary and Buddy were also aboard, honeymooning. Top right, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland see Shirley Temple's new film at the world premiere. Below, a pretty maiden takes Charlie McCarthy to her arms as "papa" Edgar Bergen looks on

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]

Kay Francis, right, constantly sews on the set, but here she is shown swapping persiflage with Marjorie Gateson while shooting *First Lady*

She called Francis Lederer from RKO and since there is a rule that no calls are put through to players unless the player wishes to accept the call, Margo was asked who was calling. "Tell him Wally Simpson is calling," said Margo, thinking that it would be passed off as a wisecrack.

The call was plugged through to the set immediately and it was a very puzzled Francis whose "hello" came across the wire. When the joke was explained to him, he said he was glad it was an error—he would rather speak to Margo.

●

There is a traffic officer in Northern California with renewed faith in the honesty of traffic violators.

When Franchot Tone was returning recently from the location site of *The Bride Wore Red* at Mammoth Lake he got his speedometer up to eighty miles an hour on the open road because he was in a hurry to get home.

Upon hearing the inevitable siren approaching from the rear Franchot pulled over to the side of the road and patiently awaited the ticket. When the officer discovered who the offender was, and that he was hurrying back to Hollywood he started to destroy the ticket. Franchot protested against this, claiming that he unwittingly broke the law but just the same would take the ticket.

Madelyn Jones, 19-year-old miss of Salley, South Carolina, winner of the one-year Search for Talent jointly sponsored by Fawcett Publications and Irving Richard Green of the Hump Hairpin (Hold Bob Pins) Company of Chicago, makes her screen debut in Walter Wanger's newest musical, *Fifty-Second Street.* The candid cameraman snapped Miss Jones receiving a few pointers from Pat Patterson, featured in the production. Later Miss Jones appeared in Mervyn LeRoy's *Mr. Dodds Takes the Air.* A reviewing committee comprising Walter Wanger, Joan Bennett and Alex Gottlieb selected Miss Jones for her Hollywood movie opportunity after viewing tests of divisional screen test winners Jeanne Mecerle, Fort Thomas, Kentucky; Gerda Egloff, Dallas, Texas; Jeanne Whitney, Duluth, Minnesota; Ruth Lucille Brink, St. Louis, Missouri; Louise Kaye Karchmer, Chicago; Evelyn Earle Gresham, Chattanooga, Tennessee; Betty Middleton of Brooklyn, and Miss Jones

●

Here is a new way to get home work out of your favorite movie star.

Preston Foster received an air mail special delivery fan letter the other day with a frantic plea from a young lady in Des Moines, Iowa, to please look through his mail and return her last letter to him because she had written the missive on the back of her home work. Her report card is being held up until the assignment is completed.

●

When Helen Broderick was asked to attend the banquet for visiting RKO conventioneers she replied, "If I receive an orchid corsage in advance, a car and chauffeur to take me to the function, flattery while there and a handsome escort when I leave, I'll be only too happy to attend."

She attended the banquet.

Contrary to reports of local wiseacres, Katharine Hepburn is not going dramatic in her personal wardrobe.

She was seen by a newspaper writer going across the RKO lot wearing a hat designed in the extreme Russian mode and immediately the story came out that Hepburn was going "bizarre," and was forsaking her famous informal attire.

The truth is that Katie was in costume for her role in *Stage Door.* A week later she appeared at the luncheon for RKO executives attired in slacks and wearing a very sporty "beanie."

●

Her fans will be happy to learn that Gertrude Michael is well again and back at Paramount as *Sophie Lang in Hollywood.* It will be remembered that Gertrude created this role originally.

She is looking wonderful and is being squired about the night spots with Lee Bowman, the young man-about-town who has recently squired none other than Sylvia Sidney, Joan Marsh and Anne Shirley!

●

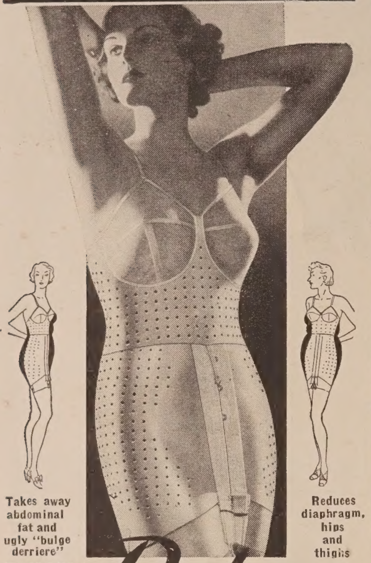
Marlene Dietrich has been given the nickname of "Narcissa" by the workers on the set of *Angel* because she sits in front of the mirror whenever she is not in a scene. Perhaps this self-gazing can be excused because she must apply gold powder to her tresses before each scene.

"SURE, I LIKE A GOOD TIME!"

They called her a party wife. They said she "wasn't fit to be a mother." But *you'll* recognize Stella Dallas as one of the greatest, finest characters on the screen!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS
STELLA DALLAS
WITH
BARBARA
STANWYCK
JOHN BOLES - ANNE SHIRLEY
From the novel by
OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY
· RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS ·

Quickly...
Correct Your Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only *Confines*, It *Removes* Ugly Bulges!


Takes away abdominal fat and ugly "bulge derriere"
Reduces diaphragm, hips and thighs

IF YOU DO NOT *Reduce*
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce ... Perfolastic! "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced my waist 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. "I used to wear a size 42, now I take size 18" says Mrs. Faust. "Never owned a girdle I liked so much—reduced 26 pounds," writes Miss Marshall. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense?

Immediately Appear Inches Slimmer!

■ You need not risk one penny ... simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results ... as are *all* Perfolastic wearers! You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the gentle pressure and massage-like action are *actually reducing* hips, waist, diaphragm and thighs ... the spots where fat first accumulates.

No Diets, Drugs or Exercise!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out ... no dangerous drugs to take ... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will come increased pep and energy.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks ... safely! You risk nothing. Mail coupon *now!*

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 79, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*____________________
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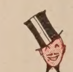
OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE
20th Century-Fox



Co-starring of Shirley Temple and Victor McLaglen sounds more like a caricaturist's dream than a reality, but 20th-Fox has scored one of the neatest hits of the year by this very device in a film that promises to set some new box office records.

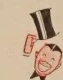
Shirley Temple and her mother (June Lang) journey to an army outpost in India to visit the commandant, the child's grandfather (C. Aubrey Smith). McLaglen, a tough army sergeant, is assigned to be Shirley's guardian and tutor.

It is in the companionship of these two characters that the picture achieves much of its distinction. Shirley seems more grown up, more conscious of her work, and much more capable as an actress. McLaglen responds to Director John Ford as he did to win the Academy award, and the results are powerfully convincing.

Shirley's kindness to captive natives, her campaign to win the affections of her grandfather, and her gradual climb into the affections of the troopers—these are all highspots of the film. C. Aubrey Smith gives an excellent characterization.

Members of the supporting cast, which includes Michael Whalen, Cesar Romero, Constance Collier and many others, and the technical crew add measurably to the success of the film.

LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA
Warner Brothers



The master speaks, and you are compelled to listen; the master acts, and his every move rings true; this, then, is indeed Paul Muni's masterpiece.

Given to anyone else, the role of Emile Zola, great French writer, might have proven a monstrosity as well as a verbosity, for words flow faster than action in this film.

It is the magnificent acting of Muni, whose make-up is that of another Pasteur, which makes this picture such a striking success.

But besides Muni, these players deserve great praise: Gale Sondergaard as Lucie Dreyfus; Joseph Schildkraut as Capt. Dreyfus; Gloria Holden as Zola's calm wife; Donald Crisp, his faithful lawyer; Erin O'Brien-Moore as Nana, the shady lady; John Litel, the publisher; Henry O'Neill as Colonel Picquart, and Morris Carnovsky, Louis Calhern, Ralph Morgan, Robert Barrat, Paul Cezanne and others.

You will be astonished over the way that the real Muni loses his own identity and becomes the living image of the great Zola.

His transition from vibrant, hopeful youth to contented, stooped old age is a remarkable tribute both to his fine make-up and his splendid characterization.

SARATOGA
M-G-M

Despite the fact the gorgeous Jean Harlow was taken by death before she could complete this picture, there is a rather consistent opinion among preview critics that Jean's farewell role was her best to date.

Whatever reason you might have had before to see *Saratoga,* fate has made this picture a final good-by to filmland's modern It girl, and if you go to see it for that reason alone, you will be glad you did.

Saratoga was given a test preview in Pomona, a little college town some forty miles from Hollywood. What M-G-M officials wanted to know was whether people would walk out when Jean's image reached the screen. If they did, this picture was to be discarded at once. The audience stayed and seemed pleased that it could have a farewell look at the actress, and so the whole nation will be given an opportunity to see it.

The story itself is centered at a race track where Jean and Clark Gable fight it out at the betting windows. It is a love story of an unusual nature, incomplete in some respects because Jean is seen almost entirely in the first five reels. After that little Mary Dees replaces her, but you never see the substitute's face. The final fadeout scene, taken before Jean's death, makes the picture seem more complete than it is.

Your critic himself was very glad to see Jean's last picture, and only wished that she might have had some super-production before her death to prove she was a finer actress than most people thought.

A DAY AT THE RACES
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This latest laugh riot of the Brothers Marx is a sure winner in any field. Aside from the riotous escapades of Groucho, Chico and Harpo, the film offers two musical sequences—a ballet performance and a Harlem hoe-down—which are tops in beauty and rhythm. Chico and Harpo abandon their devastating antics momentarily to demonstrate their skill and finessse at the piano and harp but the pause is only a temporary respite from the picture's whirl of merriment. As in all Marx Bros. films, the plot is as confusing as an income tax report, but don't let that minor detail keep you from seeing this hilarious classic. An excellent supporting cast, with Maureen O'Sullivan, Allan Jones, Margaret Dumont, Esther Muir, Douglas Dumbrille and Sig Rumann join in the mad comedy.

THE ROAD BACK
Universal

A great deal of time, money and talent has been spent by Universal in producing Erich Remarque's sequel to the famous and highly successful *All Quiet on the Western Front.* Whether or not this picture is a worthy companion to its predecessor is, after all, a matter of strict individual opinion.

[*Continued on page* 17]

Prelude to Allure

THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

DON'T RISK LOSING LOVE! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! The deep-cleansing lather of this lovely perfumed soap removes body odor so completely—and its lingering fragrance keeps you so alluring.

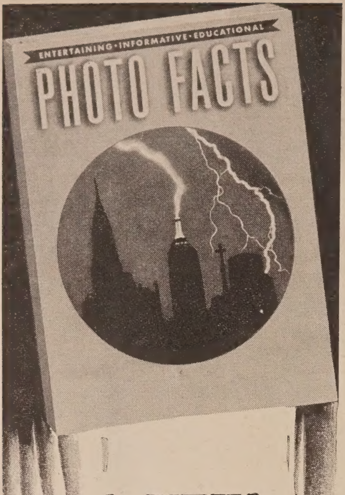
LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT when a girl guards her daintiness with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet baths. To prove it, we'll send you, free, two 10¢ cakes of Cashmere Bouquet! Just write Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 72 Green St., Jersey City, N. J.

NOW ONLY 10¢

MARVELOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION TOO! This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth and radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



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(How many can you name correctly?)

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(Who blew it? When?)

HAVE YOU HEARD

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PHOTO FACTS

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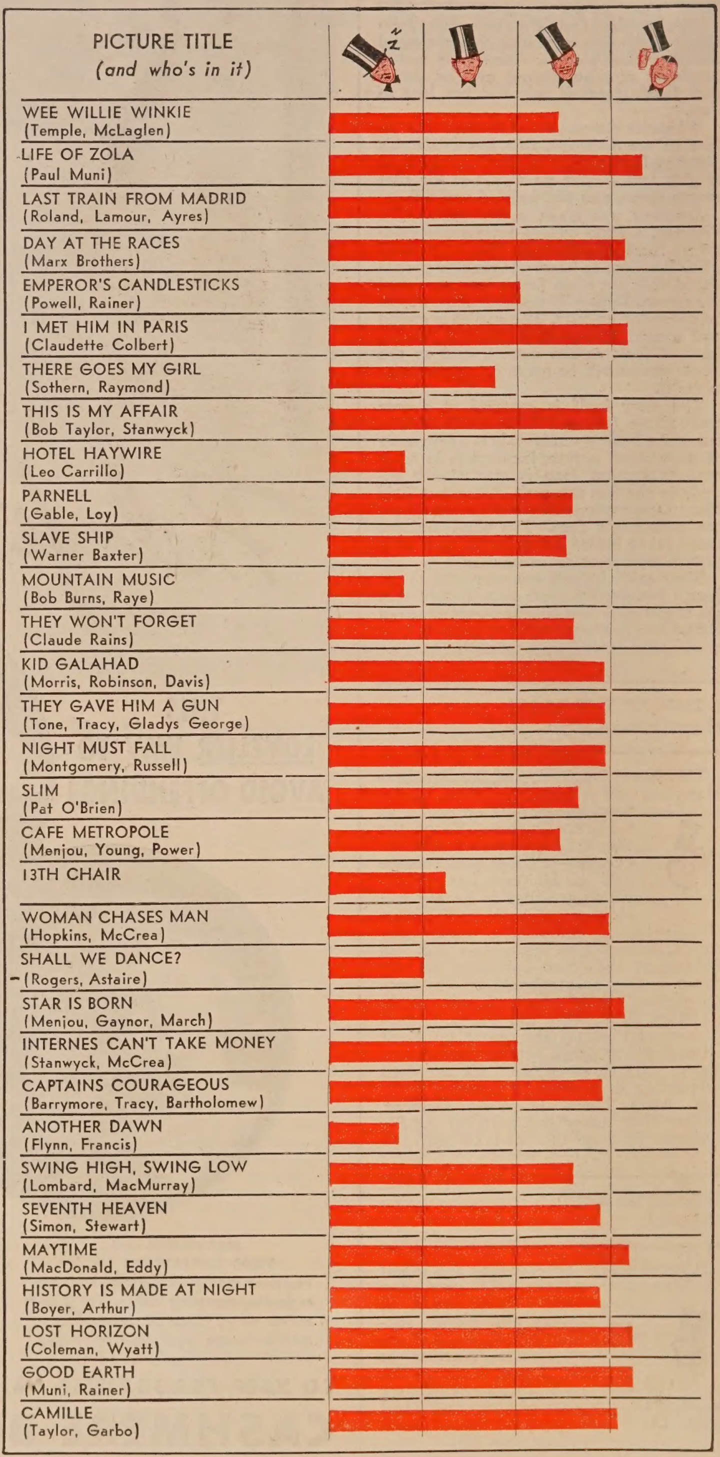
The Topper's Review Chart

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)



Our Critic Goes to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 15]

It preaches a great social message, depicting the demoralization and disorganization that follows in the footsteps of war. If this theme reaches your heart and makes you understand the motives behind the story, then *The Road Back* will strike you as a great picture.

Director James Whale has woven comedy bordering on slapstick into the picture, with Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda selected as the chief offenders. Greatest personality of the picture is the generous, protective young trooper of ample figure and gravel voice—Andy Devine. John King, Richard Cromwell, Noah Beery, Jr., Maurice Murphy, Henry Hunter, Larry Blake—these people all contribute substantially to the picture. Gene Garrick, a newcomer to the screen, handles the role of a shocked, demented and bewildered soldier with just the right touch. John Emery as the strict commander, and Barbara Read as the girl who incites the lust to kill, are excellent. Other members of the cast—and there are many of them, do their roles commendably.

EASY LIVING

Paramount

Here comes another light comedy, one that with the exception of only a few dull moments will make you laugh almost hysterically. Jean Arthur does a magnificent comedy job, but at no time is any better than Edward Arnold, her co-star.

Story depicts how a scandal story gets out about these two, with Jean a penniless stenographer and Arnold the Bull of Wall Street. No matter how wrong the gossip is, the whole town believes the yarn. How they disprove it, with the banker's son, Ray Milland, complicating the situation, makes very funny telling. Louis Alberni and Franklin Pangborn have good supporting roles. Go and see it.

SINGING MARINE

Warner Brothers

This is a yarn that has Dick Powell as the marine who can outcroon all his buddies. So they send him to New York to compete in an amateur contest. Hugh Herbert, an agent, signs him to a contract and Dick forgets to report back from furlough. Result is a conflict between the marine corps and his public, with Dick's buddies all getting the wrong opinion of him.

Doris Weston provides the love interest okay enough. Herbert does a little too much squalling for this critic. Allen Jenkins, Lee Dixon, and others are good in supporting roles. Offhand we feel there is just too darned much singing in this film and too little else.

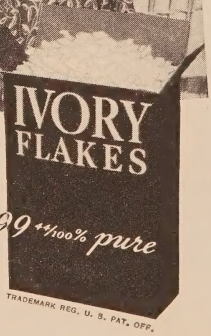
CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by Deanna Durbin
New Universal Pictures' Star

THEY'RE IVORY-WASHABLE

Back to school, looking pretty as a picture in Deanna Durbin Fashions! And they're sensible, too! Every print, every gay trimming has been Ivory-Flakes tested for washability. Follow the washing instructions tagged to every Cinderella Frock to be sure colors stay bright as new through a whole school year.

Psychologists say: "Teen-age girls should look their best. It creates a sense of well-being . . . makes studies easier." Give your daughter lots of these delightful Cinderella Frocks. Keep them sparkling with frequent Ivory Flakes tubbings.

Ivory Flakes keep fabrics new . . . colors bright . . . because they're pure



From Rudyard Kipling's heroic pen!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

starring

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

and

VICTOR McLAGLEN

with C. AUBREY SMITH · JUNE LANG
MICHAEL WHALEN · CESAR ROMERO
CONSTANCE COLLIER · DOUGLAS SCOTT

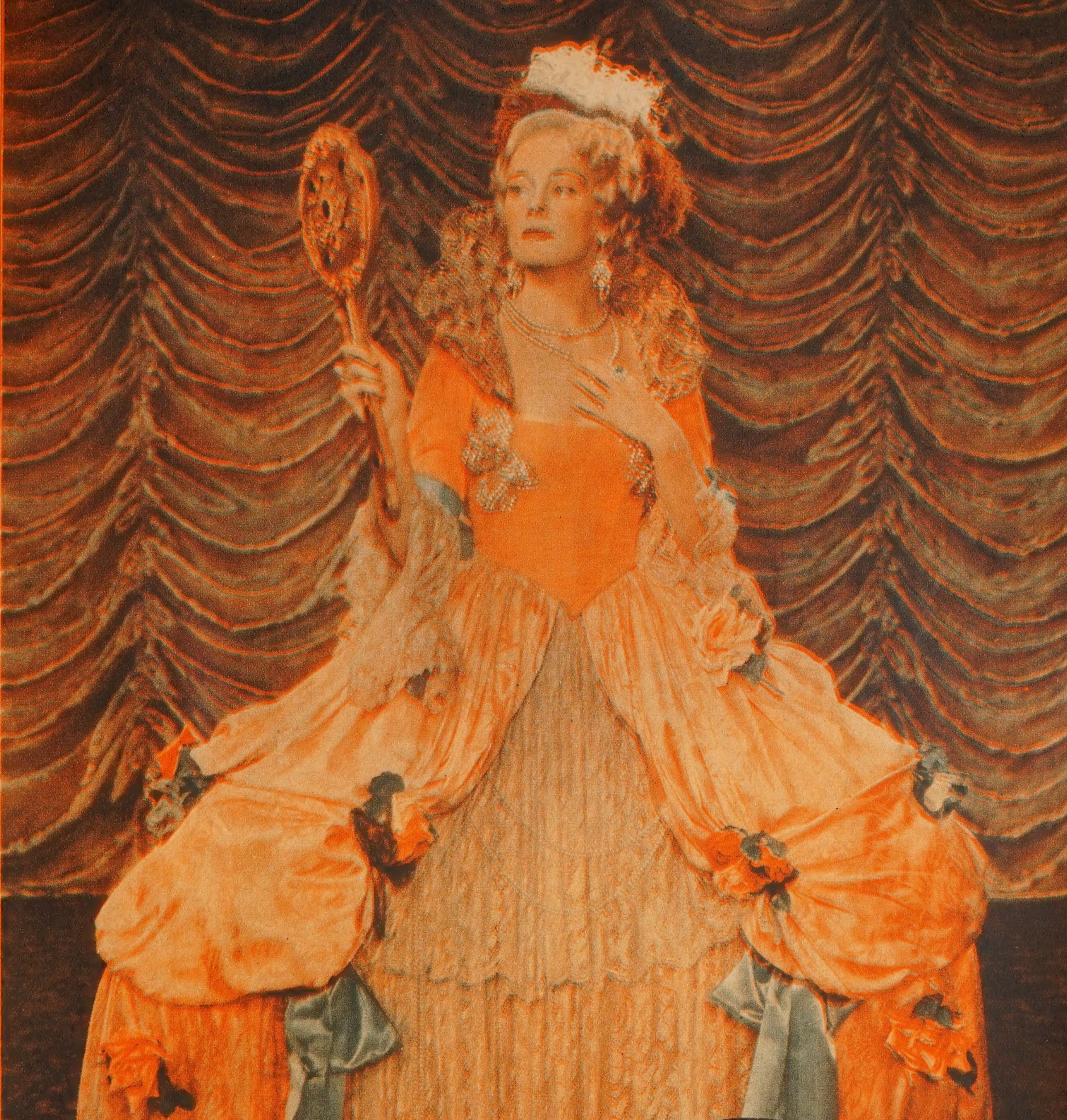
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

The glorious adventure of the Scottish Highlanders in the Bengal land of the Lancers, and of the little girl who won the right to wear their plaid!

When the rifles crack and the tribesmen raid ...when the bagpipes skirl and the regiment charges...you'll know you're seeing one of the greatest pictures ever made — with a Shirley Temple whose power to stir your emotions will be the wonder of your life!

Hollywood paid $2.20 to see it—and hailed it as one of the biggest hits ever to come from the 20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!

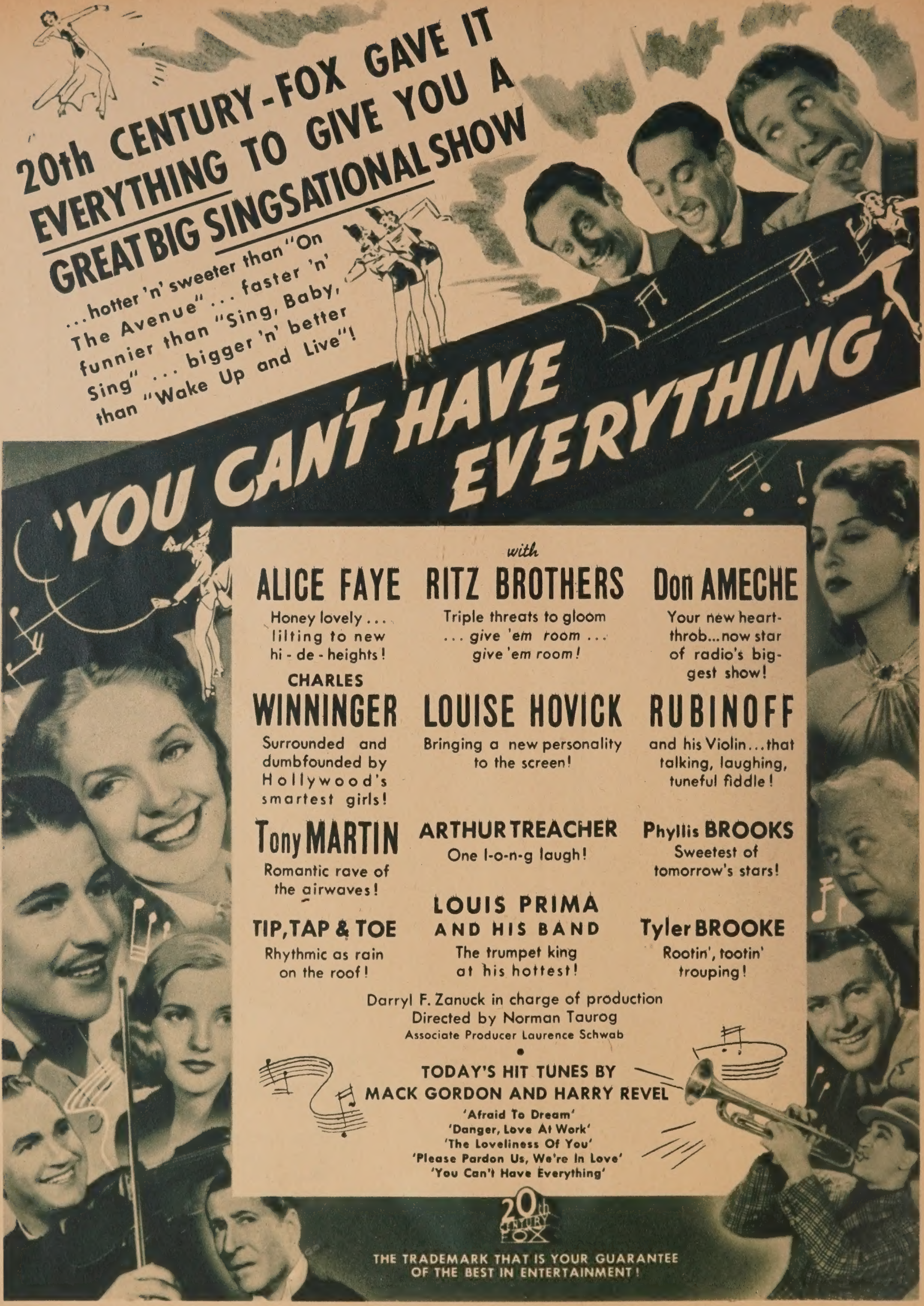
20th CENTURY FOX



FRANCES FARMER

This new star is leading a busy life at Paramount. She's just finished "Exclusive," and now is working in "Ebbtide"

SCREEN BOOK DUFAYCOLOR
BY ERNEST BACHRACH



20th CENTURY-FOX GAVE IT EVERYTHING TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG SINGSATIONAL SHOW

...hotter 'n' sweeter than "On The Avenue" ... faster 'n' funnier than "Sing, Baby, Sing" ... bigger 'n' better than "Wake Up and Live"!

'YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING'

with

ALICE FAYE
Honey lovely ... lilting to new hi-de-heights!

RITZ BROTHERS
Triple threats to gloom ... *give 'em room ... give 'em room!*

Don AMECHE
Your new heart-throb...now star of radio's biggest show!

CHARLES WINNINGER
Surrounded and dumbfounded by Hollywood's smartest girls!

LOUISE HOVICK
Bringing a new personality to the screen!

RUBINOFF
and his Violin...that talking, laughing, tuneful fiddle!

Tony MARTIN
Romantic rave of the airwaves!

ARTHUR TREACHER
One l-o-n-g laugh!

Phyllis BROOKS
Sweetest of tomorrow's stars!

TIP, TAP & TOE
Rhythmic as rain on the roof!

LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
The trumpet king at his hottest!

Tyler BROOKE
Rootin', tootin' trouping!

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production
Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producer Laurence Schwab

•

TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL

'Afraid To Dream'
'Danger, Love At Work'
'The Loveliness Of You'
'Please Pardon Us, We're In Love'
'You Can't Have Everything'

20th CENTURY FOX

THE TRADEMARK THAT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!

KENNY BAKER
JANE WYMAN

appear as stars at the microphone in Mervyn LeRoy's new production, "Mr. Dodds Takes the Air"

SCREEN BOOK DUFAYCOLOR
BY MARIGOLD

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THE CANDID SIDE OF TOWN

PHOTOS BY CHARLES RHODES

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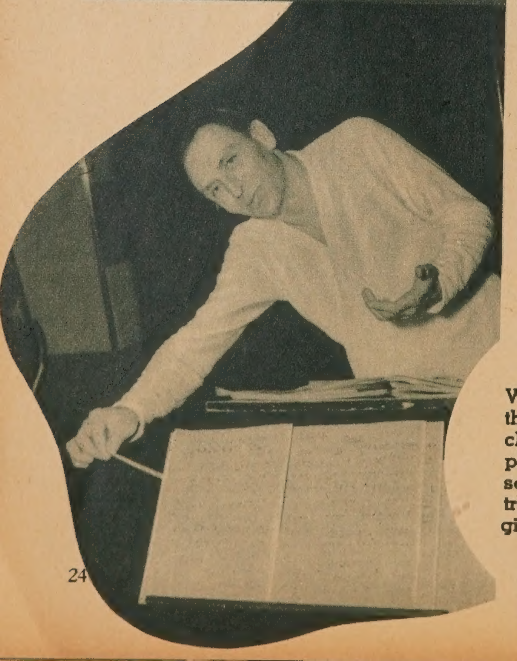
- 1. Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power nip peanuts at the Trocadero.
- 2. A match flickers, the camera snaps. Loretta Young, David Niven.
- 3. Jimmie Stewart's all well again. Ann Harding stands beside him.
- 4. At the polo benefit: Florence Lake, Jack Oakie, Ginger Rogers.
- 5. Trocadero scene: Myrna Loy and husband Arthur Hornblow.
- 6. Same scene, with George Brent and bride going home—pals.
- 7. Sunset Plaza pool: Rita Hayworth, Maurice Murphy, Jacqueline Wells.
- 8. Hot dogs for the bride and groom: Buddy Westmore, Martha Raye.

CLANG, CLANG, CLANG!

Why, Charlie McCarthy, how shocking! So this is what happens during that Sunday afternoon coffee hour? Dorothy Lamour snuggles, Edgar Bergen grins

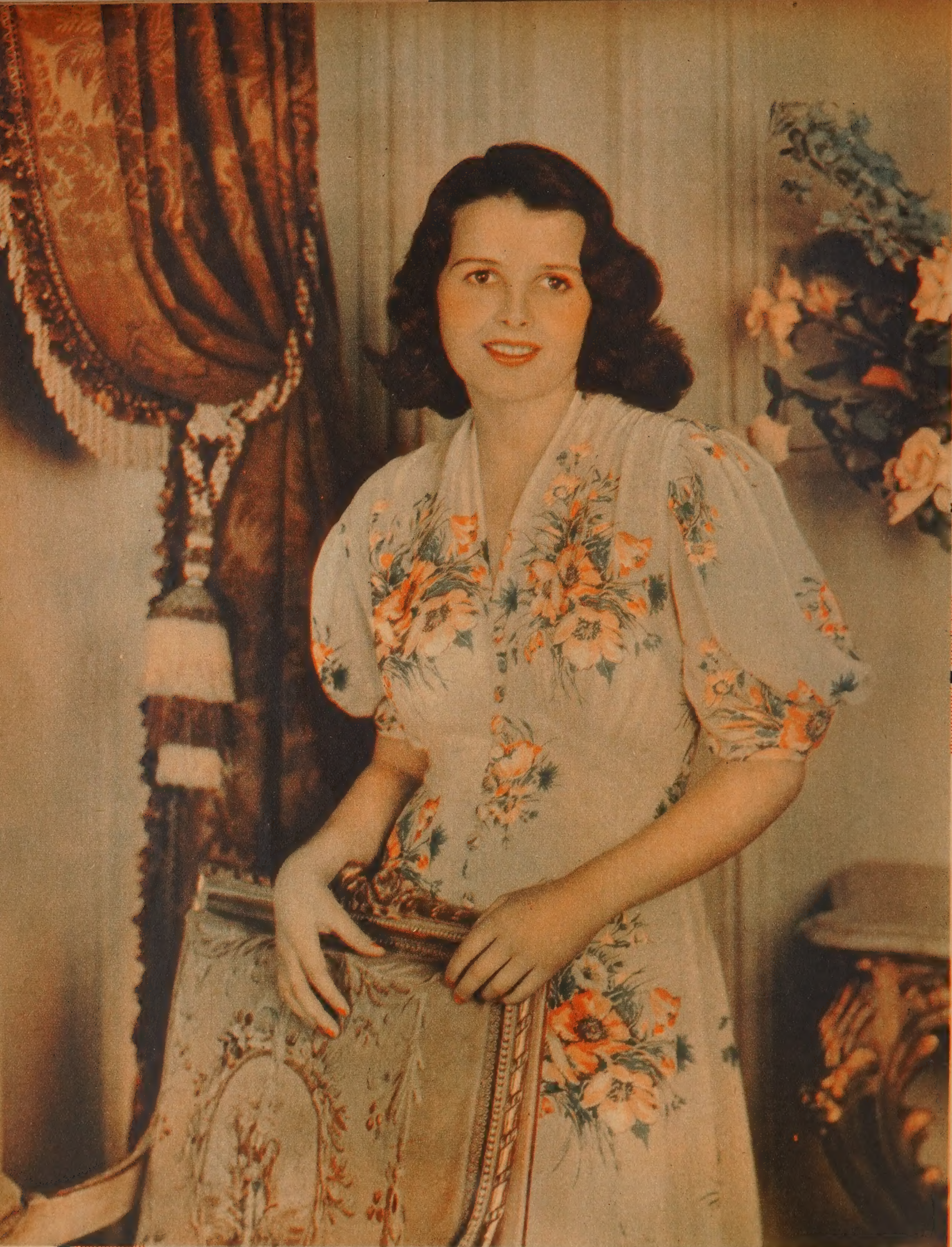


While Bill Fields, at the right, clang, clang clangs all over the place, Werner Janssen leads the orchestra. He soon will be given a new program

Fields' "diminutive chum" is about to get the axe. Bergen, the ventriloquist, handles the sound effects

Don Ameche poses beside wood-faced Charlie McCarthy as Miss Lamour serenades you

After the show is over! McCarthy's cigaret is not lighted. His wood nose might burn



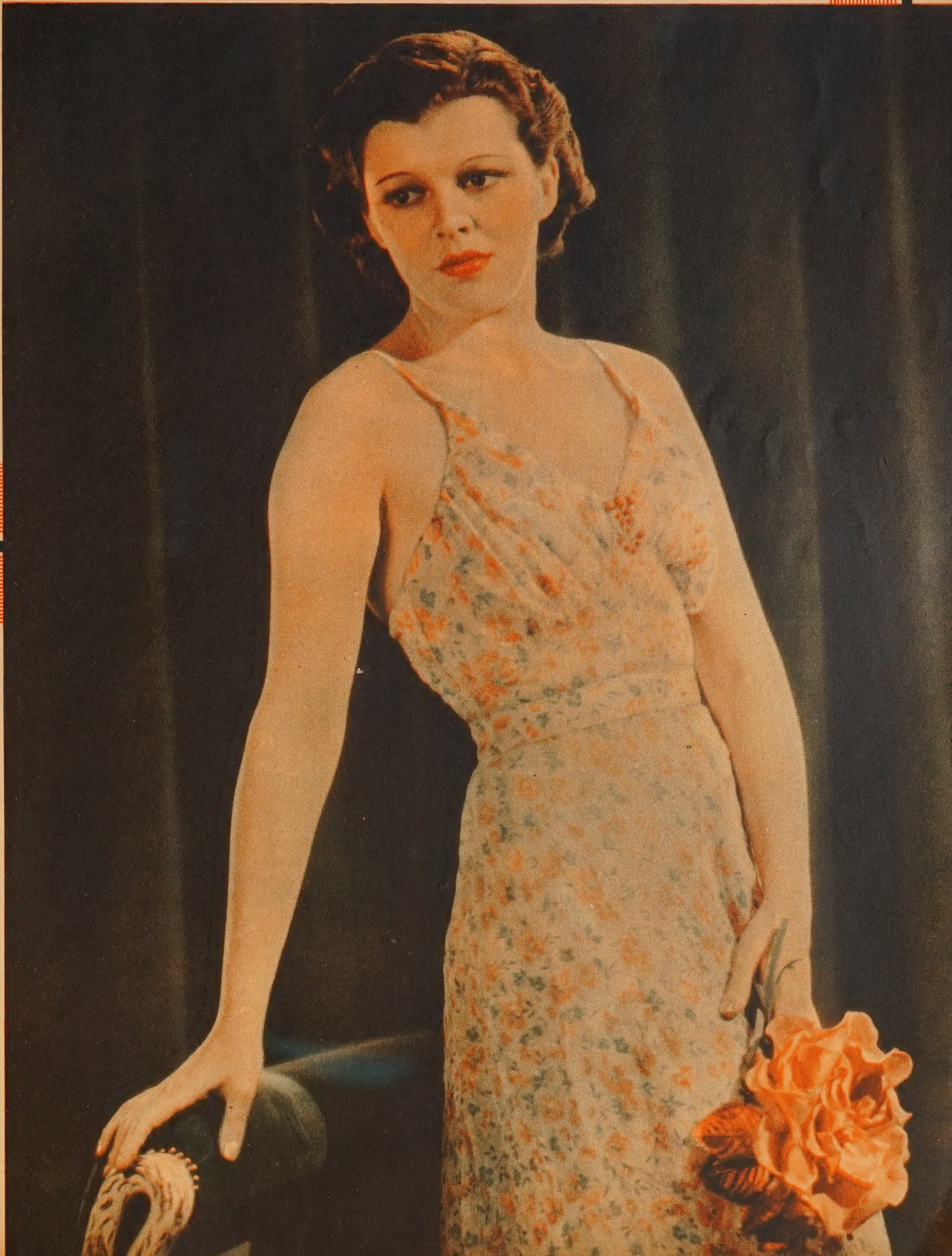
SCREEN BOOK
DUFAYCOLOR
BY
M. MARIGOLD

She is one of the most promising of Warner Brothers younger players. She's from Australia

MARY MAGUIRE

MARLA SHELTON will be seen next in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938," and other films soon to be produced

SCREEN BOOK
DUFAYCOLOR
BY
DONALD KEYES



Fred doesn't really dance while slumbering—but his mind does. Above, he's shown with his wife, who is always ready to help him solve problems

HE DANCES IN HIS SLEEP

By HALE HORTON

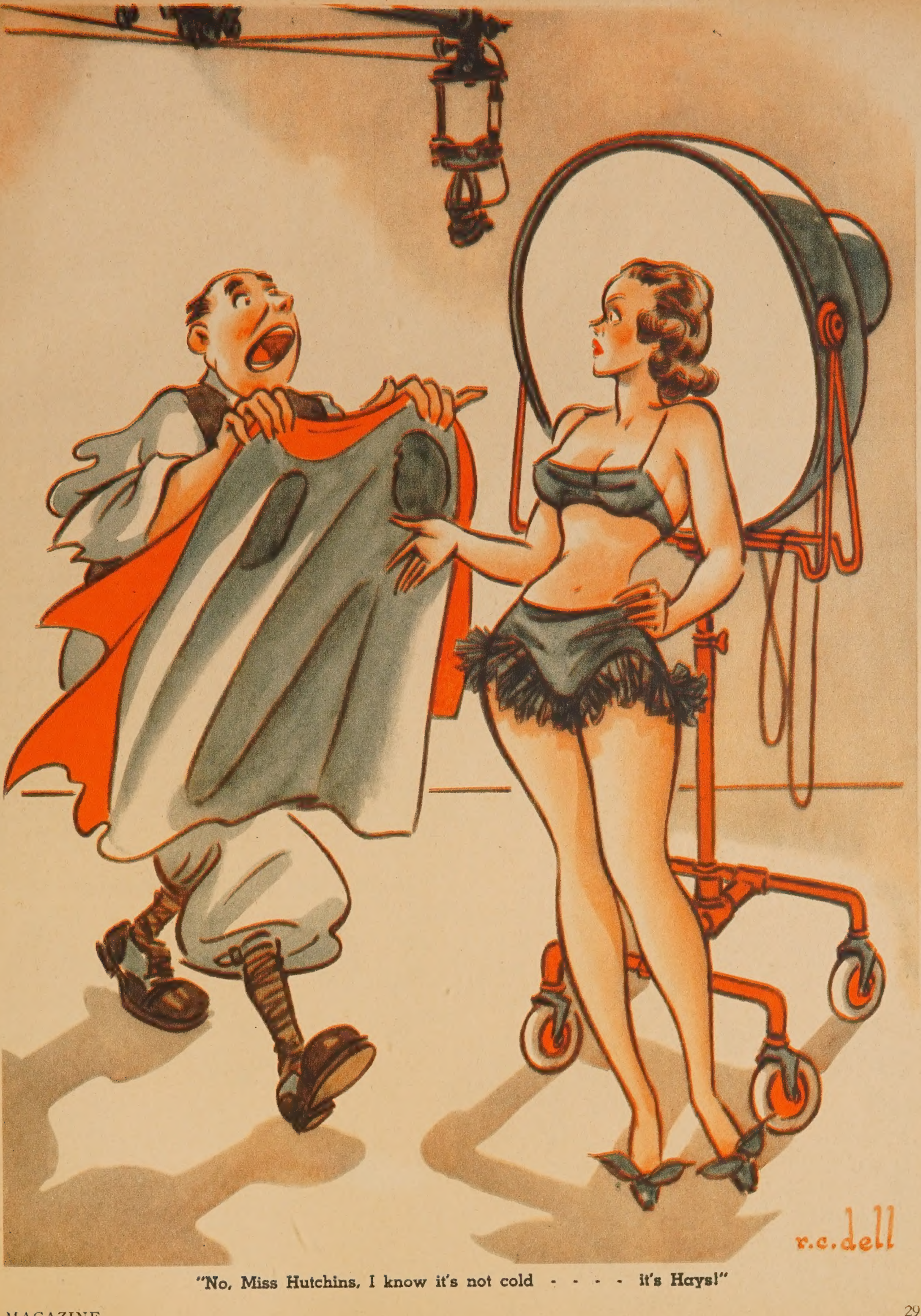
Seldom do you see a good interview with Fred Astaire—but this one is a honey. You'll find out a lot of things you never knew before!

"YOU know," said Fred Astaire, as he flashed his bashful, rather apologetic smile at a friend, "I'd make a corking good loafer!"

At which announcement more than one pair of weary eyes shaded with doubt. For it was an exhausted crowd of actors, actresses and technicians that sagged around The National Broadcasting Company's Hollywood studios during the rehearsal of this Fred Astaire radio production.

For several hours Astaire himself had been rehearsing in one particular segmant of the script. The majority had thought it perfect. But not Astaire. He had sincerely felt there was room for improvement, and consistent to his exciting philosophy of work, he sought that improvement. So they had gone over it again—and yet again! When he finally had admitted to satisfaction, the crowd was all but exhautsed. It was at this point that he startled them by announcing his potentialities as a first class loafer.

And this, mind you, from a man who was notorious as the hardest working star in Hollywood. From a man who once told me: "I never feel quite satisfied with my work. As a result I'm continually rehearsing. Even in my sleep. I simply can't relax. Frankly I exist in a rather jittery state of appre- [*Continued on page* 88]



"No, Miss Hutchins, I know it's not cold - - - - it's Hays!"

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CANDIDLY

Screen Book takes you on a quick photo jaunt to the studios, for exclusive glimpses of coming attractions: (1) George Raft and Gary Cooper in "Souls at Sea"; (2) Allan Jones sings for "The Firefly"; (3) Dave Rubinoff fiddles time away at 20th Century-Fox; (4) Kay Francis and Preston Foster emote in the Warner film, "First Lady"; (5) Gary Cooper and the new Goldwyn discovery, Sigrid Gurie, do a scene for "Adventures of Marco Polo"; (6) the "Yankee Doodle" dancers do their Spanish dance sequence for

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SPEAKING

RKO's "The Life of the Party"; (7) Joan Crawford practices "Who Wants Love?" for a shot in her new film, "The Bride Wore Red"; (8) Frances Farmer emotes during a high spot in "Exclusive"; (9) Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie on Mt. Rainier, filming "Thin Ice"; (10) Dorothy Lamour and C. Aubrey Smith in Goldwyn's "Hurricane"; (11) Mary Carlisle warbles with Bing Crosby in Paramount's "Double or Nothing"; (12) Alice Brady battles with an aria for Mervyn LeRoy's "Mr. Dodds Takes the Air"

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LOOKING DOWN from

Last night they were mere glimmers in the sky—and now? This top star and tap star open their hearts and tell how they retain their balance on the ladder of success

By
ROSALIND
SHAFFER

The photo of Bob, right, is one of his first "stills"

TWO years ago Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell got their first big break, when they made *Broadway Melody* together. Since then, Taylor has rapidly gone forward to the place where he is second only to Gable in box-office appeal, and has received that accolade of stardom, having his clothes pulled off by hysterical women fans when he appeared at the Texas Centennial and in New York. Eleanor Powell has danced her way into an enviable spot, and is now being groomed for roles where her charming personality will be allowed to manifest itself through the medium of acting and singing, as well as dancing.

How has fame and the heights affected these two? Has the wine been too heady for them? How are they balancing themselves on the top rungs?

Everything is under control, and doing nicely, if you should ask me. People that work with them in the present *Melody*, like them. If the grips and prop boys like a performer, they're regular, you may be sure. Popularity begins on a set, just as charity begins at home. I've never known a star to stay a star long, who was disliked by the folks around the lot. The same personality that projects itself through the

Bob and Eleanor reminisce on M-G-M's *Broadway Melody of 1938* set

"HEAVEN"

Eleanor arrives in Hollywood with a smile for the future

camera lens pleasingly, is pleasing to the help. When a player begins high-hatting around the lot, things begin sliding ever so little into the camera eye, and eventually the fans catch it.

So much for our belief that Bob and Eleanor are keeping their heads, and enjoying their success as nice people should. They haven't changed in unpleasant ways since they have hit.

What other changes are there, you wonder? Quite a few, as you might expect. Changes in personal outlook, changes in methods of work, changes physically, changes in ambitions.

Let's start with Bob Taylor. Our memory of him goes back to our first interview on that first *Melody* he did two years ago. He was a bit shy, earnestly anxious to put his shoulder to the wheel to help justify the studio's confidence in him. Today, when we found him on the new *Melody* set, he greeted us cordially, seemed a bit more at ease, and poised, than that first time when interviewers were new to him.

We talked in his dressing room on the set, a flimsy four-sided screen of black muslin with a door in one side, and furnished with a couch, dressing table and armchair. Nothing swanky about that. Right in the middle of our conversation, in comes the irrepressible O'Malley, assistant director. "Bob, one of the new girls on the lot is crazy to meet you. May I bring her in?" says O'Malley, grinning.

It's typical of Bob that he grinned back and said: "Sure." Now here's a guy that could give goose pimples all up and down the spinal columns of a million women, just by looking at them, and he thinks it's cute that some little new stenographer on the lot is crazy to meet him. [*Continued on page* 80]

HOLLYWOOD HOCK SHOP SECRETS!

By CHARLES McNAVIN

True and different! This story of the "other side" of movieland isn't glamorous, but it has more downright truth than anything you have read in a long time!

IT WAS noon at Hollywood and Vine. A few doors down the street, Jack Bennett was standing outside his store. The store his father owns—and all Hollywood supports, directly or indirectly. Hollywood's only pawn shop.

Less than fifty feet away, couples and parties of expensively groomed men and women were entering the Brown Derby for luncheon engagements.

World famous stars alighted from their imported cars; equally famous directors, producers, and writers and the usual assortment of tourists. They laughed and kidded among themselves and talked pictures. They were a happy, gay, carefree crowd—sitting on top of the world, with money in their pockets, good jobs and long-term contracts.

But down the street, where Jack and I stood, right among the smart shops, expensive restaurants and hotels, there is a different story to tell.

Have you ever thought how the other half lives in Hollywood? What they do when they are broke and there isn't a job in sight, and they have no friends from whom they can borrow money?

Well, they do just what people in other cities and towns do—they look for a shop where the three golden balls hang suspended over the door—the sign of a pawnshop—where they can borrow money on anything of value that they possess. In Hollywood, one goes to Bennett's on Vine Street.

Jack can tell you some pathetic stories of life in Hollywood, life when it is not beautiful, when it's not a success story, stories of how the other half lives.

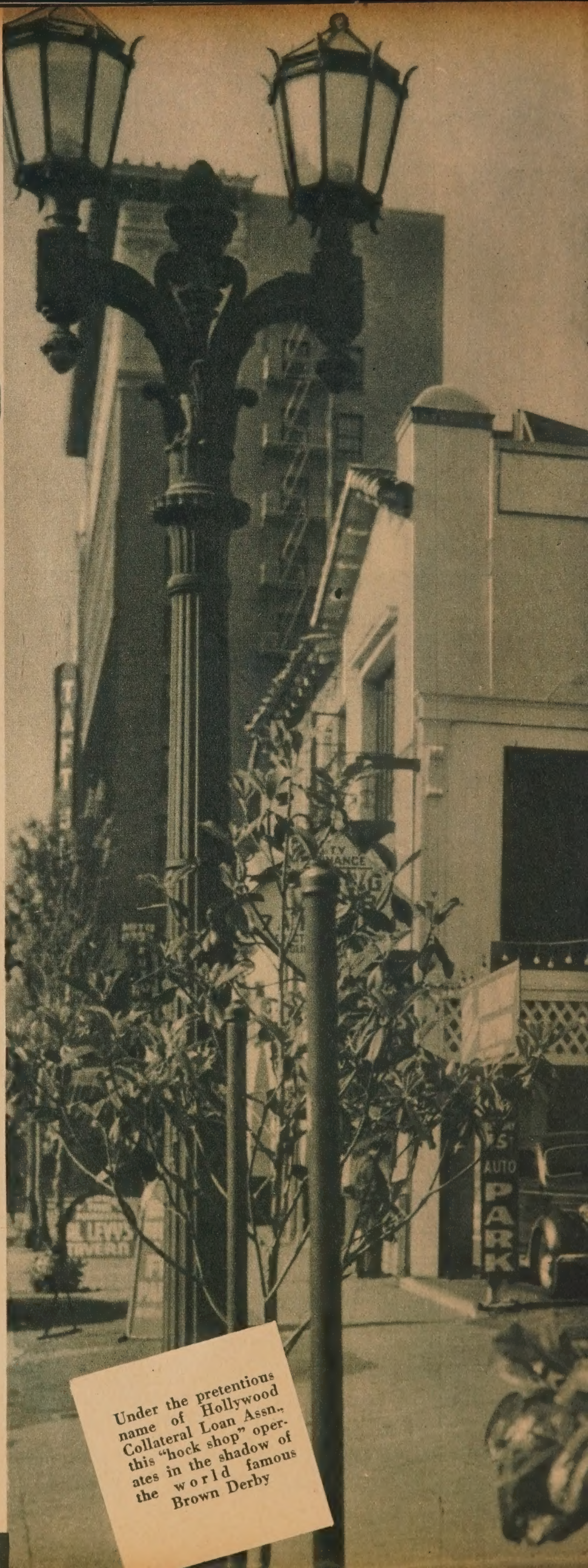
"Strange," I said, "how different the people look and feel that go in there for food and those that come in here for money."

Jack nodded and smiled understandingly.

"Yes," he said, "only a few doors away. They've reached the top and the ones that come in here have hit the bottom. They have wonderful food up there, but I'll bet those stars don't enjoy their meals as much as some actors that come in here to get a few dollars because they are hungry."

At the Brown Derby the food is prepared by the world's finest chefs—artists in their line of work. The people who dine there know and demand the very best in food.

But to the unlucky actors who come into Jack's, a plate of beans at Simon's looks like a seven course dinner. Simon's is one of the cheapest restaurants in Hollywood; where you can get a five or ten cent plate of beans. Bacon, eggs, potatoes, toast and coffee is twenty-five cents. No



Under the pretentious name of Hollywood Collateral Loan Assn., this "hock shop" operates in the shadow of the world famous Brown Derby

BROWN DERBY
MONEY TO LOAN
WE BUY ANYTHING OF VALUE
HOLLYWOOD COLLATERAL LOAN ASSN.
1612 N. VINE ST.
2 HOURS FREE PARKING
AL. LEVY'S TAVERN
OFFICE
MONEY TO LOAN
WE BUY

Jack Bennett, above, has loaned plenty of money to famous people who found themselves pinched for cash

matter what time of the day or night you stop in there you can always find some of the extras of the picture world.

When the belt is pulled up one notch, they think, well, I'll get a job tomorrow. When it is pulled to the second notch they think of Jack's. And when they've pulled it to the third notch they decide something's got to be done about it.

Then they look among their personal belongings and take a suit, wrist watch, tuxedo or what have you to Jack's where they know a fair bargain will be made with the ever understanding Jack.

Through his doors pass the tragedy, pathos, and occasionally even the comedies of Hollywood.

I GUESS you hear some rather sad stories, don't you Jack?"

He nodded his head. "I sure do."

A customer entered the store. Jack followed him and I tagged along.

I gazed with interest at the heterogeneous collection of articles varying in value in the window and showcases.

In one of the showcases rested a set of table silver that had once proudly graced someone's table. On a shelf was a loving cup which had been presented to a man. It bore the engraved picture of a marathon runner. Another one beside it had been won by a couple for dancing the Charleston. Cameras, musical instruments and jewelry of all descriptions filled the cases.

There were six-guns that moving picture cowboys had brought in to pawn or sell. One was silver-mounted and pearl-handled. It must have been with deep regret that its owner had laid it on the counter in exchange for money to pay for lodging or food or both. But even cowboys have to eat.

There were boots that had ridden the real range and the reel range.

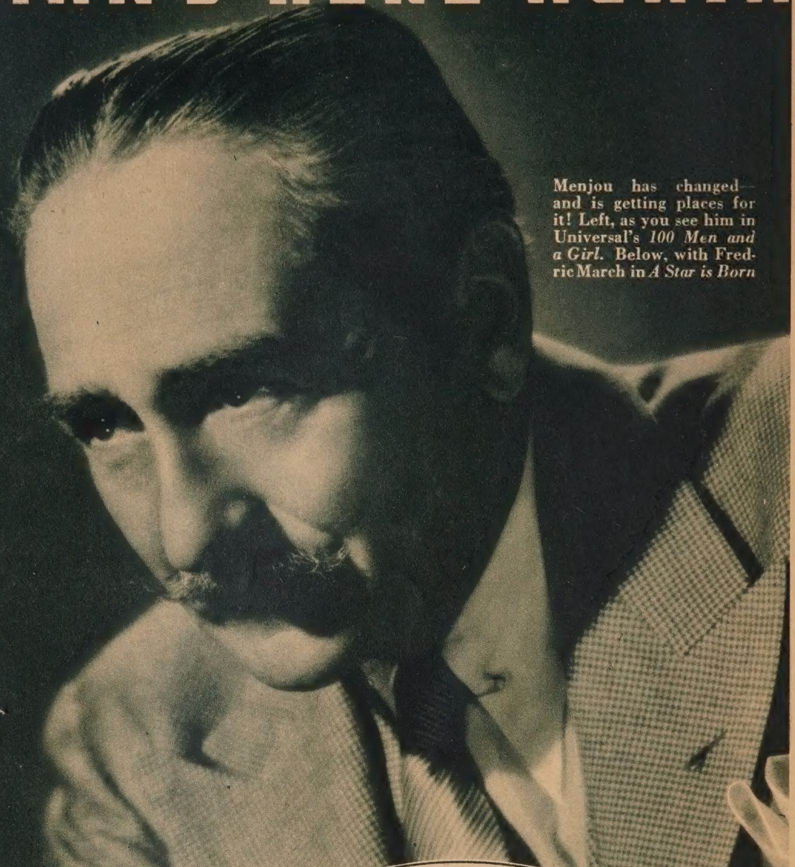
Farther down the case were

[*Continued on page* 81]

THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN

By REGINALD TAVINER

Adolphe Menjou's career has been downward as frequently as it has been skyward—but he always comes back from a slide!



Menjou has changed—and is getting places for it! Left, as you see him in Universal's *100 Men and a Girl.* Below, with Fredric March in *A Star is Born*

IN HOLLYWOOD, good fortune probably has ruined more careers than bad. Many a player who faced adversity without a whimper was all shot to pieces by success.

But there's one guy who's shown that he can take it—the breaks as well as the bumps.

Three times now he's reached the top of the heap, each time to skid for no apparent reason almost into obscurity. Only a little while ago Hollywood again told him he was through, and he was through to the point that after making $7,000 a week nobody would give him even a bit part.

Currently he's at the peak again, with hit performances in both *A Star Is Born, Cafe Metropole,* and *100 Men and a Girl.* But whether he's up or down, it makes no difference to Adolphe Menjou.

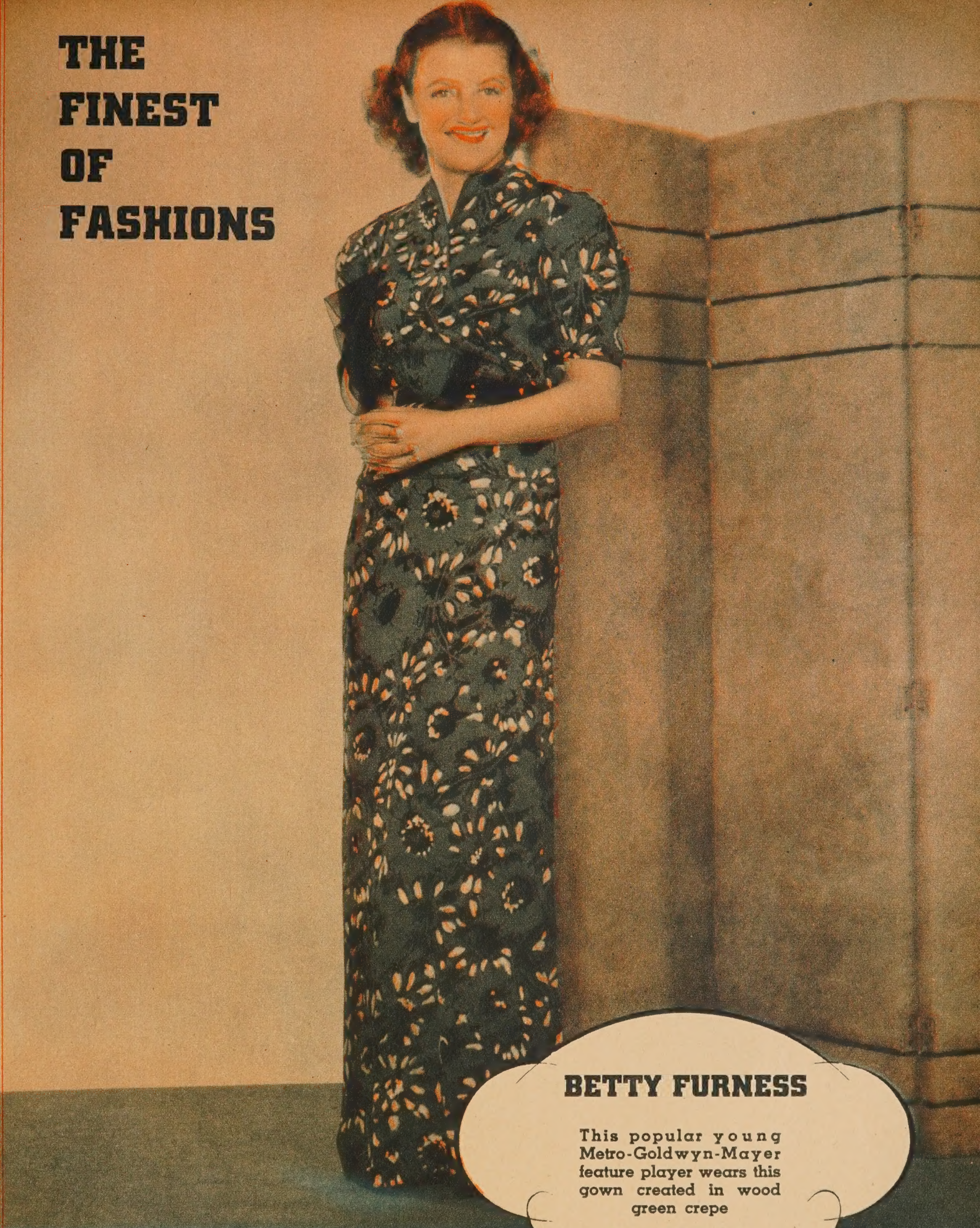
"You're never through in Hollywood," he says, "until you admit you're through in your own mind."

And so Adolphe, whether he's skyrocketing or skidding, goes serenely on. He can take the good with the bad—and that, he insists, is the real test of a trouper.

"It may seem strange to some people," he remarked, "when I say that it's far easier to keep a stiff upper lip when things are going wrong than it is to keep yourself in hand when they're going right. Innumerable people have come to Hollywood, their gaze set on the stellar goal, and stuck out poverty and discouragement with Spartan courage until they got their break. That, in the light of subsequent events, was the worst thing that could have happened to them—for themselves, I mean. The breaks themselves broke them because they lost their mental balance and went Hollywood.

"And," Menjou finished, "once you go Hollywood you really are through in Hollywood. Because you've lost the thing that kept you steady . . . the goal that kept you on the proper course. Your perspective becomes exaggerated, distorted, [*Continued on page 66*]

THE FINEST OF FASHIONS

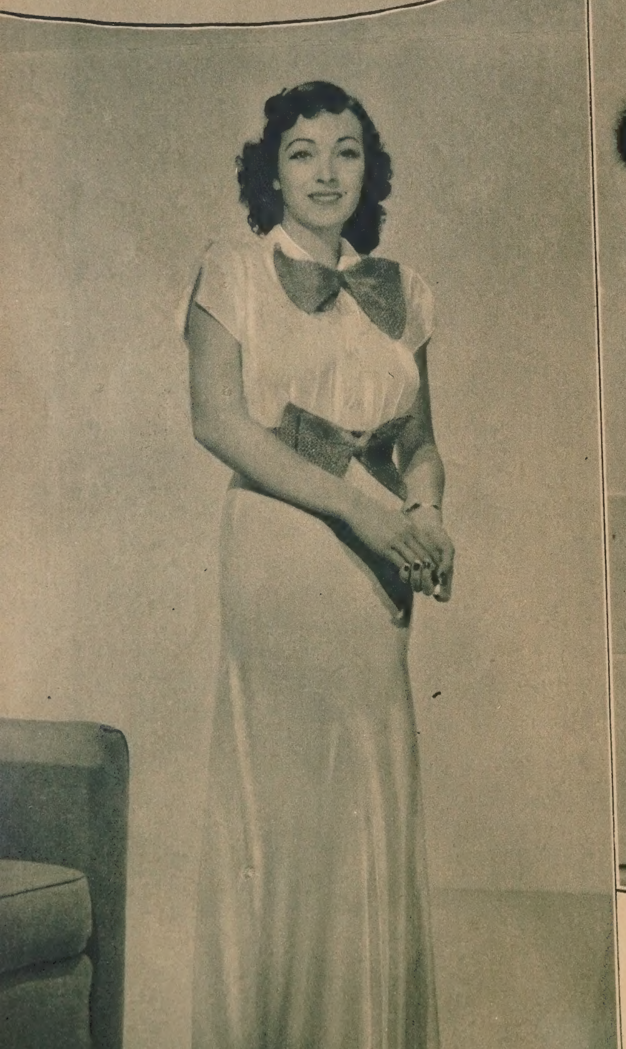


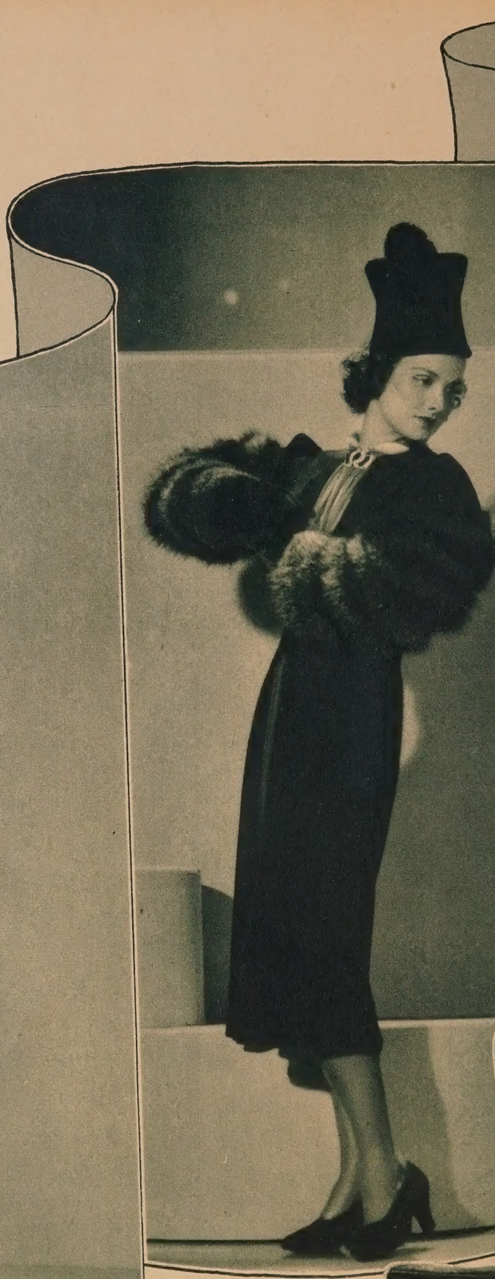
BETTY FURNESS

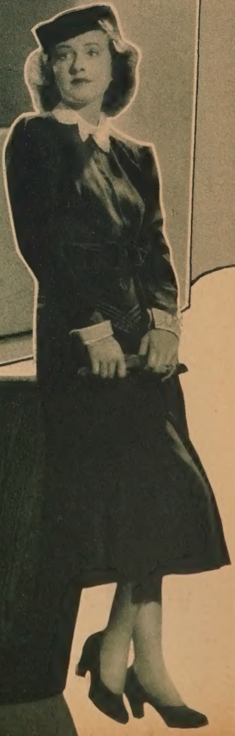
This popular young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feature player wears this gown created in wood green crepe

SCREEN BOOK DUFAYCOLOR
BY CLARENCE BULL

Priscilla Lawson, below — M-G-M featured player is the acme of tailored smartness in this smart shirtmaker style created in white pebble crepe, featuring a wide bow of bright red crushed woven straw at waist and neckline. At right—Libby Harben, appearing in Walter Wanger's *Vogues of* 1938, models the latest vogue for afternoon smartness. Her frock, designed by Omar Kiam, is of black wool and has a shirred front section of crab red. Her gloves have enormous silver fox cuffs reaching almost to the shoulders, and her cossack hat, created by John Frederics is black felt

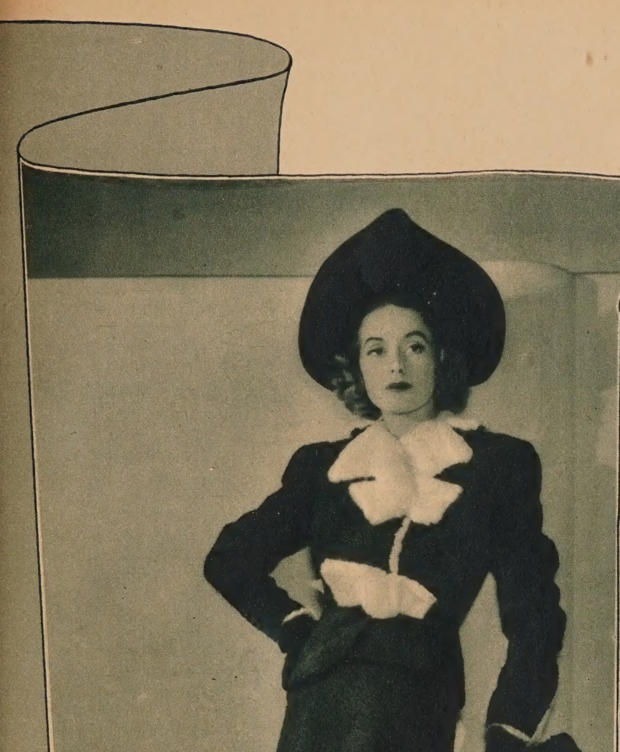


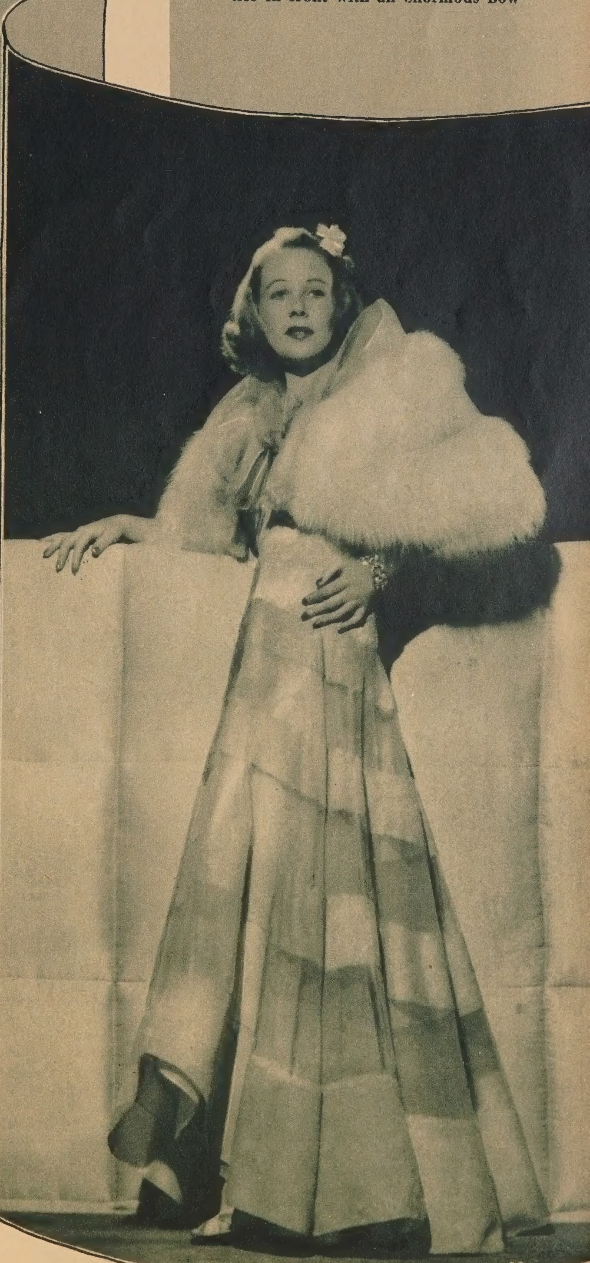


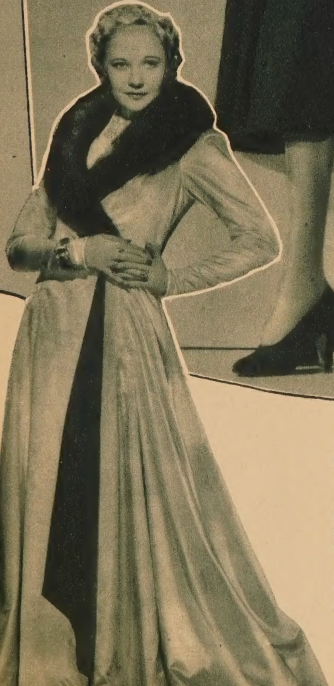


Margaret Lindsay wears the tailored dress, right, of wine-toned sheer wool, with collar and cuffs of eggshell faille — in her latest picture for Warners

Betty Wyman, another of Walter Wanger's models in *Vogues of 1938*, sets the fashions for fall in a town suit of black wool, accented with white ermine.—Another Omar Kiam design. Note the smart mesh sequin bag and sunbonnet hat of black felt with sequin trim. Also designed by Omar Kiam is the attractive dancing frock of chiffon and organza worn by Wendy Barrie, now appearing in Samuel Goldwyn's picturization of the New York stage success, *Dead End*. The white fox and organza cape ties in front with an enormous bow

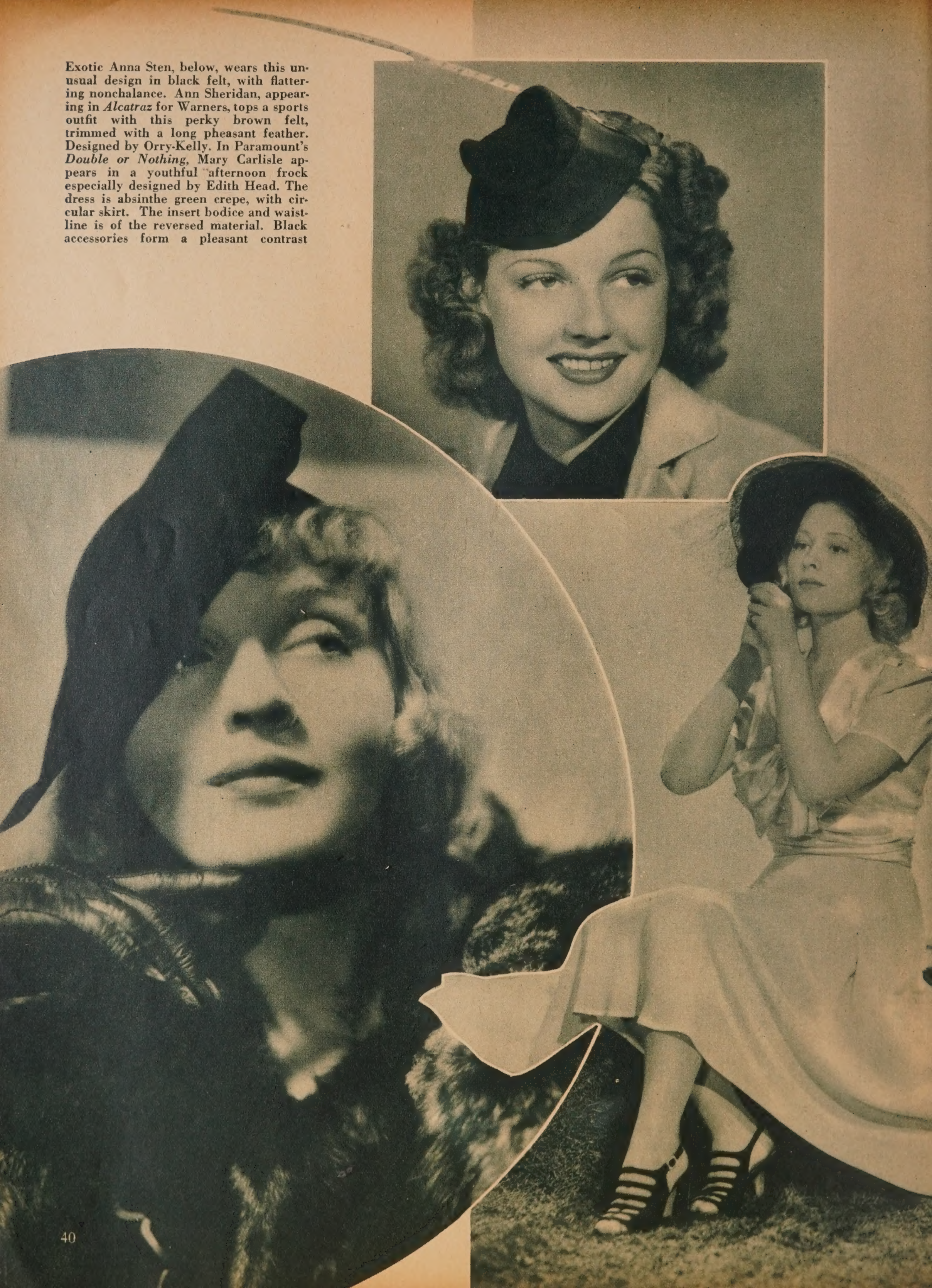


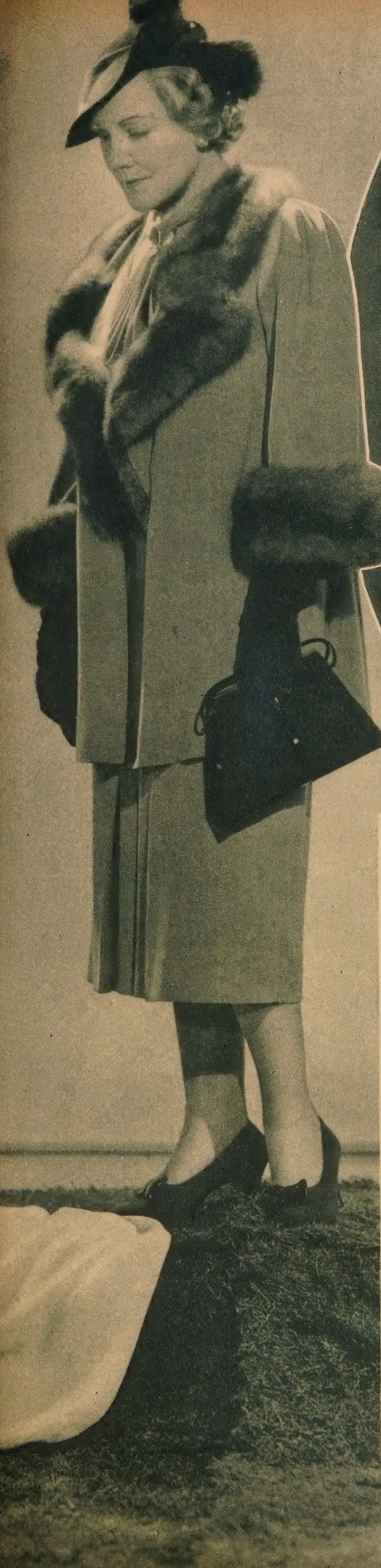


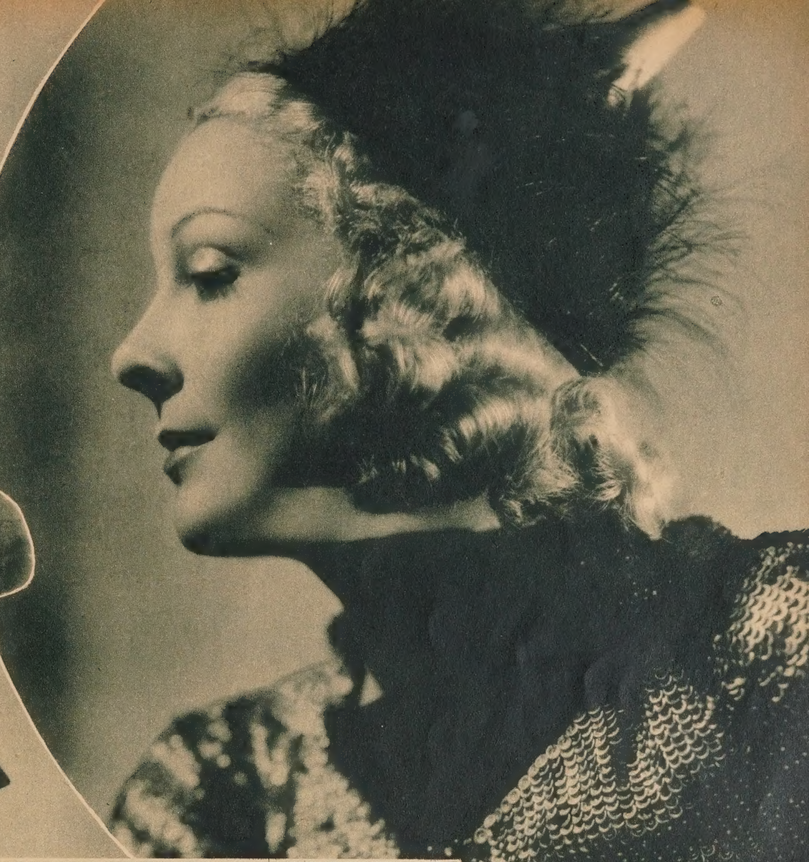


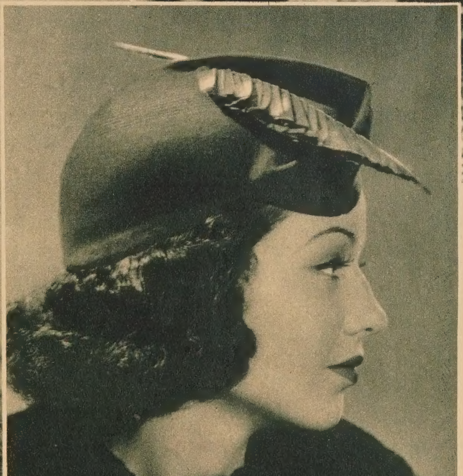
Una Merkel, M-G-M featured player, goes glamorous in a heavy slipper satin evening wrap, lined in rich brown satin which blends with the regal sable collar. Wrap falls in graceful folds around the hemline

Exotic Anna Sten, below, wears this unusual design in black felt, with flattering nonchalance. Ann Sheridan, appearing in *Alcatraz* for Warners, tops a sports outfit with this perky brown felt, trimmed with a long pheasant feather. Designed by Orry-Kelly. In Paramount's *Double or Nothing*, Mary Carlisle appears in a youthful afternoon frock especially designed by Edith Head. The dress is absinthe green crepe, with circular skirt. The insert bodice and waistline is of the reversed material. Black accessories form a pleasant contrast



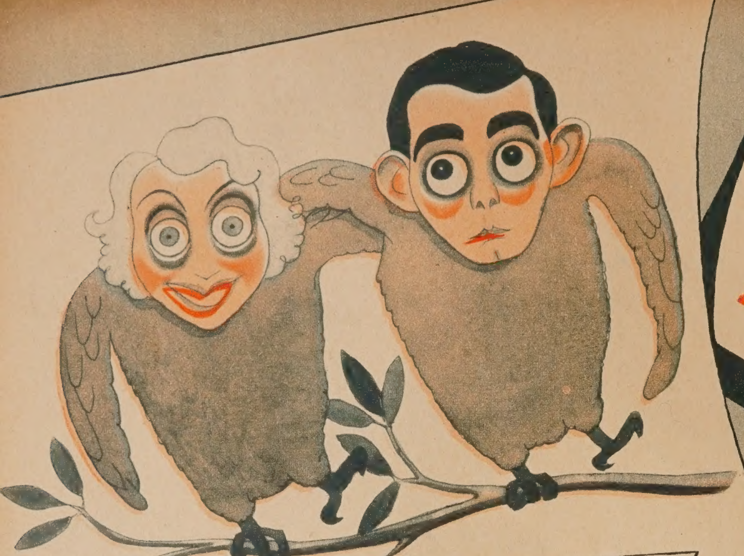






Upper left, Fay Holden, as Miss Carlisle's mother in *Double or Nothing* is correspondingly attractive in a dressmaker suit of artichoke green crepe, worn with a sable-trimmed jacket, a blouse of matching green crepe de chine and accessories of darker green. In Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938,* Helen Vinson, above, models a novel gold skull-cap style, with aigrette trim; while June Travis, left, appearing in *Inside Story,* for Warner Bros., features a sapphire blue felt, an Orry-Kelly creation, with stitching and quill of self color, which accents the forward sweep characterized in fall millinery

WHO'S ZOO IN HOLLYWOOD



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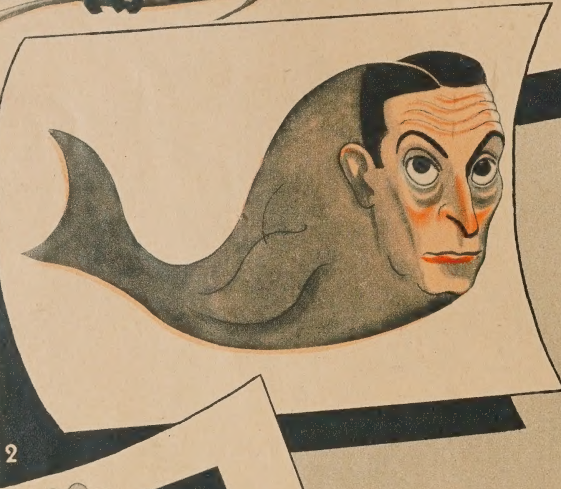

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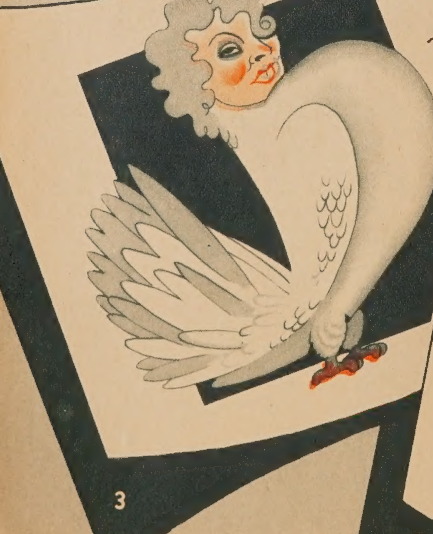
Animated cartoons? Ah, if SCREEN BOOK'S editors could have their say, the biggest stars in filmland would be sketched in a mighty epic. And although we haven't our say in Mickeymouseland, we can do our stuff in print. So here we go, with McGowan Miller at the pen. Follow the circle from the top left:

1. You'll never forget Eddie Cantor singing "Hoos Hoo are You" to Joan Blondell in the new musical, "Owl Say So." Seventy-five sparrows dance in the chorus.

2. Ned Sparks reaches a new high in piscatorial pathos in "Mutiny of the Mournful Mackerel."



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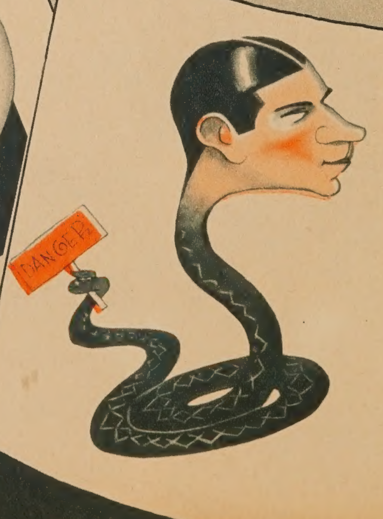

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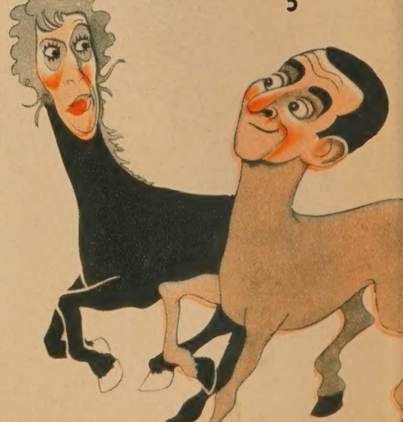

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3. Mae West, in the role of Pamela Pigeon, heads a flighty cast in "The Pouter Puff," an air picture dealing with the amorous antics of a sulky but seductive homing pigeon.

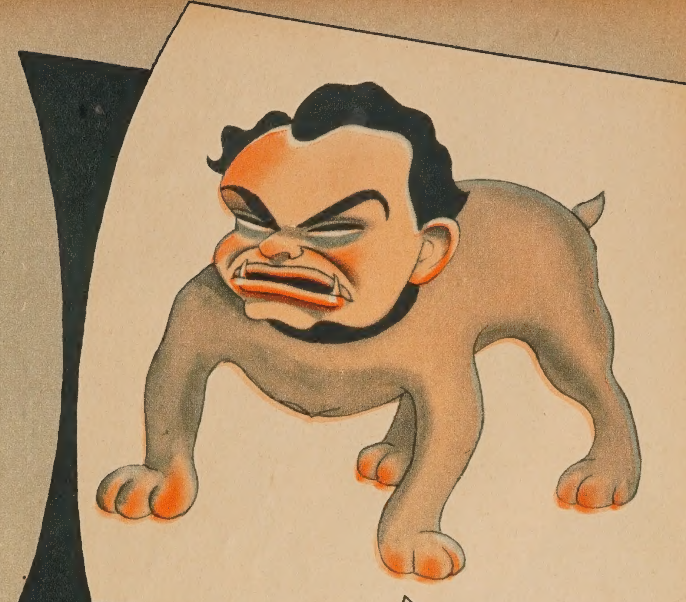
4. George Raft's portrayal of the snake in the grass in "The Windshield Viper" should win him the Academy hisses.

5. Edna Mae Oliver and Edward Everett Horton gallop blithely through "The Sagebrush Sorrell," a mighty horse opera of the golden west. SCREEN BOOK's reviewers say, "Great gags in nag saga."

6. "Fawn me up sometime, deer," is only one of the many sparkling lines that Claudette Colbert tosses at Robert Taylor in that sophisticated comedy, "Dees and Does."

7. This photo of Clark Gable was snapped on the set during the filming of his new jungle picture. The star is shown looking at some rushes of "The Last of Harry Chest."

8. Edward G. Robinson comes through with another shrewd characterization in "Benny the Bulldog," an English mystery based on practically nothing.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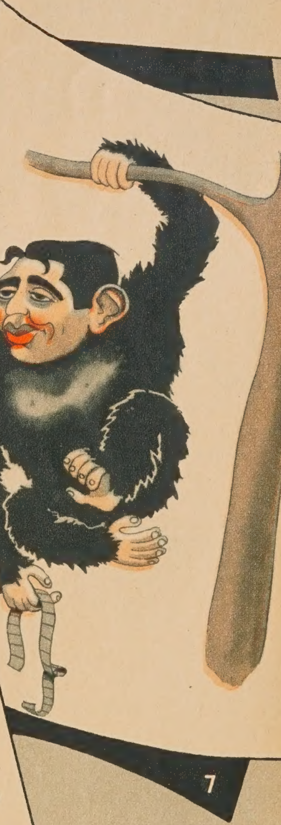
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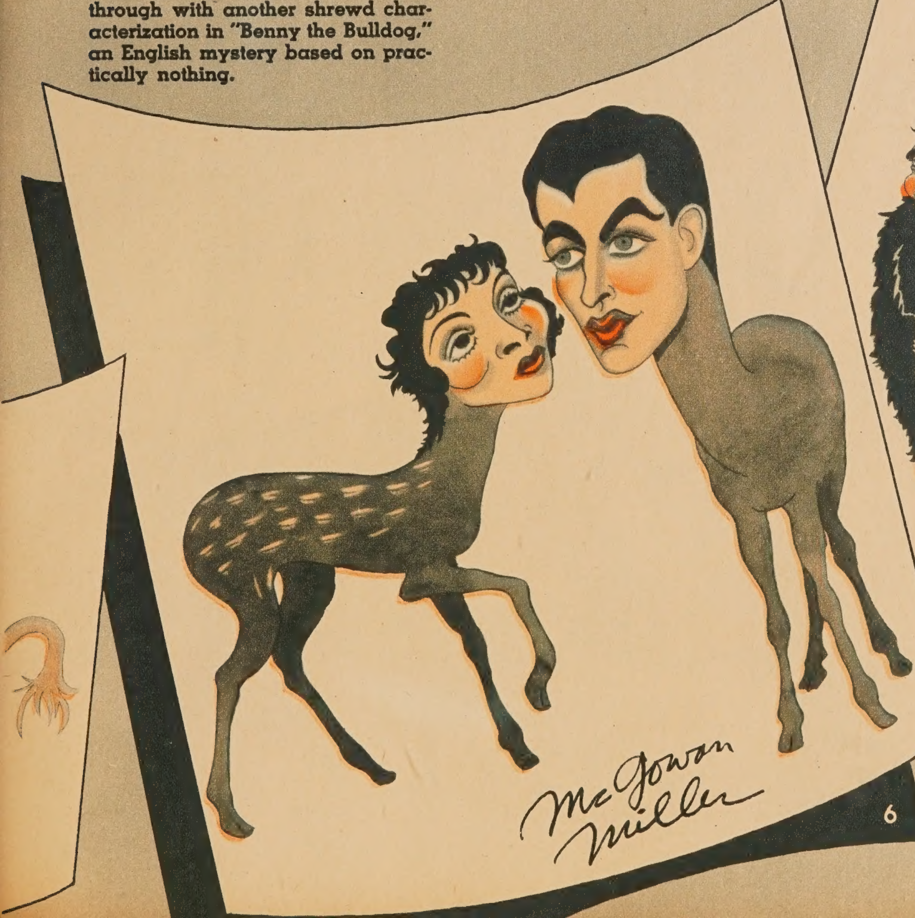

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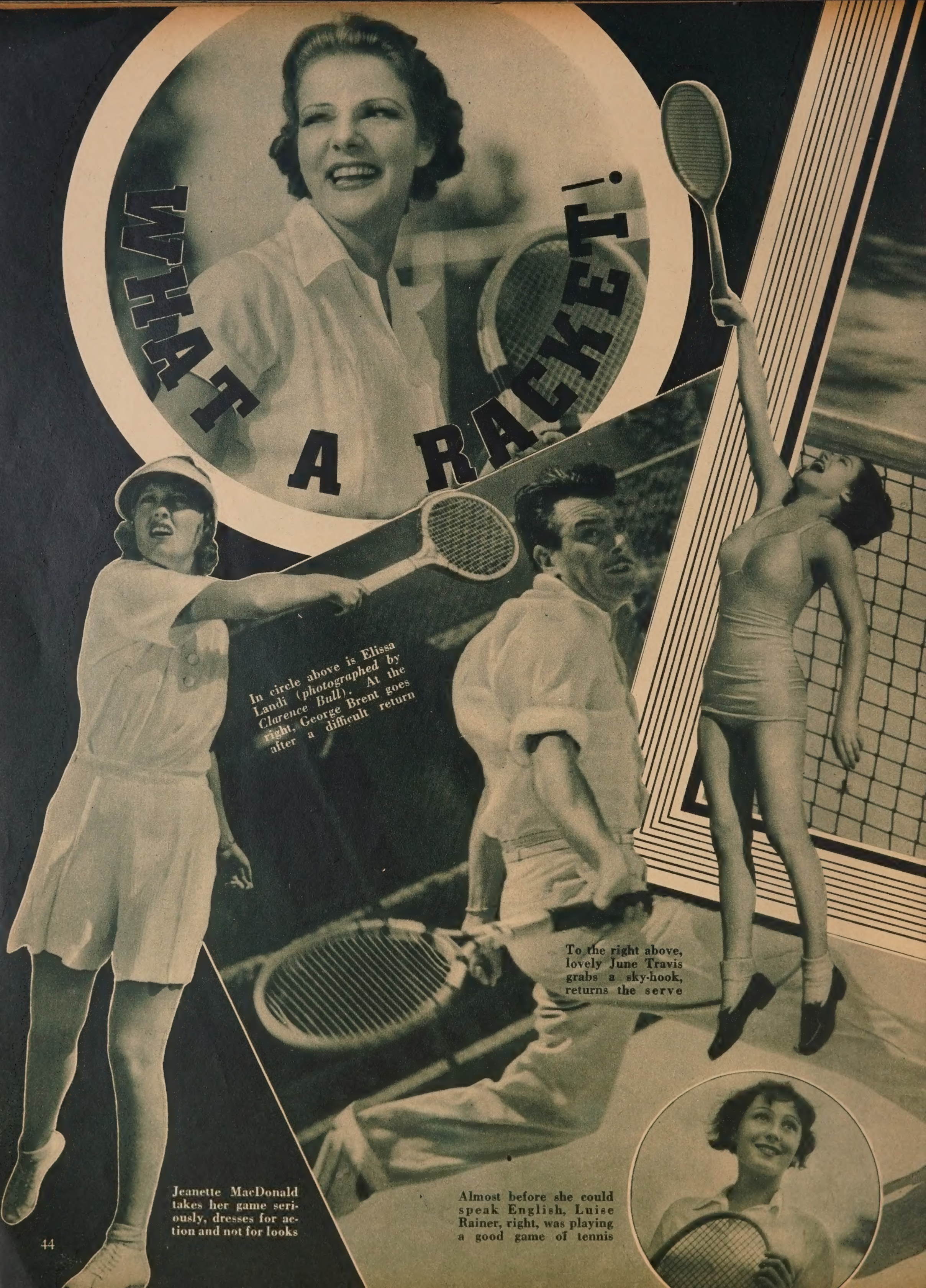
WHAT A RACKET!



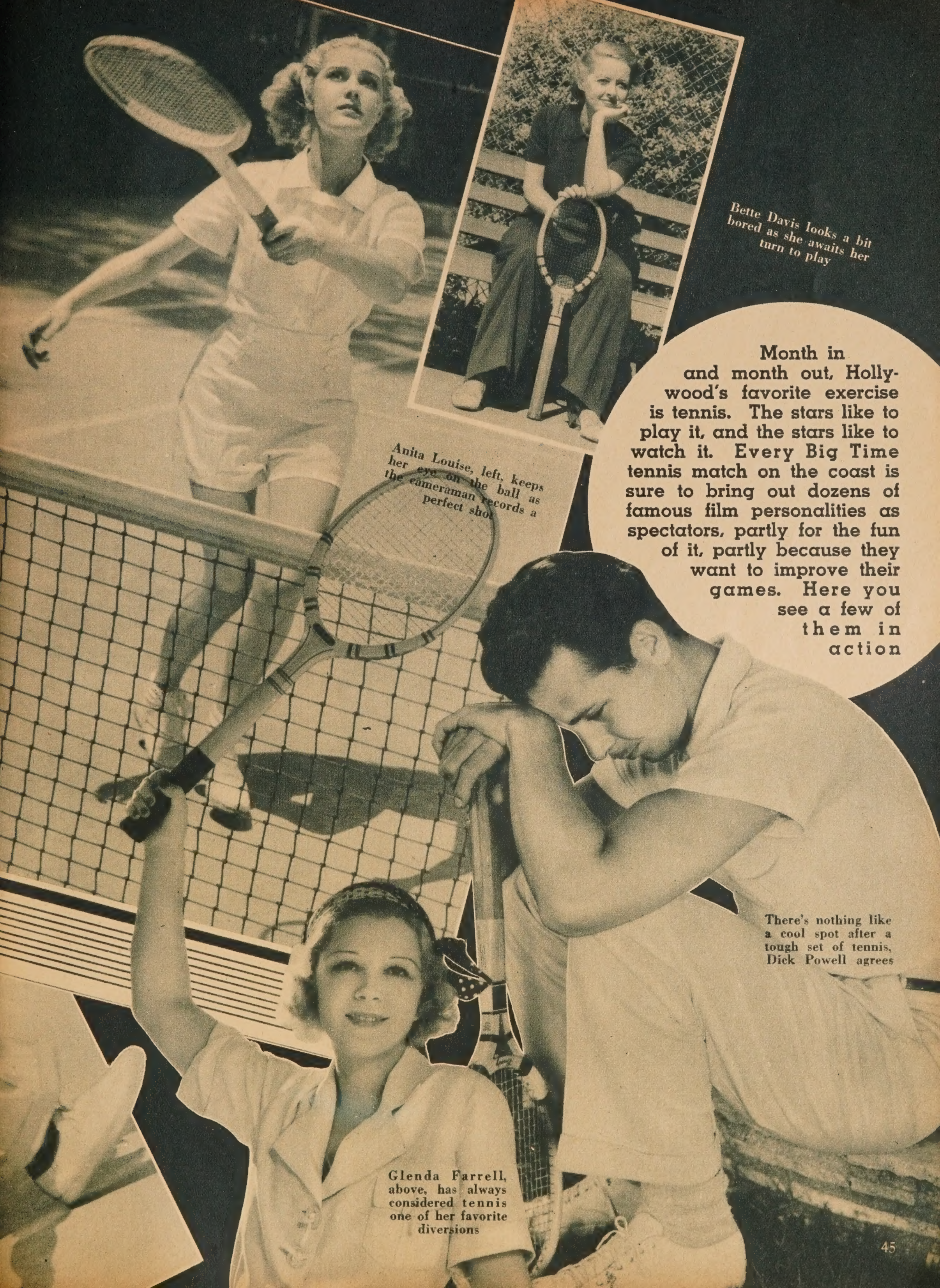
In circle above is Elissa Landi (*photographed by Clarence Bull*). At the right, George Brent goes after a difficult return

To the right above, lovely June Travis grabs a sky-hook, returns the serve

Jeanette MacDonald takes her game seriously, dresses for action and not for looks

Almost before she could speak English, Luise Rainer, right, was playing a good game of tennis

Month in and month out, Hollywood's favorite exercise is tennis. The stars like to play it, and the stars like to watch it. Every Big Time tennis match on the coast is sure to bring out dozens of famous film personalities as spectators, partly for the fun of it, partly because they want to improve their games. Here you see a few of them in action



Bette Davis looks a bit bored as she awaits her turn to play

Anita Louise, left, keeps her eye on the ball as the cameraman records a perfect shot

There's nothing like a cool spot after a tough set of tennis, Dick Powell agrees

Glenda Farrell, above, has always considered tennis one of her favorite diversions

THE GIRL BEHIND THE

Seldom do you get a true glimpse of Marlene Dietrich, the star of "Angel." But here a good friend pierces the veil for Screen Book!

By VIRGINIA WOOD

SO FEW people have ever understood her. So many have been prone to criticize. Only the small handful of studio workers who have been associated with her over a period of years know how loyal a friend she is, how generous, thoughtful and uncomplaining during the long and tedious hours of work before the camera. Only that small group realize that awful shyness, that anxiousness to please, that lack of self-confidence that she had to overcome during her years in Hollywood.

I'll guarantee you there's not another star in the film colony who spends her dinner hour, and long thereafter, posing for pictures in the still gallery as Marlene does, and willingly.

During the filming of *The Angel,* which is in the nature of a dream come true for Marlene—a Lubitsch-directed picture—an unfortunate incident occurred. A certain type of blouse was required for certain scenes in the picture and the town had been scoured for just the right thing. It was finally located and ordered sent out to the studio at a certain time in order that a test might be made at the end of the day. The entire company was dismissed for the night with the exception of the camera crew and Marlene. Hours went by and the missing package failed to turn up. In the interim, Marlene tried on other costumes she was to wear in the picture to while away the time. She was gay and unflurried, in spite of the fact she had spent all day in front of the camera and had not as yet had any dinner. Telephones buzzed constantly, trying to track down the missing blouse. Finally it was delivered, the test was made and Marlene was free to leave. She had her dinner at eleven o'clock that night, but never was there a word of complaint from her. It was just part of her job.

"I have never heard Marlene raise her voice to anyone," one of the studio workers told me one day. "No matter how tired she is, no matter how hard she has been working or what long hours, she never takes out her personal feelings on the people who are working for her.

"'Never mind,' she will say—even if you were at fault—'we will get it right next time. Do not let yourself be upset.'"

That's probably the reason, when things are not running smoothly, everyone feels it his personal responsibility to save her as much as possible from worry and inconvenience.

EACH morning Marlene drives up to the studio dressing room in her large car with a thermos bottle of coffee for her make-up woman and hairdresser. It's a very gay gathering, this preparation for a long day of work. It's a little ceremony that has been going on between the three of them for years, for they've simply attached themselves to her since the day she arrived.

It was a warm summer day—that day. The studio was all agog. Not since the arrival of Maurice Chevalier had Paramount imported a European star. Rumors had seeped their way from New York to the Coast about Josef von Sternberg's newest find. Some said she was beautiful. Others reported she was not much to look at—"a bit on the plump side." Those who could do so, lingered over their luncheons in the commissary. It was, everyone knew, the day when the famous director-producer was to bring his new star to the studio. And everyone was curious.

Finally the door swung aside. A vision in pale blue chiffon entered. A wide pink sash was around her waist. A large, floppy straw hat adorned her blonde head and pink satin slippers were on her feet. Her manner was calm, but those who were close enough to see could detect a startled expression in her eyes, as she preceded von Sternberg to the table that had been reserved for them, well up in front of the room. No one was very much impressed.

She proved to be a friendly soul, this

The cast rehearses, making sure that things go right. Here you see, from the left: Ernest Cossart, Herbert Marshall, Miss Dietrich, Melvyn Douglas and Director Ernst Lubitsch

HALO

Marlene Dietrich. She shook hands warmly with those who were presented to her and dropped into a graceful little curtsey, as her army-officer father had taught her. She was wide-eyed, spellbound, curious. She settled down in the large house that her good friend, Josef von Sternberg, had found for her—and waited.

BUT Hollywood is a strange place. No overtures were forthcoming to this attractive German girl. Possibly people were somewhat in awe of here. Possibly, and very probably, her shyness was mistaken for aloofness. At any rate, it was a lonely time for Marlene. She spent much of her time alone, when she was not with her friend, Josef von Sternberg. And Joe, as everyone knows, cares little or nothing for Hollywood social life. I don't believe he ever realized how Marlene craved friendship — especially the woman kind—those first months in Hollywood. And very likely she never told him. She's not one to sympathize with herself.

A strange thing happened one day in the hallway of the publicity department. Marlene had dropped by for a friendly visit, as was her habit. She was just leaving. Her arms were full of books, a large script and a handbag. Out of one of the offices, came a young woman leading a tiny boy by the hand. He was wearing one of those infinitesimal sun-suits. Large blubs of pink-and-white softness poked out here [*Continued on page* 76]

Meet "Professor" Vallee who has awarded Degrees of Entertainment to a host of stars, three of whom are pictured on these pages

THAT FAMOUS

By RICHARD ENGLISH

THERE ought to be a law. There ought to be a law permitting Rudy Vallee to give degrees to his graduates in the film world. Over a score of the screen's greatest stars can call Rudy "professor!" They majored in his Education in Entertainment, you see. And they learned their lessons the hard way. The course isn't easy when the instructor is Rudy Vallee, the dynamo who walks like a man.

The Vallee College would have the highest tuition fee in the world. Money couldn't get

VALLEE COLLEGE

Rudy Valee—handsome crooner and sure-fire talent scout! Many famous personalities of radio and screen made their debut over the air, under his guidance

you in. Nor influence. Beauty alone wouldn't be sufficient to open the doors. You'd have to have talent and plenty of it!

How would you like to have Alice Faye, Eddie Cantor, Bette Davis, Boris Karloff, Hugh Herbert, Frances Langford and Jean Arthur among your classmates? With Bill Robinson, Eleanore Whitney, Bob Burns, Bee Lillie and Joe Penner doing their lessons up at the blackboard?

They've all gone to school under Rudy, you know. You know, too, that Alice Faye, Lee Dixon and Frances Langford are in Hollywood solely as a result of Rudy's tutelage. Half a hundred more stars and featured players like Leslie Howard and Bette Davis made their radio debut with him. Eddie Cantor's first commercial appearance on the air was on the Vallee hour. So was Bee Lillie's. Joe Penner might still be trying to raise the price of a duck if Mr. Vallee hadn't happened upon him.

And Bob Burns' bazooka is something you'd never heard of if it hadn't been for this same young man, this Rudy Vallee who works as hard at making others successful as he does for himself!

Why do all the stars want to make their radio debut with Rudy? Why will they pass up more remunerative offers to guest star on his program? The answer is one and the same. Because it's Vallee's show. Because they know that, appearing with him, they'll get the breaks. Rudy doesn't hog the spotlight. Listen to his introductions, the way he steps aside for another luminary.

AND the stars are superstitious, too. Just as much so as you and I. Rudy's batting average is terrific; he doesn't pick many duds. Sixty per cent of the songs he introduces meet with more than passing favor. Over eighty per cent of the talent you hear on his programs are winners; those on their way to the starriest heights. I once asked him how he did it.

"It's hard to explain," he said slowly. "I guess I can just feel when they've got what it takes. I've found that the songs I like, the cars I buy, the entertainment I enjoy, are the kind the average person goes for too. Call me Joe Average if you want to. I'm not infallible. I've missed oftener than I like to think about. But I still manage to know talent when I see it; have a pretty fair idea what the public will like. Not always, but most of the time."

[*Continued on page* 70]

EX-STARS AS EXTRAS

Once they were America's stellar film personalities. Those days are gone, but they're glad for little things

By
EMILY BROWN CONNER

So much has been said about Hollywood extras in the press and over the radio that SCREEN BOOK sent Mrs. Conner to the homes of various former film stars to learn, at first hand, how they felt about their present work in films. Life is a song when Fame and Fortune smile brightly on the film star on the way up the ladder of success but it takes a *real trouper* to smile while watching others perform in the spotlight these ex-stars once commanded.

SCREEN BOOK salutes the courage of the ex-stars now extras; admires their spirit and hopes that the new movie season will bring them proper recognition.

THE EDITOR

CAN they take it?

Can the stars who once earned big salaries and found the mail man doubling back with a second sack of letters and cards glistening with compliments for their acting, their beauty and their glamour, stand the strain of watching others; supporting without any recognition, present day stars who were totally unknown a few years ago when they themselves were the screen's greatest attractions?

Can they? you ask.

Yes—we say with profound pride—the real stars of silent film days are troupers still and within the studios are many directors, assistants and producers who beam with joy whenever any one of them gets a "break." All Hollywood loves a good trouper and filmland boasts no better than its ex-stars.

Conditions, the movie revolution—Fate alone—explains why there are many ex-stars now extras and bit players. Fame is fleeting; the public is fickle. Many a movie star has had an audience of 25,000,000 fans but suddenly some other player with different colored eyes and hair, a different smile, a different type of "delivery" arrived and suddenly the crowd "moved across the street," so to speak.

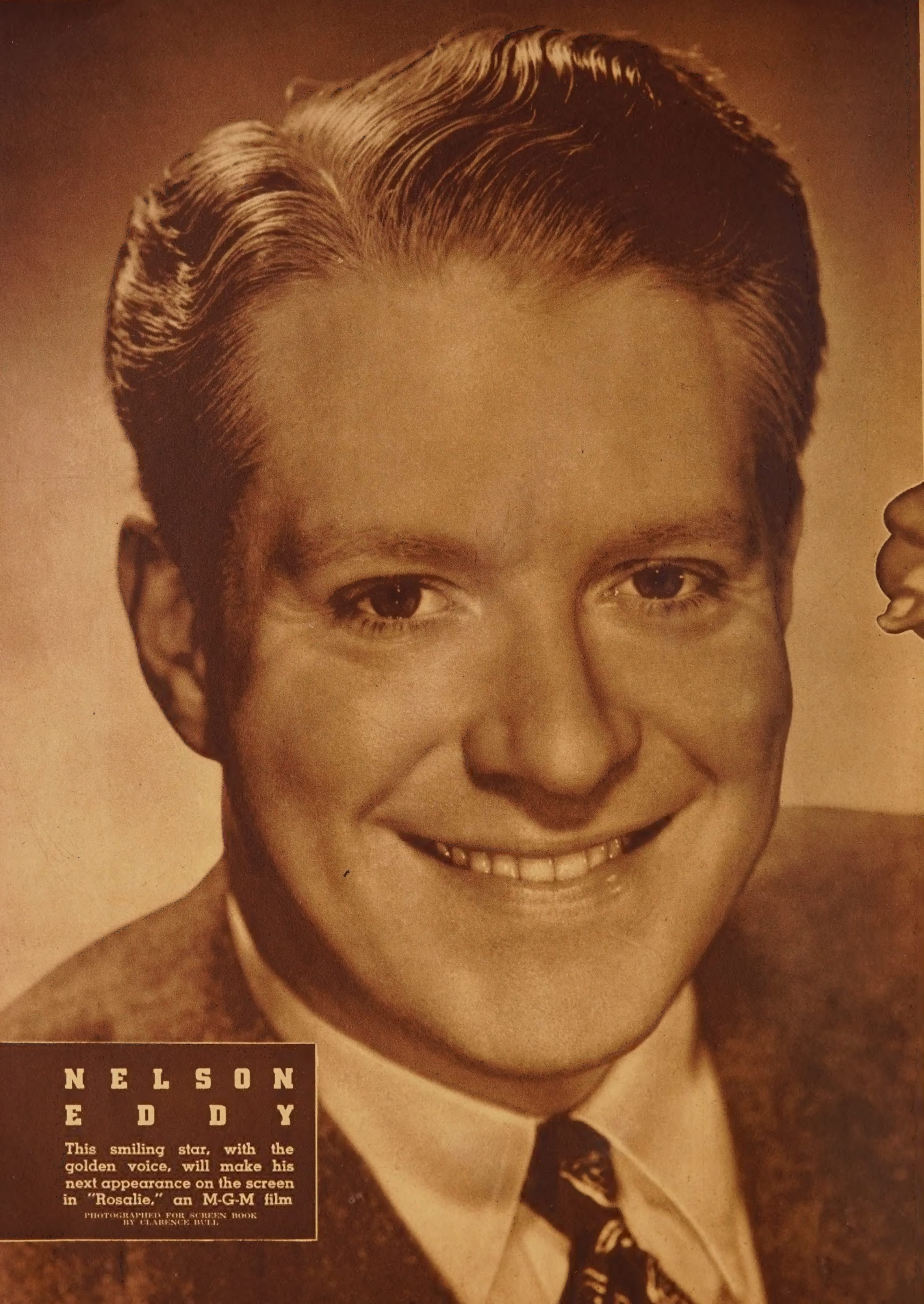
Movie fame is short and not always sweet. Mechanical and scientific progress is heartless and while the law of constant change [*Continued on page* 74]

Francis X. Bushman, one of the first big screen stars, gives Eileen Wheeler radio instruction as radio producer, A. J. Jones, looks on

Above, Bushman puts Dean Kaye and Frederick Clark on the air. Below, the dynamic actor gives tips to Eileen Wheeler, Jean Herold, Jean St. Clair. Tillie Milford, Dean Kaye. Roy Brent, Robert Mitchell and Frederick Clark

"TOM SAWYER"

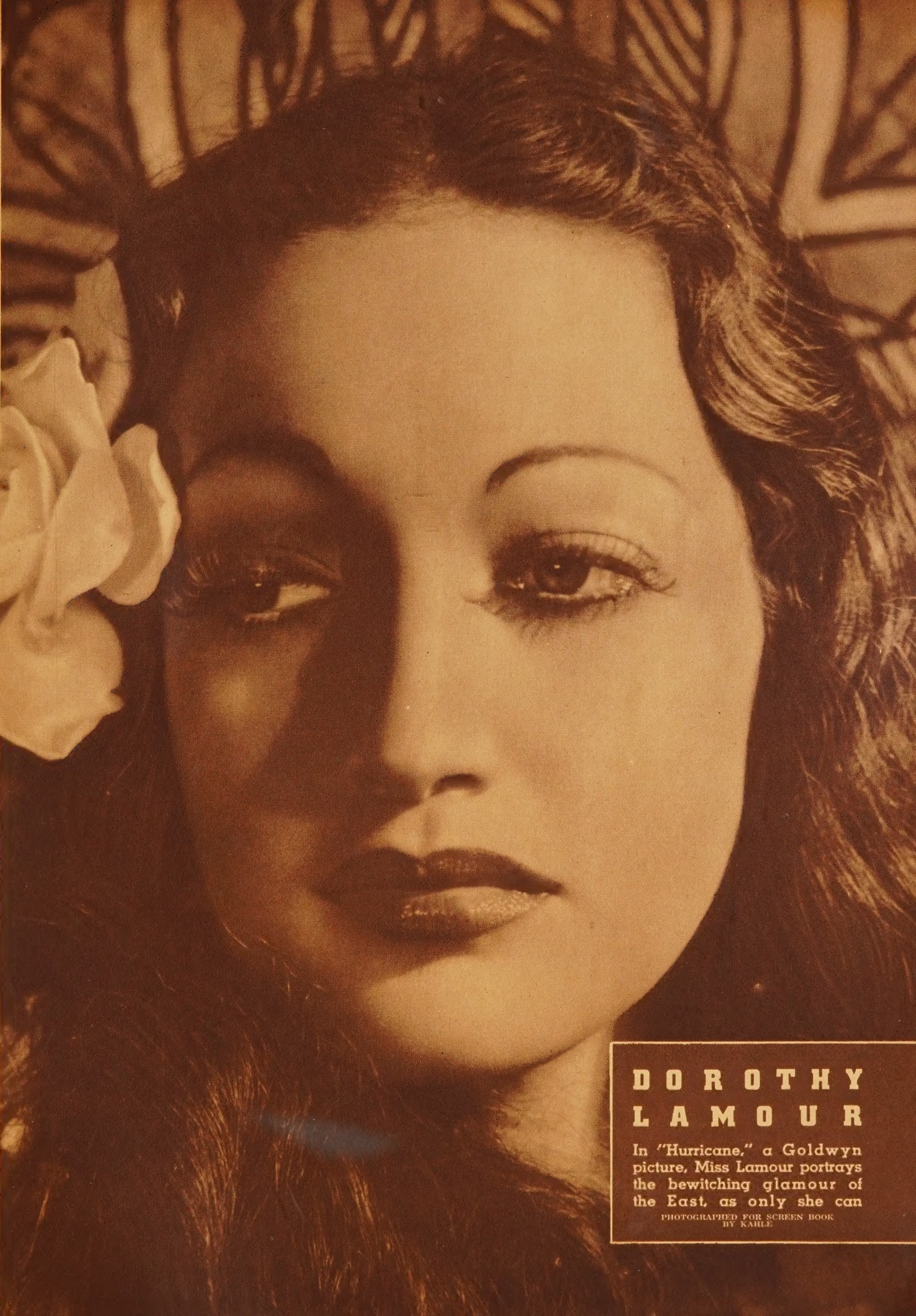
Tom Kelly is his name, from the Bronx. He's 12, son of a W. P. A. worker, and winner of the coveted role in the coming Selznick picture



NELSON EDDY

This smiling star, with the golden voice, will make his next appearance on the screen in "Rosalie," an M-G-M film

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR SCREEN BOOK
BY CLARENCE BULL



DOROTHY LAMOUR

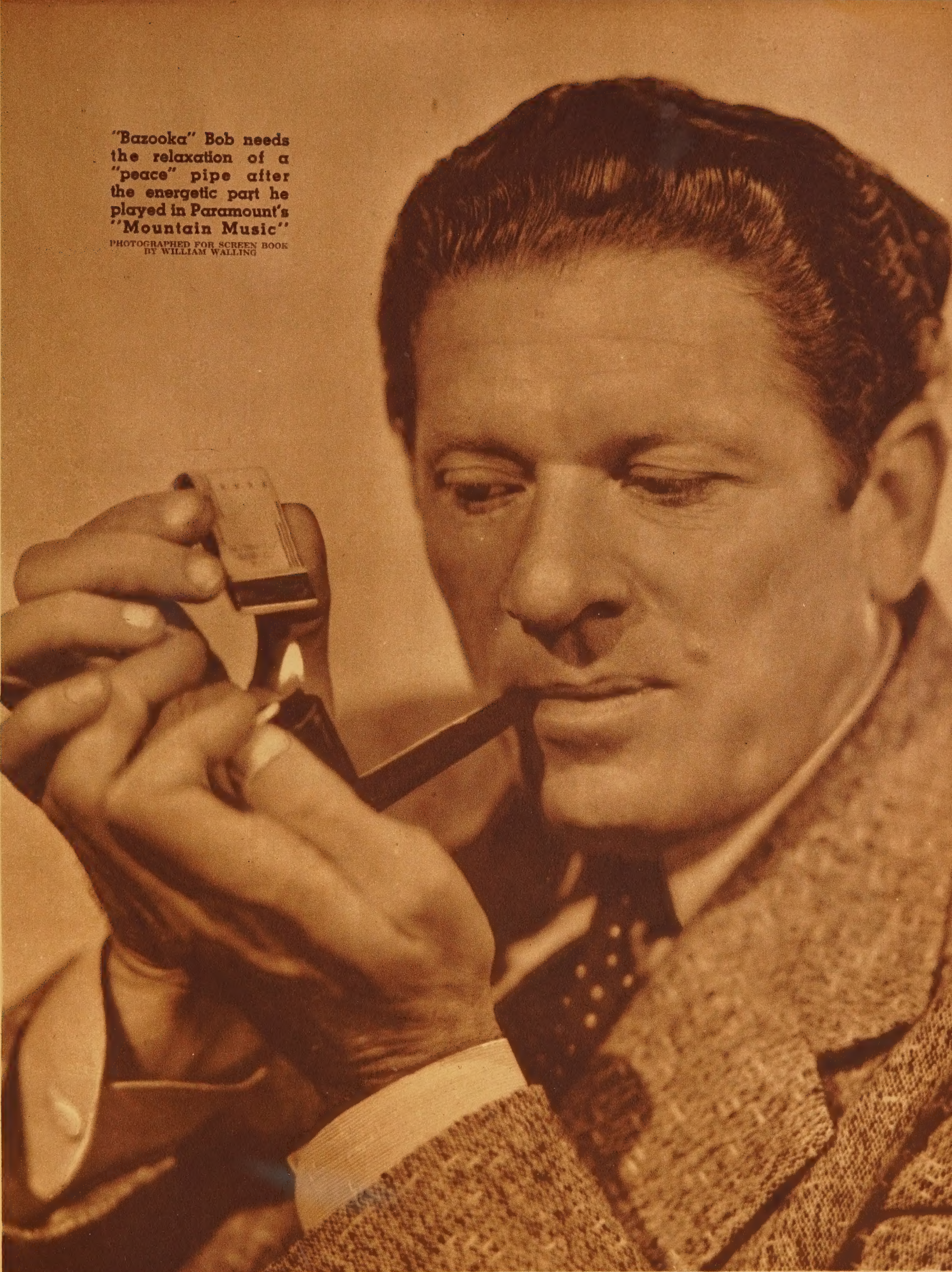
In "Hurricane," a Goldwyn picture, Miss Lamour portrays the bewitching glamour of the East, as only she can

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR SCREEN BOOK BY KAHLE

Ann has reason to smile as she looks into the future, for her role in R.K.O.'s "Super Sleuth" is said to be one of her best

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR SCREEN BOOK BY BACHRACH

ANN SOTHERN



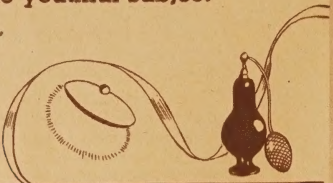
"Bazooka" Bob needs the relaxation of a "peace" pipe after the energetic part he played in Paramount's "Mountain Music"

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR SCREEN BOOK BY WILLIAM WALLING

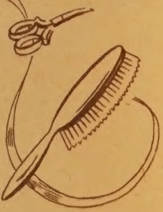
BOB BURNS

SWEET AND LOVELY

A "short course" in beauty with Deanna Durbin, singing sensation of Universal Pictures, as the youthful subject



Deanna's informal party frock, above, is made of soft blue taffeta printed with tiny pink flower bouquets. Her playsuit, left, is fresh white pique. You'll see Deanna soon in *100 Men and a Girl*



SCHOOL days ahead and soon Miss Teen-Age will be furrowing her brow over Latin and Geometry. But irregular verbs and lengthy theorems are not the only problems to confront a high-school girl.

While A's on a report card are mighty nice to impress mother and dad, they never brought about an invitation to the Junior Prom from that certain boy. No, indeed. The potent ingredients adding up to popularity are more likely to be a clear smooth skin, lustrous hair and sparkling eyes. And it's the wise girl whose lessons in loveliness keep pace with her other studies.

For the most part, beauty must be self taught. Teachers won't give a student D minus on scraggly eyebrows or untidy fingernails—but these are the very things which may earn her the description of "that awful Smith person" when she could so easily be, instead, "that attractive Smith girl."

Every age has its own particular beauty problems, just as every age has its ideal of loveliness. What Ginger Rogers is to the girl of twenty, dainty Deanna Durbin is to her younger sister.

By JANET LYNN

As with the vast majority of motion picture stars, the care of her skin is Deanna's first beauty consideration. When she comes home from the studio at night, her screen make-up is removed by several applications of cleansing cream, wiped off with tissue. This cleansing is followed by another with warm water and plenty of soap. Then if her face feels dry, she applies a thin layer of emollient cream to keep her skin soft and fresh. Surely a simple enough routine for any girl to adopt!

Deanna does not have professional manicures and feels that the important thing in caring for her nails is to keep them absolutely clean. A nightly scrubbing with a small nail brush removes every trace of grime and softens the cuticle. She shapes her nails to an oval with an emery board and wears them no longer than her fingertips, with polish of pale coral or natural tint.

[*Continued on page* 90]

BLACKMAIL

PART II

• FICTION •

By SONIA LEE

The story thus far:

IT'S a long road from the hills of West Virginia to stardom in Hollywood. I travelled that road in less than two years!

On the surface, it's a lucky girl who has the opportunity to leave her obscure birthplace and in a very short time, as time is measured, graduate from poverty to the fantastic luxury which screen stardom makes possible.

I did not come unscathed to Hollywood. My past travelled with me. A past of starvation and struggle and doing many things for money. I paid for everything I got. I made mistakes but none which has proved as costly as my confidence in Andrew Gray.

Andrew Gray was a self-styled "Art Photographer." When I left New York there reposed in his files figure studies of me which today I would give my life to own.

For me, Melinda Carr, the tragedienne of the screen, publication of these photographs, made compromising by fakery, would mean not only the end of my career, but personal disgrace. I can't go into detail about those poses—suffice it to say that I have paid for them since then with torture and with thousands of dollars.

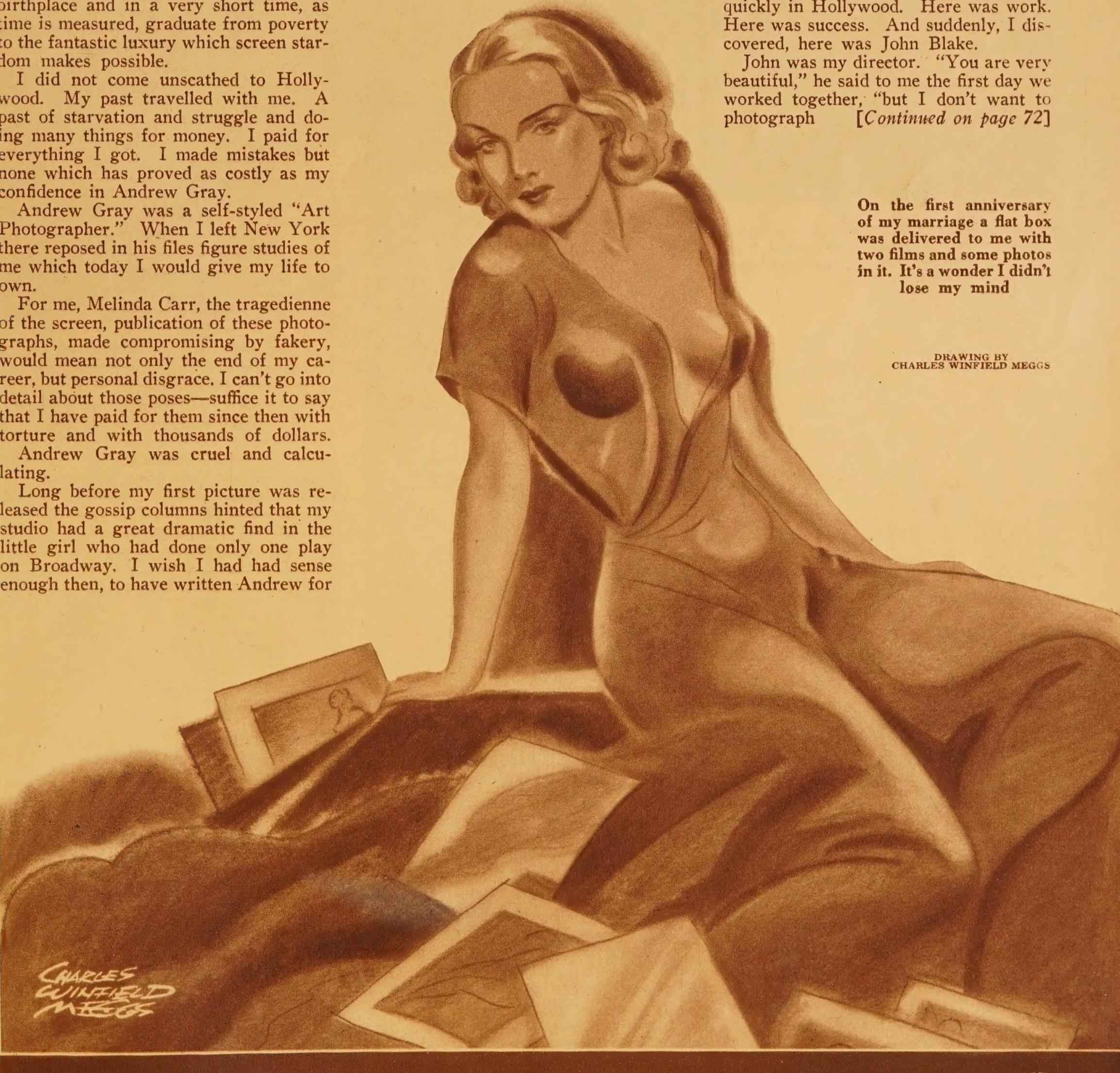
Andrew Gray was cruel and calculating.

Long before my first picture was released the gossip columns hinted that my studio had a great dramatic find in the little girl who had done only one play on Broadway. I wish I had had sense enough then, to have written Andrew for the studies which he prized, to have offered him a fat sum, and thereafter removed from my life the menace he proved to be. But it never occurred to me that some day they would become a fiery sword to drive me out of my Eden.

Now go on with the story:

The scars of my climb were healing quickly in Hollywood. Here was work. Here was success. And suddenly, I discovered, here was John Blake.

John was my director. "You are very beautiful," he said to me the first day we worked together, "but I don't want to photograph [*Continued on page 72*]



On the first anniversary of my marriage a flat box was delivered to me with two films and some photos in it. It's a wonder I didn't lose my mind

DRAWING BY CHARLES WINFIELD MEGGS

JEANETTE DANCES

By MARY HILL

Jeanette MacDonald never does a job halfway. You'll find that out in "The Firefly" where she tries something very new to her

Here filmland's beautiful singer is shown doing an intricate dance—and doing it with utmost perfection, although she never knew how before!

JEANETTE MacDONALD does nothing by halves.

When she dances, she dances better than even her professional male partners, for nothing short of perfection will suit her.

It would have been easy, for her title role in M-G-M-'s adaptation of the famous Rudolf Friml operetta, *The Firefly*, for the camera to have shown the start of a dance, a close-up of flashing feet. Just enough to get over the idea that Jeanette, as Nina Azara, *The Firefly*, is a dancer.

Instead, audiences will see three complete and different styles and nationalities of dances, intricate steps showing Jeanette's full figure at all times, leaving no doubt that it is she who is dancing, with a technique that even La Argentina might have envied.

As a matter of fact, it was as a dancer that Jeanette MacDonald started her professional career at fourteen years of age in Ned Wayburn's Demi-Tasse Revue. Two years later she was taking her first ballet lessons from Albertina Rasch. But becoming established in motion pictures as a singing star, she abandoned her earlier dance training. She had no opportunity to make use of it in fact, before *The Firefly*, except for the waltz sequences in *The Merry Widow*, which Albertina Rasch created and arranged.

Now she and Mme. Rasch are united for the third time. "And she practically stands over me with a club," groans Jeanette in mock despair. "I never slaved so hard in my life."

"Jeanette owes her success to the fact that she works twice as hard as any other star," answers her dance instructress.

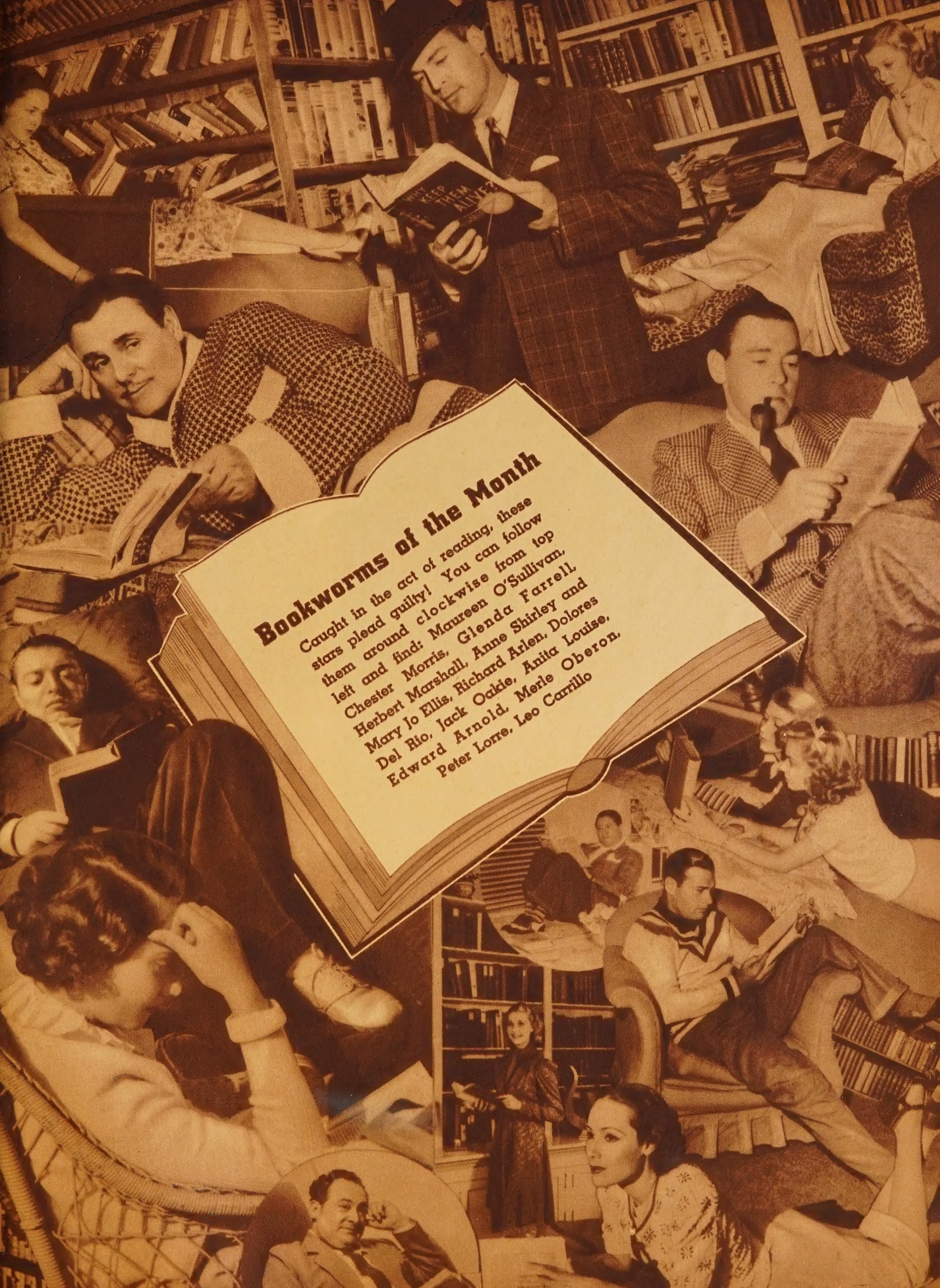
For a month before cameras started turning on the picture, the star rehearsed her dances four and five hours every day, except for the first three days when two hours was all she could endure. She admits now that that first work was actually painful, for she was using muscles she had forgotten existed. "And in these Spanish dances you exercise your whole body, not just your feet," she points out.

Her first appearance in the film is made in a Madrid cafe of the year 1808. The floor is almost filled by an immense circular table, eighteen feet in diameter. Around it, packed as tightly as they can sit, are her admirers, Spaniards and French, the latter officers of Napoleon's army of occupation, in their brilliant black, scarlet and gold uniforms. In the alcoved balconies sit other males of the period, with their ladies, their costumes showing every possible variety of color combination.

JEANETTE is spectacular in a fog-blue costume, tight-bodiced and full-skirted, hand-spangled with thousands of tiny sequins which form tied-bow patterns on the bodice and skirt and the skirt's dozens of lace ruffles. From a high jeweled comb floats a glistening mantilla. Cross-strapped silver shoes flash as she jumps up to the table, aided by two willing caballeros. Her two male partners click their castanets, and the dance is on.

It is a combination of fandango, bolero and flamenco rhythms, its tempo changing every few bars, increasing the difficulty of the steps. Heels clicking and arms upraised, the star whirls first to the left, then to the right, now advances, now retreats, deliberatelv flirting with the men at the table as they pretend to catch at her whirling skirts as she flashes by.

A haze of cigar smoke fills the room. The men raise their glasses and cheer her as she stamps a brilliant conclusion, and applause con- [*Continued on page 67*]



Bookworms of the Month

Caught in the act of reading, these stars plead guilty! You can follow them around clockwise from top left and find: Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, Glenda Farrell, Herbert Marshall, Anne Shirley and Mary Jo Ellis, Richard Arlen, Dolores Del Rio, Jack Oakie, Anita Louise, Edward Arnold, Merle Oberon, Peter Lorre, Leo Carrillo

WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE?

ARNOLDS DIARY

PHOTO STORIES

By EDWARD ARNOLD

1901 . . . Eleven years old today . . . how time flies. Got myself two more paper routes today . . . *Post Journal, World-Telegram, Sun* . . . *Morning World* and *American* . . . 50c per week each . . . I'm now in the big dough.

1902 . . . Leave newspaper business to go into law . . . errand boy for Daniels and Bennett . . . $3 per week! Now I know I'm in the money.

1903 . . . Law's the bunk. I'm going to be a great engineer . . . got myself a job as oiler at Columbia University . . . $45 per month . . . don't think that there's that much money in the world . . . P. S. Now I know there isn't . . . forgot to oil the engines and got fired.

1904 . . . John D. Barry, instructor at the American Club of Dramatic Art is coaching the boys here at the Eastside Settlement House . . . Think I'll become an amateur actor.

1905 . . . Decide to become a professional thespian and Barry gets me a job with the Ben Greet players . . . $25 per week . GAWD! What a salary.

1906 . . . Still with the Ben Greet players . . . wondering how in the heck they expect a guy to get along on $25 per week.

1907 . . . Join stock company playing open air dates in Michigan and New York . . . Salary still $25 . . . but they throw in the air.

1909 . . . Broadway, here I come, and how. I'm to be a butler in Ethel Barrymore's play, *Mid-Channel.* Salary still $50 . . . but . . . I'm with the big nobs now.

1910 . . . Still with Ethel . . . speaking one line in *Trelawny of the Wells* . . . $50 per as stage manager and $10 for speaking one line in the last act.

1911 . . . With stock company in Yonkers . . . $60 but agent takes ten . . . darn these agents.

1913 . . . Land job as leading man with Huntington Stock Company, St. Paul, salary $75 . . . There IS gold!

1915 . . . Down again . . . take leading man job with Lucille La Verne at Richmond, Va., no apologies . . . needed the money.

1910 . . . Stranded in Savannah, Ga. Borrowed $25 from friend tailor in Richmond . . . wired him for it and got it . . . WAS I surprised.

1917-18 . . . MOVIES!! Whattalife . . . $125 per week and pay 52 weeks out of every year . . . What DOUGH ! . . . leading man for Essanay . . . follow footsteps of Francis X. Bushman . . . Am I proud . . . become great friends with Henry Walthall.

1919 . . . Back to Broadway for my first BIG part . . . the lead in *Storm* at $350 per week. PHEEEW! A plutocrat at last. Am I good!

1920 . . . Still with *Storm,* salary $450 per week . . . in Chicago and on the road.

1921 . . . [*Continued on page 69*]

OF THE STARS

By MARY MAYER

HOLLYWOOD changes people. How often have we heard that statement, bandied about the boulevard, whispered over coffee-cups in smart restaurants, emblazoned in columns from one end of the country to the other!

Of course, Hollywood changes people. So does New York, or Florida, or any small town, or any large one. It takes experience to mould vivid new personalities. Every change of environment offers this chance to the wise ones who make that change count on the black side of the ledger.

Maureen O'Sullivan belongs in this classification.

From a youngster, fresh from Ireland with the vivid imagination and whimsy of her race, coupled with a generous share of natural ability, she has become one of Hollywood's most promising actresses, stepping up toward stardom in the very near future.

"There's really nothing new about me but my contract," Maureen laughed when being questioned on her new self. "That was a surprise. A long contract with no options, and in addition, the type of roles I've always dreamed of."

The contract probably was a surprise to Maureen, but it was no surprise to those who knew her. She worked for it and toward it. She never turned down a role offered her, this on the theory that the more experience she could get, the better and more valuable she would become.

She played dramatic roles, she played comedy with the Marx Brothers, and leapt from tree to tree as Tarzan's mate. All of these things form a background for the new person she has become—fitted her for stardom and the place she is destined to occupy in the world of celluloid favorites.

It was several years ago that Maureen first evidenced promise of the actress she has since become. As Norma Shearer's little sister in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, she set critics to raving.

But, unlike many other actresses, she did not let this glimpse of glory turn her head.

Instead, she plugged steadfastly along, doing another "Tarzan," appearing in straight comedy roles or as a pleasingly pretty ingenue.

"I can truthfully say that I enjoyed every one," Maureen said. "There's always so much to learn in every new characterization. Naturally, I was thrilled with my role in *The Emperor's Candlesticks*, and this, on top of a very emotional role in *Between Two Women* just seems too good to be true.

"But I try not to even think of my next role," she said with a nervous little laugh. "I'm awfully superstitious about planning on things. Every time I've done it, I've been terribly disappointed: that is, all but once. That

[*Continued on page 77*]

O'SULLIVAN'S DESTINY

A HARD WAY

Here is Walter Wanger talking with Madeleine Carroll, the girl who didn't click until this producer showed the way

YOU can't produce a hit film with your eyes shut, with your faith in human nature shattered, or while reeking of the cocktail lounge.

Unless you have something in common with Einstein, a heart like Jimmy Braddock and the nerve of Jimmy Doolittle, skip it.

Don't fool with the whims of a fickle public until you're willing to lose your heart, tie, coat, pants and braces. If you want to learn that audiences are composed of blithering idiots one day and amazingly intelligent people the next become a moving picture producer.

When you have a flop, you'll find you can't have your cake, you can't eat it and you can't give it away. If you're silly enough to throw good money after bad, you probably will be sitting in your own plane on top of the world, throwing kisses at the ants down below, who clink their

TO AN EASY LIVING

By GRACE WILCOX

Flops? Walter Wanger has made plenty of them—it's the successes that count, and he hits a high average!

After a brisk polo game! Spencer Tracy, Wanger and Walt Disney, all of whom love the game, talk things over in a friendly pow-wow

money into the box office for the greatest picture since *The Birth of a Nation.*

If you entertain delusions of grandeur and have a yen to impress a beautiful screen star by becoming a producer, go ahead—if you have enough money to afford it. *It'll learn yeh, my lad—it'll learn yeh!* When you get over the jitters and come out of the dither into which you are tossed willy-nilly, in spite of hell and high water, you will be a wiser man, whether you are richer or poorer, whether you've won the gal or lost her.

Adventure is said to be dead and all the adventurers buried, but there's always Hollywood. *Ask Walter Wanger.* He's spent the better part of a hectic life plunging his own and other people's money into a bottomless pit of uncertainty, from which may emerge a hit or a flop, a sensation or a dud, an opus or a pip-squeak.

It is impossible to tell how many eggs a dinosauer may have laid by the way it is articulated in a museum. By the same token, a guy who has the nerve to shoot the works up to $2,000,000 because he believes he's got something, is dealing with as doubtful an equation as that of the drug store cowboy, who looks at the glass bowl in the window and bets there's a billion beans in it.

A GAMBLE? Well—! Producing a picture is about as sure in its results as a weather prophet forecasting rain for the tenth of January or July fourth.

Wanger says there is one thing he has learned from this ominous business; you can't lose what you haven't got, because you must put your money on the line.

In a reflective mood, he has been known to admit there's also the off-chance that some weak little sister of a program picture, kicked around by an efficiency expert, backed by a budget that would put a poor-house on the bum, might click and clean up for all and sundry.

He is more inclined, however, to talk about the soul-quaking that goes on when somebody bets his last farthing and a slice of company money on a book or play that costs from $75,000 to $100,000 to buy, and a corps of bright scenarists can't find a picture in it! Or, worse still, he hates to think what happens when production costs mount up to a couple of millions and the rushes look lousy in the projection room. Dark days and sleepless nights ensue, with no Benchely to brighten them, while heads fall right and left under the ax like break-away plates in a Keystone comedy.

Joan Bennett is another star who found consistent success under the Wanger banner

By this pipe you shall know him. In a thoughtful mood, Wanger invariably takes to his briar

WALTER WANGER has fierce and battling eyes that soften only after the picture is finished, when they go back to normal and beam pleasantly from beneath a Noah Webster forehead which refuses to wrinkle in any man's cause. There is a tinge of grey in his curly brown hair—grey left by *Gabriel Over the White House* and the crazy people in *Private Worlds.*

He learned to move with the speed of light keeping out of his partner's way when they made *The President Vanishes.* While Wanger is no tapper on desks or biter of finger nails, he plays a stiff game of polo three times each week to keep from knocking around some of his more conservative [*Continued on page 82*]

JELLY IN A JIFFY

By
MRS.
CHRISTINE
FREDERICK

Everybody loves jelly and jam! Learn how easy it is to prepare a supply for your pantry shelf

Gertrude Michael, lovely RKO featured player, enjoys preparing jelly in the simplified modern manner

THE good old-fashioned art of making jelly and jams, like many other things, has now "gone modern," and time saving. Short-cuts are the order of the day even in cooking and housework. Any woman can turn out a row of blue-ribbon winners in a home preserving contest, and win cheers and praise from her family and guests. Now, without bother, fuss or tedious effort, she may enrich her pantry shelves with row after row of colorful food jewels—ruby, emerald and topaz—distilled from berries and fruits in their season.

Children relish tasty spreads for bread between meals or for their lunch boxes, and will joyfully eat simple puddings or other foods when topped with a spoon of sparkling red jelly. Nothing so cheaply and easily "dresses up" an ordinary meal as the addition of a glass of piquant jelly or a contrasting spicy jam. Cold cuts or hot roast are lifted out of the ordinary when garnished with mounds of mint jelly or served with the refreshing sparkle of ruby red current jelly. Tea time, and plain buttered toast or muffins become glamorous occasions when delightful little pots of berry jam or citrus conserve are placed on the tea tray.

So there's no further need to prove that home-made jellies and jams are endeared and enjoyed by everyone. The point is, how do you make jellies in a jiffy?

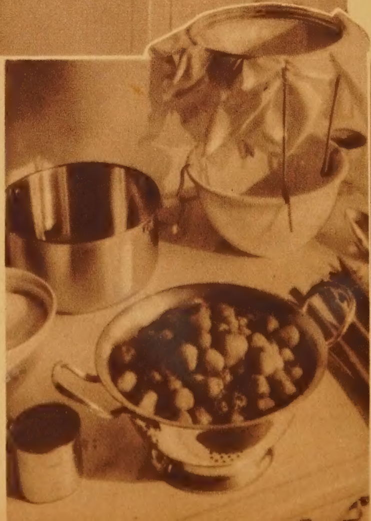
The modern short-cut way to make delicious preserves is possible by supplying to the homemaker fruit pectin in a most convenient powdered or bottled form. Pectin, as everyone knows, is the natural jellying ingredient to be found in many fruits, especially acid fruits like apples or grapes. Pectin is the quality that "puts the jell into jelly," and which makes jams jam!

FRUITS contain pectin in varying quantities, and even the same fruit may vary in its pectin content depending on the degree of ripeness. Hence when only fresh fruits are used in making jam or jelly, there is always a big chance that the jelly won't jell to perfection. Alas, who does not recall the disappointment of painstaking effort in making jelly, only to have it "run" or refuse to "stand up" when removed from its jelly glass!

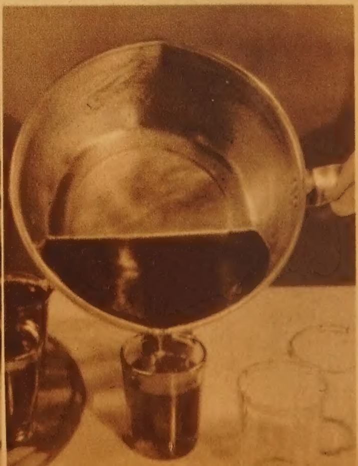
In using this new scientifically and accurately determined amount of bottled (or powdered) pectin in jelly making, there isn't anything left to luck or chance. Experts have worked out definite recipes for using each fruit, and if the recipes are carefully followed the jelly will positively "jell."

Here's a recipe as a simple example:

[*Continued on page* 84]



When done, pour the jelly or jam directly into scaled glasses, and paraffin at once



Freshening Up THIS WAY

Does More Than Clean Your Skin— It Invigorates the Skin!

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy". . . Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter . . . invigorated."

FRESHENING UP is *more* than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults . . .

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes . . . livens the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See *your* skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

Send for* SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 6-CJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City______________State______

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That Man's Here Again

[*Continued from page 36*]

and there's no place then to go but down. People who go down by that route don't come back."

Menjou knows whereof he speaks probably better than any one else in the Cinema City. His career has been not only one of the longest in motion pictures but also one of the most checkered—the most climatic and anti-climatic. He began as an extra back in the old Vitagraph days in New York; counting the current one which has just started, he's actually had four different picture careers.

"Comeback?" he echoed, "Mine are not exactly comebacks, I guess. I just bounce up and down like a rubber ball, hitting both the floor and the ceiling."

AS A matter of fact, as he himself realizes, there have been four different movie Menjous just as Adolphe has had virtually four different careers. He's been down three times and now he's back up again—that makes the fourth time.

When Adolphe worked as a farm hand and milked cows back on the Vincent Astor estate—this was before he ever entered movies at all—his overalls were always neatly pressed and his shoes always shined. The only virtue in mentioning it now is because it typifies the man. He has always been identified with sophistication, with suavity and smart attire, but those things are just the press in his overalls and the polish on his shoes. The psychology which finds expression in those external niceties, and which enables him to bounce back time and time again, is inside him.

"I believe that what happens to me is the best thing for me," he said, "because it has worked out precisely that way so far. Thus, if I hadn't gone broke in a vaudeville sketch I would never have been in the movies at all, and if I hadn't enlisted in the war when I was just beginning to attain screen prominence the first time, I would really have been through long before now. Then, if Eric Von Stroheim had given me the role I was after in *Foolish Wives*, instead of giving it to Norman Kerry as he did, I never would have played in Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris*, which changed not only my career as an actor but the whole course of the movies themselves as well."

That was the first of Adolphe's really big breaks—*A Woman of Paris*. The role made him as the super-sophisticate and every producer in Hollywood wanted him. He was in Ernst Lubitsch's *The Marriage Circle* and so many others of the same characterization that his salary climbed to the dizzy figure of $7,000 a week—and the public got tired of sophistication.

"I wore out that phase," he reminisced, "by being always the same person. I was 'typed.' No producer would give me any other sort of part; I had to be the ultimate in suavity and smartness, with 150 suits of clothes and 50 pairs of shoes. I kept all the suits pressed," he grinned, "and all the shoes shined, too—or, rather, I saw that my valet did."

Incidentally, it may not be amiss to remark that Menjou, especially since his marriage to Verree Teasdale, no longer has 150 suits nor 50 pairs of shoes. He is still by a long shot the best dressed actor in Hollywood, but his screen characterizations no longer depend so much upon his wardrobe.

He still wears out two new dress suits a year, however, and figures that he's in them as much in any one year as is the average man in a lifetime.

"In the past year," he said, "I wore evening clothes for 250 days before the camera, and on the average of 10 hours each day. That makes a total of 2500 hours, and most men, leading tailors tell me, wear them about once a month for five hours, or 60 hours a year."

SPEAKING of dress, Menjou believes that utter simplicity is always the hallmark of good taste and that a gentleman is almost always distinguished by the gewgaws and accessories he doesn't wear. He has no sympathy whatever with the attempt of tailors to constantly alter styles in order to compel the purchase of new clothes; the majority of the changes, he says, are fantastic.

"The present attempt to 'jazz up' male attire with all sorts of extreme cuts and colors," he observed, "is dictated only by commercial motives. Tailors are trying to make monkeys out of men to fatten their own pocketbooks. Trinkets and gadgets too numerous to mention are simply ruining evening attire, for instance—I personally would as soon wear a dog-chain around my neck as a key-chain draped from my trousers' pocket. In brief, I believe that a gentleman's appearance should always be marked by the same innate conservatism that has always prevailed when the right kind of men wear the right kind of clothes."

Menjou himself never indulges in extremes. They horrify him. Even his shirts, ties, and socks are subdued. His theory is that subtleties in colors blended with niceties in taste result in the ultimate in appearance —and the taste, he insists, must come from the customer and not the tailor.

"I have always believed," he said, "that one perfectly fitted suit, one perfectly chosen tie, is worth a dozen not quite as good. No director has ever asked me to change even a single article of my attire."

But even though Menjou is Hollywood's recognized authority upon the subject of men's dress, that, in his psychology, remains wholly superficial. Within himself, and deep down in his own desires, he is anything but the brittle sophisticate, anything but the suavé man-about-town. Actually he is the exact anthesis of this: not for Adolphe to adorn the Trocadero or the Grove or the other colorful film night spots with his sartorically resplendent self. His greatest pleasure after a day in tails at the studio is simply to go home, throw off his ultra-smart habliments and slip on an old dressing-gown, and then either read—he collects first editions—play piano duets with his wife, or amuse their 9-months-old adopted son.

ADOLPHE MENJOU, the screen's super-sophisticate, is really a homebody at heart. The proof is that, instead of going cavorting around as most of Hollywood does, he spends practically all of his leisure time there.

He would rather watch that youngster drink his milk than himself drink all the cocktails in town.

And when he goes on a vacation trip, does he hie to New York or the Riviera and permit himself to be lionized in the social whirl? He does not. This summer he expects to go to Europe, it's true, but instead of going to London or Paris he's going to his father's native Biarritz. There he intends to go on tour for three months with a troupe of strolling troubadours, playing one night stands in the Basque back country —he, Adolphe Menjou, the man who has just knocked 'em so cold with his finished performances as the movie producer in David O. Selznick's *A Star Is Born* and as the smooth Continental conniver in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Cafe Metropole*!

"It will be good for me," he said simply, "and I shall enjoy it. It will keep my eyes upon the skies and my feet upon the ground."

No, Adolphe hasn't lost his innate sense of balance, even though he is again at the top.

The hardest blow that ever befell Menjou in his entire cinema career was when the talkies first came to town. He had established himself at the peak in silent pictures, so much so that the producers wouldn't give him a chance in the talkies. He had become so traditionally a tailor's dummy that they simply couldn't visualize him as being able to talk.

"They told me that I was washed up," reminisced Adolphe, "—again."

A lesser man might have believed them, but not Adolphe. He saw that he *was* through in Hollywood—for the time being; and so he went to Europe and began making "foreign versions" in four different languages, all of which he fortunately could speak well. He remembers that period as definitely his lowest ebb, not because he was broke but because it seemed as though his career was.

"I had literally to begin again at the beginning," he related ruefully, "and climb back up."

Unlike so many of the other big names of silent films, neither the transition to sound nor the stock market crash of 1929 caught Menjou financially off guard. One of the shrewdest investors in the whole movie colony—like Ned Sparks, he maintains his own private statistical service at a cost in excess of $10,000 a year—he read the storm warnings and sold out his large holdings before the deluge. Adolphe isn't a stock speculator, anyhow; he invests for dividends only, and upon a business instead of a speculative basis.

After a busy season divided between personal appearances, Eddie Cantor's Texaco radio program, military school and his movie contract, Bobbie Breen spent the first week of his summer vacation doing double time on his newest film, *Make a Wish*

Jeanette Dances

[*Continued from page* 58]

tinues even after the scene is completed, Director Bob Leonard joining in as enthusiastically as anyone.

So far the set has been but partially enclosed, but now the fourth wall is moved into position and the camera moved onto a specially constructed crane which is suspended through a hole in the ceiling of the set. The crane revolves so that the camera makes the complete 360-degree turn around the edge of the table for what cameraman Oliver Marsh designates as a "merry-go-round" shot. It shows Jeanette making the circuit of the table and thus all the walls must be in position, or there would be a gap in the background. The cameraman, standing behind his instrument and wheeling it around, is the only person on the set not in the shot. Director Leonard, his assistant Joe Newman and Albertina Rasch all don make-up and costumes and partially conceal themselves behind a pillar. They must be on the set to guide the action, but they must also form part of the atmosphere.

ON A wall of the stage, just outside Jeanette's portable dressing room, exercising bars are set in especially for her use. Every morning, for half an hour, she takes her limbering-up exercises. "The rack" is her pet name for the contrivance. After two consecutive eight-hour days of dancing, she changes to a day of dialogue with Allan Jones and Warren William, not only for the physical rest, but as relaxation after the nervous strain.

In a second cafe, in Bayonne, Southern France, she makes her French debut, the set, covering half of an entire sound stage, ornate in its gold paint, scrollwork and scarlet hangings of the period. Once again, the French uniforms are in evidence, but many more of them, and of higher rank, for Napoleon and his staff are in the city. This time the dance stage is set in one corner of the room, with the orchestra in an alcove behind it. The floor itself is covered with dozens of circular tables at which the officers and their ladies make merry. And above them hang the immense cut crystal chandeliers which formerly hung in the U. S. Embassy in Vienna, Austria, and which the studio's property department bought last year.

A black satin, beaded costume, slit to the knee on one side, now adorns *The Firefly*, who carries a long ebony wand with a jeweled top and wears a jeweled tiara in her hair. Her dance is based on a French military march, and from the stage she makes her way among the tables, seeking out the officer of highest rank, for *The Firefly* is a Spanish spy, and her mission in Bayonne is to discover Napoleon's plans for putting his brother Joseph on the Spanish throne. She has not far to seek. Near the stairway to the balconies sits Col. de Rougemont, ready and willing victim to her wiles, and Don Diego Manrique de Lara, who has followed her across the Pyrenees to declare his love for her, finds himself with a rival. Warren William is the colonel; Allan Jones, Don Diego.

It is as a Basque gypsy that she gives her third dance performance of the picture.

"Now there's a girl who KNOWS HER WAY AROUND"

"THAT girl has something."

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

• • •

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they *dislike* nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

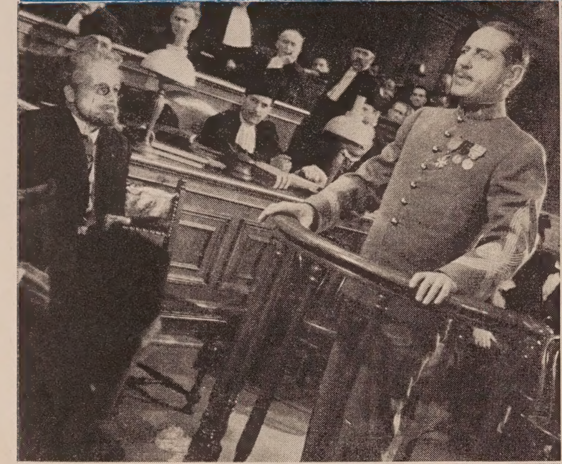
Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

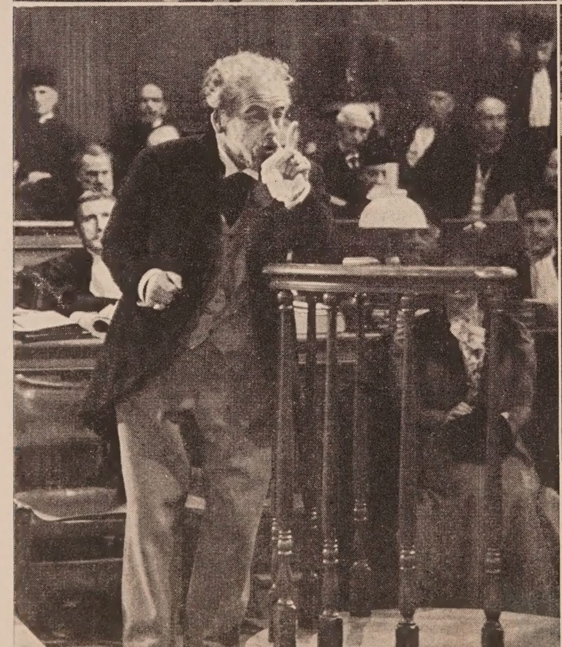
MUM

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

A MAN ON TRIAL





Paul Muni once again assumes the character of an old man in Warner Brothers' super-production, "The Life of Emile Zola." These photos show Zola on trial after accusing Major Esterhazy, (Robert Barrat) in top left photo, of conspiracy charges. Zola, a famous writer, thus faced the wrath of a people who already had driven Capt. Dreyfus, an army officer, to prison. Muni takes his screen careers so seriously that he practically lives them until the film is finished.

Edward Arnold's Diary

[*Continued from page* 60]

Sorry year. No leads for Edward . . . take $175 per week for a condensed version of *Storm* in vaudeville . . . I like the "ups" much better than the "downs."

1923 . . . Broadway again . . . up a bit to $250 per in *Nervous Wreck* . . . Long season and I save a little money . . . not enough, however, to pay back my friend the tailor.

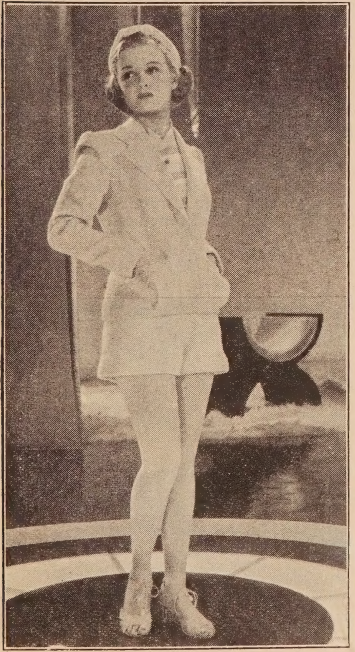
1924 . . . On road with *Nervous Wreck* . . . raised to $350 per week . . . start to pay the tailor but think better of it.

1925 to 29 . . . Become a character man . . . good parts in *Easy Come, Easy Go*, and *The Jazz Singer* . . . Victor Moore, George Jessel nice fellers . . . Otto Kruger my fran . . . Holler, but not loud enough, and get the same old $350 per week. I think of the tailor.

1930-31 . . . Go artistic . . . join the Theatre Guild . . . play *A Month in the Country* with Nazimova and cash in $400 per week . . . Art pays!

1932 . . . Play in crook comedy called *Whistling in the Dark* . . . Salary $350 with percentage . . . never collected the percentage . . . but movies grab me in Los Angeles . . . hot dog! . . . salary $750 per week . . . BLESS B. P. Schulberg . . . He discovered me and actually paid the salary.

1933-34-35-36-37 . . . I don't believe it . . . Still with Schulberg . . . going around in dizzy haze trying to figure out how to spend $10,000 per week . . . Send money to tailor friend . . . get it back—the poor chap has died!



Joan Bennett displays glamour aplenty in Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1938*, one of the biggest screen productions in his history

I WOULDN'T USE THIS GREASY DEODORANT IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO
YOU DON'T— THE NEW ODORONO ICE ISN'T GREASY AT ALL!

New Cream Deodorant

No Grease · · · No Fuss · · · Vanishes and Checks Perspiration Instantly

JUST as the permanent wave antiquated the old-fashioned curling iron, so does this miraculous new "vanishing-cream" deodorant put all the greasy old cream deodorants out of date!

Not only does Odorono Ice disappear into your skin without a trace of stickiness or grease—as easily and pleasantly as vanishing cream—but also it actually checks perspiration, as well as odor!

No more stained dresses, no extra cleaner's bills, no more embarrassing odors. You just smooth this fluffy, dainty cream in . . . and forget the whole problem for as much as three days!

Odorono Ice has no strange smell to turn musty after a while. Just the clean, fresh odor of alcohol . . . and that evaporates completely the moment it's on!

It is so simple and pleasant to apply, and so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used.

Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Don't risk your dresses and your charm another day . . . get a jar NOW!

ODO-RO-NO
Ice
CHECKS PERSPIRATION STOPS BODY ODOR

* Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

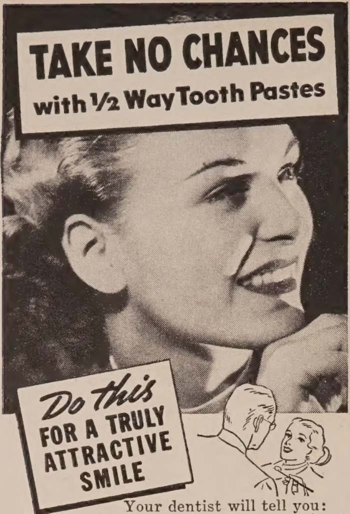
*
ODO-RO-NO ICE
NON-GREASY

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 9-A-7*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________State________



Your dentist will tell you: for gleaming teeth, *keep gums healthy too.* So *don't* trust to half-way measures. Begin tonight with the two-way care dentists advise.

1. **Clean teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
2. **Massage Gums** briskly with ½ inch of Forhan's on the brush or finger.

Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated—soon there's a new youthful lustre to your teeth.

Forhan's toothpaste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, was especially designed to do *both* vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums.* It contains a special ingredient found in no other toothpaste. End *half-way care.* Use Forhan's tonight! *Also sold in Canada.*

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D. D. S.

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

Brush Away

GRAY HAIR

AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it, by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved — for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

That Famous Vallee College

[*Continued from page* 49]

That's what he says! If you saw the careful way he scouted talent, looked over all comers, you'd know he didn't rely much on any guessing ability. Rudy Vallee *knows.* He has to. The success of his show depends on it. Besides his career as a singer, radio showman, recording and theatre artist, not to mention his own screen work, Rudy is also a talent scout! One of the greatest in the country. And undeniably the highest paid!

It was his idea, this radio presentation of sketches from outstanding plays and pictures. For five years the Vallee show has featured some Hollywood player each week. And still others are eagerly awaiting their bid to a Vallee postgraduate course!

"Mike fright" isn't so terrifying when you know Rudy Vallee and his calm assurance are there to back you up. And work on the air waves is a definite step in preparing for the day that television begins to replace the picture theaters.

DID you ever hear the story of how, in a small Florida town, Rudy discovered one of the screen's foremost singing stars? And how he groomed her for Hollywood and a dazzling career of her own? He even provided his own secretary to act as her manager! That's the story of Frances Langford and Ken Dolan.

Vallee, playing a winter season in Florida, heard her sing, decided she was good. He brought her to New York, coached her steadily for more than a year. Today she's riding high on the screen; is starring on her own radio program. And Ken Dolan? He's still her manager . . . and others too. Almost everyone ever associated with Vallee has gone on to greater success, not only the artists but his own personal staff.

You see, Rudy has a funny slant on things. Practically a headmaster's slant, you might call it. Very seldom has his confidence been misplaced. He'll school you, train you, scold you and then when you are ready, send you out into the entertainment world, well equipped to make your own place in it.

If you work with Vallee you have to work hard and long. Just as hard as he does. And that's sixteen hours a day, seven days a week! Then when you've finished the course, you're all set to step out for yourself. Rudy himself will help you make that first break. And you have the advantages of contacts with people world famous in their professions; people who know that if you've been schooled by Rudy Vallee you've learned the groundwork for success.

Alice Faye is a typical graduate of Vallee College. She had been working in floor shows until the day Rudy met her and heard her sing. Today song writers will tell you that Alice Faye is the finest "song plugger" on the screen. And Alice, in turn, will tell you that everything she knows about "selling" a song is what she learned from the old professor.

It's been over three years since Alice came to the celluloid coast. Rudy at that time talked Fox executives into giving her the lead opposite him in *George White's Scandals.* When the picture was previewed the studio heads offered her a long term contract. She wanted to turn it down. She felt that she wasn't ready for a screen career.

It was Rudy who insisted that she stay on in pictures. Alice had gone as far as she could go as the featured singer with the Connecticut Yankees. Now it was time to strike out for herself. Every step of her first two years in pictures was carefully planned out by Rudy himself. How well fitted for her graduation exercises Alice was, we all know. But she didn't believe it herself at that time!

RUDY had started his Christopher Columbus work over five years before. When he was playing the Brooklyn Paramount he was much impressed with the talent of a girl dancing in the chorus at that theater. She, too, was a blonde. He coached her, tried desperately to interest stage producers in her work. They couldn't be bothered.

At that time Rudy Vallee wasn't the man who discovered stellar material. He was simply a singer who could stand them in the aisles for each and every performance. That girl later did all right, too. Her name was Lyda Roberti.

It's been almost two years since Rudy took on a scholar with a slow Arkansas drawl, a man who'd driven to New York with his family huddled in an open Ford touring car of ancient vintage. Bob Burns. Bob tried for weeks to get an audition, to get work of any kind. He needed it desperately. Other sponsors thought his material was a little too corny, a little too hill billy, to go over.

Rudy, however, thought otherwise. After his sensational success on the air Bob Burns was able to return to Hollywood as a featured radio comedian. Six months before he hadn't been able to get a day's extra work. Now he's playing in his first starring picture, *Mountain Music.* and is a radio star of the first magnitude.

One of the earliest graduates of the Vallee finishing school was Dave Rubinoff. When Vallee met him the bushy haired Russian was fiddling away in an orchestra pit. Rudy helped him get started as a stage attraction. Then it was only a question of time until radio sought his services.

Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Pressman, were snapped entering the Trocadero for an evening's fun

And, just to prove that all the Vallee alumnus are not necessarily on the screen, consider the case of Walter Scharf. Walter was Rudy's first piano player for three years, doing the arrangements of the music you heard on the air. A little over a year ago he married Alice Faye's cousin. Today he is in Hollywood, one of the youngest and highest paid arrangers in the entire film colony.

Among the screen stars who made their air lanes debut with Vallee are Mary Boland, Bette Davis, Jean Arthur, Boris Karloff and half a hundred more. To this day Rudy believes that Karloff's performance in *The Bells* is one of the finest acts he ever had the privilege to present. Only recently Ann Sothern was added to the Vallee scholars. And behind her appearance is a story that has never been told.

When Ann was plain Harriet Lake, trying to make her way on the musical comedy stage, she was engaged to Mickey Bloom, the first trumpet with Rudy's orchestra. After a time she came to Hollywood, made her screen debut and, after a steadily rising career, married Roger Pryor.

It was that funny man, Hugh Herbert, who made such a startling radio debut that Rudy will never be able to forget him. Hugh holds the distinction of having blown higher than a kite when he went on the air for the first time. His voice cracked repeatedly. Then, his trembling hands fumbling with the script, he managed to drop the precious papers to the floor, scattering them all around the microphone. While, white-faced and goggle eyed, he tried frantically to find his place, there was a dead silence og fifteen seconds. Over the air it seemed like an hour.

VALLEE stepped to the mike, ad libbed until a promoter could show Hugh his cues. Mr. Herbert then edged up to the microphone only to discover that he had completely lost his voice! How they ever managed to finish the program no one seems to know.

Vallee's gift for recognizing talent in others dates back to just before his own rise to fame. Ten years ago this fall Rudy was just out of college, playing pick up dates here and there with any orchestra that could use an extra man. One night he was hired to play a Baltimore ball. Arriving, he learned that a trio had also been hired for the occasion. They called themselves simply "The Rhythm Boys" and featured a young man with a trick voice. A young man by the name of Bing Crosby.

As the evening wore on Rudy, blowing away on his saxophone and almost completely hidden from the sight of the dancers, watched Bing make a sensational success. The dancers demanded encore after encore. Bing was very very nonchalant about it all. He didn't seem to realize that it was him they wanted to hear, not the Rhythm Boys. Rudy complimented him after the evening's work was done. Bing looked at him with some amazement. "You mean you really thought they liked *me?*" he asked.

So you see the dean of Vallee College was discovering talent in others long before he discovered himself! The next time you listen to the Vallee hour remember these prize scholars of the Vallee school. You'll find that you're listening to tomorrow's stars, all brightly shined, scrubbed and presented by the dean himself—Rudy Vallee, the entire faculty of the greatest school in theatrical history!

● Madelyn Jones of Salley, South Carolina, selected by Walter Wanger as final winner in HOLD-BOB'S "Search for Talent."

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Blackmail

[*Continued from page* 57]

your beauty. I want to photograph something more important—I want to imprison in celluloid the quality no one has ever seen in your face before. And it is there. I see it in rare moments when you turn suddenly, when you listen intently, when you think perhaps of things you will not talk about."

To this day I don't know whether I am a star by virtue of what I am, and what I possess, or by virtue of the things with which John Blake imbued me. The night my first picture was previewed there was no doubt. I would be a star and soon.

THE morning following that gala night was oppressive to me, and yet I should have been happy beyond my utmost dreams.

Psychic? Perhaps. But during various crises in my life I had experienced that same strange sense of foreboding and they had always proved true! This morning it came. "A Mr. Gray wishes to speak to you on the telephone. It's long distance calling," my maid announced.

Three thousand miles away I heard Andrew's mocking voice. "So my little model has made a hit in Hollywood. Congratulations, my dear! I'll be seeing you soon. I'm taking this afternoon's plane for the Coast!"

I put the phone in its cradle slowly. Why was Andrew coming here? I knew now that I did not love him. That my emotion for him was only a phantasy built up around a young girl's dream.

When I dined with John that night he took my cold hands between his own. "You don't seem very happy about your success, or about the tremendous plans the studio has for you. I haven't seen you smile all evening. What is it? Can't you tell me about it?"

I shook my head. I didn't dare to talk for fear hysteria would rise to my lips and overwhelm me. John looked at me keenly. "You know I love you, don't you? Do you think you could be happy with me as my wife?"

Happy with John? No girl could ask for more. This gentle, talented, dignified, splendid man, with the sensitive eyes, seemed a harbor in a stormy sea. For a long time I had known that I loved John. For a long time I was afraid of his love and eager for it. "I love you too," I whispered back. "Marry me tonight!"

His face glowed. "We can be on a plane for Yuma in an hour."

Four hours later there I was—hatless, in a sports dress, in low-heeled shoes, with a run in my stocking, promising to love, honor and cherish John Blake forever and a day. I couldn't have been much of a beauty that night. The desert morning was clear and brilliant. My nose was shiny, my hair was disheveled. I didn't have a touch of lipstick on my lips, but John whispered, "You're the most beautiful thing in the world, and I love you for always."

We came back to an excited Hollywood, to a whole horde of clamoring reporters, and to a studio publicity department furious at our unceremonious elopement. What could have been a ten days wonder—the marriage of their newest star to their greatest director—was now doomed to decorate the front pages for two days at the most.

Andrew Gray was out of my mind completely, and when his note was delivered to me at the studio giving me his hotel address, I had an instant of panic, a feeling that waters deep and terrifying were closing over my head. I telephoned him and his first words to me were, "You're doing very well for yourself, my dear. Would you mind if I show your friend husband these cute pictures I have of you?"

At the moment I didn't understand Andrew. I had never posed for a picture that I was ashamed to face. But one glance at the photos he later sent me brought an exclamation of horror. His pictures revealed me with a man I had never seen—vile, compromising pictures that no one would question.

I knew he had never taken them—but it was a long, long time before I learned he had made composites—carefully blending pictures of myself on the one side with those of a man on the other.

The job was so good that even I stared in amazement. Panic gripped me—a panic that eventually cost me a great deal.

"Andrew — you wouldn't," I half-sobbed to him when he phoned again.

"Maybe I would, and then maybe again I wouldn't," he retorted. "Oh, by the way, you're in the clover now and I'm rather up against it. Have you got a thousand or two lying around loose?"

There was an overt threat behind his words and I knew it. He *knew* that *I knew* it. I promised I would send him a check. And now Melinda Carr was irrevocably committed to blackmail.

IT WASN'T the last time that his oily voice came to me over the phone with ever-increasing demands. Frequently at night I would wake up in sheer terror, screaming, and then there would be John beside me, soothing me, quieting me, asking what was wrong. He never really insisted on an answer. Intuitively, he knew I couldn't tell him.

Then there came a day when I made a frantic resolution. An unwise one. An impulsive one. I went to Andrew's hotel suite and began a systematic ransacking of his luggage and his drawers, looking for those tell-tale pictures. I didn't dare run the risk of letting the world see them. John would die of shame and my family who cherished me, who considered me something next to an angel, would die of shame with him.

I didn't find anything. Andrew was far too clever for me. Standing in the middle of his room, with tears of self-pity running down my face I heard his hated voice. "So you didn't find them, my dear? I rather expected an earlier call than this."

I have often wondered whether Andrew hated me because I was a woman, or because I had slipped through his fingers. Not that he loved me really. He wasn't capable of love. But he was the sort of man who is a wicked miser. He wants only the things that other people want. Now that I was a star, considering that only a few months past I would have been in seventh heaven, with one word of affection from him, he regretted his lost opportunity, and he was going to make me suffer for it.

Perhaps if I had said "no" to his first demands for money—perhaps if I had had more courage instead of too much pride, and had faced an unpalatable situation then, the problem might have been solved. But now there was no hope for me.

He had letters from me which might be misconstrued. He had kept the notes which had accompanied my checks to him. Pleading notes, phrases of revelation. What was there for me to do? I was a marionette, pulled by the strings held in Andrew Gray's fingers.

I didn't blame John for the questioning look which came more frequently into his eyes. With my large salary I seemed always to be broke. He had given me jewels and one by one they disappeared. Andrew was voracious. I had to pawn them, and I'm afraid my explanations were feeble. Is it any wonder that eventually John, seeing me slipping away to unnamed destinations, hearing stories which on their face were untrue, should begin to wonder if I no longer loved him?

In a way I was glad John felt like that. It made it a little easier for me, because by now I knew there was no help for me. If John were to be saved, he had to be made to believe that I no longer cared about him. That I wanted to be free again. I was proving my love by deliberately forfeiting John's for me—the only thing in life I wanted!

Gray became more insistent with the days. I met him in out-of-the-way places for luncheon. I went for drives with him, always to allay his cruelty. I pleaded with him for respite. I was a slave grovelling at the feet of a master. Begging him for kindness. But the more he saw me in torment, the happier he was. He didn't care whether I was discovered with him or not. "If people begin to talk about the stranger with whom Melinda Carr is seen in out-of-the-way places, it will be just too bad for you!" He taunted me!

He became bolder as the days went by. His entire life, his entire thought must have been dedicated to inflecting pain on me. A monstrous person.

He must have had a sixth sense where I was concerned for no little special holiday, no special joy, no special occasion, whether personal or professional, which came to bless my days, was unmarred by the shadow of Andrew Gray. I remember vividly the day I signed my new contract with the studio. The newspapers heralded it as one of the most lucrative in the history of the industry.

The following day a special messenger brought me a letter. In it were two photographs and a cryptic little note. "I have the negatives, my dear. Isn't it just too bad?"

On the day of my first marriage anniversary a flat box was delivered to me. In it were two films and some photos. "I'm a big-hearted person—you may have these all to yourself."

It's a wonder I didn't lose my mind. If it hadn't been for John I would have taken the coward's way out, but suicide is a nasty business. The man I loved could be spared that at least.

You must have guessed the end. When a man suspects his wife of an intrigue it is only a very short step to the divorce court. We were divorced to the tune of innuendoes and gossip and I took the brunt of the criticism. I, all Hollywood said, did not know when I had a good thing. Just a little upstart who had "gone Hollywood." Success had patently gone to my head.

There was no defense for me. How could I talk, when all these months every bit of my energy had gone to hide the very situation which could have exonerated me?

So I took it on the chin. I was the bad wife and John the magnanimous husband. For while rumor was rife as to the grounds for divorce, rumors which did me no credit, on the surface it was just one of those friendly separations.

Andrew Gray had done his job well. He had wrecked my happiness, broken the heart of the one man, the one thing in all my life I cherished.

So that was it. Yes—I had all sorts of frantic plans to break his spell. I thought of going to the district attorney and laying my case before him. I thought of going to John and telling him the truth. I thought of going to my parents with my head bowed in shame. In my most insane moments I even thought of going to my studio executives and asking to be released from my contract for a life of retirement. If I had no Fame; if I had no money, then Andrew Gray would permit me the peace of obscurity.

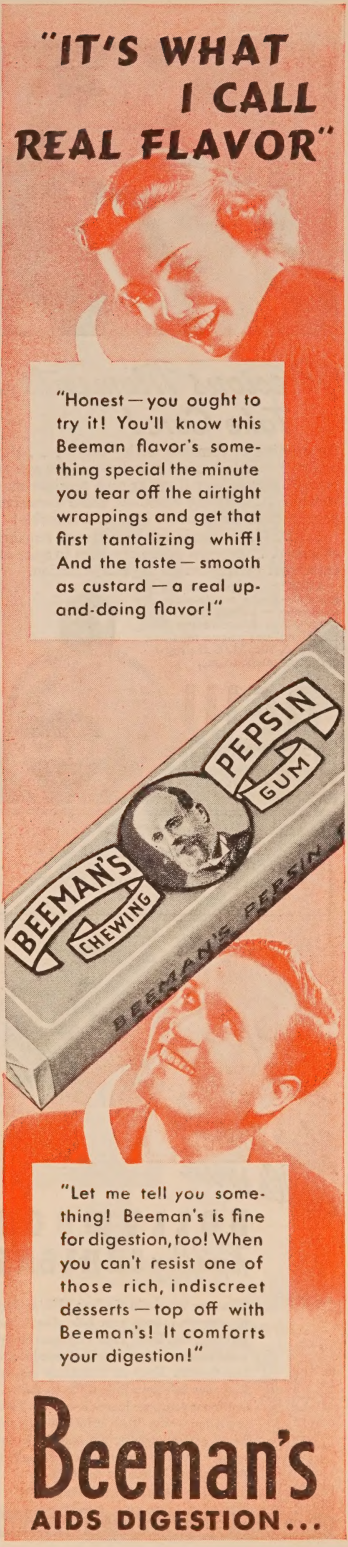
But I did none of these things.

I didn't *then*, have the courage!

What will be Melinda Carr's fate? What will she do?

Read her dramatic concluding installment.

Here's Shirley Temple with Eddie Cantor at the world premiere of *Wee Willie Winkie*, at the Carthay Circle Theatre



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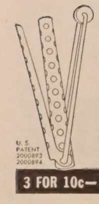

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Ex-Stars as Extras

[*Continued from page* 50]

and novelty keeps the motion picture business the world's most fascinating industry, careers are tossed about like corks on a stormy sea. Fame is a romantic phantom who plays havoc with human hearts and with the coming of talking pictures more than one cinema sweetheart was forgotten in the mad scramble for new faces, new romances.

Francis X. Bushman, once a $5,000 a week star, the original screen Romeo, great lover and Adonis, as perfect a stature of a man as ever graced the screen, has seen Fame and Fortune run away and after an absence of several years returned to Hollywood as the proprietor of a small cafe by day; the sponsor and master of ceremonies of a radio hour presenting the many talents of film extras, at night. His success and the unusual acting ability of the "extras" on his program has done much to give movie extras recognition and encouragement.

Recent recognition of the Screen Actors Guild as the sole bargaining agency for acting talent in Hollywood studios has given the extras a substantial minimum wage increase and better working conditions and the late, cussed and discussed, N. R. A. divided working extras from the merely curious who wanted it said that they "had been in a picture." Today the Hollywood extra fares much better than a few years ago but his work is uncertain. Seldom does he work steadily and his telephone and wardrobe (which are expensive) are vitally important to his income. But, the extra is doing better. Other actors are playing Big Brother rather than merely talking about it. Producers have been most co-operative and playing "atmosphere" for present day pictures is an important job.

MANY former stars are on the extra lists today but they are actors and actresses, feel their job is to act and so they join the extra ranks to continue in their chosen work.

"I felt like I had dropped out of a ten story window and been saved by an awning when I dropped from my former salary of $1,500 a week to extra work at $5.00, $7.50 and $10.00 a day—some days," says Jerome Storm, director of many silent films and active in Hollywood studios for quarter of a century. "There seemed plenty of reason why I should never have to scratch around for a job with my background of technical and artistic experience, but there did come a day when I had no income and was happy to accept any kind of work to support my son and myself. Since then extra work has been a God-send and I'm grateful for any kind of a bit, or part or extra work. And when I call Central and there seems to be nothing immediately available I go out on speculation—visit a location where some one already engaged might be ill, or hurt, or fail to show up. But I keep going, keep after work and find little to grumble about. I have no kick against Hollywood. I have sat beside former featured players in casting offices and heard them complain about bad luck and criticize those more successful, but I have only one answer for them: 'We should be thankful for what we get. We're still in the business we grew up in.' "

Fritzie Brunette was well known on the stage and the star of fifty Universal silent pictures. A four years' illness took her out of the studios during the revolutionary days. Returning to Hollywood she found herself pretty much forgotten but Fritzie held her head high, her tongue in her cheek and started all over again. Says this talented ex-star: "I'm glad to be alive, mentally and physically fit to play bits and extra parts. I am managing to edge back into the business, but I am not attempting a 'come-back'. My present screen salary is nothing compared to my former starring salary but I am grateful for the chance to work, to meet so many old friends and keep active in the studios studying the great changes and doing the kind of work I've always loved. You never get pictures quite out of your mind."

Cleo Ridgeley was Wallace Reid's screen sweetheart and a Paramount star for years. She retired from the silent screen when she married and for many years devoted her life to the upbringing of her twin boy and girl. Now that they have grown taller than their mother this attractive ex-star finds enjoyment in occasional extra work, bits and small parts. She, too, wants it distinctly understood that she is not trying a "come-back".

"I call it a lark when I get a call for dress extra work or a small bit in a picture. I am not always needed at home and extra work enables me to get away from the daily routine and be active in my chosen field again. I am perfectly content to let the younger generation have the spotlight. Besides, I enjoy seeing the youngsters who once worked with me and for me running the show and expressing that for which they have worked so hard. One learns many a lesson in human nature and tolerance in association with the extras in the background."

Effective June I only extras with paid up cards in the Screen Actors' Guild are called for studio work, through Central Casting.

The minimum wage for extras has increased from $3.20 to $5.50 per day.

Speculative or "weather permitting" calls are being eliminated.

Extras travelling all or part of a day to locations are paid pro rata.

Studios pay all agents commissions so that extra salaries are net.

Extras range from "atmosphere" at $5.50 to $15.00 for dress extras. These dress extras require about $1,000 worth of dress wardrobe to get work.

"Stand-ins" (men and women who stand in for stars while lights and cameras are being set) receive a minimum daily wage of $6.50 per day or $33.00 per week (six days).

Any player speaking a single line is NOT an extra. He receives a minimum of $25 per day.

Stunt men receive a minimum of $35.00 a day. So called "day players", a minimum of $25.00 a day.

Bit players are those receiving $25.00 a day or more. Cast "principals" are now designated as those who receive more than $200 a week.

A VISIT with Helen Holmes finds her living in an atmosphere remindful of the days when she was the daring serial star of a score of hair raising chapter films. Seated before an open log fire in her bungalow with the floor covered by attractive Indian rugs, this former movie horsewoman continues to look the part of the dashing heroine millions applauded.

"I was always more of a stunt woman than anything else," she proudly asserts, "and never assumed any so-called glamour. In the silent days we had to rely solely on action and pantomime to make ourselves understood. We had no excessive grooming and voices to help us register; no elaborate sets or gorgeous wardrobe. When I married we moved to a ranch to raise horses. The price of horses went down; the price of their feed went up and I hurried back to Hollywood. I was glad to return to pictures and accept whatever I could get. I still hope that I can do something outstanding and attract the attention of my director and get a promotion. I can't give up the movies."

While waiting for phone calls Helen Gibson, equally famous as a silent serial star, spends her spare time making attractive rag rugs and crocheting pretty things for her cozy little Burbank bungalow. "I have a good time wondering how long each new job will last; what it will mean; how large my check will be and how far I can make it go," says optimistic Helen, showing her famous dimples.

"In fact I'm happier than when I had my rather good and assured salary coming in each week because I am free of responsibility. My ambition is to buy a small theatre and show some of the old pictures occasionally."

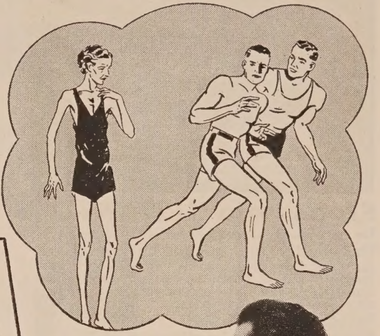
Helen Chadwick, starred in a score of big pictures at several studios and although she dislikes talking about her former success and the changes which have occurred she gladly responds to calls for extra work, bits and small parts. "When people ask me if I am not heartbroken because I have had to back down the ladder I laugh it off and assure them that I don't look upon extra work in that light," says Helen, still attractive, witty and shapely. "I have formed one profitable habit. I let others talk while I keep my mouth shut and my ears wide open, so to speak. In this way I never fail to enrich my store of information. It's fun to work in pictures and occasionally I get a call to work for my former husband, William A. Wellman (*A Star is Born*). We pass the time of day pleasantly and I catch him watching out to see that I get every chance to look well in whatever atmosphere work is provided. One day I worked with two of my former directors and they were anything but downhearted."

Edna Hall, once with Bernhardt and later in grand opera; Bruce Mitchell, for twenty years a screen director; two Earls, three Barons and six Countesses are among the titled folk listed in the Central Casting "extra" files. Among the former "greats" listed in the Russian branch of the extra file are General Stanislaw Savitskoi (who dislikes publicity but takes orders like a good trouper on the set), Admiral Alexander Novinsky, Consul General T. Oushakoff, Major Nick Kobliansky, Colonel Serge Mishukoff. Nick M. Abramoff, American born son of a Russian general, has a list of 15,000 Los Angeles Russians available for picture work and heads a crack troop of

[*Continued on page 92*]

MEN IGNORED HER
—SHE WAS SO SKINNY!

—then she gained 11 LBS. QUICK and loads of new popularity



Ella Craig

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—Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.

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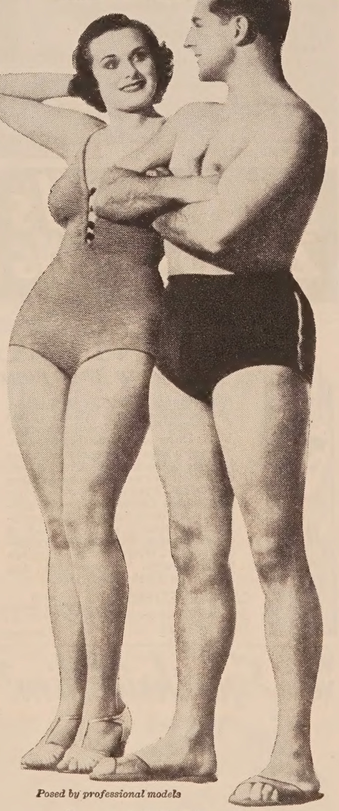

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The Girl Behind the Halo

[*Continued from page* 47]

and there. Suddenly he was enveloped in a whirl of organdie. Books, script, handbag went flying. Down on her knees went Marlene, holding the small one close in her arms, showering kisses on the little bare back, murmuring endearments in the tiny pink ears.

Still holding him tightly, she looked up. There were tears in her eyes and her mouth was quivering.

"I miss my little girl so—it's been almost a year . . ." she whispered.

All the longing, all the unhappiness, all the suffering were revealed in that simple sentence and her eyes. My eyes were moist, too, as I turned away. I felt as though I shouldn't have looked at her just then.

It was a new Dietrich who returned from Germany the following year. A glad, happy Marlene, with little Maria by her side. She seemed to have acquired an air of confidence—of poise—that she'd lacked before. Some of this was undoubtedly due to the fact she'd acquired a slim, gorgeous figure and a smart new Paris wardrobe, but most of it was in anticipation of a new home life—Maria to work for—Maria to do things for—Maria for companionship.

Much of this self-assurance, however, was on the surface. Actually, Marlene felt really sure of herself only when she was with von Sternberg. Wasn't he her great friend—her director?

"No one," she said one day, "knows what he is capable of doing until Mr. von Sternberg directs him. He is the greatest director in the world!"

SO SURELY did she feel this—so convinced was she that it was only with him she could act, that she flatly refused to work with anyone else, even when the studio and von Sternberg combined their efforts to change her mind, feeling that they would both benefit by a change.

"I did not come to this country just to make pictures," was Marlene's only comment. "I came to make pictures with Mr. von Sternberg!"

And it was only after a lawsuit had been threatened that she finally consented to allow Rouben Mamoulian to direct her in *The Song of Songs.*

And so time went on. Von Sternberg continued to direct Marlene and Marlene was happy. Long, gruelling hours of rehearsals. Long, sleepless nights. They were nothing to her.

When fate intervened, taking Josef von Sternberg to another studio, Marlene became panicky once more. The old lack of self-confidence returned a hundredfold. It took all the powers of persuasion of von Sternberg, Ernst Lubitsch and her friends to convince her that she—alone—was capable of carrying on.

Finally, *The Garden of Allah* and a picture abroad did the trick. Marlene returned to America with all the enthusiasm imaginable to work in *The Angel*—excited and thrilled as a young girl at her first party at the thought of floating down a typical Lubitsch staircase, trailing chiffons behind her.

Even the disappointment at finding the trunks-full of beautiful "Beverly of Graustark" gowns she'd brought back with her especially for the picture must be discarded in favor of more modern, sophisticated garb failed to daunt her enthusiasm, and she plunged into her work whole-heartedly, as always.

And right now Marlene is planning her vacation, with Maria and husband Rudolph Seiber, who has just arrived in Hollywood to accompany them back. As soon as she receives her final papers which will make her an American citizen and the picture is finally finished, they're off for a trip abroad—together.

The mad Ritz Brothers arrived in these costumes at the opening of Shirley Temple's new film, *Wee Willie Winkie*

Maureen O'Sullivan's Destiny

[*Continued from page* 61]

one exception was when I married Johnny Farrow."

All of which called to mind the fact that, in addition to her many other new attributes, Maureen, during the past year as a bride, has won a reputation for being one of the most charming hostesses in Hollywood.

"I'm one of those who believe that marriage helps rather than hinders a career," she said. "When a girl is single, she is all too prone to become completely surrounded in herself and her problems. I've found that the best way to get along is to become wholly absorbed in some other person. When one does that, things in his or her personal life seem to work themselves out with no apparent effort.

"Since the time I was a little girl, I remember my mother telling me that I'd never find happiness by looking for it. That some day I'd stumble upon it accidentally when I was busy thinking of something, or someone else.

"I'm firmly convinced, now, that she was right."

And so Maureen is unconsciously preparing herself for her new career as a dramatic actress. She has developed a quality of keen observance rare in one of her age. Between making pictures and supervising the building of a brand new home, she finds time to take voice lessons, to guard her health with a series of exercises, and to help her husband on the research of a new book now in preparation.

Friends of Maureen look back with wonder at the little girl who arrived in Hollywood from Ireland. She was too eager, too frightened at the film city. For months she was afraid to speak, for fear she would say the wrong thing.

But during this time she kept her eyes open. She looked further than the glittering success that was hers for a moment. Those were past. There was the future, always the future.

—PHOTO BY HERB DALLINGER

Ramon Novarro returns to the screen after an absence of almost two years in Republic's film, *She Didn't Want a Sheik.* Novarro regards this as one of his best picture roles

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I'M A BAD GIRL

By
GRACE
BRADLEY

As a screen personality, she admits she is mostly what she made herself. Here is a self-painted portrait of the girl who recently married Bill Boyd

I STARTED dabbling with facial smears in my mud pie days, and I never learned how to stop. As I grew older I added trick facial expressions behind the make-up, and that's how I happened to become an adventuress—a bad girl, if you will—in films, instead of all sweetness and light.

Just for the record—and my friends will vouch for this—I do all the kind things I possibly can in real life. My mother and I are great pals. I always try to soothe my pet dog's feelings when I accidentally step on him. I pick up baby birds and put them back in their nests. I never slam the door on the brush peddler's face.

But, on the screen, I certainly work up a great volley of hisses. I know, because I stole into a preview of *Wake Up And Live* and slunk out again abashed when a whole crowd of youngsters vociferously expressed their dislike for the way I treated heroic Jack Haley in the final scenes.

As I have said—it all began when I was a tot making mud pies. My mother never knew her darling daughter after I got near a mud puddle where I could paint grotesque masks on my face with a baby's finger. Later it was crayon, then water colors, and finally mother's own powder and lipstick and eyebrow pencil. The fascination of becoming an imp of Satan, just playing the part with make-up, became a fateful trait that led to feminine villainy roles on the screen.

One of my first successes at a children's piano recital in New York City was won by an innocent prank. I was to give three selections. But a mix-up in the program caused the male director to become annoyed at me when I walked out on the stage. I was seven then. And he made the mistake of showing his annoyance to the audience. So, behind his back, I exaggerated his bad temper by pointing at him and pretending to tear my hair. The audience howled, and after giving my selection, they applauded me lustily—clapped me back for an encore.

MY FIRST film role was gained in a similar manner. I was waiting with my agent in a producer's outer office. I had never met him, but he was seriously considering me for the demure lead in his next picture. He happened to stalk through the anteroom, however, just as I was in the middle of telling a wicked step-mother story—with gestures. When I was called in for the interview a few minutes later, the producer brushed aside all talk of the lead part and insisted that I play a bad girl role, which I finally agreed to do. And I was typed!

But I discovered half way through the picture that make-up had played the larger part in the producer's quick decision to cast me as a tempstress. The daytime make-up I had been wearing for some months gave me a perpetual pout and a certain sirenic look around the eyes.

My dabbling with creams, powder, lipstick and eyebrow pencil had gotten me off to a "bad" start in films.

Now, I'm going to make use of just that experience to acquire some of the better acting plums in pictures.

One is the role of Delilah in *Sampson and Delilah.* Another is a certain good part in *Gone With The Wind.* I may not win both, or either, of these parts . . . but I shall try, because. . . .

If I'm going to be a bad girl in films, I'm really going to be BAD!

But only in films, I can assure you—

Grace would like to be a thorough-going bad girl—on the screen. Here she is shown with the artist's conception of Delilah, a role she would love to portray

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Looking Down from "Heaven"

[*Continued from page* 33]

Not puffed up, just friendly about it.

How, we asked Taylor, does he think he's changed since two years ago?

"I had a lot of faults then; I still have, of course, but I know a few I'm getting over. I think my main fault as a beginner was inexperience, and not being able to sort out good from bad advice. Because of that inexperience, I remember that I used to overact rather badly. Somewhere along the line I woke up to the realization that the less acting I did the better the rushes looked.

"You see, I started out with a terrific enthusiasm. I know I was a trial to my first director, John M. Stahl, when I made *Magnificent Obsession.* I acted all over the place. Enthusiasm is highly important to an actor, just as it is to anyone who wants to make progress in his work, but in an inexperienced actor, it will always make him overact till he learns better. I think I'm rubbing off a lot of that overacting.

"I was inexperienced about a lot of other things in life, too. I had a collegiate attitude towards women. It's hard to explain just what I mean, I guess—but I did things awkwardly, conspicuously, the showy things that a young fellow does because someone has told him it's etiquette. I didn't know the quite essential courtesies, like sending flowers to a girl at appropriate times. Of course, in college, I wasn't in a financial position to know or do things like that. It takes more money than the average college boy has. I still find some of that collegiate stuff cropping out, that has to be gotten out of my system," and he grinned.

"YOU haven't asked me anything about Barbara Stanwyck," said Bob, seriously, "so I feel that I can say something about her, and that it won't be overemphasized or distorted. Barbara has been the greatest influence for improvement that I've had. She's older in experience. She's been a trouper since she was a kid. Lots of times when I've left the studio at night, all temperamental and steamed up about something, I've talked it over with Barbara. When I've finished my recital, I find I'm feeling ashamed of myself and that the matter in hand wasn't very important anyway. She's got both feet on the ground, and she knows the answers.

"This brings us around to what I said at first, about my not knowing good advice when I got it. As a beginner, I used to get into an awful state, listening to everybody. I know players of experience who still get almost frantic over the things people tell them, and don't know whom to believe or what to do. Barbara has taught me how to sort out advice, how to judge what's the right or the wrong thing to do in my work. She not only gives good advice, but she can demonstrate, in her own career, how it works."

There are some other changes in Bob. When he first came to films from college, he was slight of build, both from youth and lack of a chance to develop physically in outdoor sports. Today, Taylor has perceptibly gained weight, lost that weedy look, and has built up his physique under the advice of a trainer. His craze for horses and riding matches Barbara Stanwyck's, and leisure time finds the pair riding over the bridlepaths of the neighborhood around the Mar Wyck ranch, a horse breeding venture jointly owned by Barbara and Mrs. Zeppo Marx.

This physical development of Taylor has been eagerly sought by him, as he would like to work into more rough and ready roles. He has his eye on the role in *The Duke Steps Out,* a prize fight story, and will remind you that his first break was as a gangster racketeer type, with his face marked by horrible scars (courtesy of make-up department), in *Buried Loot,* a one reeler film made at Metro as part of the *Crime Doesn't Pay* series.

ELEANOR POWELL'S mother sees the changes in Eleanor more than Eleanor does herself. "Eleanor hasn't any ideas about herself as a big shot. But she certainly developed both in her work, and in her ability to take care of her own affairs," says her mother.

Eleanor is quite a family girl, and recently had her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Torrey, from New York, come out for a visit. Grandma, viewing the new Eleanor, the girl who has been in pictures for two years, said with astonishment: "Is that our little girl?" "And well she might say so," said Mrs. Powell. "Eleanor has learned a lot about standing up for herself in her business affairs. She'll go into an executive's office and talk things over and present her side of the matter with all the poise in the world. Movies have matured Eleanor. In show business it was all fun to her. I tended to her affairs and looked after her. Now, I still help in any way I can, but I'm happy to see she's learned to stand on her own feet.

"A couple of weeks ago one of the studio executives wanted Eleanor to work on Sunday. He took her into his office and gave her a five-minute pep talk about the film's being $70,000 behind on its schedule, and the need of everyone cooperating.

"'It isn't will I, it's can I?' answered Eleanor. Then she launched into an account of what her schedule had been for the past three weeks. Eight to nine hours a day before the camera dancing, leaving the set only long enough to touch up her make-up or costume, with three dressers helping rub her down and change her clothes. She had been wearing a man's dress suit costume; she used up six shirts, ten collars a day which were replaced as fast as they wilted; electricians never 'doused' the lights on the set when she left, as they knew it would be a matter of minutes until she'd return. She works so intensely. Twenty-one days of this with no day off.

"The executive, who heard it all for the first time, apologized, sent her home to rest and called up twice to see if she felt all right next day. Two years ago she would have gone on, at her terrific speed, and collapsed. Now she's learning a little about conserving herself.

"Eleanor has learned her camera pretty thoroughly. She has found what steps will screen. For instance, she has learned that it's useless to use intricate steps for a finale. The loud music of a finale drowns the tapping. In this new *Melody* she planned the finale so that she does strut steps, and style steps. Her specialty, the rippling taps done close to the floor, she saves for the scenes in the middle of the picture."

Hollywood Hock Shop Secrets!

[*Continued from page* 35]

some fraternity and sorority pins. Bitter memories of young hopefuls who tried vainly to crash the movies.

The customer left and Jack came over beside me and glanced at the pins. He shrugged his shoulders. "When they're young sometimes they can't take it," he said.

"It seems to me that the young ones would have more courage than the older ones," I ventured.

"Well, I guess the older ones get used to taking it on the chin."

Then he told me that on two occasions little known actors had come there, borrowed money on some of their belongings, but the money in their pockets did not raise their spirits enough to feel that life was worth while. They took the easiest way out—suicide.

"There was a young fellow in here only a few days ago. I let him have some money on a watch. He went home and turned on the gas. They found him the next day. It was too bad. He was only twenty-three years old."

Jack was silent. My curiosity got the best of me and I asked: "Was there anyone else you know who did that?"

He mentioned another actor who never became a star.

"He was young too," he said.

"Doesn't anything funny ever happen here?" I asked hopefully.

He smiled. "Oh, sure," he said, "there's one bit player who comes in and borrows his typewriter long enough to write a bunch of letters every few days—they're long ones too."

Jack pointed to a chair and a trunk.

"He sits right down there and puts his typewriter on that trunk."

"You don't have any novelists come in here and borrow their typewriters to use just long enough to dash off the great American novel, do you?" I asked grinning.

"No," he laughed, "but it wouldn't surprise me if somebody tried to. They've tried about everything else."

He gazed out the window for a moment.

"A few weeks ago a man rushed through the door and up to the window where I stood," Jack said, "He pulled a watch from his pocket and a ring from his finger. 'How much?' he asked. I looked them over and made him an offer. He nodded his head and while I made out the tickets he said, 'I've only got fifteen minutes to get to the air field. I'm sponsoring a beauty contest in the east.'"

Jack smiled. "He looked a little wild, but I'm used to a lot of funny sights here and didn't think much of it until he had his pawn tickets and the money, in his pocket, then as he turned and hurried towards the door he said, 'You'll hear from my lawyers. This is a test case.'

"It sure puzzled me what he meant. I couldn't figure it out at all—until the next day when I heard that he'd been taken to the insane asylum.

ANOTHER customer came in and Jack was busy for a while. I recognized the chap as a young fellow headed for the top—two years ago. Jack loaned him some money and returned to my side to continue:

"But some of the young actors who come in here are plenty cheerful. They have courage and optimism to spare. One young fellow's got a good wardrobe but most of it's in the shop here. He gets a days extra work in pictures and he comes to see me to talk me into letting him borrow one of his suits so he can do the work that calls for a good looking suit."

"Do you let him have the suit?" I asked.

"Yes. He wears the suit while he is working and then brings it back."

"Mighty generous of you," I said.

"Oh, it gives him a chance to get the work and later on he will be able to get them out."

"Another young fellow I know hurried in here one day with a suit over his arm. He laid it down on the counter and said, 'Give me five. I'm in a hurry, Jack.' I asked him why all the rush and he said, 'I just saw a director go into the Brown Derby. I want some money so I can go there and have lunch. Then I'll ask him for a job.'"

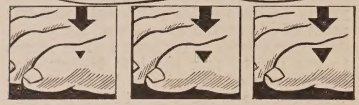
We both laughed at that one. There was the confidence and courage of one's own convictions that leads to success.

Well, Jack, if I sell this story I'll come back and get my suit out of hock.

HER SMILE WON HIM
...But her breath lost him
I HEAR TOMMY BLAKE FELL HARD FOR YOU TONIGHT, HELEN. LIKE HIM?
HE'S AWFULLY NICE! BUT HE ONLY DANCED WITH ME ONCE, PEG!
I THINK I KNOW WHY, HELEN...BUT IT'S HARD TO SAY IT! SOMETIMES YOUR BREATH...OH WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TOMORROW?
MY BREATH! WHY PEG, THAT CAN'T BE...BUT I'LL SEE DR. ELLIS
MISS WEST, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
AND PEG, TOMMY AND I WANT YOU TO BE BRIDESMAID!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle, gives new brilliance to your smile!"

YOU'RE RIGHT!
CORNS DO COME BACK BIGGER_UGLIER THAN EVER unless removed Root*and all



● Paring at home makes corns come back bigger, uglier—more painful—than ever.

Play safe! Use the new Blue-Jay method. First the pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure, then the entire corn lifts out Root and All.

Blue-Jay is a tiny, medicated plaster. Held in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Get Blue-Jay today. 25¢ for a package of 6.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't need to take chances. All druggists now have the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles—a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-Tex). Works fast—safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it **FREE** ~ We send Free complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3011 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name ....
Street ....
City.................................... State....................
Color of your hair?..

A Hard Way to an Easy Living

[*Continued from page 63*]

associates, who slap his daring ideas on the wrist, almost before he lets loose of them. He smokes a pipe constantly and there are those who insist it is the same pipe which he smoked at Dartmouth, Oxford and the Sorbonne. Perhaps it is the identical number that comforted him, after a tough skirmish in the sky, during the World War, when he was stationed in Italy as a flyer.

His buddies called him the "Austrian Ace," because he cracked up five Italian bombers in various combats. Although he can well afford it, he does not own his own plane; he prefers the ground and a polo pony. Many veteran pilots are like that.

Wanger didn't have to take the advice of Horace Greeley; he was born as far west as he could go. With one eye on the Golden Gate, from which point the China Clipper later took off, and the other on San Francisco's colorful Chinatown, he decided California was no place for a native son. His family moved to New York and he was sent over to Switzerland to begin his career at Silig Institute, where young gentlemen are taught to ski and wear their scarfs knotted carelessly but effectively around their throats. He can do it to this day and cause burning envy to rear its head in the hearts of fellow producers and smartly dressed actors, who know Switzerland only through the news reels. He can speak French like a native, which is a great help when he has Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer in a picture.

RIGHT from the first, he had the show business in his veins; he doesn't know why; it doesn't run in the family. He didn't want to write; he didn't want to act; he wanted to tell others what to do and at twenty he produced *Ception Shoals,* with the glamorous Nazimova as his first star.

As chief aide of Granville Barker, noted English producer, Wanger had a lot of rough edges trimmed off by staging Greek plays and modern versions of Shakespeare. When the Marbury stock company was young, with Irene Castle, Jane Cowl and other notables under its banner, the youthful play producer took it under his wing and managed it through several prosperous seasons. After the war, he returned to New York, where he put on several successful shows, after which he became assistant to Jesse Lasky and general manager of productions for the old Famous Players-Lasky company.

Young Wanger had a habit of finding himself in the dog house more or less regularly, after his espousal of the moving picture. Concluding a fierce argument with Lasky, he took ship one day for England, where he hoped his talents would be properly appreciated. They were, but at the end of three years, when Lasky asked the firebrand to return and take charge of Paramount, he sailed right back again and remained in the post of general manager of productions for six years.

His next step was to go to Columbia Pictures as vice president, where he remained a year, to be snatched by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for which organization he produced such films as Greta Garbo's *Queen Christina* and *Gabriel Over the White House,* which latter kept the country talking for months and gave Wanger ideas.

With an enormous salary coming in every week, with a private fortune enabling him to retire if he felt like it, Walter Wanger had been working constantly toward a goal and that goal encompassed his efforts as a producer with a free hand, to make or break himself, independently.

"Every producer for big companies gets this idea in his brain," he explained the other day. "Wait until I can make pictures that I believe in," is the cry of every guy, who has to spend the company money for films chosen by higher ranking officers than himself. I was one of those who wanted his own unit and wouldn't be happy until he got it. I've been producing on my own now for three years—and I've learned a lot through spending my own money that I would never have found out if I had been content to go on handing out the pesetas from the tills of the major organizations, who can ladle out a couple of millions, without blinking an eye."

He talked to me in his elegantly appointed office, once the domain of Douglas Fairbanks. Wanger has recently signed a new contract with United Artists studio and his productions come out under that banner, behind which Alexander Korda, Fairbanks, Samuel Goldwyn, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin combine in one of the strongest film amalgamations in Hollywood.

WANGER doesn't go in for the Cecil B. DeMille idea of the offices of a big business man. His desk is fairly simple, his carpets soft and of a light grey color, his walls white, with interesting prints and paintings on them. There are comfortable chairs, but not made for lounging, and a general air of charm, not luxury prevails. In an adjoining room, his secretaries and stenographers are kept busy, while in another suite the publicity offices and reception halls, with buzzers, always buzzers going like mad, connect the various telephones in the sundry departments.

"Two flops in this business and you're supposed to be out," he grinned. "I can't count mine—and look at me now—all sitting pretty with a ten year contract with United Artists—win, lose or draw. But I'm not here because of the flops—Oh, no. I've had a few hits—that's all you need—just a few. Damn the public, as old Commodore Vanderbilt is supposed to have said, but if you're a producer, you'd better *bless it* in the same breath, for it can bring you money, fame, distinction and security or it can leave you out on a limb screaming for help, while the big bad wolf climbs steadily upward."

Wanger is a daring sort of a cuss; he doesn't seem to mind at all trying something that hasn't been done and the way he signs up people, after they're supposed to be all through, turns the hair of his associates white with anguish.

I ASKED him once how he came to sign up Charles Boyer, after he had been with Fox and had gone home to France in disgust.

"Oh, that," said Wanger, "is a simple

equation. Why hesitate to sign up a really great actor? After all, there aren't so many of them. His accent is an asset, if anything; besides he will overcome it, if he thinks he should. I don't."

He signed up Sylvia Sidney to a long term contract when nobody would give her a bit, to say nothing of a lead. Now, after a year, Sylvia is going strong again, with other companies bidding for her services.

One day he was pondering, and when Wanger ponders something is bound to crack, for he has no time to indulge in such hedonism. When he came out of his day dreaming, he got Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda on the telephone and cast them for *The Moon's Our Home,* the first ex-husband and ex-wife to be teamed in a picture. It didn't bring them together again, so their screen kissing must have been entirely professional. Fonda is under a long term contract to Wanger.

"And why Madeleine Carroll?" inquired a snoopy reporter. Wanger had brought her over from England and signed her to a long term contract. "She's had her chance in this country and nobody pays to see her."

"They will," asserted the producer. "You can't keep brains, beauty, talent and class down if you put it in a proper setting. She needs decent pictures."

He has proved his point in the case of all three of his contract players, who having been established through his various films, are now loaned out regularly to all the major studios.

He has an imposing list of players under contract, including, besides Sylvia Sidney, Charles Boyer and Madeleine Carroll, such important box office draws as Joan Bennett, Alan Baxter, Pat Paterson, Henry Fonda, Tim Holt and Marla Shelton.

On his directorial list he has Tay Garnett, Harold Young, John Cromwell, Irving Cummings, John Ford and Anatol Litvak. He has lots of fun discovering writers in whom he believes, his staff including the madhatters of Hollywood, Gene Towne and Graham Baker, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, Sam and Bella Spewack, Harold Lamb, Allene Corliss, and Grover Jones.

WANGER tells some interesting stories about making a few of his later pictures:

"Take *The President Vanishes,"* he relates, with a twinkle in his grey-brown eyes. "We thought we had something there, but it didn't take long to find out that Japan, Germany and Italy still believe in war and the munitions makers. They banned the picture completely and we got in plenty bad with the brass hats in this country, many of whom still feel that the manufacturers of war materials must be protected, instead of satirized. However, the public liked it, so why worry about that one—except for our losses in several foreign countries?"

Puffing reflectively on his pipe, he let his buzzers buzz, as he went on:

"Private Worlds was my pet. It was an interesting book; Gregory LaCava was anxious to make it and we went ahead with the crazy business. Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett, Joel McCrea, Charles Boyer and all the other members of the cast did a brilliant job, but England turned thumbs down. All pictures dealing with mental diseases are out. Revenues from dear old Britain were zero.

"Next we did *Shanghai* with Boyer, but the Orient would have none of it. They will not tolerate love between an Oriental and an Occidental. We received no money from China."

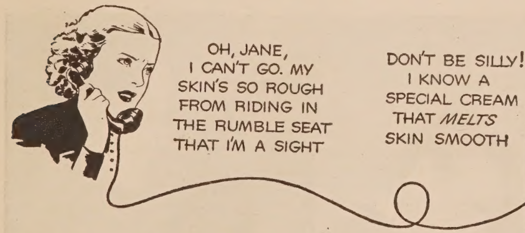
When Wanger went over to Paramount, producing on his own for that company, they decided to make *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* in color. He thought they were talking about *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* and when he discovered they were actually about to start *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,* he felt sure it would flop, but didn't say anything. It was his mistake. That out-of-door color picture cleaned up and Wanger is still surprised.

Wanger's contract list costs him over $1,000,000 a year in salaries alone—and he still remains healthy.

MARRIED to the beautiful Justine Johnstone for sixteen years, Wanger has apparently found the recipe for a successful Hollywood marriage, or perhaps Mrs. Wanger has found it. In any event, they live in a charming house filled with books, paintings and rare etchings, a house in which every room is lived in and every book read.

Men came in, looked around and walked right out again, bells jangled, buzzers buzzed and I knew it was time for me to get away from there.

"It's a hard way to earn an easy living," beamed Wanger, lighting his 32nd pipe.


OH, JANE, I CAN'T GO. MY SKIN'S SO ROUGH FROM RIDING IN THE RUMBLE SEAT THAT I'M A SIGHT

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THAT WAS A SWELL STEER ABOUT POND'S VANISHING CREAM. NOW MY SKIN'S SMOOTH POWDER STAYS ON

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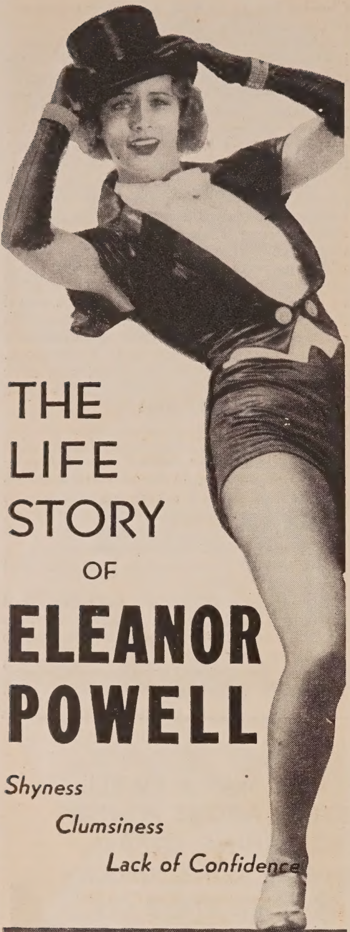

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ELEANOR POWELL

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Clumsiness

Lack of Confidence

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Don't miss the first installment of her fascinating story beginning in

September SCREEN PLAY

On Sale August 4th

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SCREEN PLAY
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Jelly In A Jiffy

[*Continued from page 64*]

RED CURRANT MINT JELLY

Fruit Preparation:
4 pounds ripe red currants
1 cup spearmint, solidly packed
1 cup water

Kettle Formula:
5 cups fruit juice
7 cups sugar
½ bottle pectin

To prepare juice, crush currants. Wash spearmint, but do not remove leaves from stem. Add mint and water to currants. Bring to a boil, and simmer, covered, 10 minutes. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag, and squeeze out juice.

Measure juice and sugar into large saucepan, and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire, and at once add pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a *full rolling boil,* and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from heat, skim, and pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. (Makes about 11 6-ounce glasses)

Before you begin to make your jelly or jam, remember these suggestions:

To Prepare Fruits: Use only fully ripe fruit. If fruit lacks tartness, add ¼ cup lemon juice when adding sugar. To strain juice, use 1-yard square of Canton flannel. Place prepared fruit in bag, bring corners together, and twist while pressing down on bag to extract juice. Remember that to make jellies from dripped juice you must allow about twice the amount of fruit called for in a recipe for squeezed or crushed juices.

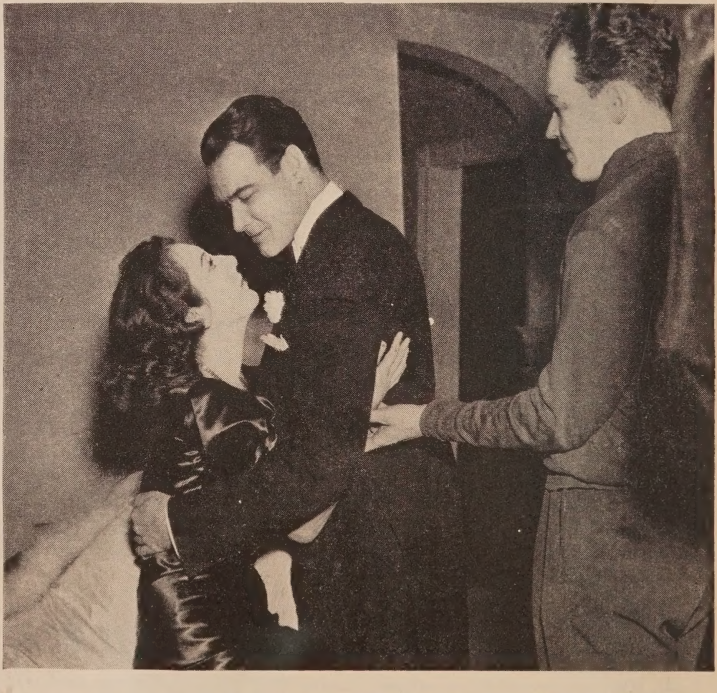
To Prepare Glasses: Wash, scald and drain glasses and covers.

To Measure Exactly: Use a standard measuring cup holding *½ pint or 7 ounces,* to measure both sugar and fruit.

To Cook Rapidly: Make jelly as quickly as possible, using a 6-8 quart kettle. The kettle must be twice as large as the mixture it contains in order to allow space for the *full rolling boil* necessary for best results. Stir while coming to a boil as well as while boiling.

To Add Pectin: Add pectin as soon as fruit juices and sugar come to a boil. Then bring to a full rolling boil, and boil constantly for the time required in each recipe.

To Skim and Pour: Skim jelly and pour directly into the scalded glasses. Leave ½ inch space at top of each glass. Cover with ⅛ inch of hot paraffin, always using new paraffin as old paraffin often causes spoilage. When cool, cover glasses with scalded tin covers, or with the new gay colored paper covers which are easily fastened with the rubber bands which come with them, or with paste. These



Expert on loving—but unbeloved!* Johnny Engstead, right is cuddling coach of B. P. Schulberg stars at Paramount, and is responsible for the authenticity of scenes such as the pictured pose of Ann Dvorak and John Trent who are featured in Schulberg's latest *She's No Lady

paper covers will make your shelves very attractive.

And now a word about the special feature of this short-cut process, the "rolling boil." A "full rolling boil" is a boil which cannot be stirred down, and which almost doubles the bulk of the mixture in the kettle. Always use the hottest flame and stir constantly. It is this specially hot, full and intense rolling boil which helps so greatly to hurry the process.

Grapes are almost in season now and are among the cheapest of fruits, as well as having high health value. The natural delicious grape flavor and color can easily and rapidly be imprisoned in a de luxe conserve made as follows:

GRAPE CONSERVE

Fruit Preparation:

3	pounds ripe grapes
¼	cup water

Kettle Formula:

4	cups prepared fruit
7	cups sugar
1	cup nut meats, finely chopped
½	pound seedless raisins
	juice and rind of 2 lemons
½	bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, stem and thoroughly crush grapes. Add water, bring to a boil, and simmer, covered, 30 minutes. Remove seeds and skins by sieving; if desired, chop or grind skins and add to pulp.

Measure prepared fruit and sugar into large kettle, filling up last cup with water if necessary. Add nuts, raisins, lemon juice and rind. Mix well, and bring to a *full rolling boil* over hottest fire, stirring constantly. Boil hard one minute. Remove from heat and stir in pectin. Stir and skim by turns 5 minutes to cool slightly and prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. (Makes about 12 6-once glasses)

In most of the old-fashioned recipes for making jellies and jams, partly underripe fruits were used so that they would jell more easily. But these underripe fruits were far less delicious in flavor than fully ripened fruits. In the modern way, using pectin, only the best and most fully ripened fruits are used. And of course this makes the jellies and jams much more natural and fully flavored.

What is the right or perfect texture for jellies? In a score-card developed for jelly, the rating is 75% for perfect flavor and texture, which includes clearness. No jelly should be cloudy or muddy! To define "perfect texture" is difficult, but we should say that a jelly of good texture is one which, when turned out on a plate, holds its shape but "quivers" at the same time. A sort of shimmy dance but one in which the jelly never loses its balance or topples over!

Men in particular like spiced jams, and these two recipes are warranted winners, to eat with cold cuts:

SPICED PEACH JAM

Fruit Preparation:

2½	pounds ripe peaches
1	teaspoon cinnamon
1	teaspoon cloves
1	teaspoon allspice

Kettle Formula:

3½	cups prepared fruit
7½	cups sugar
	juice of 2 lemons
1	bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, peel peaches, pit and grind or chop very fine. Add spices.

Measure prepared fruit and sugar into large kettle, filling up last cup with water if necessary. Add lemon juice, mix well, and bring to a *full rolling boil* over hottest fire, stirring constantly. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from heat and stir in pectin. Skim, and pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. (Makes about 10 6-ounce glasses)

BLACKBERRY RELISH

Fruit Preparation:

1½	quarts ripe blackberries
6½	cups sugar
½	cup vinegar
1	teaspoon cloves
1	teaspoon cinnamon
1	teaspoon allspice

Kettle Formula:

6½	cups sugar
4	cups prepared fruit
1	box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, grind or crush thoroughly berries. Add vinegar and spices.

Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure prepared fruit into 5-6 quart kettle, filling up last cup with water if necessary; place over hottest fire. Add pectin, mix well, and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, and bring to a *full rolling boil*, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, ¼ teaspoon butter may be added.) Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from heat, skim, and pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. (Makes about 10 6-ounce glasses)

WITH this easily made short-process jelly, it isn't necessary to make jelly or jam in wholesale amounts and thus make it an all-day "job." Not at all, for any day when you see a cheap basket of grapes, a measure of inexpensive quinces or a bargain in ripe peaches, you may decide that your time couldn't be more profitably spent than in putting up this fruit for later use. Or, even a couple of boxes of berries will make several small glasses of jelly.

One clever woman did this on her vacation last year: she didn't put her jellies up in glass at all. Instead she used the *heavy quality of paper cup with paper lid,* and packed her jellies into them. Paraffin sealed, she put up cup after cup with no effort while camping in a fruit country location. And when she went home she had dozens of delicious colorful jellies to increase the interest of her winter meals and to act as dollar-stretchers to simple foods. So do let me send you the additional jelly recipes mentioned in the coupon.

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LEROY
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Today's Mickey can "toot his own horn" without fear of criticism, for he leads his own orchestra

Meet Mickey Rooney — the only child star to play the part of a midget on the screen.

ALMOST every real child star in Hollywood film history has been called a midget by film fans at one time or another but Mickey Rooney seems to have the award for being the only child star to actually play a midget. And, engaging this dynamic youngster in his first interview in busy years of film making, one realizes that the midget has grown up.

A shade more than ten years ago Colleen Moore, set to make a comedy-drama, *Orchids and Ermine,* found that Casting Director Dan Kelley had given her, not a midget, as the script called for, but a five-year-old prodigy named Joe "Sonny" Yule. It seems that the vaudeville season was at its height and Hollywood was as bare of midgets as Mother Hubbard's cupboard yet the Colleen Moore cast had not been completed and a "midget" simply had to be found. Having seen the child on the stage for a brief moment with his father and mother, Mr. Kelley sent for "Sonny," had the wardrobe department make him a special brown derby, long pants and a paper cigar (as big as Barney Google's) and when filming started midget-like "Sonny" Yule just about stole the show.

A tougher looking little snipe never walked on any Hollywood stage and yet "Sonny" was like a dressed up doll.

Such was the start of an amazing career for a boy who, just turning 16, wiggles and squirms and bites his pouty lower lip in his first interview and says "Aw, shucks, haven't you asked enough questions? I gotta git goin' because my band is waiting down at the beach and I'm 16 bars short on my new song."

Born in New York, a stage baby, "Sonny" Yule came to Hollywood at five, had made three features before his sixth birthday and was starting six years of playing Mickey McGuire in Larry Darmour's picturization of Finis Fox famous cartoon character. The midget makeup for *Orchids and Ermine* had sold Mr. Darmour on "Sonny" and when a lengthy test proved the boy the personification of the Fox cartoon "Sonny" became Mickey and 400 short subjects later (believe it or not) Joe Sonny Yule Mickey McGuire found himself face to face with a new problem.

Universal offered him an exceptional dramatic role in *Fast Companions,* with Jimmy Gleason and Slim Summerville and his mother thought it time for the boy to break away from his brown derby, tattered sweater and oversized shoes, kiss Tomboy Taylor good-bye and go into more serious screen fare. Mr. Darmour agreed to release Mickey from his short subject contract but for six years Sonny Yule had been called Mickey McGuire and Mr. Darmour, acting as agent for Cartoonist Fox refused to let the name Mickey McGuire be used outside the short comedy field. So, with his new Universal contract Sonny had to get a new screen name.

It fell the lot of the writer of this story to select a new monicker and since the toe-headed youngster with a cowlic like a peacock and hair that simply refused to keep out of his eyes constantly reminded him of Little Annie Rooney and her Bowery playmates Joe Sonny Yule McGuire was called Mickey Rooney and Mickey Rooney has remained.

Mickey's second talking feature was *My Pal, the King* with Tom Mix, quickly followed by Clyde Beatty's *The Big Cage,* the Summerville-Pitts feature *Love Birds, Beast of the City, Manhattan Melodrama* and *Hideout*—the last three at M-G-M studios. Just making pictures wasn't enough to keep the dynamic Mickey busy so he organized a football team which played in preliminaries to professional games in Hollywood, took up tennis, and became Southern California Ping Pong champion.

In 1933 Max Reinhardt reached Hollywood and made much ado about his elaborte spectacle *Midsummer Night's Dream* at Hollywood Bowl. M-G-M loaned Mickey Rooney for the role of Puck and Puck just about hopped away with the show (although it was generally conceded that Olivia de Havilland, Evelyn Venable and Walter Connolly were pretty good). Some 150,000 persons saw Mickey's stage performance and Mickey followed a road tour of this mammoth spectacle.

During the second week of filming the *Dream* Mickey went tobogganing at Lake Arrowhead and was brought home in an ambulance with a broken leg. Six weeks later he rejoined the cast and made close-ups and talking scenes after Georgie Breakstone, his substitute and counterpart, had registered in the distant shots.

In the past year Mickey has grown two inches and added twenty pounds, now being a husky, square shouldered lad of five, two. But his stubborn hair still won't stay combed and his interesting face isn't unlike Midget Joe Yule of 1927. His 12-piece band has been acknowledged "hot stuff" and "a honey" by those who trip the light fantastic.

His newest songs "Once in a Hundred Years" and "Second Hand Kisses" are rolling off the music publisher's press and almost any Sunday you'll find Mickey playing polo with his pal Spencer Tracy.

The Midget *has* grown up.

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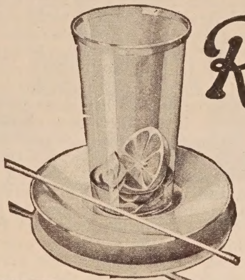

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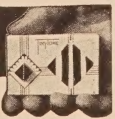

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He Dances in His Sleep

[*Continued from page* 28]

hension until a radio production has been successfully broadcast, until a film has been actually previewed!" From a man who in spite of his undoubted genius, has worked like a Trojan eagerly perfecting his acting, creating his novel dance routines! From a man whose fierce desire for achievement literally drove him to stardom in films, stage and radio!

At first I thought he was kidding. Then it occured to me that if he really were serious, the real Fred Astaire was unknown. . .that the generally accepted conceptions of this dancing star might in reality be misconceptions. . . .For example: Was it true that Fred Astaire was the most difficult star in Hollywood to interview? As a child was he forced on the stage through poverty? Was he so wrapped up in his career that he would never retire? Was it true that he derived no pleasure from actually participating in outdoor sports? Was he really buzzed up about his capabilities as a radio star? And what about his making "lightning decisions"?

First now about his being difficult to interview. Writers have said: "The studio gets us our interview eventually, but it takes a long time—and even then he won't talk! Astaire's the most difficult guy in Hollywood to write a story about!"

Around that time a magazine asked me to do an "Astaire story". I notified RKO that I wanted the interview. I expected to wait several weeks, for during the past three years I had done no magazine pieces, hence there was absolutely no reason for showing me any preference. But the fact remains that within twenty-four hours I was interviewing Fred Astaire, and he actually had interrupted a radio rehearsal in order that an interviewer should not be kept waiting! I soon found him to be as affable as any man I had met, either among film stars or "swell private people", as the old saying goes. When I entered his dressing room, he said, "I'm glad to know you," and he sounded like he meant it. He pointed to an easy chair. I dropped into it. He sank into another. He stretched his long legs out in front of him contentedly. He rubbed thoughtful fingers over his cheek bone and flashed one of those whimsical smiles of his.

"Is there anything in particular you want to talk about?" he inquired. "If not why don't we just chat along, and maybe you'll get an idea from our conversation. I can spare the time if you can. . ." If that's being "difficult" I'll take mine on rye. Furthermore, he talked without restraint.

WHEN he came to the point in his career where he and his sister, Adele, had gone on the stage together, I asked him if they had been forced on through poverty as reported. . . And he gave me a rather puzzled look.

"I don't know how anyone can be *forced* on the stage through financial difficulties," he finally replied. "I suppose a chap might have a bag of tricks up his sleeve, and then, *Presto!* when the family funds got low suddenly produce these tricks and make an overnight theatrical hit. I say he *might*. But it seems improbable. At least it certainly was not so in our case. Adele and I had been getting along all right on the stage for several years as children before we found ourselves in a position where we had to work."

And when I asked him rather abruptly how he enjoyed being a radio star, he grew unusually thoughtful. "I like the radio but I don't think I'll ever sign another long term radio contract—especially when it conflicts with pictures. But don't misunderstand me," he hastened to add. "I consider radio a splendid business; and it's an excellent medium for an artist, too."

Fred Astaire's racket is dancing. And while he devotes a good share of his time toward achieving improvement in his chosen field, he still finds time for the typical mannish outdoor sports. This I discovered when a strange head suddenly poked itself into his dressing room.

"Hy, Fred!" said the head. "How about a game of golf?"

"I'd like it very much!" was the reply. "But I'm tied up right now. Would tomorrow suit you as well?"

After setting a date the head disappeared, and I asked Astaire what sort of game he played.

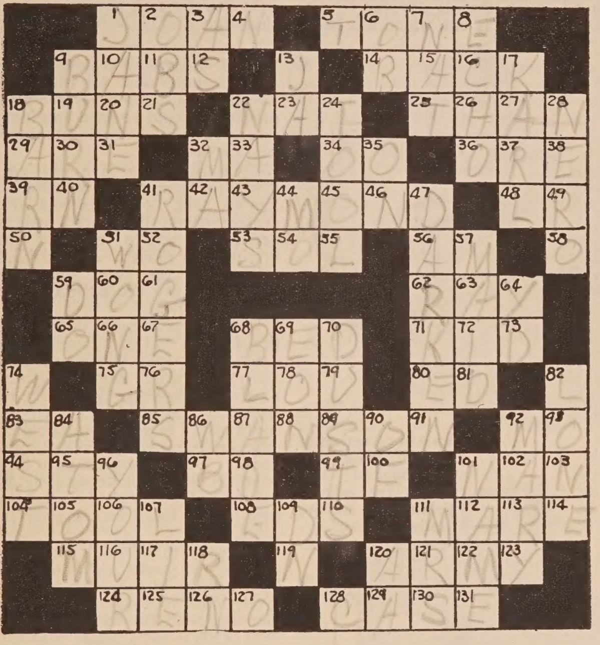
"As a golfer," he grunted, from the comfortable depths of his easy chair, "I'm pretty much of a dub. But on the other hand," he pointed out, "maybe I'm not. What I mean is sometimes I'm good and sometimes I'm wild. I could name half a dozen actors who can beat me. But of course I'm not in form. When I'm in form I shoot in the low eighties, and when I'm not I—Oh, I don't know," he finally admitted with a little gesture of defeat, "maybe I'm a dub and maybe I'm not!" When I kiddingly commented on his seeming unwillingness to make up his mind, he unleashed another one of those broad grins. "You know," he said, "I don't *like* to make up my mind! In fact I dislike coming to decisions about anything. For instance," he continued genially, "just consider my making a picture. Had I had my way it might have taken a year to shoot *Shall We Dance?* . . . I'd have kept thinking up new ideas, rehearsing routines, changing this and changing that until we might never have finished. However, under my present contract I only have a limited time in which to create and polish my dances. As a result I find myself working feverishly day and night. I guess one might call me a dead line worker. At any rate I'm now making two pictures a year and that's too much. Much too much." At which point, as though offering nothing but an unimportant anecdote, he announced: "In a year and a half I would like to retire. . . . !

NOW to hear a man with Fred Astaire's ambition and energy talk about being "a good loafer", is startling enough; but to have him calmly announce that he would like to retire—!

"Do you mean actually *retire?*" I inquired.

For a moment he thoughtfully scratched the tip of his chin. Then he said: "Well perhaps I wouldn't drop out entirely. I'd like to make only one picture a year though. I'd take eight months for the picture; then I'd spend the other four months traveling."

TRY THIS CROSSWORD!



ACROSS

1. Star of THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY.
5. Joan Crawford's husband.
9. Nickname of Miss Stanwyck.
14. Frank Buck brings them ——— alive.
18. Used sometimes in making sandwiches.
22. Strong man in THE GREAT ZEIGFELD.
25. A conjunction.
29. Form of the verb to be.
32. She was in DODSWORTH (initials).
34. Columnist McIntyre's initials.
36. Natural metal.
39. Ray Noble's initials.
41. One of the principals in THAT GIRL FROM PARIS.
48. Co-star in THE GOOD EARTH (initials).
51. He made Charlie Chan famous (initials).
53. Another name for the sun.
56. Morning (abbr.).
59. A canine.
62. A man's name.
65. A number.
68. You sleep in this.
71. A young goat.
75. George's initials.
77. A girl's name.
80. Arnold's nickname.
83. Star of COME AND GET IT (initials).
85. Former star now making a comeback.
92. Star of BELOVED ENEMY (initials).
94. Where the pigs live.
97. She is the MARKED WOMAN (initials).
99. He leads a famous name band (initials).
101. Nancy's nickname.
104. Instrument used by workmen.
108. Whose wife is Olive Emerson?
111. A female horse.
115. She recently became a brunette.
120. This would protect us in the event of war.
124. Where the stars go for their divorces.
128. Used in packing.

DOWN

1. Star of THE HOLY TERROR.
2. Olive Borden's initials (pl.).
3. A conjunction.
6. Same as two down (sing.).
7. His last name is Pendleton.
8. You can hear this in the valley.
9. You do this when you forget something on the stove.
13. Co-star of THE PLAINSMAN (initials).
17. He is a featured player.
18. Where livestock are kept.
22. Negative votes.
24. Some people work with these (sing).
28. Meet ——— WOLFE.
32. A parent.
35. Up.
41. SHALL WE DANCE is her latest picture.
51. Chinese actress.
57. Colbert was THE ——— OF SALEM.
59. To act.
64. Yard (abbr.).
68. You use this in a razor.
69. An age.
70. What the maid does every day.
74. Star of GO WEST, YOUNG MAN.
82. THE ——— WOLFE.
84. A small particle.
86. Warner's initials.
90. A preposition.
92. She recently became engaged to Buddy Rogers.
96. MIND ——— OWN BUSINESS.
101. People are known by their ———.
107. A falsehood.
109. She is a featured player in TOP OF THE TOWN.
111. A married woman is called this.
118. A former star's initials.
120. Miss Ames' initials.

(Solution on page 97)

Don't be a Chrysanthemum!

SAYS *Jane Heath*

No girl can look truly super-smooth and glamourous with brows running rampant or a fringe of short hairs sprouting from her hair line. TWEEZETTE is the little beauty implement for removing face hairs automatically and painlessly, and a cap covers the pluckers so you can carry it in your purse wherever you go! $1.

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"NOW I CAN WEAR STYLISH CLOTHES"

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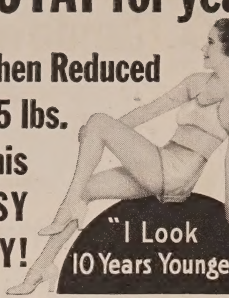

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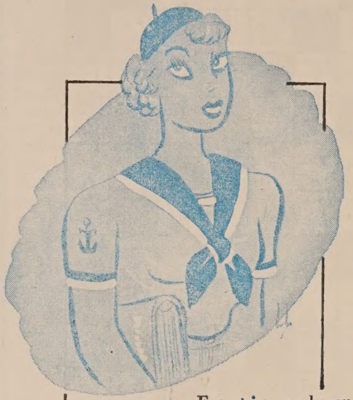
Sweet and Lovely

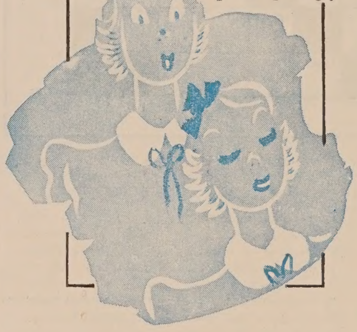
[*Continued from page* 56]

And here's a suggestion which Deanna made for the girl who bites her fingernails. Apply a deep red polish that will say STOP! every time you are tempted to put them to your lips.

A hand lotion that is popular in the Durbin household is one which has been a wide favorite with girls for many years. It is white and creamy and contains lubricating and softening ingredients that restore the natural oils lost through constant washing of the hands. I'll be glad to send you the trade name if you are interested. The lotion comes in three sizes—25c, 50c and $1. A quickly absorbed emollient should be on every girl's dressing table, not only to keep her hands youthful but to condition roughened elbows and knees and to guard against chapped skin when cold weather comes along.



Exotic make-up like this belies the text books. Cosmetics for school girls should be applied sparingly



She's annoyed by blemish on nose—then, poised and happy after it's concealed by a special cream

One of Deanna's most attractive features is her lovely brown hair which has a natural wave. It is worn shoulder length, parted in the center, and there's usually a narrow ribbon around the little starlet's head to match her frock. Although her hair is washed and dressed every morning by the studio hairdresser, Deanna does her share in keeping her hair healthy and glossy by brushing it thoroughly at night before going to bed.

THE question of make-up is always an important one to Miss Teen-Age. Deanna and her mother are agreed that make-up should be used sparingly by the young girl and always in keeping with the occasion.

"When Deanna is appearing on the stage for her radio broadcasts," Mrs. Durbin said, "or when she attends an evening party, she wears a little rouge on her cheeks and a touch of lipstick to brighten her mouth. Artificial lights take color from the face, you know. But during the day the natural color in her face is sufficient."

Deanna's solution to the make-up question follows that of a famous Hollywood make-up expert. When asked "At what age should a girl start using make-up?" he always answers, "When she needs it." And that is as good an answer as anyone could give. If your face is colorless and make-up improves your appearance, then use it. But remember that to enhance youthful charm, make-up should be used lightly and delicately blended, as if Nature herself had touched your face with color.

A lipstick that I think particularly suitable for the young girl is one which is a light orange in the stick but turns to a lovely blush rose when applied to the lips, blending with the natural skin coloring. Best of all, it has a cream base and a little of the lipstick applied before going to bed

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City .... State ....

will keep lips from becoming dry or parched while you sleep. It comes in two sizes—39c and $1.10. Want the name?

For street wear, Deanna's dresses and coats come just below her knees, and until very recently her party frocks were of the same length. "Deanna prefers plain clothes to fussy ones," Mrs. Durbin said, "and powder blue is her favorite color, which looks well with her blue eyes. Just a few weeks ago she wore her first long dress to a formal party given for Lucretia Bori, the opera star."

Party frocks always bring up the interesting subject of perfumes and I learned that Deanna prefers fresh flower odors and that violet is her favorite of all. She uses perfume as sparingly as she does make-up—just a faint whiff of delicate fragrance.

JUDGING from the many letters I receive asking how to get rid of blackheads and pimples, it would seem that skin blemishes are the most stubborn beauty problem of the young girl. So, first, let's consider the common cause of these maladies.

The tiny sebaceous glands which lie close to the skin surface, secrete oil which helps to keep the skin pliant. This oil is normally thrown off through the pores (the mouths of the glands). When the pores become clogged with dirt, the glands are unable to throw off this oil, which hardens and forms a black head. Bacteria imbedded in the tiny gland may cause an infection—and the result is a pimple.

Keeping the skin scrupulously clean is the first step then in ridding the face of blemishes. Use a cleansing cream to remove surface dirt and follow this with soap and warm water. Steaming the face over a bowl of hot water will help to open the pores. Then with the fingertips (which should be covered with a tissue) press out the blackhead, taking care that this is done gently so as not to break or irritate the skin. When the pores have been freed of their accumulation of hardened oil, bathe the face in very cold water. Exposure to cold helps to contract the pores and to stimulate the action of the glands.

In correcting skin blemishes, it is important to select a non-irritating and thorough cleansing soap. If you will send me a letter of inquiry I shall be glad to supply the name of one that I can thoroughly recommend. Reddish brown in color, it forms a rich creamy lather and has a stimulating clean fragrance. The cost is small and you'll find this a dandy soap for your bath, too. The pores of the body must do their share in carrying off impurities if you are to have a good complexion.

Any girl afflicted with chronic pimples or acne should, of course, eat sparingly of fats, gravies, sweets and desserts. She should also get as much exercise as possible to arouse circulation.

If your skin has the annoying habit of behaving beautifully on unimportant days and then popping out with a pimple just before a prom, you should know about the cream-like preparation which offers the perfect concealment for these "blossoms." It comes in four shades to match your skin tone and is also excellent to hide birthmarks, scars, bruises and freckles, as it makes a splendid powder foundation and won't crack or melt off the face. The preparation comes either in a jar or stick form and the price is $1. Would you like to have the name?

While the girl with an oily skin may have her troubles with blackheads, the girl whose skin is dry must beware of early wrinkles. Any evidence of flaky or parched skin means that the oil glands have fallen down on the job of supplying sufficient lubrication. A tendency to dryness is usually first noticed in the area around the eyes where the skin is thin. If this dryness is not checked by replacing the natural oils the skin crumples into tiny lines which later deepen into wrinkles.

A cream especially created to keep the skin youthful and unlined is one which contains olive oil and Vitamin "F" (known as the "youthful skin vitamin") as well as other essential lubricating and softening ingredients. It should be used as a night cream and massaged gently into the skin with upward and outward movements, always remembering to rub across wrinkles so that they are not made deeper. Practically all of the cream is absorbed by the skin, leaving only an oily film on the surface. In attractive one-ounce jars, the cost is $1.

Pretty hair does so much for a girl's appearance, and brushing does so much for pretty hair, that there's just no escaping the wisdom of wielding your hairbrush regularly.

A LITTLE gem is the brush recently put on the market by a famous manufacturer for only $1. It has a light weight, narrow maple back with extra stiff bristles set in a slightly rolled effect. The unique trim of the bristles is designed to give a stimulating massage to the scalp and to polish the hair as the brush sweeps through. This is such a good value that I'd like to send you the trade name. If you are wearing your hair with a smooth crown, you'll want just such a small brush to give your head that satin-cap look.

And while on the subject of brushes—don't expect your toothbrush to last forever and ever and still do an efficient job of cleansing. Get a new one every two or three months. The company offering the hairbrush described above is justly famous for a toothbrush with special bristles ground smooth at the ends so that they can be used to massage tender gums without irritation. The price is 50c and there is a variety of colored handles from which to chose.

There's a new hair curler on the market, too, on which I have already had many enthusiastic reports. It is made of soft green rubber, a little flat piece of it, with a slit in the center. You slip a strand of hair through the slit, roll the curler up to your head and "button" the ends to hold it in place. When your hair is dry, unbutton the curlers and your hair emerges in soft, lovely ringlets. The price is 10c for four curlers or 25c for ten. Quick to use and so comfortable, they are just the thing for keeping the ends of your hair neat and attractive.

For product names, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*

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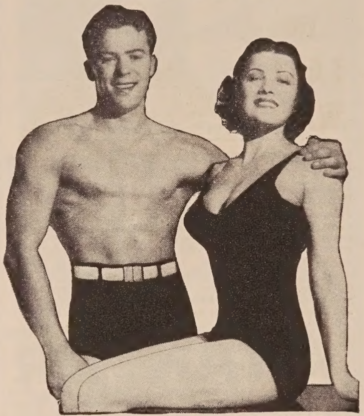

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Ex-Stars as Extras

[*Continued from page 75*]

forty-two veteran Russian cavalrymen of which eighteen are bonafide ex-cossacks. These chaps made a mighty good showing in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* playing British riders—not Russians, in the never-to-be-forgotten charge on the Russian guns led by Errol Flynn and Patric Knowles.

Some stars of former days do not relish bringing up the subject of their past successes and being reminded that they are now playing small parts, bits or "extras". It is hard for them to step back and allow the newcomers to take their places in the limelight, but a strong sense of humor has kept Gertrude Astor going after a considerable spell of sickness. When she says: "Time marches on and being an 'extra' is just a continuation of the line of work we have always done. I played in the first twelve talkies that were made and found my previous stage experience very helpful to me. It is gratifying to know I am still remembered by people abroad, and that such directors as W. S. Van Dyke and George Cukor always use me in their present day productions.

"Because I am tall, there are many roles I can not portray, but having done characterizations since I was sixteen, I feel I still have something to offer. To be able to laugh is my salvation when I have to ask to be allowed to earn my small pay checks. The years when I earned $1,600 a week seem like a dream but I am most grateful for the opportunities enabling me now to work on dress sets for $15 or $25 a day."

Extras who feel others get more consideration than themselves should be allowed a coveted "peep-in" at Central Casting offices, they would realize no favoritism is ever intentionally shown. Those who phone in more frequently stand a better chance to receive the glad tidings of a day's work than others who wait to be called.

BETWEEN the hours of four and eight, no interviews are granted. Every inch of telephone wire, every one of the twelve operators and fifty switchboard trunk lines is busy handling requests for work. Each person's name is repeated by the operators taking calls over a microphone leading into adjoining offices where casting directors sit and watch the call board, upon which the names of all active "Extras" are alphabetically listed. A visitor gets the impression of being in the New York Stock Exchange, and has a hard time repressing a desire to put in a bid.

Campbell MacCullough,* head of Central Casting, says, "More people are coming down than going up the ladder of fame via the 'extra' route. Out of 130,000,000 Americans about 3,000,000 of them have Hollywood as their goal. In the past eleven years more than 40,000 have registered for 'extra' work and, still they come, though we are forced by conditions not to over-encourage them. I always warn applicants that 'extra' work in the movies is only a supplementary job, and should never be attempted unless they have other means of support.

"Except in rare cases, we have not accepted any registrations for over two years. We have more than enough names on our books to supply the demand for all the atmosphere people, mob scenes, dress and plain 'extras,' stand-ins, small parts and bits than could possibly be used."

If there be any more mothers like the one whom Mrs. Ethel Baker Callis of the Welfare Department of the Central Casting Agency tells about, they would be wise to profit by the experience of this woman from Detroit, and have other ambitions for their little tots. "She sent her two youngsters out to Hollywood by bus with $7.50 and a note to us saying she wanted them in the 'movies.' Needless to say, they were deposited on the next bus by the Travelers Aid and myself and returned where they belonged."

The department for infants and minors is most interesting as explained by Mrs. Bernice Sanders who is in charge of this early start for "extras." She registers all Hollywood babies the day they are born and keeps close watch over them until they are eighteen years of age. "One director sent us a 'rush' for a dozen six months old infants. I had to make a hurried round of the hospitals before I could deliver them," she laughingly explained as she showed how her work is governed by the Board of Education, with every detail given attention for the good of the mind and body of children. To visit a studio set and see several hundred 'extras' being directed when they have the fire hose turned on them *en masse* as part of the story, gives an onlooker an idea of what they frequently do to earn their money.

Floyce Brown, an old timer who has spent many years as an "extra" prefers outside locations where working is like going on a big picnic. "I was one of the 710 who stood on soap boxes and waved Confederate flags as the parade passed by in *In the Deep South*, and had a grand time picking wild flowers between shots. At home, I make it my business to stick as close to my telephone as a stock-broker does his ticker."

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*Campbell MacCullough left the U. S. Government Service to become head of the Central Casting Corporation (cleaning house for extras). He recalls that only 13 former extras have actually become stars, namely, Janet Gaynor, Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, Boris Karloff, Harold Lloyd, Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, Ann Dvorak, Randolph Scott, Sally Eilers, Adrienne Ames, Frances Dee and Racquel Torres.

"It is next to impossible to register at Central and find enough work to earn a real living as an 'extra.' Boys and girls, men and women should be warned not to come to Hollywood expecting to get into pictures through 'extra' channels. Unless they are freaks, or some distinctive type, not one in a thousand will be allowed to register and then it is pretty much a matter of luck in getting a call for out of the ordinary types. Central files are packed with available, experienced 'extra' talent and not even the busiest season in our history has anywhere near approached 50 per cent of our capacity to provide talent for all demands," says Mr. MacCullough.

INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

What is the name of Joan Perry's latest picture and where can I write to her?—C. E. B.

Joan Perry appeared last in *The Devil is Driving,* with Richard Dix, and she can be reached by writing to the Columbia Studios—1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

We would like to know if Jack Haley's singing in *Wake Up and Live* was faked.—M. H.

It is our belief that it was, although it is difficult to confirm this understanding.

Would you please print the age of Nan Grey, the color of her hair and eyes, list her favorite sport and give the name of her latest picture?—H. C. M.—D. V.—M. A. P.

Evidently Miss Grey is attracting a great deal of attention. Because of this, we are answering these questions for the above group of questionnaires. Nan Grey is 17 years old, has blue eyes, natural blonde hair, likes swimming above all other sports, and her latest picture will be *Love in a Bungalow,* produced by Universal Studios.

Please give me the photograph addresses of Paul Muni and Henry Wilcoxon. Also please tell me what picture Mr. Wilcoxon is working in now.—S. G.

Mr. Muni's address is Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California. Mr. Wilcoxon has just completed his role in *Souls at Sea,* for Paramount Studios and can be reached at their address—5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Do the movie stars really sign their autographed photographs?—L. O.

Yes. At least the majority of them do.

***Strike up the band!* Joan Perry, lovely Columbia player, drew the spotlight at one of Hollywood's novel parties when she arrived in this striking costume**

Does Barbara Stanwyck smoke off screen?—O. L.

Miss Stanwyck smokes occasionally when she is appearing in public, as you may have noticed from SCREEN BOOK's candid camera shots of the popular star.

Could you tell us the name of the man who sang *Twilight on the Trail* in Paramount's *Trail of the Lonesome Pine?* We are betting it was not Bing Crosby.—J. S.—L. C.—R. C.

If you are betting it *wasn't* Bing Crosby, you are 100% right, for the man who sang so beautifully was Fuzzy Knight.

Who is the young, dark-complexioned man who played a small part in *Waikiki Wedding* and who also caused a fight in *Swing High, Swing Low* by knocking Carole Lombard's hat off?—J. H.

We have received numerous queries on this new screen personality. His name is Anthony Quinn, and he is now under contract to Paramount. He is an accomplished linguist who has had to speak three distinct languages in that many pictures. He learned to speak *Cheyenne* for his role in *The Plainsman; Spanish* for the part you mention in *Swing High, Swing Low;* and *Hawaiian* for the character he portrayed in *Waikiki Wedding.* Paramount has great hopes for promoting Mr. Quinn as a leading character juvenile. His latest appearance on the screen is in *The Last Train from Madrid,* in which he gives an outstanding performance as a handsome Spanish officer, in love with Dorothy Lamour.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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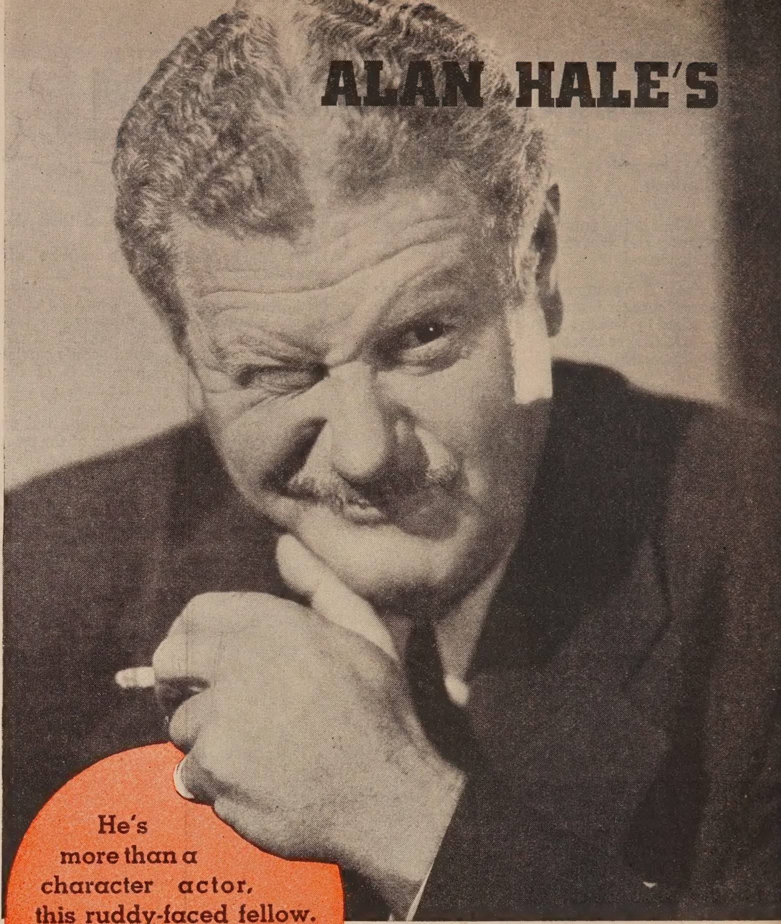
ALAN HALE'S



He's more than a character actor, this ruddy-faced fellow. Here's a good chance to get acquainted with him

By SCOOP CONLON

ALAN HALE is the friendliest man in Hollywood.

Twenty-five years a motion picture actor, he has more friends in all walks of life than any other actor. Alan's expansiveness in friendship with his fellow man is only equalled by his sincerity.

He is one of Hollywood's most famous story-tellers and keen wits, but he is also a learned scholar who could take an important place tomorrow in the fields of science, law or medicine. He is—in a sense—an inventor, a mechanical engineer, a chemist, a lawyer, an osteopath, a writer, a director and an actor.

Alan Hale has been called "the man of a thousand ideas."

With his best wit, he calls himself "the man of several hundred thousand words."

We are willing to attest that he is not only one of the most brilliant conversationalists in Hollywood, but also that he is the best listener.

Here we have that rare specimen, a great talker who is also a great listener. In fact, we attribute his vast store of knowledge on a wide range of subjects to his avidness for learning and his willingness to listen to those who know more about a subject—and sometimes less—than he does.

Currently, Alan Hale is enjoying new heights in his long, honorable and busy picture career. Portraying featured roles in such widely-heralded productions as *High, Wide and Handsome* with Irene Dunne, (Paramount), *Stella Dallas* with Barbara Stanwyck, (Samuel Goldwyn), *Thin Ice* with Sonja Henie, (20th Century-Fox), and next *The Adventures Of Marco Polo* with Gary Cooper, (Goldwyn).

And, you motion picture theatre goers are due for a genuine surprise. The giant, curly-headed, mustachioed blond husky, whose screen villainies have steamed you up dramatically for several years, has

1,000 IDEAS

turned comedian. Why? Because, like most swell "heavies," he is by nature a comedian. Or, at least, a fellow who is naturally good to his family, kind to little children and dumb animals, and as before mentioned, "the friendliest man in Hollywood."

APROPOS of the complex, which cynical associates have upon occasion termed Rotarian, we may say that at the Lakeside Country Club, at Toluca Lake, rendezvous of the elite of the motion picture and sports worlds, Alan Hale is possibly the most popular actor-member with the rank and file of the club membership because he is one celebrity who loves to play golf with any Tom, Dick or Harry who wants a game. In fact, Lakeside wouldn't have to have a reception committee if Alan had nothing else to do but play golf.

To expound a typical Hale philosophy: "I believe that only by sincerely seeking and enjoying the friendship of your fellow man, can one project that quality on the screen."

Alan Hale's ideas for inventions have become as legendary in Hollywood as Sam Goldwyn's celebrated *faux pas.*

Before he left the University of Pennsylvania in 1910, he had invented a flaming arc light, and he has either invented, collaborated or backed financially some two hundred "ideas" in the past twenty-five years.

Alan's inventive turn of mind has proven costly to the Hale exchequer, to the tune of some $200,000. That is, up until today. If you haven't heard of the new oscillating opera chair which will revolutionize theatre seating arrangements, you will in the very near future.

Invented by one Merril P. Hard, a brilliant engineer, and developed by Alan Hale, this chair is designed to economize in space, thus increasing the seating capacity of the theatre, and to insure greater comfort and safety for the patron. It oscillates, enabling people in the seats to move to and fro, allowing others to pass without the discomfort of being trod and sat upon. Praise be!

This chair is already assured of success, as Hale, who is vice-president of the company, has closed the deal for its financing and manufacturing on a nationwide scale; and hundreds of theatres are now being prepared for the installation of the new equipment.

Seriously, there is little doubt but that Alan Hale will become a rich man within a few years, although come to think of it, he has done all right with his acting, too.

Mrs. Alan, who was famous on the screen in the silent days as Gretchen Hartman, a Fox star, is almost as noted in Hollywood for her wit as is her husband. Alan tells one that the loving little woman pulled at his expense. Interrupting one of his most enthusiastic, optimistic talks on the new chair, she said rather caustically:

"Let's not get excited about making money, dear, let's just try to get some of it back."

The Hales have been happily married for twenty-three years, and they have two splendid children, boy and girl, who are the pride and joy of the Hale family life. Alan, Jr. is sixteen and Karen, thirteen.

ON OUR visit to the Hale domicile, which is one of the beauty spots of the Outpost estates in the Hollywood hills, we were delighted to note that the daughter has fully recovered from her injury, a broken back suffered in an accident, and which threatened for a time to make her an invalid for life. During our two-hour stay, she spent most of her time in the swimming pool. Both youngsters are athletes. Like the father, who is rated as one of the finest actor-golfers in Hollywood, shooting in the seventies on the famous Lakeside team.

Alan Hale's present high place in motion pictures is entirely due to the man himself. To his ability, sincerity, personality and unquenchable spirit which defied and conquered the vicissitudes of twenty-five years in motion pictures. Not only has he survived in all his robust Viking vigor, (he looks and acts like a Viking even if he is of pure Scotch ancestry,) but he has recently reached his highest peak of screen popularity.

When he was studying in college, his folks wanted him to become a lawyer, doctor or engineer. But he became an actor instead.

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If you are looking for a NEW and BETTER way to make a living, take up SWEDISH MASSAGE. This interesting, BIG PAY profession was for years available only to a few. Its secrets were guarded jealously and fabulous prices were paid for instruction. This same instruction is now available to you at a fraction of the former price and you need not leave your present work until you have qualified as an expert and can command an expert's pay.

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A few years ago treatments were given for health only, but NOW women have learned that here is the best way to secure youthful grace and beauty. Hollywood's stars pay enormous fees to men and women in this profession and thousands of others pay huge sums to take off fat. Swedish Massage has performed almost miraculous results in reducing weight, regaining health and halting the results of passing years. Magazines and newspapers are full of such stories—YOU can profit by this publicity.

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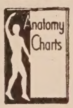

THE COLLEGE OF SWEDISH MASSAGE,
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You may send me Free and Postpaid Anatomy Charts, illustrated Catalog and complete details of your offer, including booklet of photographs and letters from graduates and illustrated sample lesson sheets.

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Do you know there is a new French treatment which beautifies women from 16 to 60 and that crepey neck, wrinkles, puffiness, blackheads can now easily be taken care of? It is called Calmas French Beauty Film, but many users refer to it as "the perfect way to a perfect skin" or "a face lifting without surgery." It is harmless and easy to use at home. Write to Calmas Products, Dept. 17-C, 6770 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., and you will get **ABSOLUTELY FREE** a booklet which explains this new way to beauty and youth.

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Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE 25c STAMPS OR COIN

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women to secure relief from the effects of this ugly scaly skin disease often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally. Does not stain. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and their skin became clear again. **Dermoil** is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing proof of results **Free** or send 25c for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". **Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried.** Don't delay. Write today. Give druggist's name. **LAKE LABORATORIES**, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. F-22, Detroit, Mich.

EARN UP TO $5 DAILY Sell PERSONAL INITIAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Newest Novelty. Season's surprise value and fastest seller. Assortment of 21 Christmas Cards with sender's INITIAL in Metallic Gold and Silver Seals. Retails $1. Costs you 50c. Also name-imprinted Personal Cards, 50 for $1.00. Many other popular assortments. Start now—big earnings full or spare time. Write for samples.
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Responds Quickly—Unfailingly to Urado Oil, a healing, refined, live Shale Oil, mined in the mountain fastness of western Colorado. Penetrating, stainless, harmless to the most tender skin, Urado Oil is sold with a money back guarantee. Write for Free circular or send 75c M.O. for trial size bottle, sufficient for ordinary cases. Urado Products Co., Beason Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

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A gripping and startling story that every woman will want some man to read.
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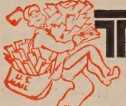
MY KISSES WERE FREE
And many other outstanding stories, features and departments!

True Confessions



THE POSTMAN RINGS

Bob Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, "Harpo" Marx and Helen Vinson were snapped by SCREEN BOOK's sleuthing cameraman, Charles Rhodes, at the preview of the Marx Brother's latest laugh riot—*A Day at the Races*

$15.00 Prize Letter

Murder Without Menace

DEAR MR. EDITOR:
At last, a murder mystery without rain, and thunder, and lightning, and howling dogs! Yes, the producers have found a way to create horror without the aid of a wailing dog or raging storm, believe it or not. I'm speaking of *Night Must Fall.* It was gruesome, horrible! But there weren't any loose shutters banging in the wind, no black clouds rolling ominously toward the house of evil, no shatters of lightning. And in the quiet of the countryside there was no suspicious canine, no mournful howl of death, no wild barking from chained beast. Yes, they did use a black cat. But it didn't scurry across the floor with the fur bristling on its neck, and its eyes weren't pictured glowing brightly in the dark, dark darkness. Yes, a thrilling, chilling picture with no outside aids to terror. Everything was done by implication, and left to the imagination of the audience. Congratulations, you people who made *Night Must Fall* so refreshingly horrible! Yours truly,—*Thelma Louise Smith, 130 Beale and Second, Memphis, Tennessee.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Blacking The Roving Eye!

DEAR EDITOR:
Bing Crosby wears a toupee. Gary Cooper uses a double when script demands skilled horsemanship. Garbo misjudged her distance and fell flat on the floor instead of the sofa while rehearsing a scene in *Camille.*

Those are the things that spoiled one week's run of motion pictures for me where otherwise I could have had six hours of heavenly entertainment. Why must we be told these things? We know movie stars are not perfect. Must we be constantly reminded of it? Who benefits but some poorly-paid reporter who does a lot of damage to our dreams with his "see-all, tell-all" roving eye.

Well, I say to those busy bodies: "Leave our stars unexposed." They are our pet passion and if we want to dream and think of them as flawless, handsome men and lovely ladies, that is our business. Yes, let

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

the stars retain their glamour and we our admiration.—*Greta Nournen, 1201 Charleston Avenue, Huntington, West Virginia.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Balancing The Budget

DEAR EDITOR:

My movie muttering concerns an annoying habit certain cranky critics have fallen into. It's the way they razz the acting ability of handsome young stars, comparing them, unfavorably, to some older star with more experience. For example: critics tore into Bob Taylor for his acting in *This Is My Affair,* saying that Victor McLaglen's acting was far superior to that of Taylor's. Well, good heavens, why *shouldn't* it be? He's been learning his trade, and all its tricks, for the past sixteen years, while Bob is comparatively new at the business, with much to learn. But he's learning fast, showing definite improvement in each succeeding picture. I heartily agree that McLaglen is a fine actor, but I feel that age, and years of experience should be considered before adding up the acting budget—and passing judgment on the results. Don't you think so? Sincerely,—*Miss M. Kiely, 44 Clara St., San Francisco, Calif.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Hair, Hair!

DEAR EDITOR:

Why can't some of our well-known actors put forth a little more effort in their personal appearance when in public? Granted that some of the males must cultivate long bobs and other hirsute adornment for various roles, they can at least keep them leashed in a bit when off the set.

I recently encountered one of our more adored heroes of the screen looking like something that crawled out from under a rock!

If they *must* go unrestrained they should spare—not scare—their impressionistic public. Sincerely,—*Louise Collins, El Cortez Apts., Los Angeles.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

A Peep Through A Lorgnette

DEAR EDITOR:

A challenge to the prize winning letter in the June SCREEN BOOK!

Sad as it may seem, the present generation has not been educated to appreciate the opera, due to the fact that only those living in metropolis cities have the opportunity to attend these performances.

The true music lover is a small percentage of the attendance in motion picture theatres. That does not mean, however, that we who are not educated to the opera do not have an appreciation for the beauty of Lily Pons' voice, but we are more attracted by her personality and charm.

Therefore, I believe, that the comedy, which is so cleverly handled by Jack Oakie in *The Girl From Paris,* is a distinct relief and adds rather than detracts from the picture. Sincerely,—*Phyllis Greiner, 245 Murray Rd., W. Palm Beach, Fla.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

The Villain Wins The Girl!

DEAR EDITOR:

I have never before written to your letter page or aired my views before the public, but I have been an interested reader of "raves" about Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, and all those other matinee idols, who cause any young maiden's heart to beat faster. Now, finally, I am moved to step forward and hand a laurel to the most unique (I can think of no better word) actor on the screen—Peter Lorre. He is the only one I know of who wins fans because—not in spite of—villainy.

I may go into a theatre and sit, shuddering, through his performance, but I always go back for more. His precise accent and soft, insinuating voice fascinates me, even though he cheerfully admits that he is a murderer. He lends something utterly different to his performances that makes each role outstanding. What is it? I have sought long and vainly for the answer. Now I am content to take it for granted, see Peter Lorre—and enjoy myself.—*Sao Lin, 1320 N. Fitzhugh, Dallas, Texas.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

De Winnah!

DEAR SIR:

Today we have the battle of the century for the title "Man of the Hour." In this corner we have dimpled, man's man, ladies' man, Clark Gable. In the other corner pretty, pretty, Robert Taylor. There goes the bell . . . they're out of their corners. At first Taylor is a bit unsteady, rather inexperienced, but he lands his first punch, *Broadway Melody,* and makes Gable wince. Clark comes back with a terrific wallop, *Mutiny on the Bounty,* and Taylor wobbles. Clarkie follows this up with another beauty, *San Francisco,* but Taylor stands his ground and retaliates with a honey, *Magnificent Obsession,* that makes Gable totter, and then fells him with his Armand in *Camille.* Gable is up again but punching very weakly, *Love on the Run,* and Taylor punching just as weakly with *Personal Property.* Both are getting a little stronger, Gable with *Parnell* and Taylor with *This Is My Affair.* The bell rings and the fight is over.

Who won the title? Why, it was taken in a clean sweep by a very deserving *Errol Flynn.*—*Grace Houston, 219 6th St., West New York, N. J.*

Crossword Puzzle Solution

■	■	J	O	A	N	■	T	O	N	E	■	■
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■	■	R	E	N	O	■	C	A	S	E	■	■

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When cleansed with this amazing beauty treatment

EVERYWHERE women are raving about a thrilling, new beauty cleanser that leaves the skin unbelievably soft, smooth and alluring. It is called Lavena, and it works such beauty wonders because it is utterly *neutral* in action. For, while Lavena removes *every* trace of dirt and make-up—*it does not dry the skin as do virtually ALL alkaline cleansing methods in use today.*

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Simply mix Lavena with warm water to a creamy smoothness and rub on gently with your finger tips. Remove immediately with a wash cloth dipped in warm water. Do not use soap or cold cream. Then see how refreshed your skin looks. How beautiful, how velvety soft it feels.

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Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* practical nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $400!

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can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, *at home and in your spare time,* for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. 38th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of the many men and women, 18 to 60, earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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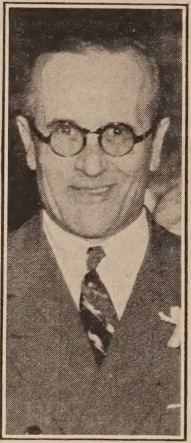
UNREELING HOLLYWOOD



JEAN HARLOW'S untimely passing was a shock from which Hollywood will not soon recover. Miss Harlow and Hollywood are synonymous. She represented the glamour, the opportunity and the spirit of what is called Hollywood and, appreciative of her opportunities, and loyal to those who contributed to her advancement Jean Harlow will not soon be forgotten.

Already, unfortunately, there is talk of "Who will be Jean Harlow's successor?" This is absurd. There will not be another Jean Harlow and Hollywood will do well to stop its practice of trying to find "successors." Movie stars succeed of individualism. Miss Harlow created a type and a reputation for individuality. It is a stupid blunder to try to find "another Harlow." There is talk that Gypsy Rose Lee (now Louise Hovick) that Dorothy Lamour, that Gladys George, and a dozen others are *slated* to "fill Harlow's shoes." This is most unfair to these girls who are also individualists and who will suffer by the comparison. Each of these actresses is admittedly "sexy" and talented and popular. But each of them is most anxious to create her own individual type; to be herself and to build herself into an institution in the eyes of Hollywood and the movie world.

For each of them we wish the recognition that was Jean Harlow's but we earnestly hope no studio will try to exploit any of them as "the successor to Jean Harlow" because the day this is done they will destroy the very thing they try to create. The movie audience does not want successors or doubles or imitators. Audiences want distinction and dominance through originality and individuality—and good acting.

◆

At the end of a preview recently my wife inquired, "Why did that picture *just miss* being a fine entertainment? It seemed well made." My only answer was a man's cold deduction that the construction of the plot made "victims, instead of heroes" of the actors and the audience knew more about the story than the stars appearing in it did themselves. The play was a mystery-melodrama by intent. But, the romantic angle was introduced so early the audience knew what the final fade-out would be along about the third reel. Interest in the mystery immediately waned. The stars failed to dominate the situation. The audience merely patiently waited for a series of events to bring the result it had long expected. The surprise element—the suspense—was missing and the story exploded like a pricked balloon. Too many movies do that; too many that cost $750,000 to a million each. But a good melodrama like *After the Thin Man*, with showmanship AND suspense never fails. It will, it seems to me, prove a wise investment to put scenarios to a more severe test before entering production. Audiences aren't fourth grade in intelligence" any more. I doubt if they ever have been.

It is comforting to know that with their summer radio vacations a good number of radio stars are leaving references to their wives and families, the too liberal use of their own names and first personal pronouns "out of the act." Somehow it doesn't seem quite "cricket" for an actor to poke fun at his wife or his relatives for the sake of a laugh. The joke is really on him.

◆

The Academy of Motion Picture Engineers announces successful experiments with a 50,000 candle-power incandescent studio light. In silent film days arc lights provided a maximum photographic light and very little heat, but carbon lights buzzed and hummed and ruined sound pictures. Incandescent lights have had to be greatly multiplied in number to provide equal lighting facilities for the talkies. Until recently huge "broad" lights have been impractical. In future warm love scenes can be photographed with more light and (technically speaking) less heat. Even in Hollywood it isn't easy for actors and actresses to make passionate love wearing furs in front of a battery of blinding lights that throw off heat and turn a cool looking drawing room into an artistic furnace of 130 degrees.

◆

1938 will see Hollywood and London studios exchanging more stars than ever before. Possibly it will give us a chance to meet the very talented Jessie Matthews and to know better England's great all-round star, Gracie Fields.

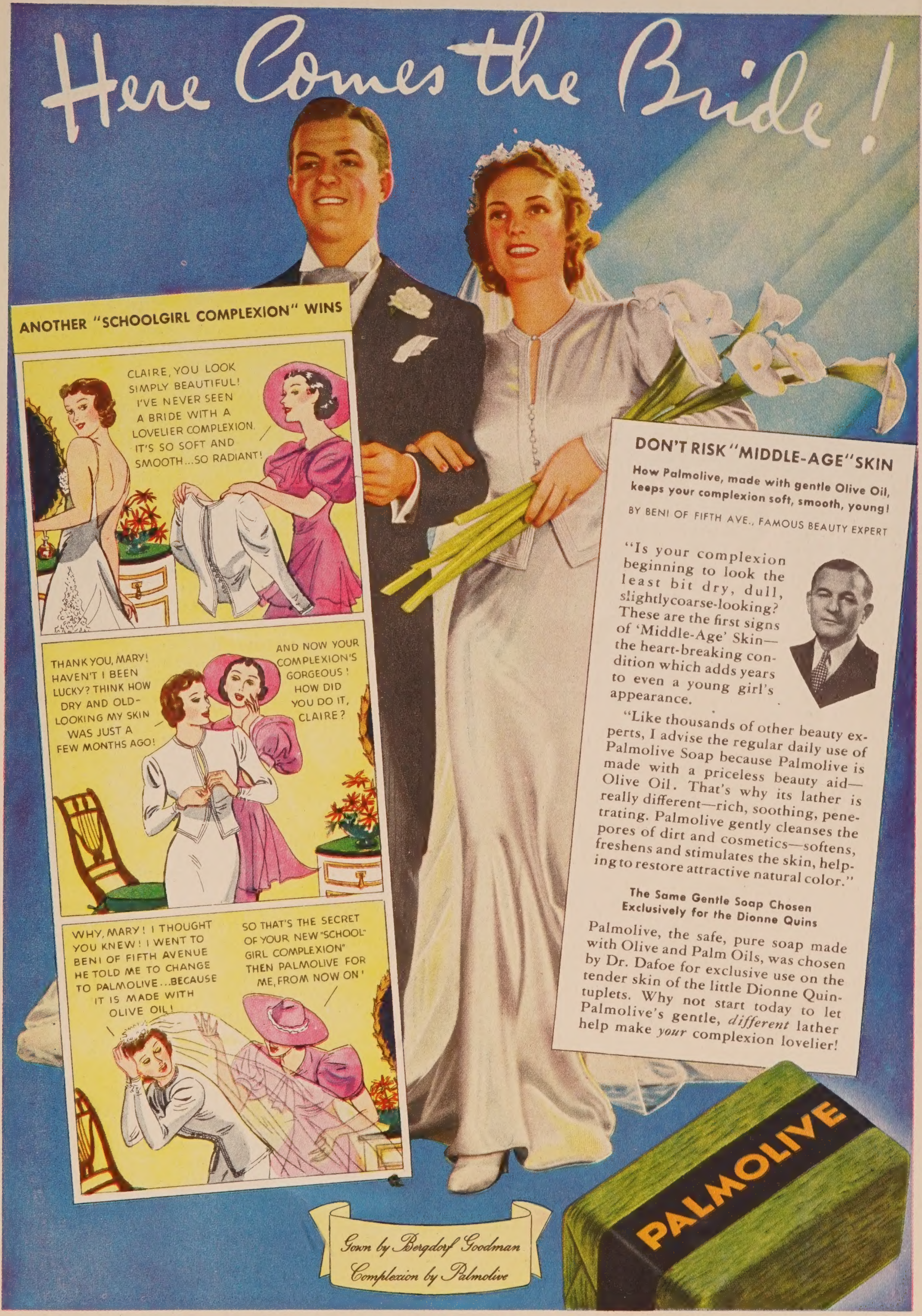
◆

In Scandinavia, where native studios have been turning out pictures for more than 25 years, the Filmjournalen is a popular magazine. Its most recent popularity poll (which ran six months) placed Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers and Shirley Temple at the top of the list NEXT to Ingrid Bergman, Swedish star. Greta Garbo, another Swedish star, was not among the first 25 leaders.

◆

Mervyn LeRoy's daring film *They Won't Forget* (we liked *Deep South* better as a title) will cause comment and make millions think. Mr. LeRoy is a courageous young modern. He made history with *I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*. He has made his latest a powerful attack on sham, political greed and prejudice. Some will think a portion of it a bit unfair. Mr. LeRoy won't be a bit popular down South but the big punch in the picture is really that it tests the audience's analytical powers and its fairness. The picture is an "unfinished symphony" in form.

W. H. FAWCETT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ANOTHER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" WINS
CLAIRE, YOU LOOK SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL! I'VE NEVER SEEN A BRIDE WITH A LOVELIER COMPLEXION. IT'S SO SOFT AND SMOOTH...SO RADIANT!
THANK YOU, MARY! HAVEN'T I BEEN LUCKY? THINK HOW DRY AND OLD-LOOKING MY SKIN WAS JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO!
AND NOW YOUR COMPLEXION'S GORGEOUS! HOW DID YOU DO IT, CLAIRE?
WHY, MARY! I THOUGHT YOU KNEW! I WENT TO BENI OF FIFTH AVENUE HE TOLD ME TO CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE...BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
SO THAT'S THE SECRET OF YOUR NEW "SCHOOL-GIRL COMPLEXION" THEN PALMOLIVE FOR ME, FROM NOW ON!
Gown by Bergdorf Goodman
Complexion by Palmolive
PALMOLIVE

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How Palmolive, made with gentle Olive Oil, keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

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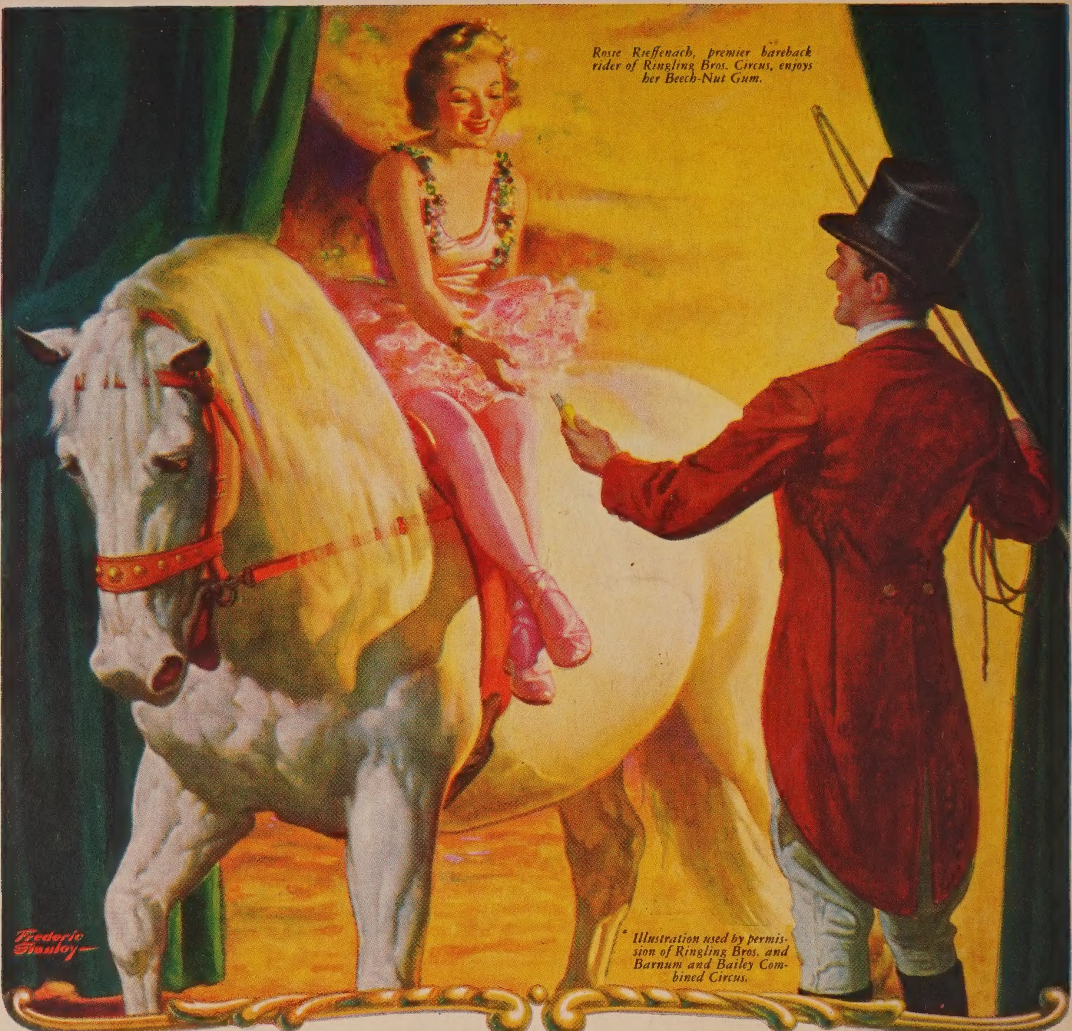
"Like thousands of other beauty experts, I advise the regular daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with a priceless beauty aid—Olive Oil. That's why its lather is really different—rich, soothing, penetrating. Palmolive gently cleanses the pores of dirt and cosmetics—softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive natural color."

The Same Gentle Soap Chosen Exclusively for the Dionne Quins

Palmolive, the safe, pure soap made with Olive and Palm Oils, was chosen by Dr. Dafoe for exclusive use on the tender skin of the little Dionne Quintuplets. Why not start today to let Palmolive's gentle, *different* lather help make *your* complexion lovelier!

TO KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

Edward Alonzo. Bartlet - Michel Bartlet


Frederic Stanley

Rosie Rieffenach, premier bareback rider of Ringling Bros. Circus, enjoys her Beech-Nut Gum.

** Illustration used by permission of Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Combined Circus.*

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Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA
FOR THE TEETH

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Gum in a crisp candy coating . . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin!

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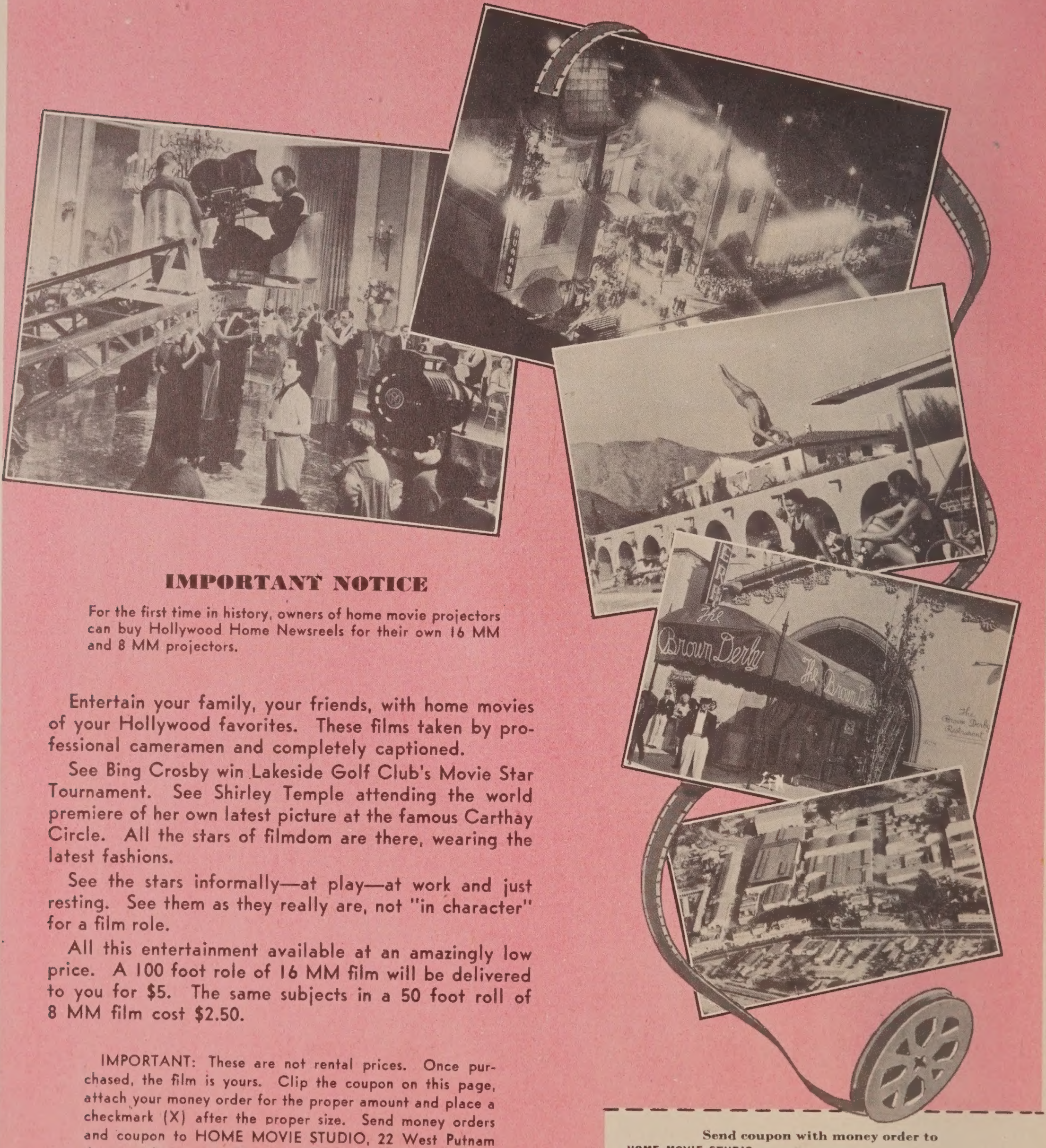
HOLLYWOOD MOVIES IN YOUR HOME!



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"SURELY," you say, "surely the world's at this girl's feet!" Blessed with beauty and dowered with grace—life seems to have given her its best.

But there is a thief that robs her loveliness, that steals away her charm. That thief is *her dull, dingy* and *unattractive smile.* Tragic? Yes, but that's the price she pays for neglect—*a penalty she could have avoided.*

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Play safe—don't risk an attractive smile—don't pay the penalties of tender gums and dull and dingy teeth! When you see that telltale warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist immediately*—let him advise you.

While there may be nothing seriously wrong, don't take chances—let your dentist decide. Often, however, he will explain your condition as a "simple case of sensitive gums—gums that are the victims of our modern menus—gums robbed of work by today's soft and creamy foods." And his advice will probably be "more work and resistance for lazy gums" and, often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth clean and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums. Gums become firmer—your teeth brighter, more lustrous.

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• • •

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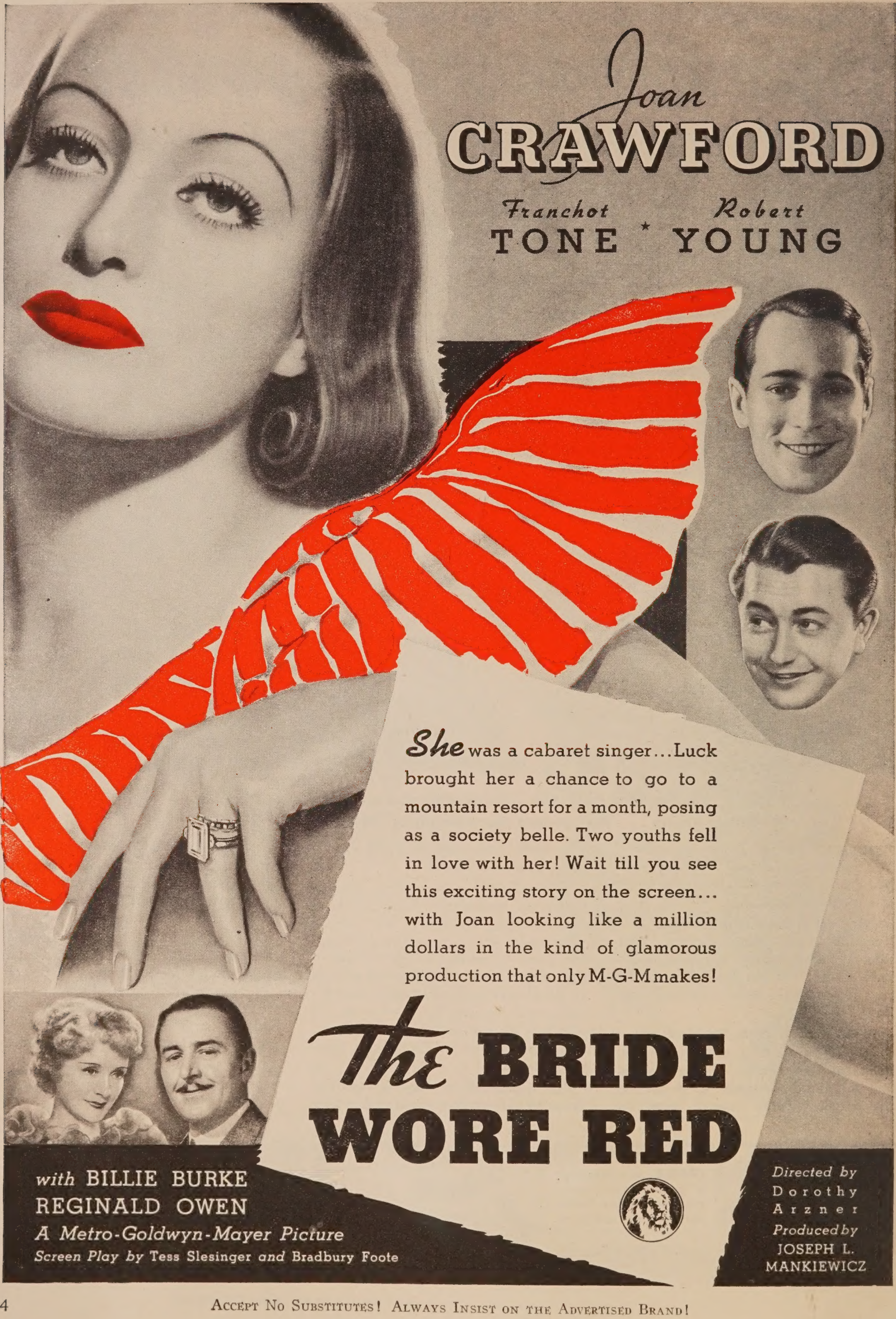

Joan
CRAWFORD

Franchot TONE ★ *Robert* YOUNG

She was a cabaret singer...Luck brought her a chance to go to a mountain resort for a month, posing as a society belle. Two youths fell in love with her! Wait till you see this exciting story on the screen... with Joan looking like a million dollars in the kind of glamorous production that only M-G-M makes!

The BRIDE WORE RED

with BILLIE BURKE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Screen Play by Tess Slesinger *and* Bradbury Foote

Directed by
Dorothy Arzner
Produced by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

SCREEN BOOK *for October*

Combined with SCREEN PLAY

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

OCTOBER, 1937
Volume XIX, No. 3

TED MAGEE
Editor

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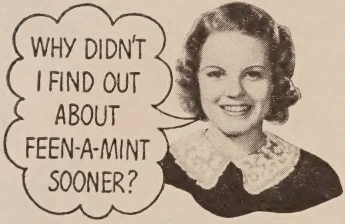
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FILMLAND WHISPERS

Handshakes and heartbreaks were coincident when Bob Taylor arrived at the Wilshire Bowl. The feminine half of Fawcett's Movieland Tour party really gathered 'round to give him a rousing welcome. He was the tour's star guest

MARY BRIAN doesn't know it, but **Robert Taylor** caused her to be half an hour late for a hairdressing appointment one afternoon recently.

Bob was driving past the Brown Derby on Vine Street in front of which was a group of autograph seekers watching the cars drive into the parking lot. Going into the Derby unnoticed and wearing dark glasses was **Mary Brian.**

He leaned out of his car and yelled, "Hey, you dopes, there goes **Mary Brian.**"

Whereupon the group descended on her and demanded that she sign every book.

Bill Gargan has learned that his wife takes his casual remarks quite literally.

He had a birthday on July 17th and a few days prior to the date when **Mrs. Gargan** asked him what he would like for the occasion he remarked, "Oh, don't spend any money on me. Let's not be extravagant, since we're furnishing a new home and everything."

On the morning of his birthday he walked into the living room to find eight or ten mammoth packages from an exclusive Los Angeles store gaily bedecked with ribbons and gift seals.

With the enthusiasm of a ten-year-old he tore the ribbon from the largest box to find it full of sawdust. The next box contained a sterling silver tea set. The other boxes produced a formal linen set, two very expensive silk comforts and a set of monogrammed bath towels for **Bill.**

When he inquired "What's the idea?" **Mrs. Gargan** replied surprisedly,

"You told me not to spend any money on you, so I spent it on myself."

Life seems to be a vicious circle these days for **Jean Hersholt.**

For his role in *Heidi* he is supposed to be a large fat man, so in order to reach the proper proportions he has to wear four shirts, 3 pairs of woolen socks, two pairs of trousers, and shoes that weigh nine pounds each.

Wallace Beery took little **Carol Ann** to a party given by **Louis B. Mayer** for the contract players at Metro. When she was introduced to **Judy Garland** she exclaimed,

"Gee, you and that other little girl were the cutest ones at the party when you did that song and dance act."

The "other little girl" dressed in rompers and curls was **Sophie Tucker.**

They were walking slowly down Melrose avenue in the evening during that hour between six and seven when the rush of traffic from Los Angeles to Beverly Hills is heavy.

He was young, tall and slightly stooped. She was a little woman, scarcely coming up to his shoulder. She wore slacks. Her head was bare.

Suddenly they stopped, embraced, kissed and resumed their slow walk, as though they were strolling in the privacy of a garden. Passing motorists craned their necks, but the man and the woman were concerned with no one aside from each other. The rest of the busy, crowded world flowing past them, did not exist.

Their embrace was observed by a man who walked toward them on the sidewalk. He was amused

[*Continued on page 8*]

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THE LIFE OF

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ROYAL goes Hollywood

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 6*]

Oliver Hardy, the Hal Roach comedian presents a prize trophy to William Frawley, Paramount character man, at the finale of Bing Crosby's movie golf tournament while Bing and the handicapper look on. This and other scenes from this intimate golf tourney are a part of the miniature movies made by the Fawcett Candidcamera Reel of Hollywood at Lakeside Country Club recently

and curious at this romantic indifference. As they approached closer, the tall man and the little woman embraced again. This time the approaching stranger was a little embarrassed, and tried to avert his eyes. But he could not help seeing them. Her face was lighted with languid emotion, her lips slightly parted, but too ecstatically happy for a smile.

Before the stranger shifted his eyes for a close scrutiny of a telephone pole, he recognized the oblivious lovers as two famous people!

They were **Clifford Odets,** the playwright, and **Luise Rainer,** the movie star.

Ray Milland has been carrying on an international chess tournament with a man in Vienna.

But he calls it a correspondence course, so far as he's concerned, for him opponent is one of Austria's foremost authorities on the game.

Ray met **Georg Szlenzska** in England some years ago and frequently played against him. Recently he wrote the man asking some advice on a fine point of chess; **Szlenzska** answered with a chess problem on paper, and suggested **Milland** see what he could do with it. That started the long-distance match.

Sad news seems always to come to **Gail Patrick** during working hours.

Two years ago when her brother was rushed to a San Francisco hospital for an appendectomy she was portraying the role of a nurse.

The other day during a particulary difficult night club scene in *Stage Door* a telegram was handed her. It was from the Maharajah of Indore informing her that his wife and one of **Gail's** closest friends had passed away. It was with the titled pair that she had spent a happy holiday in Hawaii less than a year ago.

Later that same day she received a letter bearing the post mark of Buenos Aires. It was from **Frederick Noonan, Amelia Earhart's** navigator, hope of whose rescue in the south Pacific has been virtually abandoned. The letter had been mailed just before he started around the world.

What does a glamorous movie star take along for reading matter on a trip to Europe?

When **Marlene Dietrich** sailed for Europe our snooper found prominently displayed a copy of the Constitution of the United States, three American histories and a Civics book.

Frances Farmer was surprised on her departure from Los Angeles to play summer stock in the East when on boarding "The Chief" she was completely ignored by the local photographers.

It seems the press boys had called her and inquired when she intended leaving and were rudely informed that she didn't know.

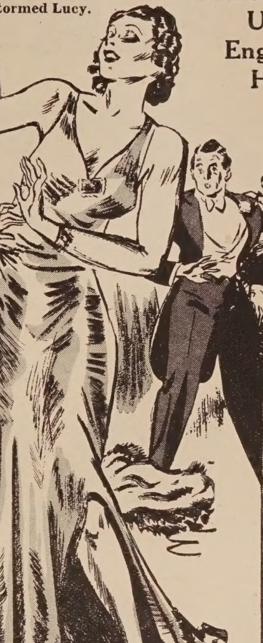
Olympe Bradna was boarding the same train for a personal appearance in New York and batteries of lights were flashing when **Miss Farmer** approached the coach. Immediately the shutters stopped clicking and it was only

[*Continued on page 10*]

How a Society Bride's Sensational Dance Stopped a Divorce

Park Avenue Had Convulsions When Wealthy Lucy Warriner Stopped At Nothing (Well, Almost Nothing) To Break Up Her Husband's Engagement Party for His Next "Wife"

"Don't tell me you got that sun-lamp tan in Miami!" stormed Lucy.



Who'd have dreamt that lovely Lucy Warriner would ever shock society — even to save her marriage.

Still happy socialites — til debutantes and divorces interfered.

Lucy and her singing teacher tried desperately to explain their night out.

Why did his wife have to hide Jerry in the bedroom when her best friend visited her?

WHAT would *you* do if your million-dollar fiancee surprised you in a very "pally" situation with a girl she had never met — and if that girl happened to be the wife you were about to divorce? Jerry Warriner wormed his way out by saying "Meet my sister". And "my sister" proceeded to put on a hair-raising act that scandalized society, and brought Jerry's house of cards tumbling round his handsome head.

Let's turn back the calendar and see how it all started. One fine winter afternoon, home comes Jerry with a vivid sun-lamp tan. From what should have been a Florida vacation! But was it? No, indeed! Jerry, the benighted soul, finally tried to explain that he had whiled away a week or two in a gin and poker marathon with his one-time pals!

Now that in itself might have been enough to besmirch the fairest picture of domestic bliss. But Lucy was a lady. She was determined to play dumb and not utter even one tiny little word of reproach. She was prepared to welcome her wandering boy with sweetness and light. Only Fate barged in, as Fate will do, and upset Lucy's neat little apple-cart.

"Yoo-hoo, Lucy! Surprise! I'm home", shouted Jerry. But only the dog barked. A glance at the table revealed the morning paper still untouched, and Lucy's letters unopened. When lovely Lucy finally did arrive, it was in last night's evening clothes, and with her tall, dark and handsome singing teacher in tow. Jerry, still smarting from Lucy's accusations about his "Florida" siesta, refused to listen to explanations, and the happy home life of the Warriners was shattered with a resounding crash.

Nothing would assuage Jerry's wounded sensibilities but a divorce, which he promptly proceeded to procure.

Time flitted by. Another 24 hours and the Warriner divorce decree was to become final. That was to be the cue for Jerry to announce his engagement to the madcap heiress — Barbara Vance. But Lucy stamped her pretty foot and shouted "No". She wasn't going to allow any such thing. She wasn't giving up her one true love to "the girl with millions of dollars and no sense", just because her husband refused to recognize facts. But oh, what to do? How to make Jerry see the light?

Then an idea struck Lucy as lightning strikes a tree. That night the wealthy Vances were throwing a hotcha party for Jerry and their Barbara. Society's darlings would be there en masse — and that, Lucy decided, was the time to strut her stuff.

How she posed as poor Jerry's sister, how she threw the party into an uproar with a dance that made the assembled dowagers' eyes pop, makes one of the most hilarious sequences ever thrown on the screen.

But what happens after that to Lucy and Jerry's romance is the really big surprise you'll find in Columbia's new picture, "THE AWFUL TRUTH" — the fastest, gayest, most exhilarating comedy in years. Irene Dunne plays the wife, Lucy Warriner, and if you saw "Theodora Goes Wild", you have some idea of her comedy capabilities. In one scene, Lucy is stopped on the road by two motorcycle cops because her radio is going full blast. She's lost the control knob and can't turn it down. The policeman tries to fix it. "We don't have to do this", he says. "It's only a favor to you".

"It's no favor", says Lucy "We enjoy the music".

COP: "Have you people been drinking"?
LUCY: "No. Have you people"?
COP: "What's your license number"?
LUCY: "I don't know. They change it every year. What's the license number on your motorcycle? No fair looking now"!

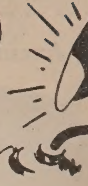
And so it goes merrily on. Cary Grant is Jerry Warriner — handsome, debonair, and with a charming wit that gets him out of the tightest places. You'll be quoting and requoting his clever lines.

Don't miss "The Awful Truth". It's a grand screen play, the work of Dwight Taylor and Vina Delmar, author of "Bad Girl", remember? And none other than Leo McCarey, of "Ruggles of Red Gap" fame, directed. When is it coming to your theatre? You'll see it in the papers. Keep your eyes peeled for the announcement.

Coming To Your Theatre Soon!
IRENE DUNNE
CARY GRANT
THE
AWFUL TRUTH
With Ralph Bellamy, Alexander D'Arcy, Joyce Compton
DIRECTED BY LEO McCAREY
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

(Advertisement)

FILMLAND WHISPERS



[*Continued from page* 8]

when she entered the train did the boys continue to photograph **Olympe.**

Hollywood has started on a new health campaign. The order of the day is *juice*—juice of all kind, strawberry, raspberry, orange, lemon, lime, cucumber, pineapple, grapefruit, spinach, cabbage, etc.

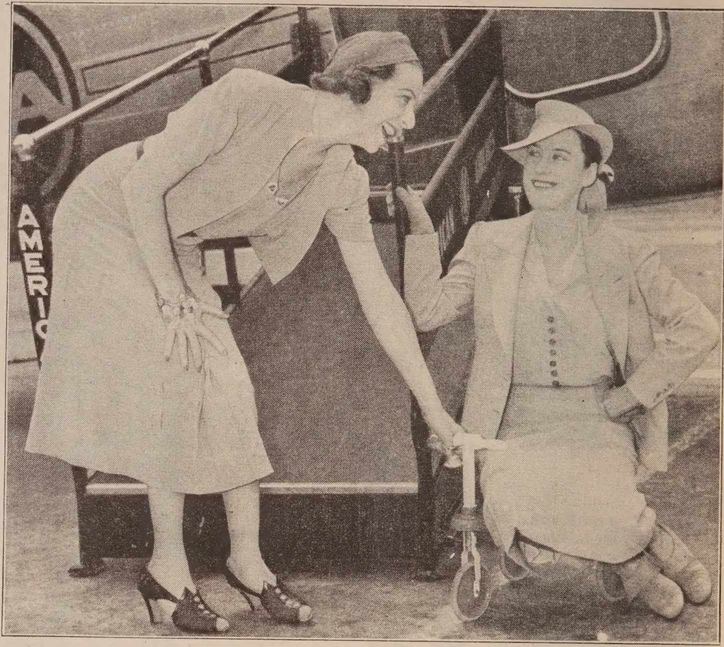
Burgess Meredith and **Ann Sothern** have even gone so far as to have cucumber juice on the set and before going into a scene an assistant yells, "Time out for juice!"

Ann has made four pictures in a row without rest and is very tired and run down.

When **Grace Moore** and husband **Valentin Parera** went trailer week-ending at Lake Arrowhead to celebrate their sixth wedding anniversary **Valentin** insisted upon picking the parking space in a thickly wooded pine grove.

Grace fell in love with the spot and when she mentioned this to him he handed her a deed to the three acre plot as a gift.

To celebrate the occasion of **Errol Flynn's** birthday several months ago **Lyda Roberti** and **Bud Ernst** gave a party at the Cock and Bull. When **Errol** picked up the knife to cut the cake **Bud Ernst** said, "You can't cut that. The cake's for **Frank Morgan.** This is his birthday."



Just kidding! **Two funsters get together as Fanny Brice brings Beatrice Lillie a kiddie kar for transportation from the airport to the studio. Miss Lillie is to confer with Major Productions on her initial screen appearance, in which she will star with Bing Crosby**

What a bat, boy! **Spanky MacFarland, mascot, and Joe E. Brown, star slugger, watch a "high one" sail over the fence as the Comedians score another run against the Leading Men in their famous Charity Baseball game**

Bud didn't expect a topper until last week when he had a birthday and was invited to the Cock and Bull for dinner also. He was touched by the party and just a little suspicious.

When he started to cut the huge cake with a sharp knife it exploded—it was a toy balloon carefully covered with icing.

Robert Young has had offers to make three pictures in England and M-G-M wants him to start work immediately in a picture which requires a location trip, but **Bob** is adamant in refusing to leave town until after the first week in September, the time set for the arrival of the stork.

Bob is hoping for a girl and he would like her to be born on September 5th.

There will be a very irate and disappointed **Francis Lederer** if his present plans to go to Philadelphia the middle of September do not work out.

Margo is going to dance at that time with the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of **Jose Iturbi** and he is determined to have a front row seat.

From Philadelphia they will go on to New York where **Margo** will purchase her trousseau and also help **Francis** select additional furnishing for their home in San Fernando Valley.

The wedding date has been set as October 6th.

When **Una Merkel** was at the races on the opening day of the Del Mar track she would pick her horse, send **Ronnie Burla,** her husband, down to the window and instruct him to place a show bet.

By the time he reached the betting windows he would forget how **Una** wanted to place the bet so each time he played to place and win.

She came out even on every race, but the catch is—She thought she was picking winners.

Because **Anatole Litvak** is determined to hold **Warners** to the terms of his contract **Jane Bryan** has lost one of the coveted roles of the season in *Tovarich.*

His contract states that in addition to his directorial duties he has the right to select the cast of his pictures.

Warners are very anxious to build **Jane** into better roles and therefore every time the question of the ingenue role in *Tovarich* was brought up they selected her for the spot. Finally, the only reason **Litvak** could give for

[*Continued on page* 21]

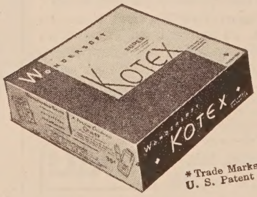
"FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY
ANY WOMAN WOULD RISK
A SUBSTITUTE FOR KOTEX*"

THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!

Wherever you go . . . whatever you do . . . *Kotex Sanitary Napkins stay Wondersoft . . . Can't Chafe . . . Can't Fail . . . Can't Show

Only Kotex has 3 types

Because one-size napkin will not do for every woman—no more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides women's personal needs are different on different days. Only by trying "All 3"—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex—can you meet each day's exact needs!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"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, *Couldn't Even Lie Down!*

. . . The Suffering I Had to Bear in Secret"

WHAT a toll Piles take! The pain is excruciating and a drain physically and mentally. The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo not only relieves the pain, soreness and itching, but it tends to correct the condition as well. Pazo works because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in collapsible tube with special Pile Pipe; now also, for the first time, in suppository form, 14 to the box. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo suppositories better than anything they have ever used.

Send for Trial Tube—All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories. But a liberal trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon below and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

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Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enclose **10c** to help cover packing and postage.

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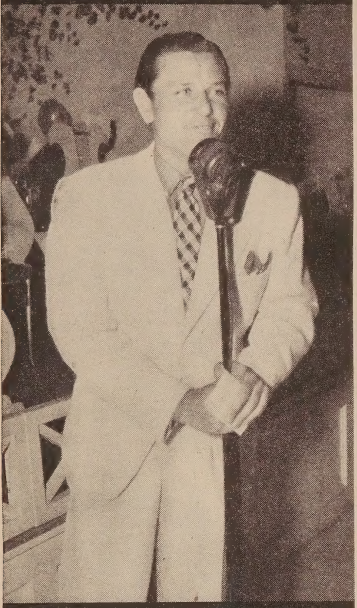
HOLLYWOOD FETES

Gathered around Basil Rathbone at his cocktail party, these enthusiastic women, part of the 200 who visited Hollywood on the Fawcett conducted Movieland Tour, took pictures to their heart's content

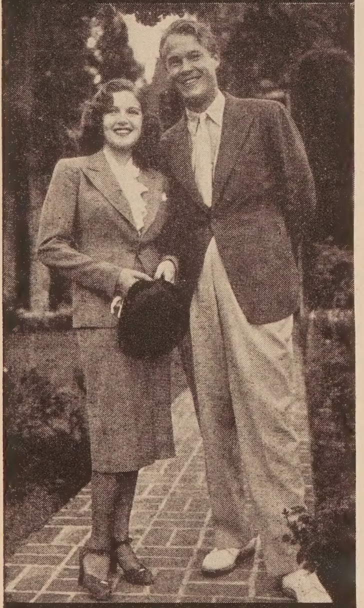
Jimmie Gleason's party for the tourists brought out many film celebrities. Here you see a group of them, including June Collier, James Gleason and others

Joe E. Brown and Gale Sondergaard helped Abe Shore, of the Max Factor Beauty Salon, entertain the Fawcett tourists. Here Shore is shown awarding a prize to a lucky visitor

THE TOURISTS



Warren Hull was the toastmaster at the night club party at Wilshire Bowl. Bob Taylor was a guest



Lana Turner and Wayne Morris, snapped at Rathbone's fete for the tourists, lent spice to the occasion

Tears won't bring him back!

SHE OUGHT TO TRY THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

DON'T RISK LOSING LOVE! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! The deep-cleansing lather of this lovely perfumed soap removes body odor so completely—and its lingering fragrance keeps you so alluring.

LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT when a girl guards her daintiness with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet baths. To prove it, we'll send you, free, two 10¢ cakes of Cashmere Bouquet! Just write Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 74 Green St., Jersey City, N. J.

NOW ONLY 10¢

MARVELOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION TOO!

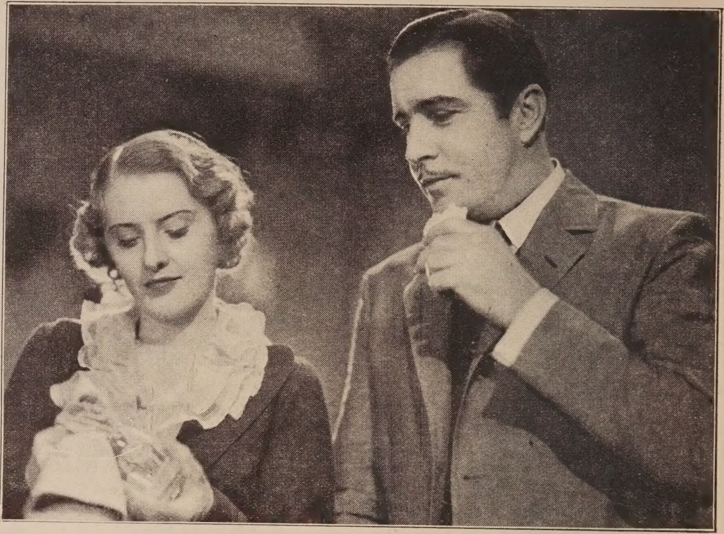
This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth and radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

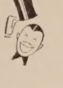
READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!



Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles win plaudits for masterful work in Goldwyn's *Stella Dallas*. Anne Shirley, not shown, ranks equally for her fine performance

STELLA DALLAS

Samuel Goldwyn



Told with touching tenderness, yet brightened throughout with appropriate humorous touches, *Stella Dallas* is brought to the screen again as a talking picture. Your Topper, still thrilled over this picture's brilliance, clicks his heels and bows in tribute to Samuel Goldwyn, King Vidor, and the players who made this film one of the most vital creations of the year.

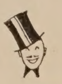
No matter about the story—many readers will recollect it from the silent version. Barbara Stanwyck in the title role is magnificent. Where there is pathos, Barbara gives it straight from the shoulder. In the dinginess of failure she lets humor mellow the spell. The final fadeout shows her walking into the gloom smiling first, then bursting with a brooding happiness. All audiences will be profoundly moved with her masterful work.

Equally fine and impressive, Anne Shirley as the daughter does the finest role of her career, far transcending what anyone could reasonably expect of her. Anne appears first as a child of twelve, grows to maturity through the picture with amazing precision of character development. She projects herself into the hearts of all, establishing a sympathetic bond with her audience such as few young actresses could possibly do. Don't miss her fine portrayal.

Alan Hale, in a role of a "good guy" gambler, maintains the fine pace set by the two women. To him, to John Boles, and to Barbara O'Neall, as well as other lesser players in the cast, your Topper clicks a bow. Every single member of the troupe is TOPS indeed.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER

Warner Brothers



Full of rollicking nonsense, this Warner Brothers film is a grand holiday for Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Eric Blore, Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles and Director Archie Mayo.

Leslie and Bette open the film as two Shapespearean troupers who quarrel jealously at the drop of a hat. Olivia falls for the great thespian; Knowles frets over this fact. So he conspires to get Howard on a week-end party where the latter may foolishly attempt to squelch the crush.

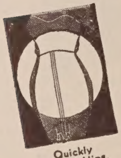
This situation allows for all sorts of comedy. It is enacted with a relish, and if we had a lot of space, we would devote a lot more words toward telling you this picture is funny. But after all, you might as well go and find out for yourself.

GIRDLE OR BRASSIERE may be worn separately

Quickly . . .
Correct Your Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only CONFINES, It also REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

IF YOU DO NOT *Reduce*
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
. . . *it will cost you nothing!*


Quickly Reduces Hips, Thighs and Diaphragm.

Takes away Abdominal Fat and "Bulge Derriere".

BECAUSE so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making the above unqualified agreement. Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to this safe, quick way of reduction. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches", writes Mrs. Derr.

Immediately Appear Inches Smaller

■ You appear inches smaller at once and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercises!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living in any way . . . and with the loss of fat come increased pep and energy.

■ Why not test Perfolastic NOW . . . and prove what it will do for you? You do not risk one penny. If it does not reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days it will cost you nothing! Learn the details of our 10-Day Trial Offer in the FREE illustrated booklet!

TEST Perfolastic at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 710, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name____________________
Address____________________

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING
20th Century-Fox

If you thought *Wake Up and Live* was a honey of a comedy you'll go c-c-razy about this one for it's even better. Besides providing Alice Faye with her best role to date, that of a small-town girl who insists on trying to write serious plays even after her sweetheart has made a smash hit with one of her plots (with music and comedy added), Alice sings and gives an all-round swell performance. Don Ameche also adds to his laurels and looks handsome and athletic in his dress clothes.

The Ritz Brothers nearly steal the show with their wild and woozy comedy gags, their number dedicated to long underwear being extremely funny without being at all offensive. Charlie Winninger is ideally cast, too, and while Gypsy Rose Lee (now Louise Hovick) goes well for her first picture, although her part doesn't permit much of an impression.

Tony Martin starts to sing a love song to Alice but the script beats him out of his proper due. Rubinoff makes his screen bow in a solo number and fiddles his way to well earned applause. Tip, Tap and Toe, three colored dancers from the New York stage, present a novel dance novelty to the list of entertaining features in the piece, and the music and lyrics by Gordon and Revel keep one's toes tapping underneath the seat throughout the show.

The producers have given this sparkling musical comedy splendid backgrounds and smart dialogue. Measured by the yardstick of discrimination, *You Can't Have Everything* easily becomes one of the most delightful two hour filmusicals in the past several seasons. By all means don't let it slip by unseen.

THE SHEIK STEPS OUT
Republic

Ramon Novarro returns to the screen in a role which he has played several times before and to telling success. As the romantic sheik who has to curb the temper of a spoiled American heiress before he can sell her his Arabian horses, Ramon proves again that he has just what it takes to send feminine hearts to fluttering.

Novarro looks more handsome than ever and his natural accent adds charm to his romantic speeches.

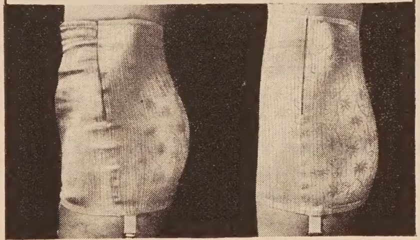
Lola Lane plays the role of the American girl who causes all the trouble and is finally stolen away from a Parisian altar by the sheik. Gene Lockhart is good as the father and supporting roles are well played. The picture suffers at times from inferior dialogue but has many beautiful camera shots, and all in all is a most entertaining romantic-drama. If you had ceased to be a Novarro fan (because of his absence from the flickers), hurry back to his bandwagon because Ramon is really something to shout about as a sheik.

LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET

My girdles always hold in my figure because I wash them often with Ivory Flakes. It prevents "girdle-bulge"

118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT



This "sloppy girdle" with unsightly bulges is the result of too few washings.

The same girdle . . . its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

"Use flakes of pure soap" stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say 'Ivory Flakes'," explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soap that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hints: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up *at once!* Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

WHAT A FIGURE!

IVORY FLAKES
99 44/100% pure

IVORY FLAKES

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

"Oh...THAT girl!"

A DEVASTATING WAY TO DESCRIBE A GIRL

A GIRL might just as well wear a tag when people refer to her as "Oh, *that* girl!"

For she is marked as a person unpleasant to be with—a person to be avoided because she carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

You can't expect people, men especially, to tolerate this in a girl, no matter how attractive she may be in other ways.

The smart modern girl knows that her underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And she knows the quick easy way to give this care. Mum!

Quick to use. Harmless to clothing. Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting natural perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as *"the girl who needs Mum."* Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

FIREFLY
M-G-M

Most notable thing about this Jeanette MacDonald operetta is the presence of a new leading man in the form of Allan Jones. We do not hesitate to say that you are going to like him in this picture, for Allan not only sings superbly, but his whole screen personality lends a spontaneity and briskness that will charm you.

As a singing team these two personalities blend well together. The tunes in *Firefly* are for the most part the same ones you have heard before, but you will like the new music added to the picture almost as well as the original. Particularly clever is The Donkey's Serenade, sung by Jones toward the opening of the picture.

The plot reveals Miss MacDonald as a spy of the Spanish government, and Jones in a similar capacity for the French forces. When their paths cross, they fall in love, only to be torn apart by their own loyalties.

Warren William plays the role of the French general with finesse. A most amazing Pannish sort of child, Robert Spindola by name, will entrance you during his brief appearance.

As previewed in Hollywood the picture was too long and too loud. The studio subsequently operated on the picture, removing considerable footage, and the sound was purely a local fault. You will probably enjoy *Firefly.*

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME
Paramount

Depicting a period in the last century when Big Business first dug up the capital B's, this picture combines something bordering on American operetta with a stern story of the great open spaces, with a carnival sideshow thrown in for good measure.

The result is not altogether fascinating. After seeing the picture, your Topper doubts the wisdom of making Irene Dunne do a sideshow singing and dance act—she's just not that way. This obvious fact does no great good for Irene in the picture; her performance simply isn't a convincing sort of Magnolia thing, such as you saw in *Showboat.*

Randolph Scott as her lover likewise misses the boat somewhere in midstream, and is really comical as the lovestruck youth doing nip-ups and things in the shade of a blooming cherry tree (or was it apple?)

The whole story deals with this question: can an oil pipe line drive two lovers apart? It can—and does—until the eighth or ninth reel. Then the carnival comes to the rescue when the fifty or so bad men do an extravaganza number while closing in on our hero and his pals.

One thing about it, though. We feel sure the kids will like this picture, and if you don't mind some story impossibilities, you are liable to cheer in the same voice with them.

EXCLUSIVE

Paramount

Two newspapermen whose ideals transcend monetary return, but whose capacity to imbibe brew, etc., is most amazing. And the daughter of one of them, who is too dumb to know she is being made the obvious pawn of a crooked rival editor, but smart enough to outsmart her competitors.

These three people are the nucleus of a too-dramatic and unbelievable plot, but just the same you are going to enjoy *Exclusive*. It is exciting. It is interesting. It is distinguished by Charles Ruggles' performance as the veteran reporter who takes things easy through the fire of battle. In addition you will see Fred MacMurray as an assistant city editor and Frances Farmer as the young upstart daughter of Ruggles.

Lloyd Nolan is a gangster in this picture. He is almost always a gangster, but this time he is particularly vicious and deplorable. He does a lot of exciting things, and is very nasty in his desire to dominate the city. To do it he buys a newspaper and runs it on a vile blackmailing basis.

The loyal lads on the rival sheet make it very tough for him, but Frances blindly goes to work on his paper and then heck pops. It is all very exciting, as we have said, and at no time really convincing. But, even though we cannot explain why, we think you will enjoy the hurrah that results. We did, and it annoys us that we lack an explanation for this reaction. Maybe it was because Ruggles was a swell newspaper character. The others were okay, too; but the director or somebody had some squirrely ideas about newspaper drama.

MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR

Mervyn Leroy-Warners

Kenny Baker's first stellar movie vehicle is cuter than a bug's ear and if one is to judge the critical preview reaction to this active little musical-comedy, radio's boy tenor is due for bigger and better things. Kenny is a singing electrician at the village strawberry festival until a home-town-boy-who-made-good-in-the-big-city engages him for a New York radio program. A throat operation changes Kenny from a baritone to a tenor but the enraged radio sponsor finds his prodigy is extremely popular just the same. Frank McHugh is Kenny's manager and although they make a fortune Kenny is forced to remain a simple, quiet soul until—Gertrude Michael and Alice Brady take him in hand, introduce him to night life.

Kenny likes the gay life but he cannot forget Jane Wyman, first big city girl to have faith in him. He pretends to have lost his voice to get himself fired from radio (and the clutches of Gertie and Alice).

Baker's singing is exceptionally fine and his songs most appropriate. The situations are clever, the dialogue natural and Al Green's direction most sympathetic and helpful. Don't confuse Mr. Dodds and Mr. Deeds. They're two distinctly different gents.

[*Continued on page* 19]

"HE DOESN'T KISS ME ANYMORE!"
HE SAID MY LIPS WERE TOO RED AND SMEARY
WHY DON'T YOU USE *TANGEE?* IT'S ORANGE IN THE STICK, BUT IT CHANGES LIKE MAGIC TO A LOVELY SHADE OF BLUSH ROSE ON YOUR LIPS
PAINTED GLARING LIPS
TANGEE GLOWING LIPS
LATER
SWEETHEART—I'VE JUST GOT TO KISS THOSE PRETTY LIPS!
THERE IS MAGIC IN *TANGEE*
"GIRLS, DON'T LET A 'PAINTED LOOK' SPOIL YOUR ROMANCE! CHANGE TO TANGEE, THE LIPSTICK THAT ISN'T PAINT, THE ONLY LIPSTICK WITH THE MAGIC TANGEE COLOR CHANGE PRINCIPLE! MAKES YOUR LIPS IRRESISTIBLE!! SEND THE COUPON NOW!"
World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND COUPON for TANGEE'S MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET, containing generous samples of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and Face Powder . . . 10c

FREE CHARM TEST!—an amazing new chart that actually measures your charm! Reveals your personality, gives you self-confidence, ability to attract men. Approved by an eminent psychologist. Sent FREE with Tangee's 10¢ Miracle Make-Up Set.

39c AND $1.10

F107

MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

—an amazing new chart that actually measures your charm!

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

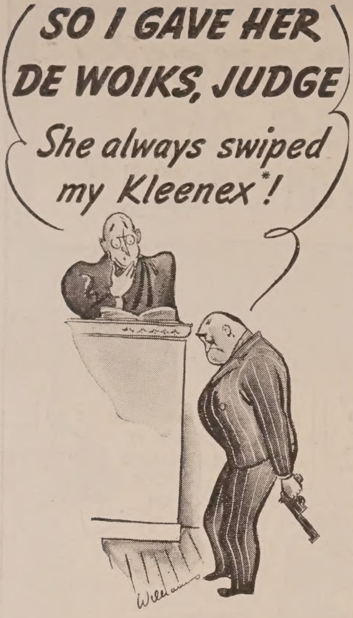
Please rush Miracle Make-Up Set of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also send me FREE the new Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name ______ Please Print

Address ______

City ______ *State* ______


SO I GAVE HER DE WOIKS, JUDGE
She always swiped my Kleenex*!
Williams

Stand up for your rights, men . . . adopt the

KLEENEX* HABIT

during Colds

● When sniffles start, every man knows how important it is to adopt the habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues. Keep a box of your *own* at home, another at the office.

Soft, soothing Kleenex is easy on the nose. It saves money; costs less than handkerchief laundering. What's more, Kleenex Tissues tend to retain germs, thus check the spread of colds through the family.

And men—don't forget Kleenex to wipe spectacles, to clean pipes, to dry razor blades.

Keep Kleenex Tissues in Every Room And in the Car, too.

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . *And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

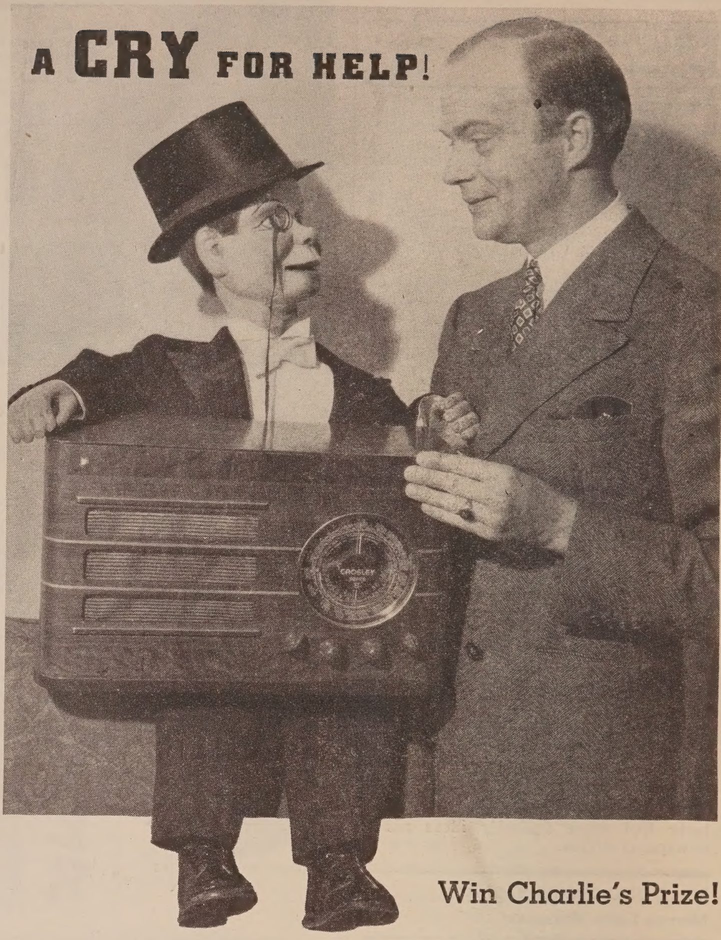
No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX*

DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office*)

A CRY FOR HELP!



Win Charlie's Prize!

Charlie McCarthy, Hollywood's latest radio and movie sensation, shows Edgar Bergen, his boss, the 1938 Crosley Super 8 receiving set he is offering as a prize in SCREEN BOOK's letter writing contest

The fact that folks are picking on little Charlie McCarthy is going to win, some lucky SCREEN BOOK fan, a handsome new Crosley Super 8 radio during the next 30 days. You see it's like this:

Charlie came to Hollywood some weeks ago with Edgar Bergen and on his Sunday Chase and Sanborn radio program W. C. Fields is constantly making nasty remarks about the little fellow. Besides, Bergen, his pal for years does all of Charlie's talking and every time Charlie opens his mouth he gets his foot in it. Fields, in retaliation for a well intended McCarthy joke about his red nose constantly refers to Charlie as a "dummy" and threatens to flick a termite on him. While this feud is going on at the radio station Charlie and Bergen aren't speaking at home, well, just because—

Charlie knows that it is a fact that after hard work, superior oratory and a London full dress suit (with monocle) he has become indeed one of the greatest stars of the entertainment world. Years ago when he was called a "doll" he didn't mind. Today, as an artist of extraordinary timber, he feels he deserves a more dignified cognomen. "Dummy"—the word galls Charlie.

"I'd give a good deal for some sobriquet that I could spring on Bergen and Fields and make them stop calling me a dummy," says Charlie. "The word is positively abhorant; disgusting. But, I have only 30 days to get a substitute." And, so saying Charlie slid out of his traveling case, chuckled gleefully to himself and (always with an eye for business) purchased a new Crosley Super 8 radio set as a prize for the best descriptive word—or name—sent to SCREEN BOOK Magazine during the 31 day period from September 1 to October 1.

To compete for the radio, or 12 autographed photos offered as consolation prizes, you need do only two things: 1. Find one word to fill in the following statement, "Charlie McCarthy is a ...." and 2. Write one hundred words giving your opinion of Charlie. Address your entry to McCarthy Contest, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Letters must reach us not later than October 1. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. SCREEN BOOK's staff will do the judging. No personal correspondence can be made and decisions based on best word and accompanying letter will be final.

So, fans, here's an opportunity to enjoy many happy visits with Charlie McCarthy (and the fast set he runs around with) via radio in your home.

Look into the crystal ball of your ball pointed pen, concentrate a moment then write your suggestion. The new Crosley's a honey and any prize winner will be proud to have it.

THE EDITOR

Our Critic Goes to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 17]

THAT CERTAIN WOMAN

Warner Brothers

Plenty of tears were shed at the Hollywood preview of *That Certain Woman.* The tears were for Bette Davis, whose performance as the misunderstood mother condemned by the world constitutes one of her really better roles.

The story opens with Bette trying to live down the notoriety of being the widow of a gangster slain in an underworld fight. She finds a good friend in Ian Hunter, a wealthy attorney who employs her as his secretary. But Bette's love goes to a philandering playboy, Henry Fonda. She weds the latter without realizing her employer loves her. The marriage is broken up by Fonda's curt father (Donald Crisp).

Out of their marriage comes a child, with further repercussions which we will not discuss here. Miss Davis is given every chance to emote—and she does not fail. Hunter's role is thoroughly satisfactory. You may or may not find the rattle-brained part assigned to Fonda satisfactory. But all in all you will probably like the picture and its outcome.

CONFESSION

Warner Brothers

Hampered by a makeup deliberately made frightful, Kay Francis nevertheless gives a convincing performance in this story of a woman with a past who commits murder to save her daughter from a scheming man.

The story unfolds as a recollection, with Miss Francis on the witness stand confessing of an affair with the same man (Basil Rathbone) years before. Thus the picture, while showing her as a woman ruined by the years, also reveals the star as a young and highly successful singer before fate dealt unkindly with her.

Jane Bryan's performance as the daughter is the finest thing this young Warner Brothers actress has done to date. Rathbone gives his best as the apparently adoring and sincere lover who, nevertheless, has a reputation over the entire continent as a man of many affairs.

Ian Hunter's role as the girl's father is short-lived, but he is convincing in his interpretation. Women probably will like this picture more than men.

WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads, when they should blame their cleansing method

By Lady Esther

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin."

They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives, smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all ten shades of your Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name..

Address..

City.......................................State.......................

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario*) (37)

Posed by Professional Model

SKINNY, PALE SICKLY?

EATING "ENOUGH" DOESN'T PREVENT DANGEROUS

"Multiple Deficiencies"

VITAMIN and MINERAL SHORTAGES

Keep You from Getting the Real Good Out of Food — Often Leave You Skinny, "Half-Sick", Weak and Ailing.

Gains of 5 to 15 Lbs., New Strength, New Energy Reported Regularly by Skinny, Sickly Thousands Who Have Helped Correct These Multiple Deficiencies with Kelpamalt Minerals and Vitamins.

If you are skinny, weak, tired out, sickly—unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength no matter what you eat, you may actually be suffering from slight unnoticed deficiencies of vitamins and minerals that may often easily be corrected. Unless the food you eat contains ALL the minerals and vitamins essential for the body's chemical processes, even a lot of food can fail to yield adequate nourishment. The system itself needs ALL these certain vitamins and minerals to be able to utilize food. Often it is the lack of minerals and vitamins required in tiny amounts that cause most of the troubles. Everyone knows what happens when the body is short of even a small bit of iodine and iron. The most eminent biochemists now say nearly one-third of the required number of minerals cannot be had in the average daily diet.

Merely adding one mineral or vitamin is not enough when there is a deficiency of several vital elements. Unless they are ALL present, digestion is impaired, elimination is poor, there is faulty growth, weakened resistance and the nourishment in food is not converted to strength and energy. These multiple deficiencies may go on for years without causing serious ailments. You may just remain in poor health, ailing, sickly, until finally major troubles suddenly occur.

Kelpamalt, a mineral and vitamin concentrate made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, contains the resistance building vitamin A; the growth and body building Vitamin G; the blood building vitamin C, and the bone building Vitamin D. It contributes to the supply of calcium, phosphorus, manganese, potassium and magnesium; is especially rich in assimilable iron and copper, and is one of the best known sources for naturally occurring iodine which is now known to be vitally important to the health and proper functioning of the blood, liver and glands.

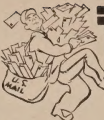
MAKE THIS TEST

Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Thousands report they are amazed at the improvement Kelpamalt has brought them. Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks are not uncommon, new strength, new energy, better digestion and elimination—in cases due to common mineral deficiencies. They eat better, sleep better, and almost invariably say they now feel fine. Kelpamalt costs but little to use and results are guaranteed or money back. Sold by all good stores.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt *Tablets*

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Send for FREE fascinating Instructive 50-page Book on How to Build Strength and Add Weight. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1286, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.



THE POSTMAN RINGS

The gay trumpeter! **Jerry Colonna, comic unique,** ***blasts*** **his personality on the screen in,** ***52nd Street,*** **Walter Wanger's production on the American Montmarte district**

$15.00 Prize Letter

Halo For Headline Hounds

DEAR Editor:

The other night I saw myself in *Love Is News.* That is, I saw myself the way producers seem to think we newspaper people are.

I'm just the editor of a small paper, but when I saw Don Ameche as the all too-explosive editor, I wondered if I weren't really more important than I had thought. I remembered other films, too, in which the editors a la George Bancroft, had bellowed out orders occasionally decorated with pungent words and spicy phrases.

Well, no wonder the next best thing to being a movie-star is to be a reporter! The films certainly have spread a halo of glory and glamour around the newspaper profession.

But I don't mind. On these days when advertisements are slow coming in, and deadlines creep up on one and leads just won't be anything but words, I think of those film newspaper people—the blustery editors and star-reporters—and thank my Fates that I have a job which maybe is as romantic and colorful, and worth having! Sincerely,

F. K. Beckwith, 6220 37th N. W., Seattle, Washington.

$10.00 Prize Letter

Deaf Movie Devotee

DEAR Editor:

May I tell how pictures add to the enjoyment of the deaf? Although movies are not as enjoyable to us as if we could understand the talk, there are pictures with motion which we understand more than others.

I am deaf myself and there are some players who make the story almost seem to live. Olivia de Havilland in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* did such splendid acting that I felt I was almost living the story.

The information we get from SCREEN BOOK also does a great deal of good in giving enjoyment to us. I read all the "inside information" about the stars and the pictures, then when I see them, I can understand them better.

Dorothy Sneath, Rockville, Indiana.

$5.00 Prize Letter

Should Saratoga *Be Shown?*

DEAR Editor:

I see by the papers that the producers of *Saratoga,* the picture with the much loved Jean Harlow, is to be finished with a sub-

[*Continued on page* 113]

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 10]

the rejection of **Jane** from the list was "No, No, I can't use her. She looks too American."

Gladys George is occupying **Garbo's** portable dressing room at M-G-M while the construction department is building one for the star of *Madame X*.

On the first day of the picture her dressing room was filled with flowers of all descriptions from husband, **Leonard Penn.** The opening of a play or the first day of a picture is an occasion on which he has never failed to remember her and since her marriage to **Leonard** she has been remarkably successful. She's now so superstitious about him that she wouldn't think of beginning a venture without his best wishes and tokens of good luck.

The movies have given a lot of happiness to **Deanna Durbin** and they've also taken something very valuable away from her—that is the right to enjoy simple pleasures.

One afternoon during the filming of *100 Men and a Girl,* **Deanna** wanted an ice cream soda. **Henry Koster,** the director, said, "All right, we'll send over to the drugstore for one."

Deanna said "No, I don't want one sent over. I want to sit at the counter and sip it through a straw the way the rest of the kids do."

He took her across the street and as soon as they were seated at the counter **Deanna** was recognized and immediately a group of autograph hounds pounced upon her.

A minor panic was caused at the Venice Pier recently when **Fred Astaire** and **George Stevens,** director, went down to look over the concessions to gather material for their forthcoming picture *Damsels in Distress.*

In discussing architectural plans for his new home in Brentwood **George Raft** was overheard saying:

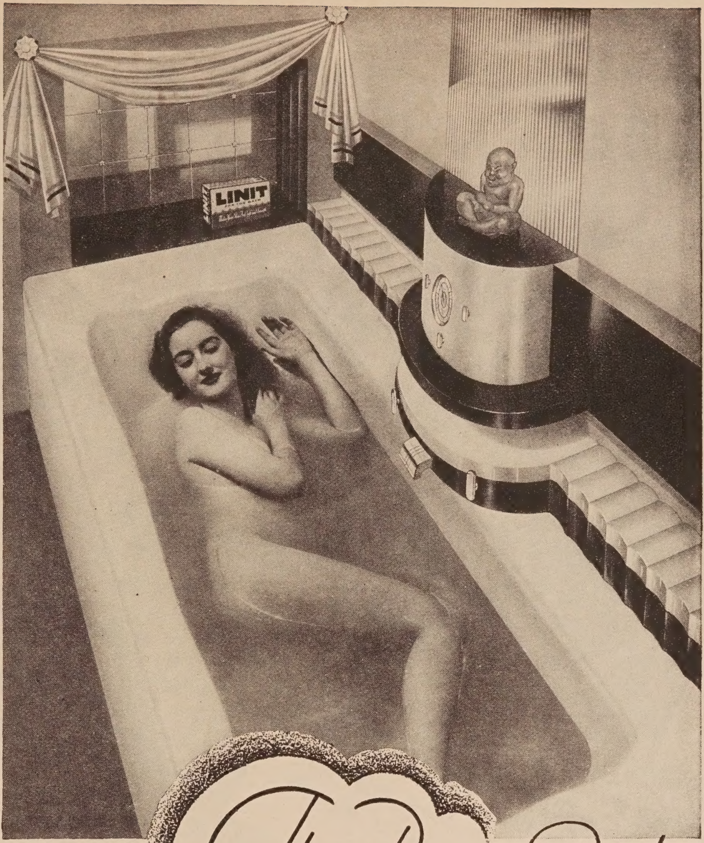
"On the first floor I want a dining room, living room, kitchen, den, sun porch and separate from all this a private suite for a child. You know, quarters completely partitioned from the remainder of the house so that if one came in late at night *she* wouldn't be disturbed."

Could he have had in mind **Virginia Peine's** little girl **Joan?**

Why has a certain studio in Westwood given orders that no publicity be given out about the adoption of children by one of it's big feminine names?

Who is the male satellite fastly slipping who not long ago wouldn't be bothered with interviews but who has gone to his publicity department demanding why he doesn't have more fan magazine interviews?

You've probably read that **Loretta Young** has adopted two small children . . . but it is unlikely that you will see photographs of them. One of the stipulations entering into the adoption proceedings rules that **Loretta** must in no wise publicize the two youngsters, and if she ever does she will lose both of them.



The Beauty Bath

THAT SOOTHES LIKE A LULLABY

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Merely swish a handful or two of LINIT in your tub of warm water—step in—and relax for fifteen minutes. As you lie in the enveloping luxury of its velvety smoothness, close your eyes and think of a rose bathed in the moonlight of a June evening. Now step out, dry off and slip into bed!

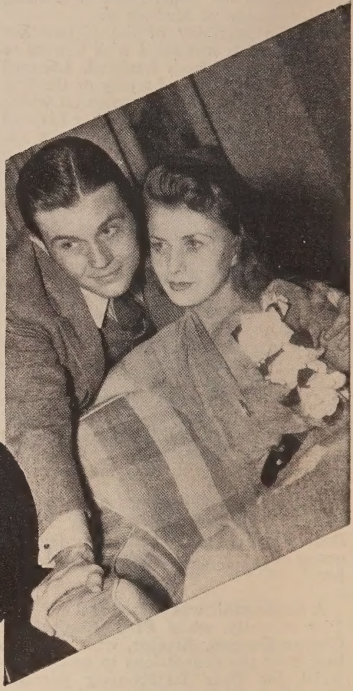
How delightful it is to let the results of a LINIT BEAUTY BATH caress your skin and relax your body into slumberland. You, too, will agree that the world's *most pleasant remedy* for *fatigue* is a restful, soothing LINIT BEAUTY BATH.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

TOM BROWN'S RUNAWAY MARRIAGE

An eyewitness account of a matrimonial voyage with an unusual launching. The sky may have seemed dark at first, but there is smooth sailing ahead

Tom and Natalie, above, are so happy they can't help beaming. Below, they are seen with Mary Carlisle and Lee Bowman—but they only see each other



By PHYLLIS FRASER

TOM BROWN'S and Natalie Draper's wedding was supposed to be a secret, but like most of those things, it has been found out.

I was along when it happened. What a wedding! Despite what the papers say—it was a premeditated one. We'd planned the whole thing—by we, I mean the younger set. We chartered the yacht *Arbutus* and got ourselves a licensed captain who told us he could perform a ceremony legally, twelve miles at sea.

A florist went down to Wilmington where the boat was anchored and decorated the bow with lilies. (If a reporter had been snooping about our plans were a cinch to be out—but we had to take that chance. Luckily reporters weren't snooping that day.)

Anyway after much ado our party set sail at 1:30 a. m. July the Fourth, headed for Catalina Island . . . and twelve miles out, but not before Johnny Downs suddenly got hungry and ran down to a stand and purchased each of us a hamburger—slightly raw because Johnny had asked them to hurry up—and that was the wedding breakfast!

As soon as Natalie had finished her portion we ushered her downstairs to her stateroom (someone had the bright idea that grooms were not supposed to see a bride before the wedding)—and besides she had to get dressed in the things we brought along. Paula Stone, to avoid the suspicion of Natalie's mother, had loaned her a white tulle for her head. She had a bridal bouquet—as a matter of fact she had two of them—Dorothy Hull was afraid we might have forgotten to get one. We left Nat downstairs in her stateroom and we all went up above to sing romantic songs—as we drifted along. . . .

POOR Natalie! We came into rough sea twelve miles out . . . and it's worse downstairs than any place else . . . and just before the captain told us he was ready to perform the ceremony Natalie had to rush for the sink . . . finally she felt better and Warren Hull started playing a phonograph record of "Here Comes The Bride." We all had to hold hands to stand up because the ship began to lurch more and more since the captain was not at the wheel. Water began to slap on the deck as the captain started reading the ceremony—in his finest tone—informing us that we were at latitude so and so and longtitued so and so and before God—but just then a gust of wind came along . . . and our dear captain lost his place.

Well, we stood on one foot and then another—not from preference, but because the sea was getting rougher by the moment—while the captain looked for his place. He never found it—not that day anyway! He just gave up and said, "I'm going to cut this short," . . . and he did, by saying, "Tom and Nata—a—(he stumbled over her name here—and from nervousness we all screamed out in one voice, NATALIE) . . . and he went on . . . "I now pronounce you man and wife" . . . and added, "That's all I can do for you," and before we realized what had happened he was back at his post.

Tom turned white, green, and every other color—as did the rest of us. Tom said, "But that doesn't mean we're married—he's got to read some more." The Warren Hulls who were our chaperons assured us we'd actually witnessed a wedding and that that was all that was necessary to preform a marriage. We didn't have a chance to argue any further . . . because poor Natalie had to go to the rail again!

We realized that we'd have to take all the flowers down before we came into port—for fear people would know something had happened aboard and we intended keeping it a secret. So all the rest of us started undoing — unwinding — flowers and throwing them into the sea as the boat tugged along. We had to kneel over for some flowers—did you ever try kneeling over on a rocking boat? Well, needless to say all of us had to join Natalie at the rail with our sea sickness . . . that is all except Anne Shirley—who felt Just Wonderful and insisted upon telling about it and she flitted joyfully about the boat.

I imagine we did look kind of silly lined up at the rail—but personally I would have gladly shot her because she felt so good and I felt so miserable . . . you know that feeling . . .

We finally came into port . . . and the sailor dropped anchor . . . and when I say dropped—I mean just that . . . It was in the sea . . . and at the bottom of the ocean before he realized that it wasn't attached to the boat. The sailors got in the row boat and went scouting about for it—we all helped by yelling—yelling so much that we woke up a lot of people snoozing in the boats around us—so you can guess we weren't any too popular with them during our stay. We decided to put on our sun suits and go up on the top deck for some sun. That would have been fine if all of us hadn't fallen asleep and awakened with blistered faces and bodies . . . oh, were we miserable.

We rowed into the Isthmus and bought some white gooey stuff and put it all over us . . . and kept it on no matter where we went. We looked like walking ghosts. A truly beautiful wedding party —no doubt!

When we returned to town Tom and Natalie went to a Justice of the Peace and with Paula and George as their witnesses, were married again . . . this time with all the words . . . and now that their families know, they are going to do it a third time. This one will be a church wedding because Tom's family want it that way. That ought to be some kind of a record in Hollywood . . . being married to the same person three times—and without even one divorce! Why, it's a miracle.

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SHE SNAPPED HER FINGERS!

—PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM WALLING

Marsha Hunt, lovely young Paramount starlet who chose resistance getting attention from the cynical studio heads

—and won a contract!

By GLADYS W. BABCOCK

ABOUT two years ago a studio at which I was working just about tore my head off because I couldn't establish a contact with a pretty young miss who had arrived in Hollywood and said "she didn't want to go into pictures." She was here for a vacation with relatives, she said, and the newspapers publicized her arrival because (1) she snapped her fingers in Hollywood's face, (2) she was pretty, (3) a photographer-friend said the girl was determined to resist any offer from the movies.

When I phoned her uncle he told me politely but firmly his niece was not interested in pictures—and hung up. I tried several times and quit. Our casting office tried several times and got exactly nowhere. Then, a week later we heard that Paramount studios had persuaded Marsha Hunt to make a screen test—a test that resulted in a contract, and I got a bawling out I'll never forget. I always wanted to meet the girl who turned down offer after offer only to get exactly what she prayed for. (By this time you may have guessed that I was not connected with Paramount.)

I didn't know until the other day that Marsha Hunt hadn't changed her mind (as women are supposed to do) and gone into pictures after saying "No" so emphatically. I've learned (from Marsha direct) that saying "No, no, no!" was part of a well thought out campaign to get into the movies, and every time she said "No!" she really meant "Yes!" and for three weeks she was near heart failure because many times she thought her stubborn resistance campaign and its attendant publicity would prove her undoing.

There were lots of girls coming to Hollywood every day and no one had ever heard of Marsha Hunt before, but—this once the trick worked.

Marsha had gone from Horace Mann high school in New York and then to the Theodora Irvine school hopeful that she could launch an impressive stage career before she was 18. During vacation time she became interested in modelling for artists, listed with the John Powers Agency in New York and posed for Russell Patterson, John LaGatta and, before long, was offered screen tests by Warners, M-G-M and Paramount. She refused them all, sincerely preferring to save her money and go to London for further stage training. She planned to spend a year in London and if things didn't work out then—well—pictures—maybe. But while she was counting her savings a commercial photographer, Robert Mack, came to Hollywood and thought his former model, Marsha, should give Hollywood a trial because her youth was an asset to a picture career and she could go on the stage ten years later, if she chose and capitalize on her screen reputation.

"But"—Mack wrote to Marsha, "since you are determined to go to London why don't you come to Hollywood and let them think you're not interested, that you don't want any part of the movies. I will help get newspaper recognition of your resistance campaign, and since you have little to lose you can afford to gamble. I find that producers want the things that are hard to get; they like a fighter and they admire courage in a girl. Why not try it and if the campaign fails—well, you can go to London or I will go around and say you were only kidding—"

Marsha wasn't very courageous but she did have confidence in Mack's judgment and it did sound like an interesting adventure.

When she arrived in Hollywood, Mack was at the depot with his camera—and several cameramen pals. The next morning newspapers printed the story and pictures that a beautiful young New York artists' model had arrived in Filmland, but wanted no part of it. "Miss Hunt will remain in Hollywood only a few days before going to London to take up a stage career," the papers said. The papers were wrong by at least two years; perhaps more.

"EVERY time the telephone rang and someone asked my uncle about giving me a screen test he gave them a rather brusque answer and my heart turned completely upside down," Marsha now admits. "Finally Paramount called for a third time and I told Mr. Mack I thought I would simply have to do something about it. He agreed to take me to Paramount merely to see the lot. Mel Shauer, Paramount producer, was one of the men I met. He was rather persistent in offering a test. Finally Mr. Mack decided 'that I should do the test' as a lark! They must have seen my resistance breaking down. I got the contract and in the few months since I have played nothing but leads—leads in ten pictures and, I'll never snap my fingers at Hollywood again. But, I have learned (from breathtaking experience) that a little resistance is sometimes a good thing. I've never had reason to regret my campaign and I'll never cease to be grateful for the way it worked out."

NOW that I know Marsha Hunt I'd honestly say she's a rather irresistible personality and destined to go a long way. And, she may make that London stage date yet—but not until Hollywood is ready to give her up. Her pictures to date are: *Virginia Judge* with W. C. Kelley and Johnny Downs; *Gentle Julia* (Fox) with Jane Withers; *Desert Gold* and *Arizona Raider* with Tom Keene; *Hollywood Boulevard, Accusing Finger, Easy to Take, College Holiday, Murder Goes to College,* and her latest is at RKO and bears the title *Annapolis.*

Marsha marches on!

MARY'S HAD A BABY

We speak so blithely about the beauty of Motherhood!

And so little about its pain—dismissing it almost casually as the good news is passed around among relatives and friends:

"Mary's had a baby!"

Of course, through the ages, women learned to endure silently, so we take their courage for granted. But, actually, there is no need for silence.

For, 61 years ago, a woman shattered this myth that her sex must suffer silently. She devoted her life to aiding the relief of their pain.*

Today, the name of Lydia Pinkham is blessed throughout the world. Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend, how, when the ordeal of motherhood approaches, it can usually be made easier with the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Think what that signifies. If the burden of child-bearing can be eased, that often means a stronger, healthier mother. That, in turn, often means a sturdier, healthier baby.

Through the years we have received more than a million letters telling us of the aid that women have received through the use of the Compound. Young girls passing into womanhood, wives, mothers—they tell us of bitter suffering that has been relieved, of nervousness that has been soothed, and, as a result of this, of unhappy times that have been made normal once again.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may help you also to go "smiling through." Try a bottle today.

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts† which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

†*functional disorders*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Your eyes will open wide with wonder!

The picture you dreamed some day you'd see . . . lovely to look at, lovelier still as you listen! A musical romance gay and magnificent, skimming in shimmering delight along the silvery Alpine slopes! Spectacle so splendid, beauty so breath-taking that it's all you've ever longed for in entertainment . . . as your "One In A Million" girl finds the boy in a million!

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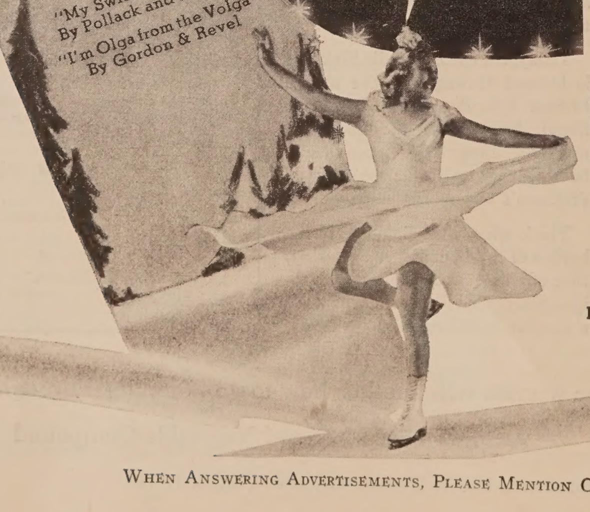
Thin Ice

A PLEASURE TO HEAR!
"My Secret Love Affair"
"Over Night"
"My Swiss Hilly Billy"
By Pollack and Mitchell
"I'm Olga from the Volga"
By Gordon & Revel



ARTHUR TREACHER
RAYMOND WALBURN
JOAN DAVIS

SIG RUMANN • ALAN HALE
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MAURICE CASS • GEORGE GIVOT

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
. . . who gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "Wake Up And Live"

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Boris Ingster and Milton Sperling
From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

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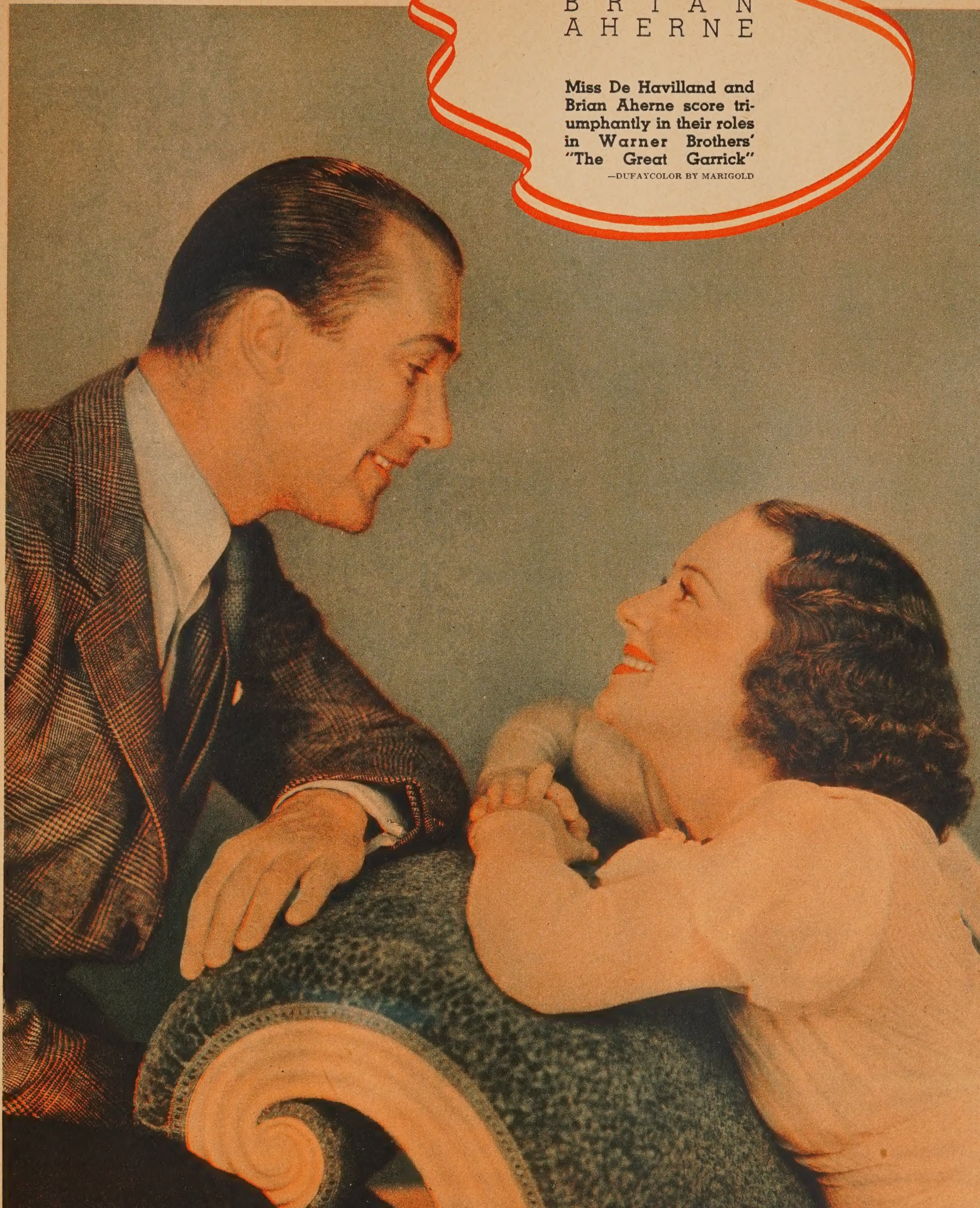
Your guarantee of the best in entertainment!

SCREEN BOOK PRESENTS

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

BRIAN AHERNE



Miss De Havilland and Brian Aherne score triumphantly in their roles in Warner Brothers' "The Great Garrick"

—DUFAYCOLOR BY MARIGOLD

WALTER THE WINCH*

WALTER WINCHELL, Broadway's answer to the backyard gossiper, quit school in the sixth grade. Like his good friend and professional enemy, Ben Bernie, he followed the vaudeville path at first, then began keyhole peering at $25 a week. He has often been suggested as a victim of a sort of megalamania, i.e., a disposition to overtoot his own horn.

Nevertheless, countless millions read his column with tongue in cheek, and listen to his Sunday night poofle-oratory. He earns a huge salary; in 1937 his gross should be around $300,000. Sources: columning, $52,000 plus Sunday bonus, plus $23,400 for syndications; radio-acting, $144,000; filmacting, $75,000 and maybe a lot more. Winchell works too hard, has had two nervous breakdowns. His day routine is a nightmare of irregularity. Pals give him much of his news. He admits making as many enemies as friends. Hence he has a constant bodyguard to eliminate fistic encounters. Winchell is married, has a son and daughter. He has prematurely grey hair, light grey eyes. He is restless, talkative, distrustful of strangers. Age: 40, real name: Winchel with one "l."

* Winch: a crank for turning a machine such as the common grindstone.

Winchell's microphone technique is screechy rattle-talk, this simple device lending drama to his dribble. In action his collar is open, one hand free to clutch and wave. Newshounds usually scorn his technique, then awakens occasionally to discover he has single-handedly scooped a whole staff. Top photo shows Winchell with Josephine Hutchinson and James Gleason doing *Front Page* on the Lux hour. His radio work in this case won much praise. Critics call him a ham actor—or a good thespian

CANADA'S SINGING DAUGHTER

DEANNA DURBIN

You'll see this child wonder next in Universal's "100 Men and a Girl," with Leopold Stowkowski

—DUFAYCOLOR BY RAY JONES

TENNIS CHAMPS—

Ellsworth Vines and Groucho Marx vs. Fred Perry and Charles Chaplin—there's a combination you never dreamed of. But Hollywood saw them attempt to play and here's our proof for you—

1. To get in training Groucho dances with Gloria Stuart, who seems pleased

2. Ronald Colman is an interested spectator. Scene: The Beverly Hills Tennis Club

Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks

Jack Oakie and wife Venita

Paulette Goddard

4

5

OR CHUMPS?

3. Charles Butterworth arrives at opening of the exclusive club with Hazel Forbes

4. Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney help Groucho gather strength for the ordeal

5. Vines, Marx, Chaplin and Perry begin the battle. The latter two probably won

6. Homeward bound after the party are Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck

SCREEN BOOK STAFF PHOTOS

6

Franchot Tone and wife Joan

Leif Erickson and Frances Farmer

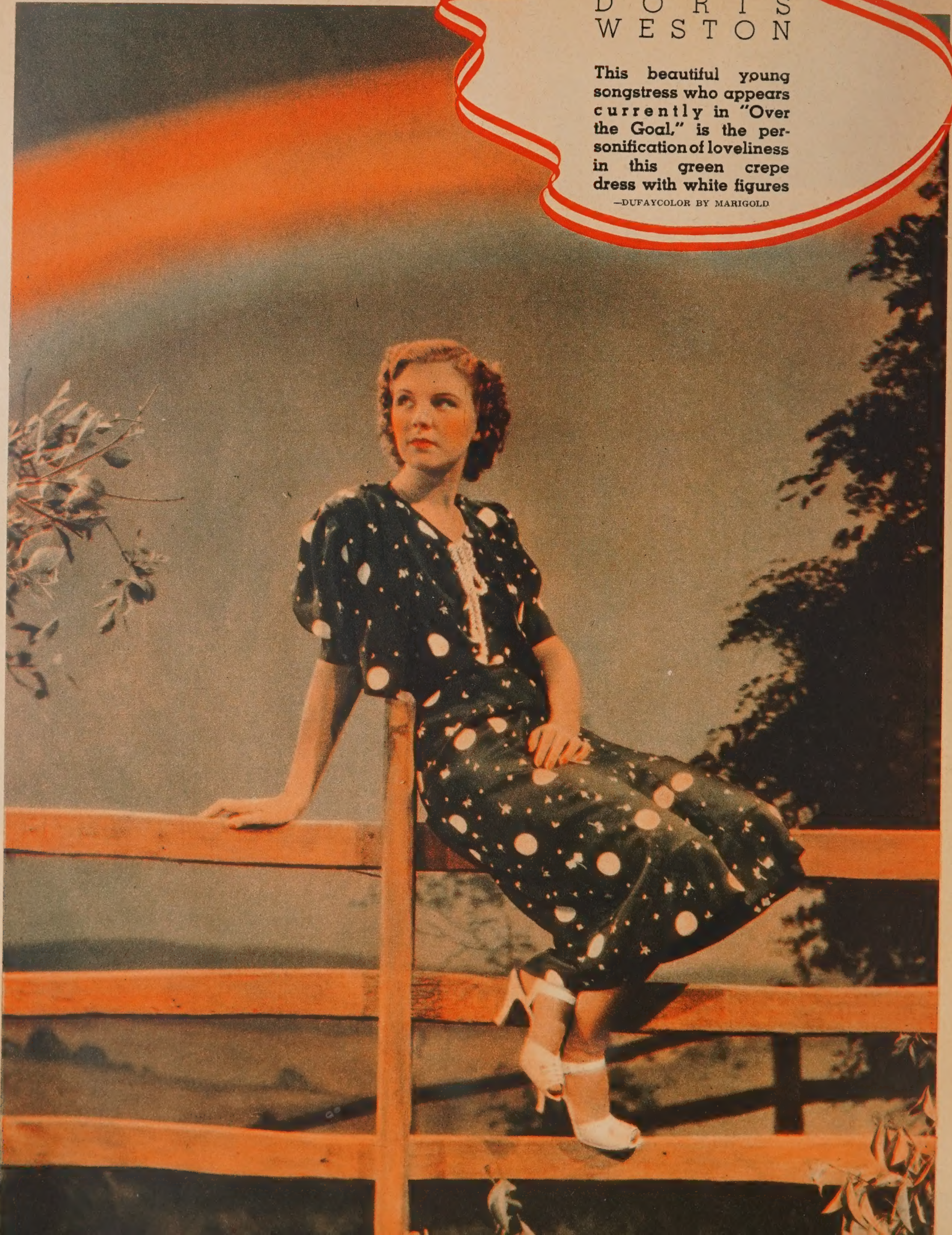
Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland

SCREEN BOOK PRESENTS ★

AUTUMN FASHIONS

•

DORIS WESTON



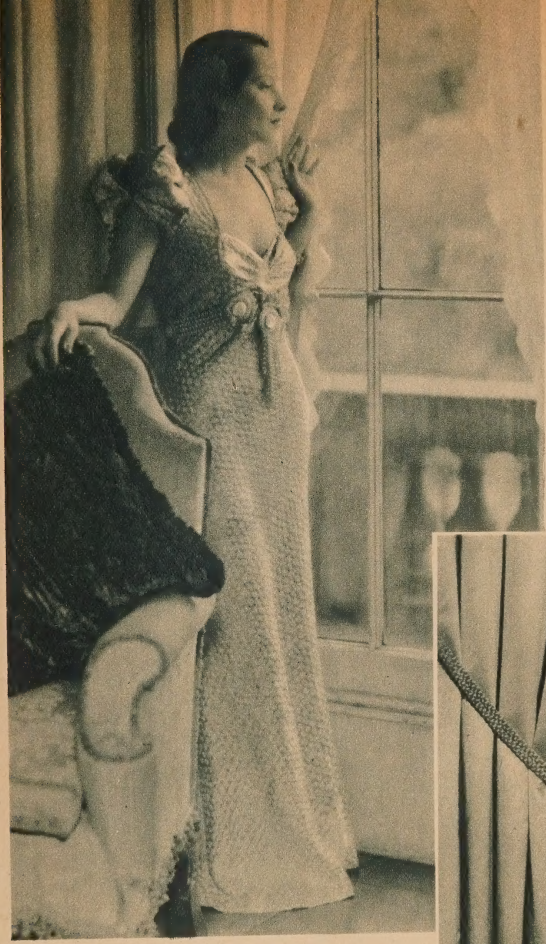
This beautiful young songstress who appears currently in "Over the Goal," is the personification of loveliness in this green crepe dress with white figures

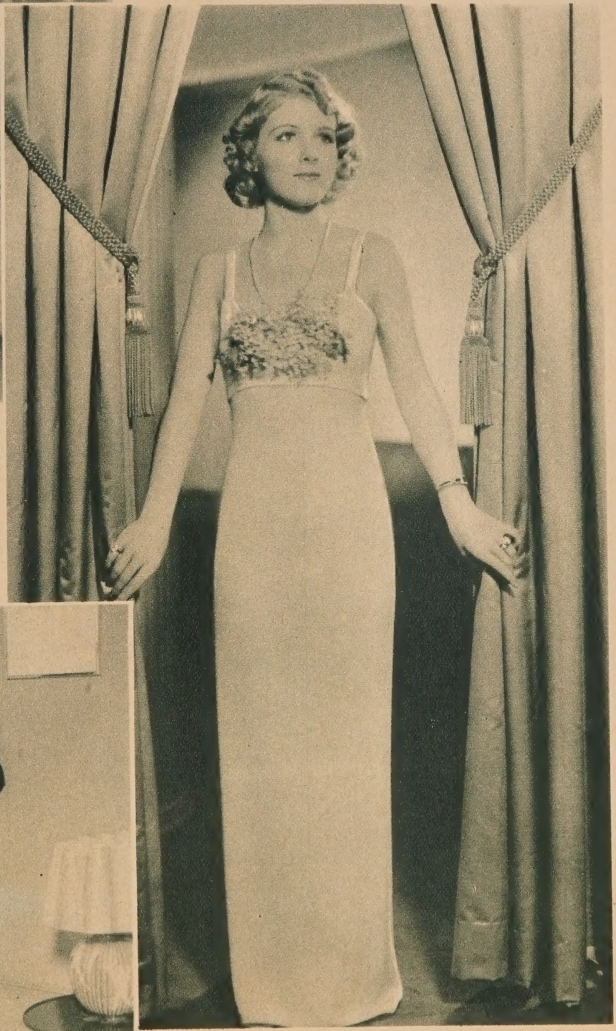
—DUFAYCOLOR BY MARIGOLD

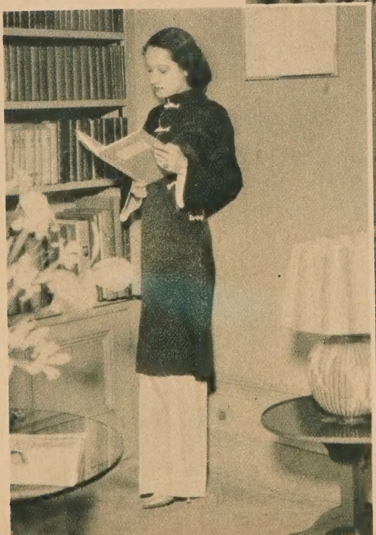
Miss Merle Oberon, left, greets her dinner guests in this lovely gown of heavy ivory pebble satin, belted with strands of pearls. Note the unusual neckline and cleverly puffed sleeves. Upon her return from London, Miss Oberon will appear in Samuel Goldwyn's, *Spring In My Heart*

Rosina Lawrence, petite Hal Roach player, introduces a new style trend, below, in a high-waisted, white satin formal of extreme simplicity, which depends upon its smooth lines for smartness. The only adornment is a dainty bodice corsage of valley lilies

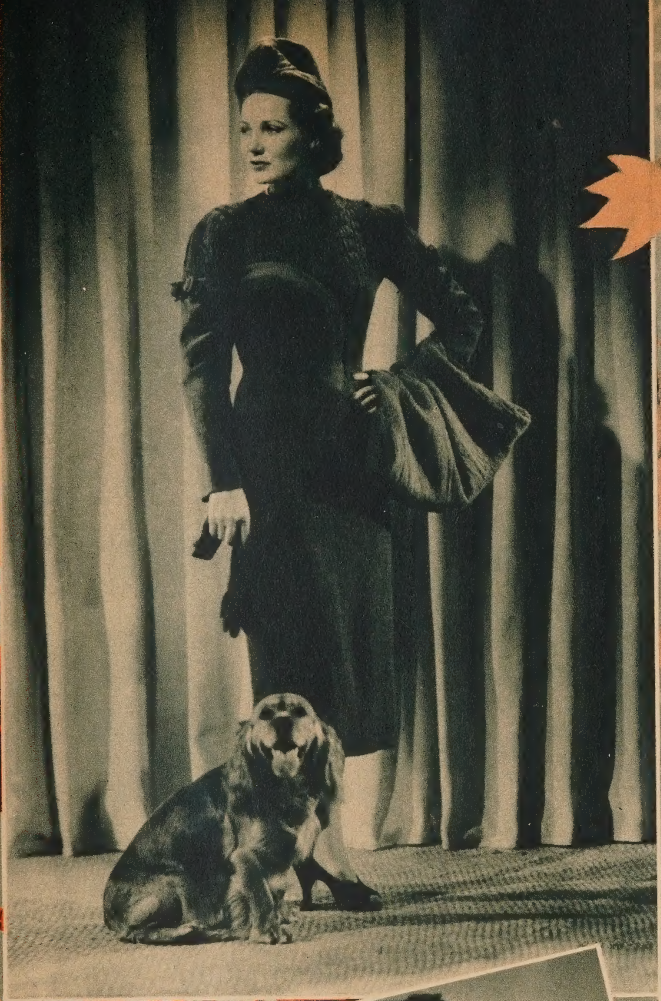
There is a definite Oriental influence in the unusual lounging suit worn by Miss Oberon, below left. The trousers of white silk crepe are topped by a tunic of Chinese red pebble satin with white trim of matching material







AUTUMN MODES



Kay Francis, starring in "First Lady," is always first in fashions. She is shown modelling two lovely designs by Orry-Kelly for informal and formal wear. The body of the hostess gown is of steel grey crepe roma with front panels of yellow and chartreuse. The interesting neckline is achieved by catching the ends of the flowing sleeves, with raglan shoulders, through the front panels of the gown. ★ The formal gown of gold metallic cloth has a tightly draped bodice shirred on to the skirt at a slightly lowered waistline.

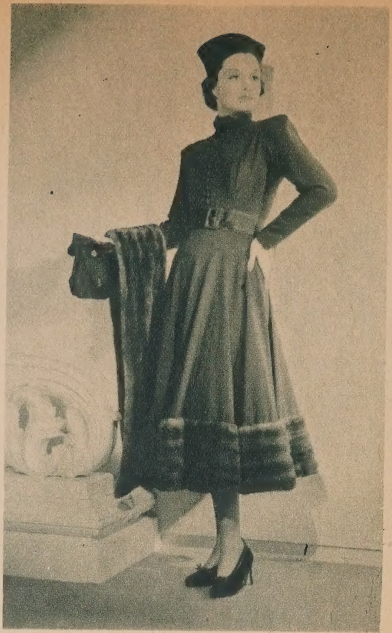
★ Betty Douglas, left, in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938," wears a colorful Omar Kiam costume of bright brown wool with shirred yoke and upper sleeve section. A red and green motif is carried out in the bows on the sleeves and inserted bands in the body of the dress. The high looped turban and muff of red and green wool, designed by John Frederics, add to the effectiveness, while brown kidskin gloves and shoes complete the ensemble. ★ Large brimmed off-the-face hats are fashionable for fall.

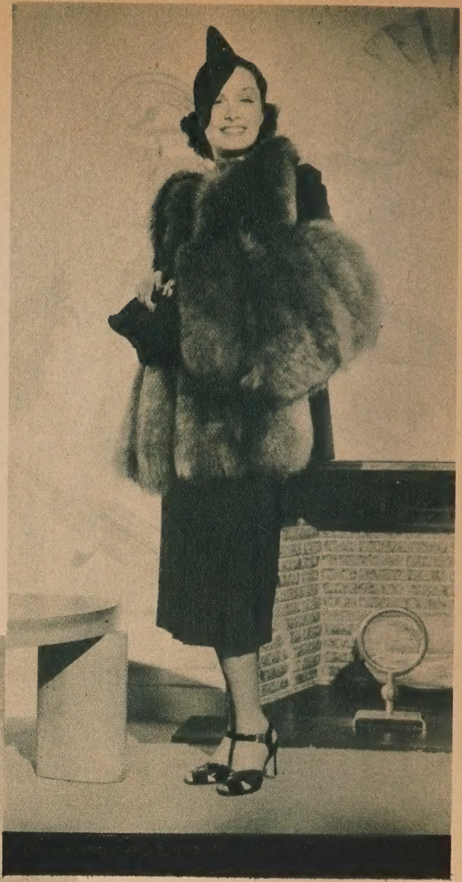
Below left, Miss Priscilla Lawson, in M-G-M's "Double Wedding," models four of the most flattering designs.

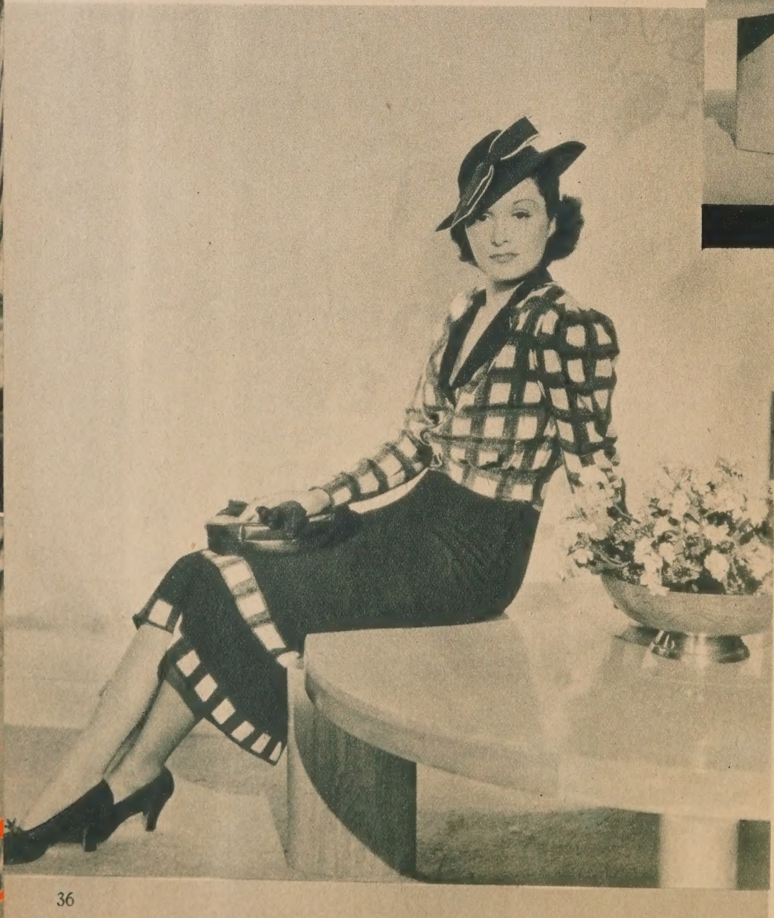
★ Betty Grable in Paramount's "This Way Please," makes a pleasing picture in a light grey ensemble with platinum fox collar topped by a clever, grey crepe turban banded with crepe and gold cloth rosettes.

Gail Patrick is kept busy changing gowns in Paramount's *Artists and Models.* Here are five striking costumes, designed by Travis Banton, which take care of the clothes problem all around the clock. Below, suitable for spectator sports or for a morning in town is the navy blue wool skirt and plaid jacket of navy, grey and white, worn with navy bag, hat and shoes

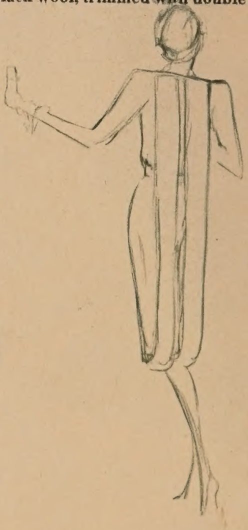
PORTRAITS BY WILLIAM WALLING

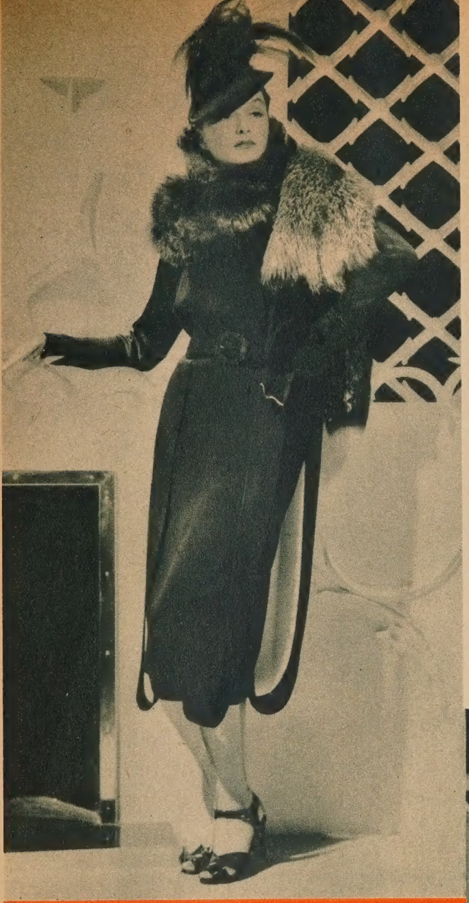




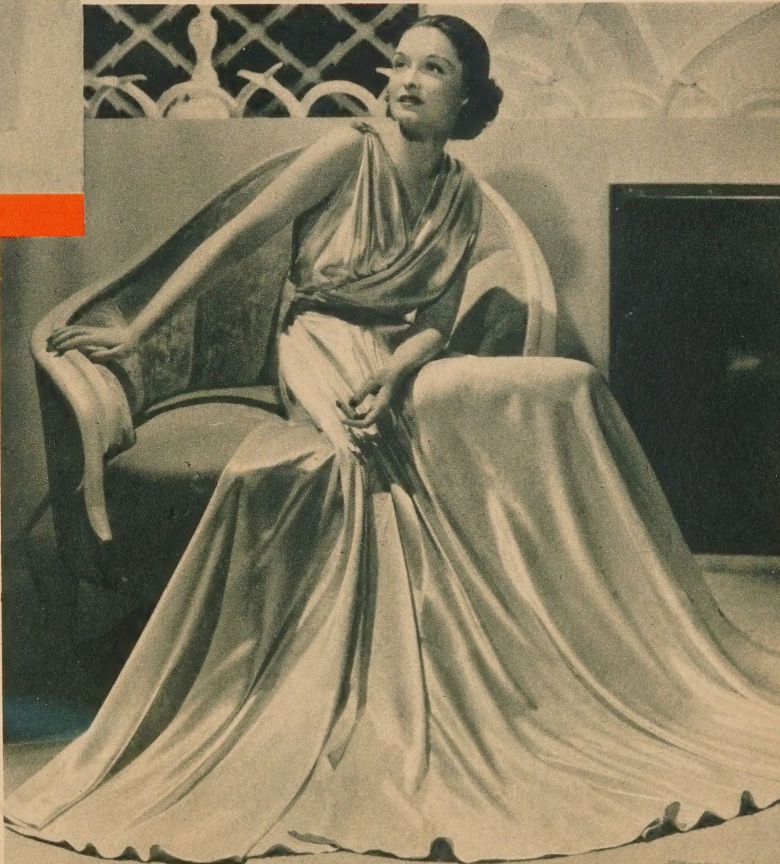


Above and left: A flaring dress of brown wool is given swing and dash by the fur-accented hemline. Brown scarf, bag, shoes and hat complete a dashing ensemble for high noon and luncheon in town. Above, any afternoon will be a sartorial success in this one-piece frock with a jacket of black wool, trimmed with double rows of fur



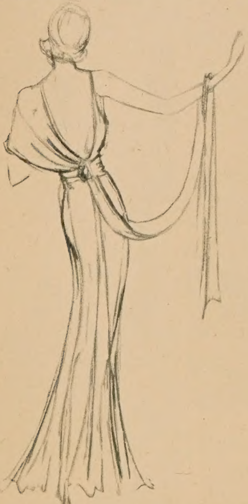


MORNING TO MIDNIGHT



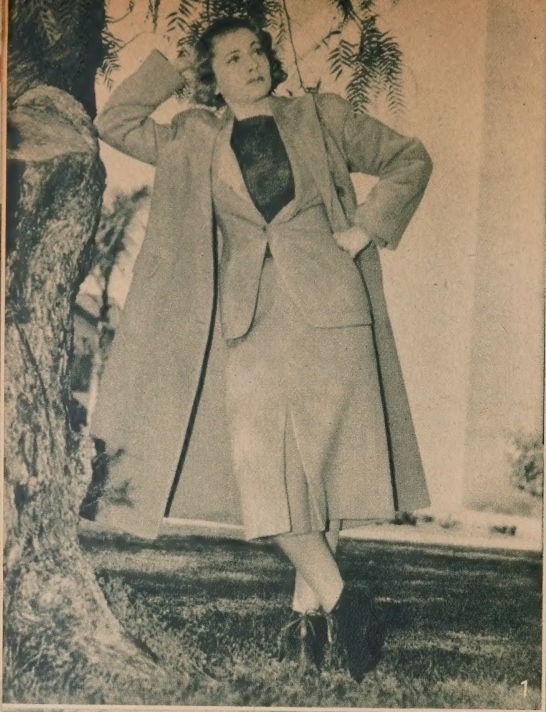
—DRAWINGS BY TRAVIS BANTON

Above: Slim and chic is this black dinner dress which emphasises the new interest in drapery without losing the sophisticated slenderness of line. Black accessories and black paradise feathers on the hat are new straws in the autumn fashion wind. Right: Gleaming pink satin fashions the gown for gala evenings of the brilliant autumn season



CLOTHES FOR

SCREEN BOOK's course in correct clothes for the campus is beautifully illustrated by Joan Fontaine and Diana Gibson, two of RKO's most attractive starlets, who are majoring in style. Joan Fontaine (1) leans heavily on the smart combination of a beige Shetland suit with camels hair coat of a matching shade and a bright colored sweater for contrast; while Diana Gibson (2) steps out in her favorite black wool crepe outfit. The short white silk blouse is attached to the plain skirt which has a white silk cord sash. Joan "dresses up" in a smartly tailored dark brown wool suit (3), the wide revers of which are repeated in the collar of the boyish blouse. Her accessories are brown and white kidskin shoes, white gloves and brown felt hat banded with white suede. Late in the fall her accessories will be brown. No wonder Miss Fontaine smiles as she swings along with the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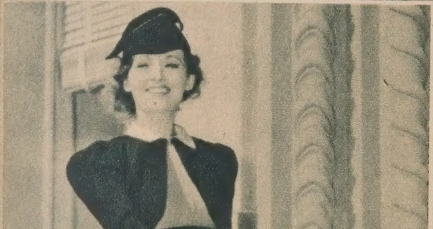
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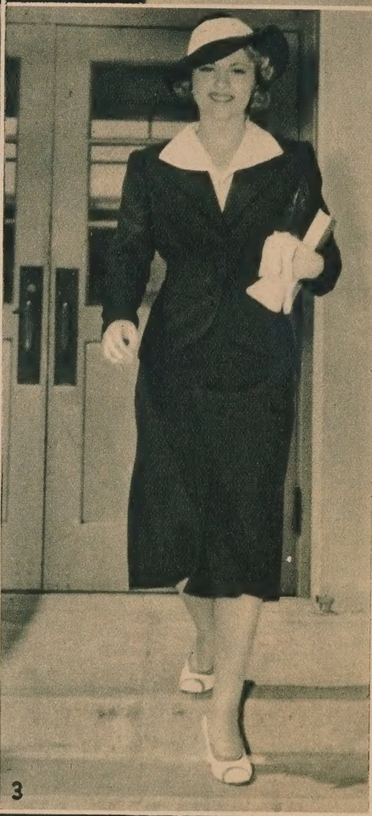
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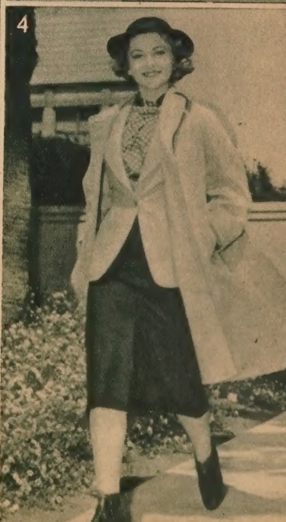
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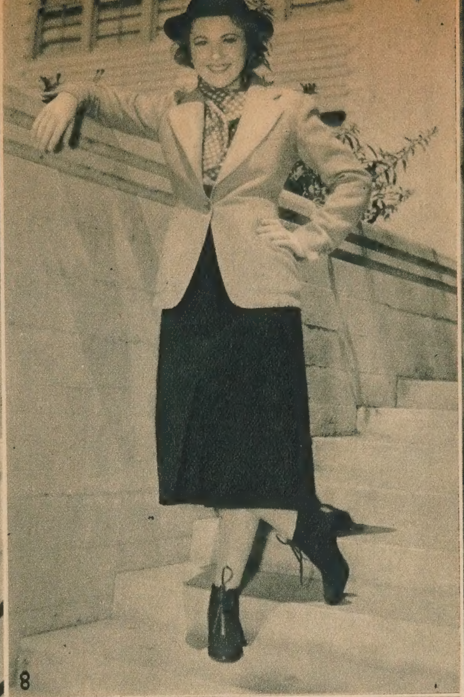
CAMPUS CUTIES

breeze, for her three-quarter length beige tweed "Ghillie" coat (4), with its swagger lines, is an asset to any ensemble. Another smart edition to Diana's wardrobe is the black wool crepe street dress (5) with box plait which is open at the bottom of the skirt and then stitched to the neckline. The short bolero jacket is highlighted with a small white collar and bow. Black kidskin accessories complete the ensemble. Joan demonstrates the all-weather properties of her "Ghillie" coat (6) by wearing it buttoned up on wet days. When the sun comes out after the rain Joan changes into a medium blue skirt (7) with raspberry sweater and blue silk scarf which she knots under her chin, peasant style. For general classroom wear, Joan casts her coat aside and displays the smartness of her dark skirt (8), natural Shetland tailored coat and scarf of red and beige silk print.

—SCREEN BOOK PHOTOS BY FRED HENDERSON



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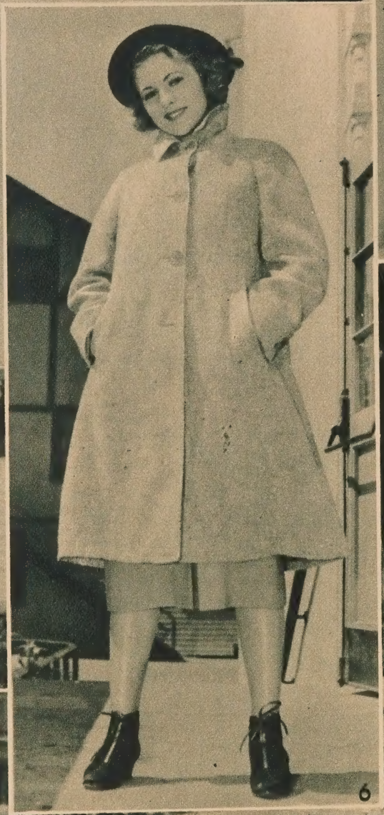

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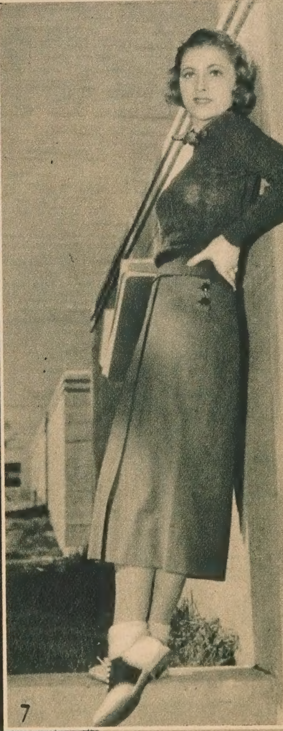
—GHILLIE COAT BY PHELPS-TERKEL



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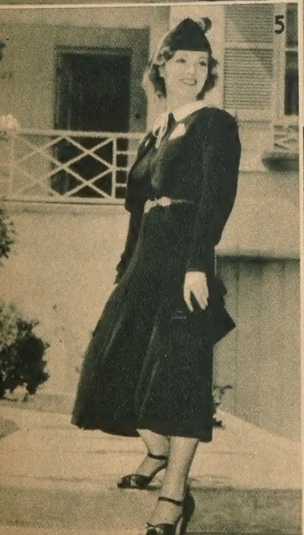

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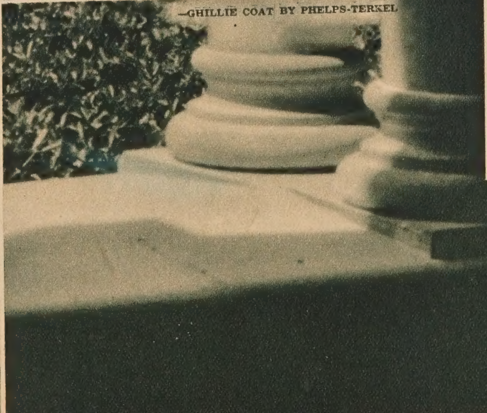
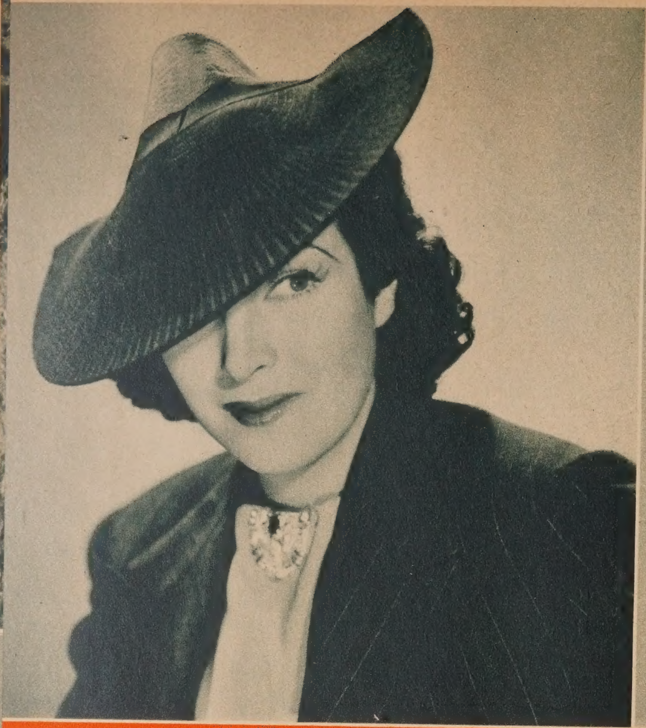
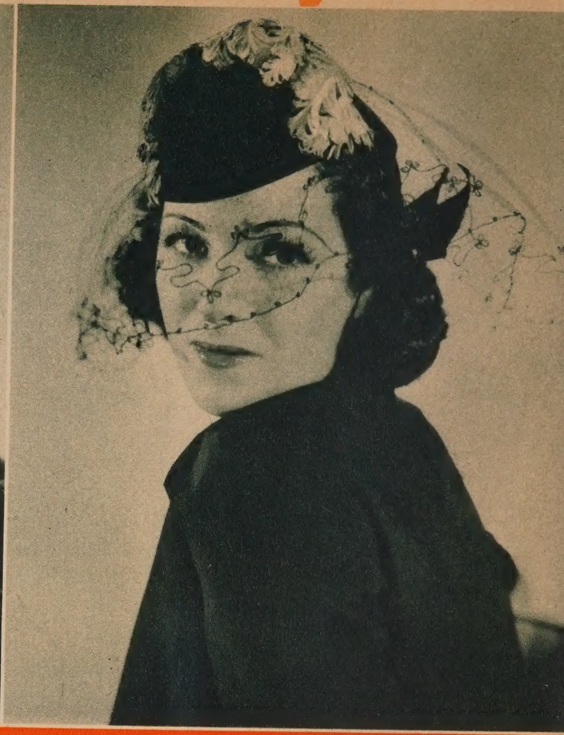


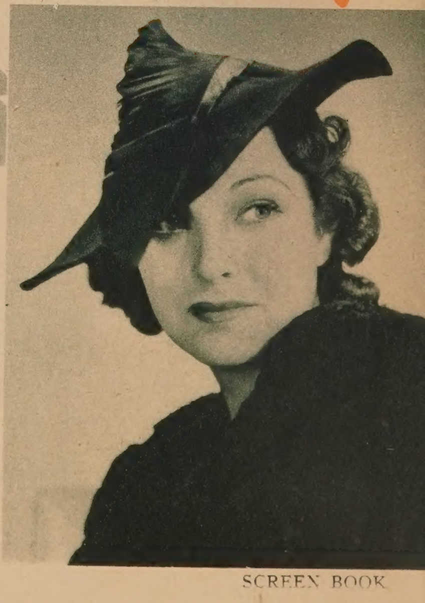


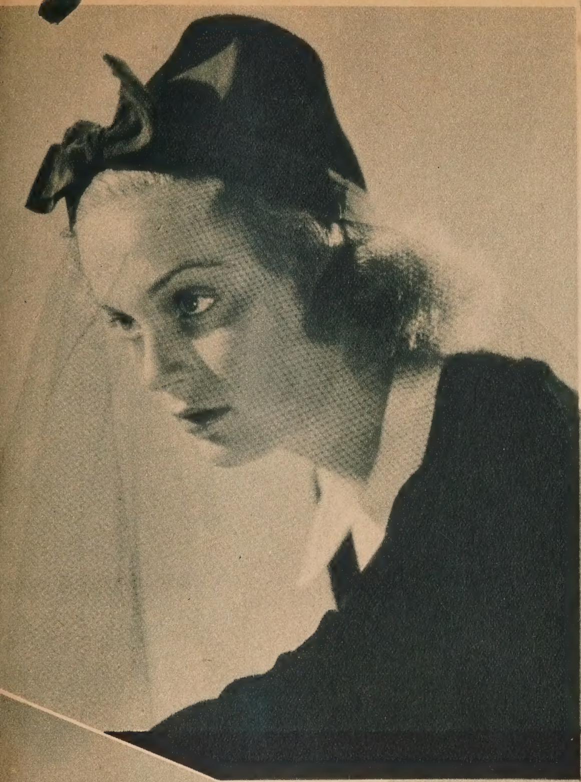


READY FOR THE Frost

PORTRAITS OF MISS LAWSON BY CLARENCE BULL

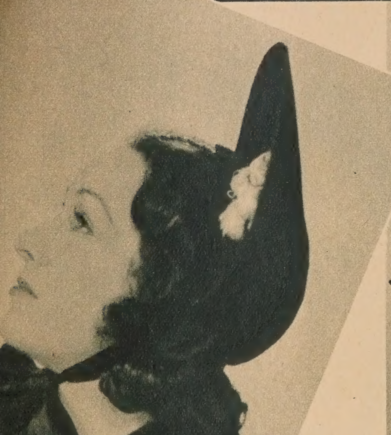
Above and left is Priscilla Lawson wearing the newest thing in berets, a half circle of black stitched felt. The effect of a high crown is achieved by an insert of stiff green faille above ribbons which tie over the hair. Above and right, Miss Lawson wears the 1937 version of a turban. The crown is softened by groups of softly curled feathers, and it is anchored against autumn winds by two rows of grosgrain ribbon in the back. Right, an enormous cock feather curls across the entire crown of the saucy black felt topper which Miss Lawson wears with street clothes in her next M-G-M picture, *Double Wedding*

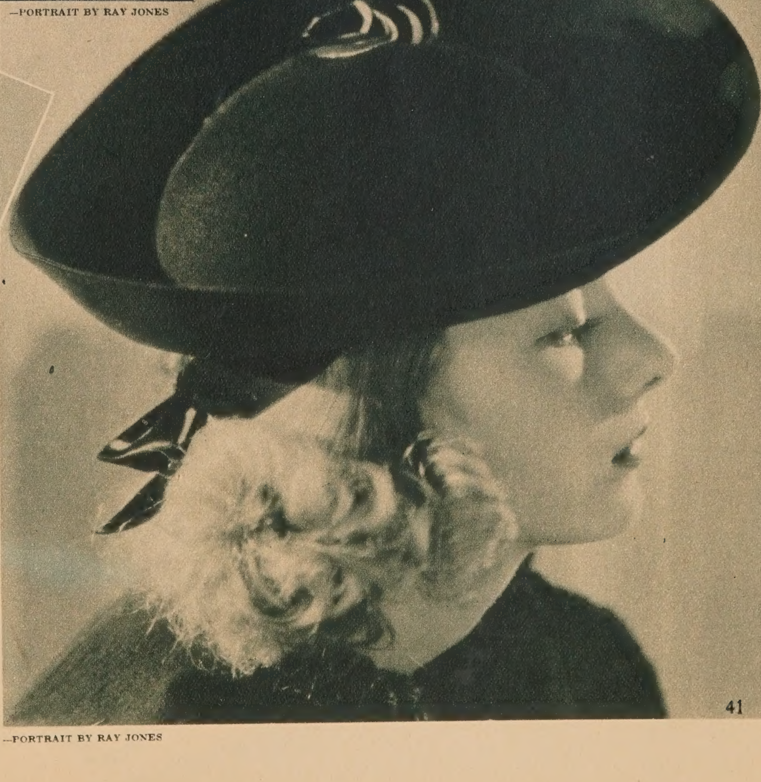




Left, Nan Grey, currently to be seen in Universal's *Love in a Bungalow*, pops a black velvet cap on her blonde hair with charming effect. The long mesh veil sometimes is worn down and sometimes thrown back over the face. Below and left, Priscilla Lawson turns her profile to show the engaging quaintness of her black felt Directoire bonnet which ties under the chin with heavily stitched grosgrain ribbons. Tucked under the brim is a cluster of curled ostrich tips. Below, Frances Robinson, featured in Universal's *The Lady Fights Back*, wears a subtle black felt Breton with a brim sweeping down in front and up in back and a long feather to make it different

—PORTRAIT BY RAY JONES





—PORTRAIT BY RAY JONES

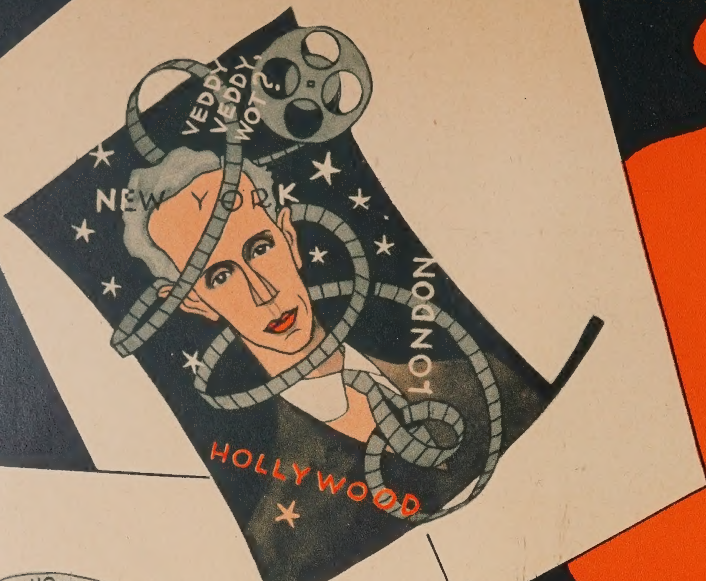
A Surrealist looks

• Yowsah, we knew it was coming! After a life without a blemish for all these years, our caricaturist lost his grip this month and turned surrealist (and even if you can't pronounce the word, you've got to admit the results are a bit unusual).

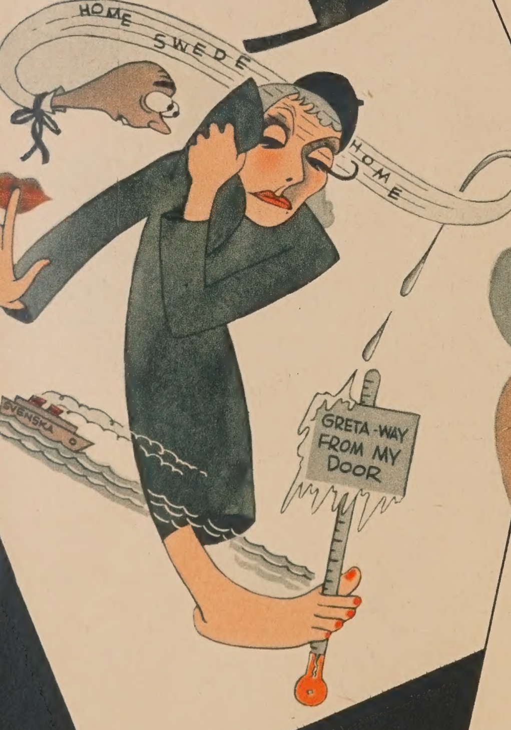
So-o-o, brace yourselves for what's coming, and let's have a look-see, starting from the top left:

1. The surrealist finds Leslie Howard's genteel British poise still unruffled. (There's something goofy about the technique, eh what?)

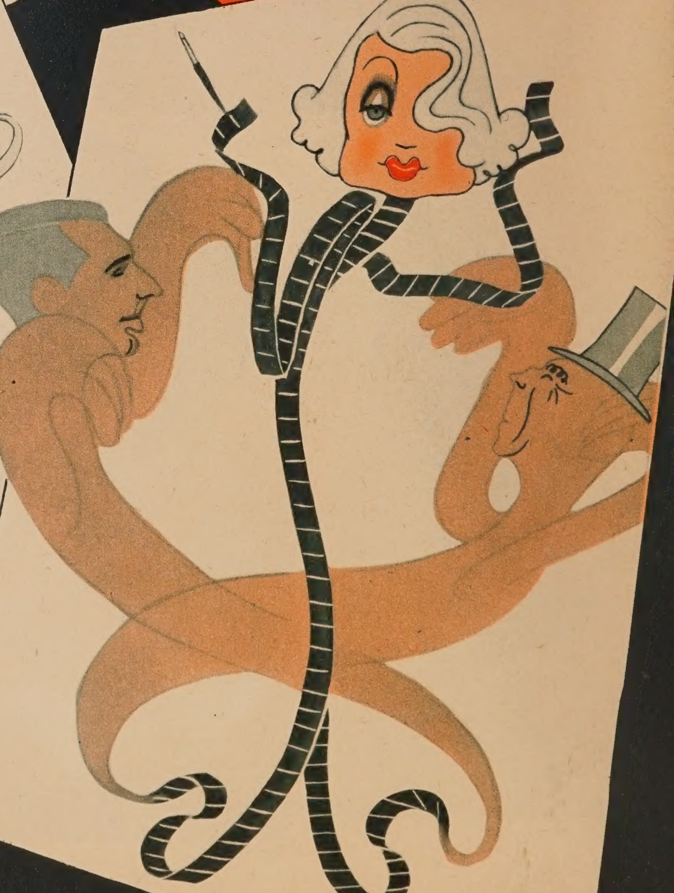
2. The allegory illustrated in this phantasmagora deals with The Triumph of Silence, or Twenty Thousand Leagues Under Miss Garbo.


VEDDY VEDDY, WOT?
NEW YORK
LONDON
HOLLYWOOD

1


HOME SWEDE HOME
SVENSKA
GRETA-WAY FROM MY DOOR

2



3

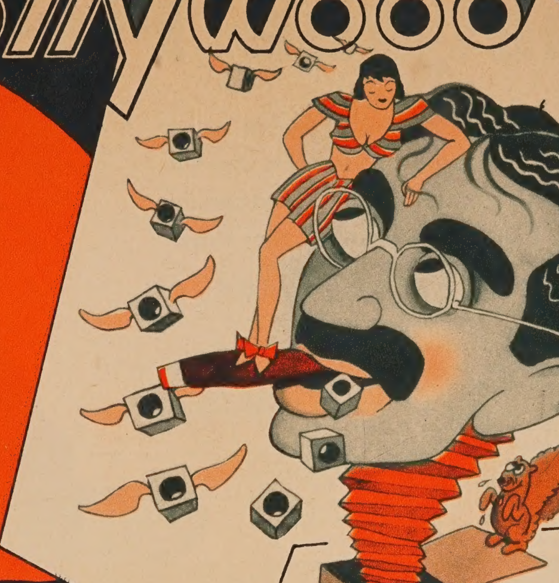
# of Hollywood

3. The artist is taking liberties here with "Topper." Connie Bennett becomes a rhythmic bit of celluloid, while Cary Grant turns ghost with Roland Young.

4. We'll bet twelve thousand dollars against any physician in the world this is what we feared. Ah yes, my little tapioca dumpling, this hideous contraption is W. C. Fields.

5. Chiseling into the pavement is our favorite tapper. Eleanor Powell embodies the spirit of the Jackhammer, waving her professional coat-of-arms, a woodpecker.

6. This one has even the greatest critics baffled. The popular analysis seems to be that squirrels go mad with hunger in the presence of Groucho Marx.



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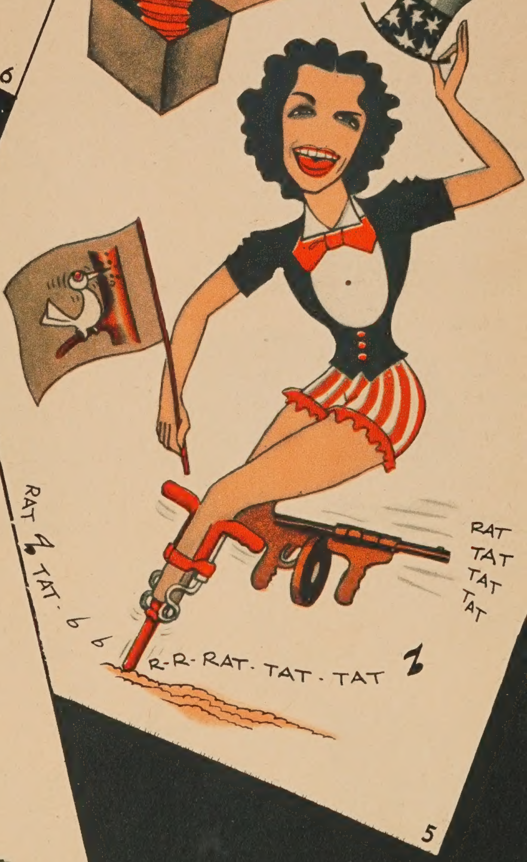
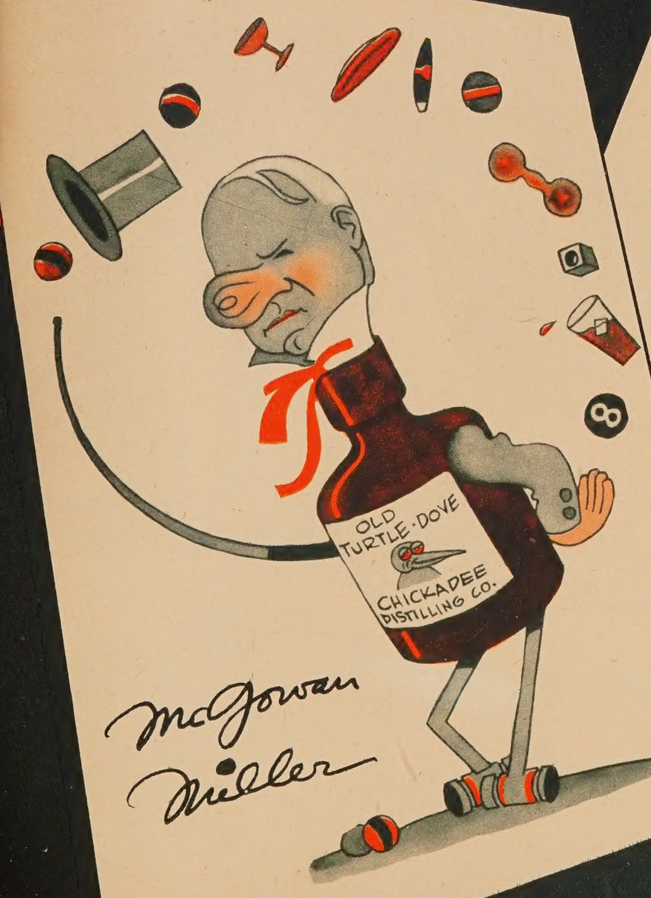

RAT-TAT
RAT TAT TAT TAT
R-R-RAT-TAT-TAT

5


OLD TURTLE-DOVE
CHICKADEE DISTILLING CO.
McGowan Miller

4

Meet the First-String

Yes, they are collegiate! You've heard Fred Waring's great band—soon you will see him on the screen. Here's your chance to meet the man ahead of the show!

By RICHARD ENGLISH

HOLLYWOOD, always the city of superb contradictions, is about to introduce the highest paid male star in the history of the celluloid colony. And *introduce* is the right word, too! A newcomer to the screen has walked off with a salary that left older and more established stars gasping with envy. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Fred Waring!

Waring, famed among musicians and theatregoers alike as the greatest of all band showmen, conquered Hollywood by his utter indifference to it. He was always too busy to come to the coast. He had little, if any, interest in becoming a picture star. He finally broke down — as who wouldn't! — when Warners offered him $200,000 to make one picture. Before the shooting was ended he had earned another $60,000 for good measure. The last sum represented his *overtime* payment. Who made that remark about never raising your boy to be a musician?

Even Hollywood was startled when they learned the total amount that had been paid for this newcomer's services. They're still talking about it, in fact. How does he do it, they ask? Why was any studio so sure

Stars in anybody's school are Fred Waring, top; Dick Powell and one of the Lane sisters, and Johnny Davis, "scat" singer and trumpeter in the band

VARSITY TEAM

that they were taking no risk in guaranteeing a king's ransom to a man who had only appeared briefly before picture cameras?

There's only one answer to that. Meet Fred Waring!

He's not overly tall, five nine or so, and he has brown wavy hair and a nervous smile and blue eyes that aren't readily deceived. He eats rapidly, doesn't smoke and gets nervous while waiting for the next course. He has a pleasant, quiet voice that carries an undertone of command. You can tell he's a right guy.

But $260,000! You can be a simply lovely person, good to your mother and all that, and nobody ever comes up and offers *you* that amount to work for them. Not unless you can furnish something to the screen that keen studio executives are certain cannot be duplicated by any other artist.

And Fred Waring and his orchestra, his famed "Waring's Pennsylvanians," can do just that. Never before has a picture been entirely written around the members of a band. *Varsity Show* is concerned with that idea above everything else. With that idea in mind the studio looked over, scouted and tested the biggest "name" bands in the country. There was only one right answer. Fred Waring—if he could be persuaded to come to the coast.

HE WAS seated at a table in the Green Room, talking with Dick Powell, when I came in for our lunch date. I said hello to Dick who is co-starred with Waring in *Varsity Show* and then we found a corner table and settled [*Continued on page* 96]

Here's a line in front that would make any team. Left to right: Carol Landis, Sterling Holloway, Priscilla Lane, Lee Dixon, Rosemary Lane, Dick Powell, Mabel Todd and Ted Healy

—DUFAYCOLOR BY MICKEY MARIGOLD

STAGE DOOR PHOTOS

Stars are flashing everywhere these days. Our candid photographer at RKO proves with these stellar photos — new and very newsworthy!

Adolphe Menjou and Ginger Rogers, above, were in a gay mood on the "Stage Door" set. Earlier, our man caught Ginger, below, with Ann Miller, practicing

On the left is Gail Patrick, who has an important role in RKO's production, "Stage Door"

It's 11 a. m. in the morning. It took nearly an hour to prepare the scene below. Among the "guests" in the foreground are Gail, Franklyn Pangborn and Adolphe Menjou. From now on until lunch time they will be busy shooting long and medium shots and closeups of Ginger Rogers, Ann Miller and the others

Gregory La Cava, above, talks things over with Katie Hepburn, on the opposite page, who reportedly is getting quite human

WHY ALICE FAYE ALMOST MISSED

Alice Faye was one of the best dressed stars at the premiere of *Wee Willie Winkie* (left). She's shown with Eddie Cantor; Tony Martin is just behind her

STARDOM

By RICHARD MURRAY

HOLLYWOOD simply can't understand Alice Faye. Three years in the film capital and she still can't be catalogued! That is little less than treason. The only consistent thing about the Faye's career has been her utter disregard for anything that could boost her to the top, to the stardom that is the final goal of every actress. And now, suddenly, Alice Faye is the talk of the town, the little lady who almost overnight has become a top notch box office attraction!

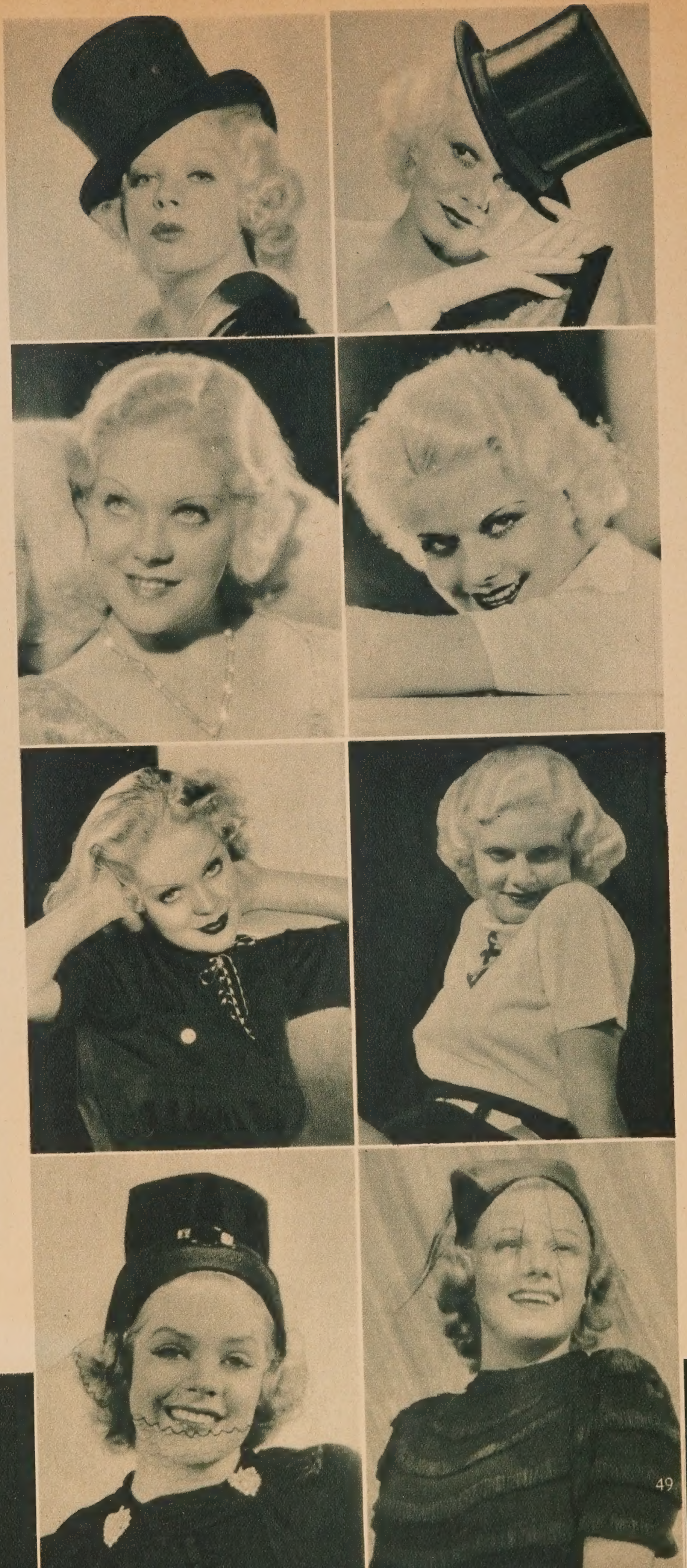
It is tradition in the cinema colony that if you don't reach stardom in four pictures, you never do. It took Alice an even dozen tries. Hollywood shook it's collective head, admitted dubiously that, once again, they must have been wrong about the little Faye gal. They've been wrong about her before, you see.

For one thing Alice has never changed her tactics, made no effort to adapt herself to Hollywood. That doesn't sound so startling—until you learn that Alice has always been a girl who lays it strictly on the line and you can take it or leave it, pal! That's not good strategy in a town so beset by professional temperaments and jealousies, in a town where the plain truth is something that is better left unsaid. But, as Alice says, "Can I help it if that's the way I am?"

A resume of Alice's career does *not* tell you how to become a star in six easy lessons. She's never gone with the "right people," the ones who can really do the most for you—if they feel like it. Not once has her name been linked romantically with that of any executive who could be instrumental in aiding a career, and it's no secret that more than one producer would have been eager to be Alice's favorite escort.

She's never been intimate with the social leaders of the celluloid coast. Her friends are the same ones she made when she came here three years ago. Many of them are people she had known in New York. Known them when she was just a blonde kid with a husky voice, a blonde kid who was trying desperately to support her

[*Continued on page* 110]



Eight photos four are of Alice Faye and four are of the late Jean Harlow. These pictures show how Alice was confused with Jean whether or not she wanted to be an imitation which she didn't. The photos in the left hand column are of Alice

No one knows all of the answers in Hollywood, but here is a list of questions by which you may test your general working knowledge of the movie capital and its people

CHARLES BRUNO '37

HOW WELL DO YOU

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

I'M NOT going bus-top riding any more. It's too hard on the nerves. The amount of misinformation you hear is simply too overwhelming. Why, just the other day . . .

"Did you see Dick Powell in *The Emperor's Candlesticks?*" a somewhat rotund lady directly in front of me asked her neighbor.

"That wasn't Dick; it was Eleanor," her friend informed her, helpfully.

"Oh, no," chimed in a third, primly, "Eleanor was in *The Singing Marine.*"

"Now, I know you're crazy," the first interrupted . . . "William Powell was in that picture."

"I'm not, either," replied the other, inelegantly. "William was in *Broadway Melody of 1937* . . . don't you remember?"

So, I've made up my mind . . . the buses will have to get along without me.

Come to think of it, though, perhaps those three ladies knew as much about pictures and picture-people as the average. For that matter, how much do YOU really know about Hollywood?

If you honestly would like to know, you can test yourself with the following questionnaire. If you can answer all the questions correctly, you're a whizz. In each of the fifty there are five answers appended, but only ONE is the right one. Can you pick it?

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRUNO

KNOW HOLLYWOOD?

1. Loretta and Robert Young are:

(1) Cousins; (2) brother and sister; (3) half-brother-and-sister; (4) no relation at all; (5) distant relatives.

2. Odets is the name for:

(1) Fur-bearing animal of Australia; (2) surname of Luise Rainer's husband; (3) Hollywood game now popular; (4) word meaning CAFE in French; (5) little-known river in South America.

3. A "broad" might be several things, but in studio parlance it can only be:

(1) Gangster's moll; (2) light used on set; (3) short, for broadjump; (4) scaffolding; (5) slang for camera.

4. Dorothy Gatley is:

(1) Mary Astor; (2) Una Merkel; (3) Ann Dvorak; (4) Virginia Bruce; (5) Ann Harding.

5. Is (1) Las Vegas; (2) Caliente; (3) Yuma; (4) Santa Barbara; or (5) Palm Springs most favored by the film colony as its Gretna Green?

6. Which actor changed his name to.................... because his surname was—of all things—"Hollywood":

(1) John Trent; (2) Melvyn Douglas; (3) Lyle Talbot; (4) Ray Milland; (5) Ralph Bellamy.

7. When he talks on the screen, Lionel Stander:

(1) Speaks with a rich Irish brogue; (2) calls like a whippoorwill; (3) bellows like a bull; (4) immediately reminds you of Leslie Howard's cultivated voice; (5) croaks like a frog.

8. "Save 'em" means:

(1) A famed Riff leader; (2) chief electrician's order to turn off the lights illuminating a set after a scene is finished; (3) title of popular G-Man picture; (4) slogan hanging in every studio office; (5) phrase used to collect funds for starving Armenians.

9. Olivia de Havilland was born in:

(1) England; (2) Shanghai; (3) Saratoga, Calif.; (4) Japan; (5) Isle of Guernsey.

10. You often hear of Chateau Elysee in Hollywood, but is it:

(1) An exclusive residential section of Beverly Hills; (2) a smart Hollywood nightclub; (3) avenue in Paris; (4) name of new French star; (5) fashionable Hollywood apartment-house.

11. If you were Janet Gaynor's best friend, you would be:

(1) Ginger Rogers; (2) Margaret Lindsay; (3) Arline Judge; (4) Marian Nixon; (5) Anne Shirley.

12. .... was a child star:

(1) Jean Muir; (2) Dixie Dunbar; (3) Madge Evans; (4) Fay Wray; (5) Heather Angel.

13. It may be Greek to you, but a "stooge" is:

(1) A. studio policeman; (2) a scenario writer; (3) Dickens character; (4) one who "feeds" a comedian material for laughs; (5) chimney sweep.

14. Lupe Velez invests all her money in:

(1) real estate; (2) gilt-edged securities; (3) jewels; (4) race horses; (5) open-air markets.

15. You've often heard the term, so you know a "horse-opera" is:

(1) An animal picture; (2) outdoor musical; (3) film starring a horse; (4) western picture; (5) small town stock company.

16. Samuel is the first name of a character-actor surnamed:
(1) Hinds; (2) Owen; (3) Love; (4) Mowbray; (5) Moore.

[*Continued on page 86*]

Joan Crawford's

Emancipation might be the word for it—at any rate this great star suddenly has a lot to say about things that will — MUST — happen for her

By SONIA LEE

THE voice was muted—overshadowed by the vociferous orchestra! And then it rang clear and vibrant in the haunting melody of a popular song ten years old.

"Melancholy Ba-a-aby!" the violins sobbed. "Melancholy Ba-a-aby!" the voice echoed.

The diners and dancers at the Trocadero—glittering enough to match the glittering fame of its patrons—searched quickly for that hidden singer.

They found her at an inconspicuous table—a girl with enormous eyes and chiseled features. A face, a personage familiar to millions. Joan Crawford.

It wasn't a whim which prompted this star, in the past so vulnerable to opinion, to perform before the most critical audience in the world from a ringside table in a Hollywood nightclub. It was only in furtherance of Joan Crawford's rigorous self-training and discipline for a program and plan which is definitely now a part of her future.

For two years now Joan Crawford has been preparing herself for the speaking stage. Studying voice; schooling herself to meet flesh-and-blood audiences in broadcasting studios; performing in her own private little theater. . . .

IT IS a noon interlude during production of *The Bride Wore Red*. And as Joan repairs her make-up with quick, deft touches, she discusses her future and her amazing plan for next year.

"I want to go on the stage," she declares, "when my present picture contract expires—that is, if I can find a suitable play. After all, stardom on the screen is a phantom. Today it is here; today it is yours; tomorrow it inexplicably disappears and is only vaguely remembered.

"It is destined that the parade pass everyone. The big and the little alike. And I have seen too many great stars of former days playing bits or even atmosphere in my pictures to close my eyes or my mind to the shifting sands on which fame is built.

"Nothing like that is going to happen to me—not if work and foresight and training will avert it.

"I have less than a year left on my long-term motion picture contract. It will end next July. By that time I hope to have discovered the play in which to make my debut on the stage. I have been searching for one for some time.

"I want to arrange my schedule so that I can make at least two pictures a year in Hollywood. The screen, after all, is my first love and my greater love. I owe Hollywood and motion pictures an immeasurable debt. Whatever I have and am is due to Hollywood. So this is home; this is where I belong. It

Joan's current production is *The Bride Wore Red*. Top photo shows her with Robert Young

AMAZING PLANS

will always be essential for my happiness that I feel a part of Hollywood."

There is an intensity, a new vitality about Joan Crawford which makes her hopes seem an accomplished reality, for in her vocabulary there is no such word as failure. There is no such word as disappointment in achievement. She isn't given to fantasies about herself nor to idle talk of the future; nor sensational comment to be dismissed as the vagary of a vacant moment.

With her stardom is as intact as it was three and four and five years ago, she is disturbingly honest with herself—clear-eyed and objective where her career and her future is concerned.

"A few months ago," she continues, "it would have been impossible for me to discuss my plans for a career on the stage either as frankly or as conclusively as this. I would have been afraid of criticism, of dissuasion; doubts as to my wisdom would have crept into my mind.

"But recently I found a new freedom which has made me immune to many of the things which in the past had the power to perplex me and to make me unhappy. *For the first time in my life I wholly and completely belong to myself.*

"Perhaps it was a lack of confidence in my own judgment—a lack of self-reliance. But as I survey the past few years, I find that much of what I did and much of what I thought was in obedience to what I believed was expected of me. No one can be happy and live life according to the dictates of others. And my life was being lived for me.

"My awakening — I suppose it might be called that—came in a curious fashion. My weakest point has always been an over-sensitiveness to either gossip or criticism. I've always taken things so to heart—so seriously.

"One day, quite by accident I overheard a comment not meant for my ears. It was an untrue and vicious bit of gossip. And it hurt dreadfully.

"In the next few days I reviewed all the moments of unhappiness I had had, tried to analyze every incident over which I had shed so many tears. In the hard light of reason, at a distance, they seemed inconsequential.

IT BEGAN to dawn on me that I had needlessly complicated my life and snarled my emotions by being too vulnerable to hurt, to advice, no matter from what source it came.

"And being vulnerable to advice and opinions and criticism and comment, I was in a constant state of confusion.

"Like a kaleidoscope events passed before me. Roles I had undertaken in deference to the opinions of others, even though I knew they were wrong for

[*Continued on page* 112]

This Dufaycolor photo of Joan was taken in the high Sierra mountains during production on the film, *The Bride Wore Red*

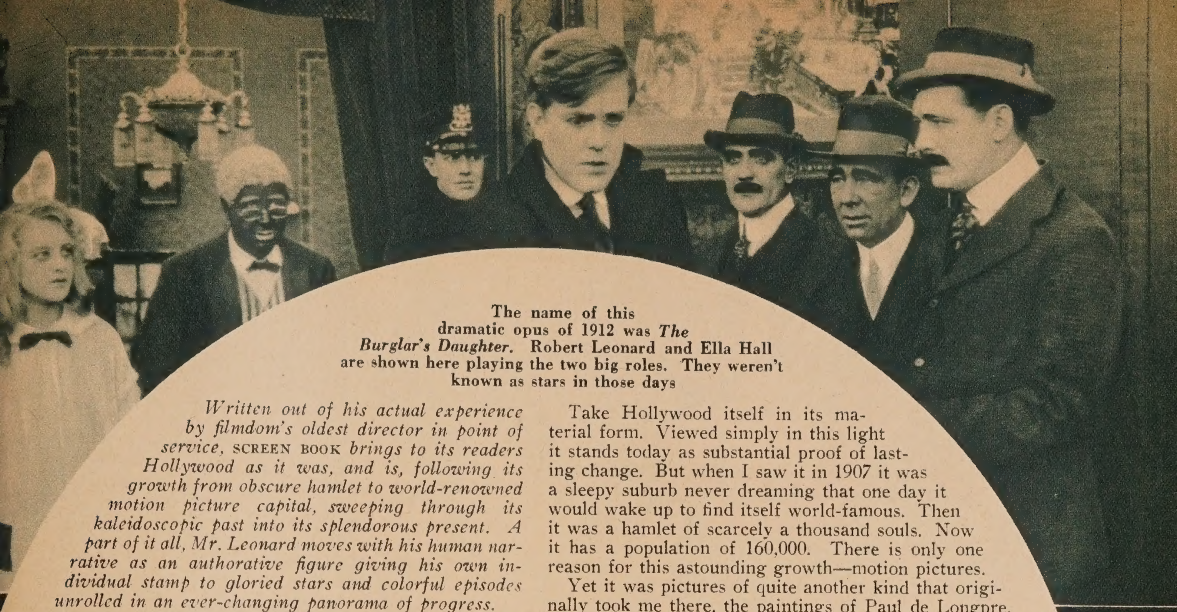
THIS DUFAYCOLOR
BY FRANK TANNER

MEMOIRS

OF A VETERAN HOLLYWOOD DIRECTOR

By
ROBERT
Z. LEONARD

He was among the earliest of filmland's "ham" actors. He saw the industry grow from a mere glimmer to its present brilliance. Read this famous director's own story!



The name of this dramatic opus of 1912 was *The Burglar's Daughter*. Robert Leonard and Ella Hall are shown here playing the two big roles. They weren't known as stars in those days

Written out of his actual experience by filmdom's oldest director in point of service, SCREEN BOOK *brings to its readers Hollywood as it was, and is, following its growth from obscure hamlet to world-renowned motion picture capital, sweeping through its kaleidoscopic past into its splendorous present. A part of it all, Mr. Leonard moves with his human narrative as an authorative figure giving his own individual stamp to gloried stars and colorful episodes unrolled in an ever-changing panorama of progress.*

LOOK for the magic of Hollywood and you will find it in change. This is the secret of the constant spell it works.

Naturally, the effect is hard on the eyes. It doesn't in the least surprise me today that movie stars wear dark glasses on the street. I myself feel the need of blinders. Frankly, I shy like a restive horse at all the startling changes which have been brought about since I first clapped eyes on the place thirty years ago.

Someone who said it's a long lane that has no turning might truly have said it of Hollywood. For that is what it was when I came to it, just a green lane. And that is what it still is to me today, what I call it in fond memory, closing my mind to modern structures which rear their heights along two sides and turn that lane into Hollywood Boulevard.

Having grown up with Hollywood, I now do my utmost to keep it from out-growing me. This may easily happen to anyone in it. For the fast pace grows ever faster. Today leaves yesterday so far behind that it drops out of the race. To keep in the running I've just knocked off thirty pounds. So I'm still weighing in, though nature never intended me for a jockey.

In the mad rush which never lets up, any picture that flashes under the wire may set a new record. We ourselves never can tell. It is you in the grandstand who lets us know. But there are other signs, steadily forging to the front.

Take Hollywood itself in its material form. Viewed simply in this light it stands today as substantial proof of lasting change. But when I saw it in 1907 it was a sleepy suburb never dreaming that one day it would wake up to find itself world-famous. Then it was a hamlet of scarcely a thousand souls. Now it has a population of 160,000. There is only one reason for this astounding growth—motion pictures.

Yet it was pictures of quite another kind that originally took me there, the paintings of Paul de Longpre. Moving pictures, as they then were called—the word "movies" had not been coined—did not interest me. My only knowledge of them had been gained from a five-cent peep-show at Elitch's Gardens in my home town of Denver, Colo. Just out of high school, I had joined a summer stock company giving musical comedy there. Playing the juvenile part was Douglas Fairbanks, who went in for those athletic activities which eventually were to land him on the screen with both feet. Doug squinted at the nickel flicker, then I took a peek. What we saw was a large lady with a very large plume in her hat being helped off a street car by the gallant conductor.

"Wouldn't it be funny," grinned Fairbanks, "if some day actors did this sort of stunt? But of course they won't."

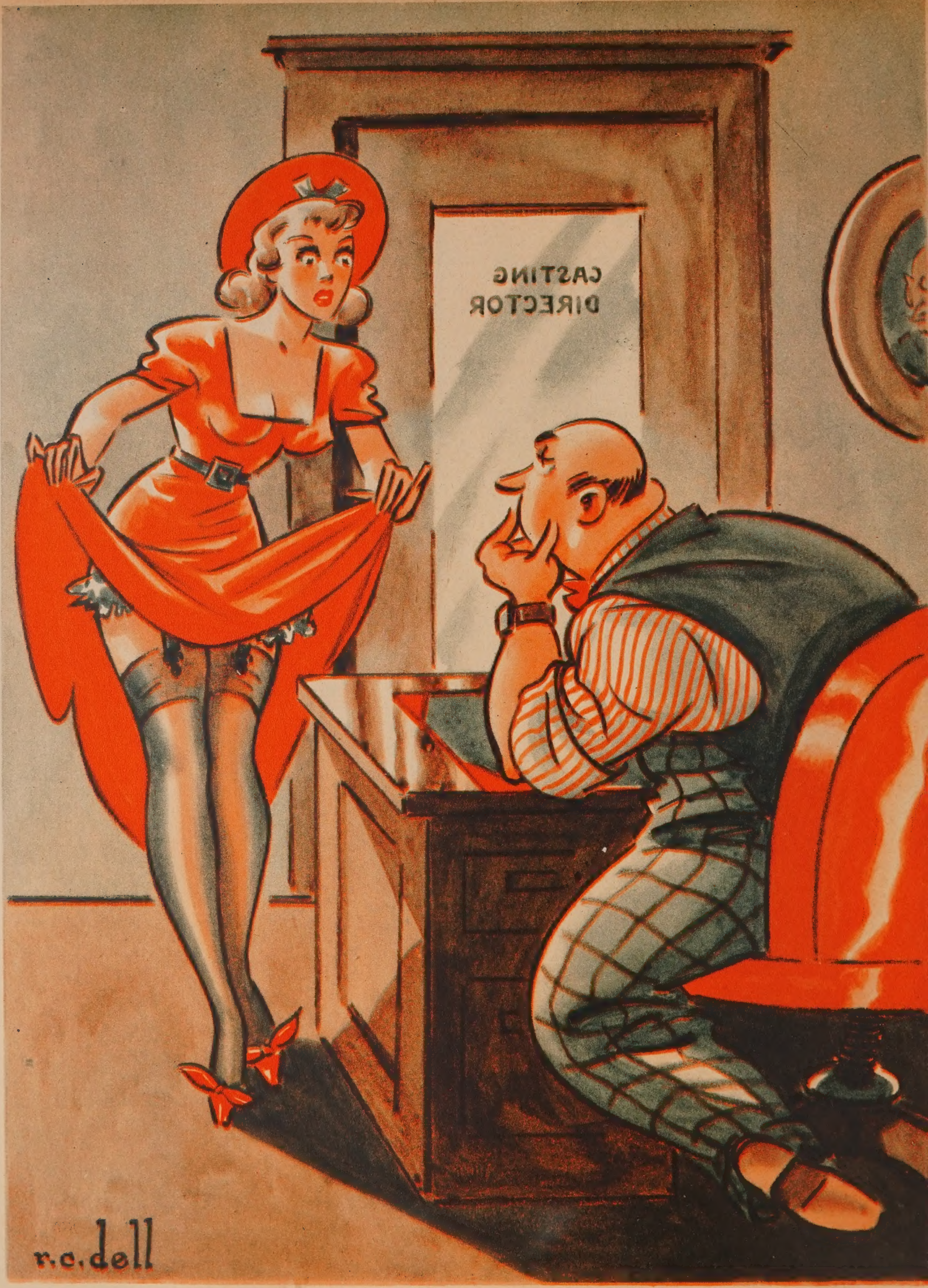
"Naw," I agreed.

I WAS of the same opinion on going to Hollywood from Los Angeles, where I was in the chorus of *The Californians*, a light opera company singing *Robin Hood*. I made the trip by street car, paying forty cents each way, to see Paul de Longpre's fine canvases and his beautiful garden of palms and flowers at what now is the northwest corner of Hollywood and Cahuenga Boulevards. There was nothing more to attract me, merely a stretch of farms and orange groves, with a small country tavern where the Hollywood Hotel now stands.

Although I had [*Continued on page* 102]

Here's a ghost of the dim past. Leonard, on the left, acts out a melodrammer with the gent carrying a blacksnake whip. This was a big scene in pioneer days of 1914

Action in 1912! Leonard prepares to swat Bruce Mitchell, the blawsted crook! Strange contrast to the photo on page 54 of Leonard with Jeanette MacDonald


CASTING DIRECTOR
r.c.dell

"M'm-m-m, I could maybe use you in some educational shorts!"

BLACKMAIL

By SONIA LEE

• FICTION •

PART III

FOR three years I have been a marionette, pulled by strings in the hands of a ruthless man. I have been a girl without will—a girl without happiness and without courage!

For three years I have lived with a secret tragedy which I didn't dare share with anyone! I have lived in the shadow of an evil thing—Blackmail—ever since I became a motion picture star! *Blackmail*—it's an ugly word. It has the power to destroy a woman in my position as nothing else can.

To the world at large, I am a fortunate person! For I am Melinda Carr, the girl who has given a new definition to glamour! My name decorates a thousand theatre marquees every night. I am photographed. I am quoted. I am idolized. I possess all the trappings of Fame. I lack only one thing—peace!

Long before I came to Hollywood, by the quick road of a brilliant part in a dull Broadway play, I have known the face of dread every moment of existence. For in some secret safe-deposit box there are a group of faked composite photos of Melinda Carr and a man I never saw in my life—taken in those first days of hunger and obscurity—decadent poses imprisoned by the lens of a decadent photographer.

Once I achieved stardom they became a club in the ruthless hands of the photographer, whom once I had loved!

He has been my Nemesis, shattering my happiness, making bitter the fruits of my labor, taking the flavor from life.

To safeguard my reputation and the man whom I married after my first starring vehicle, I did many stupid things in an effort to recover the negatives, to silence Andrew Gray forever. But all I accomplished was to give him more power by the numerous notes and letters I wrote him—innocent in themselves—and yet they could so easily be misconstrued by a world which believes the worst of motion picture actresses.

Rather than confess all this to my husband, I made him believe that I no longer loved him—made a divorce easy for him; bore the brunt of criticism. Had no answer for censure!

After all, here I was, a newcomer, made great by the directorial genius of John Blake, and seemingly once entrenched, I threw his love overboard. What conclusions could my friends and acquaintances draw from that except that I was unworthy; that I had gone completely Hollywood; that I was overcome by my sudden importance?

I couldn't explain that the reason I divorced John wasn't that I loved him less, but that I loved him far more intensely, far more greatly than the average woman does the man whose name she bears!

Now go on with the story:

Three years of bondage! Three years of being friendless and alone; of being the subject of Andrew Gray's jeers and sarcasm.

But as long as I was the only one who suffered; as long as I was the only one caught in his net, I said nothing and hoped some day to find the courage to fight him openly. Then there came a day when Andrew Gray came to me. "You know," he said, "I should like to meet some of your friends. I think we'd make a swell combination."

"Why?" I asked him.

"I have plans," he laughed. "After all, is it the first time that a woman who has achieved fame is seen frequently with a childhood sweetheart?"

"Something else is behind this," I told him bluntly. "You're a wicked, vicious person. I'm not introducing you to anybody."

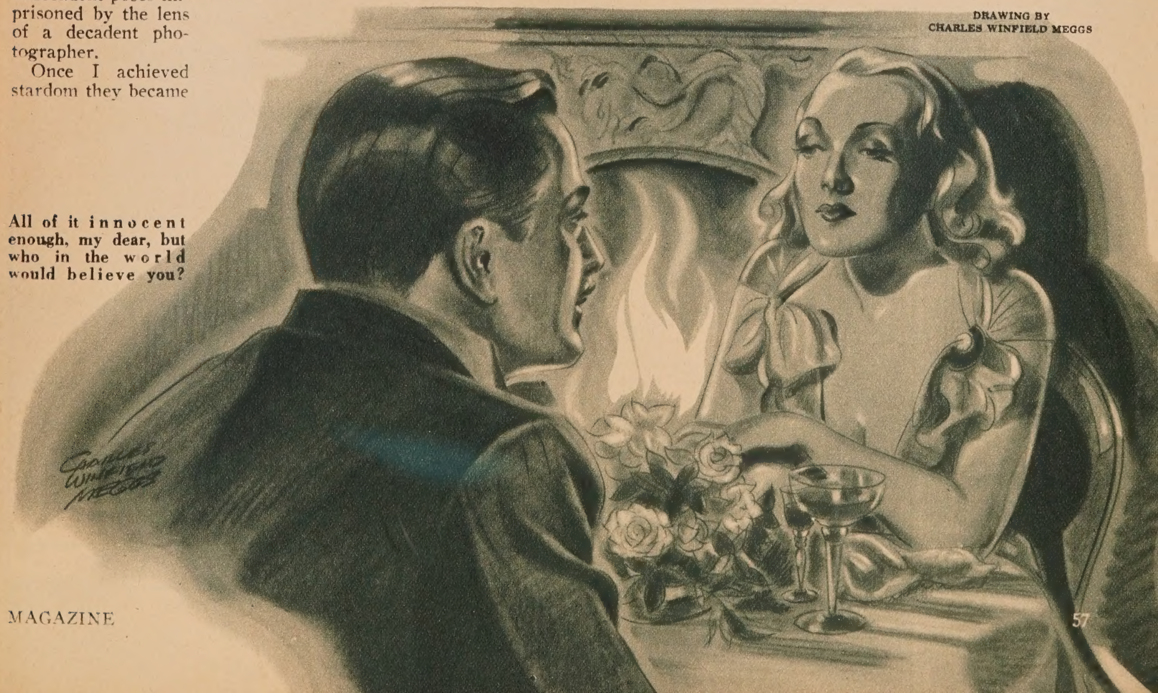
"Oh, but you will, my dear—you will."

I suppose in my heart I knew that he would have his own way, but I refused consciously to acknowledge it to myself.

HE TOOK a cruel way to impose his demands. A torturing way to show me who was master.

It was one of the few extravagant parties of that season. A great night-club had been taken over; had been transformed into a [*Continued on page* 100]

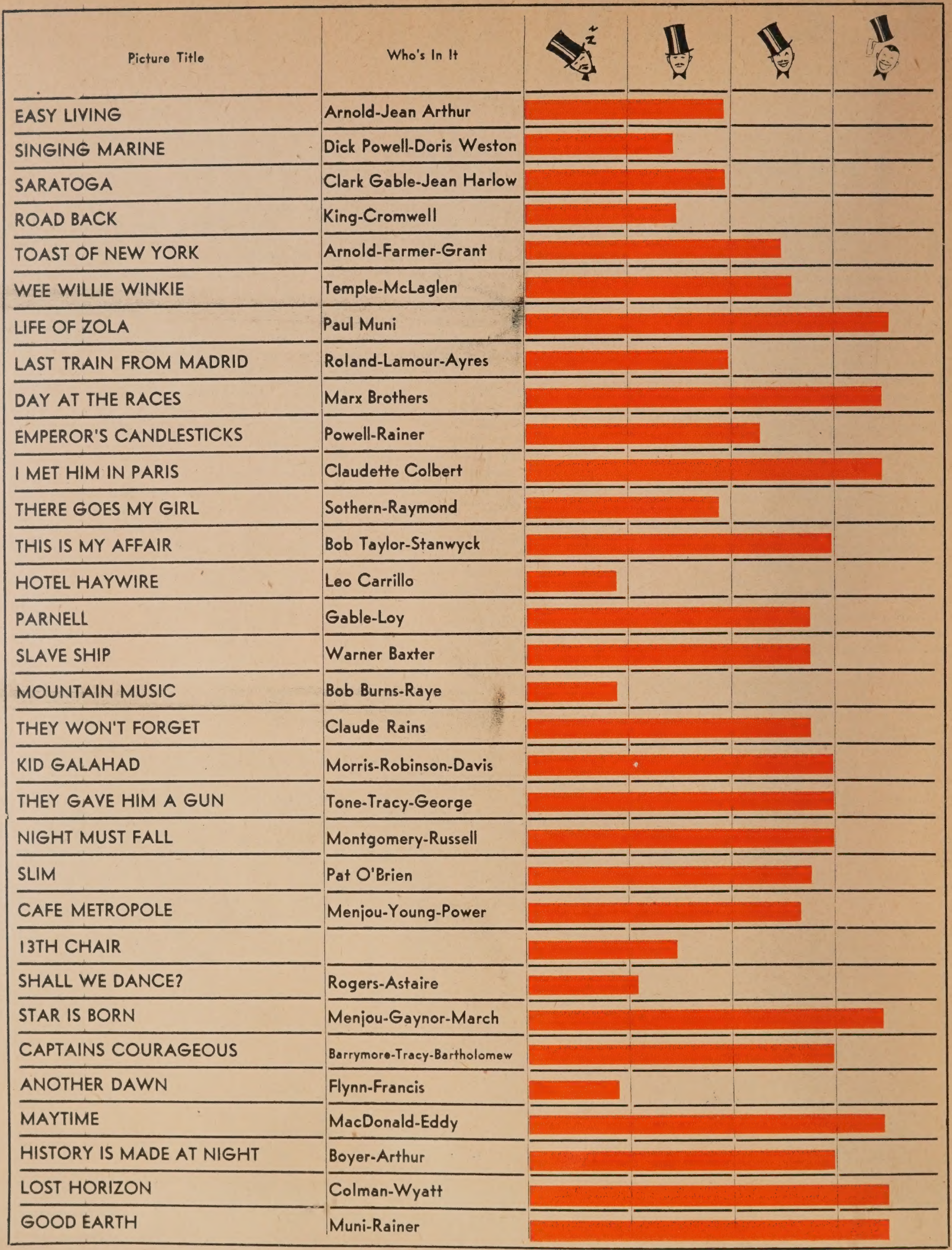
DRAWING BY
CHARLES WINFIELD MEGGS



All of it innocent enough, my dear, but who in the world would believe you?

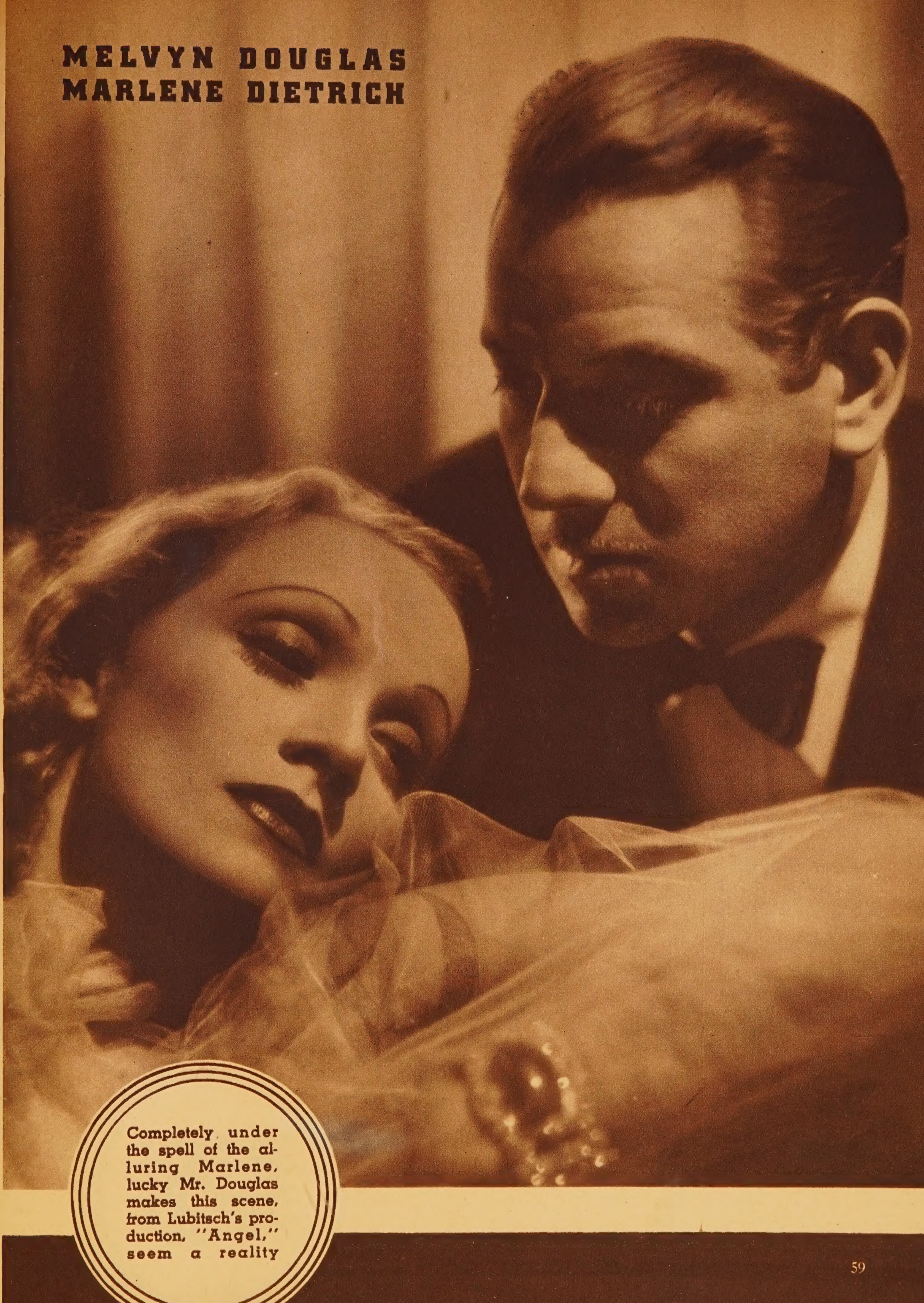
THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

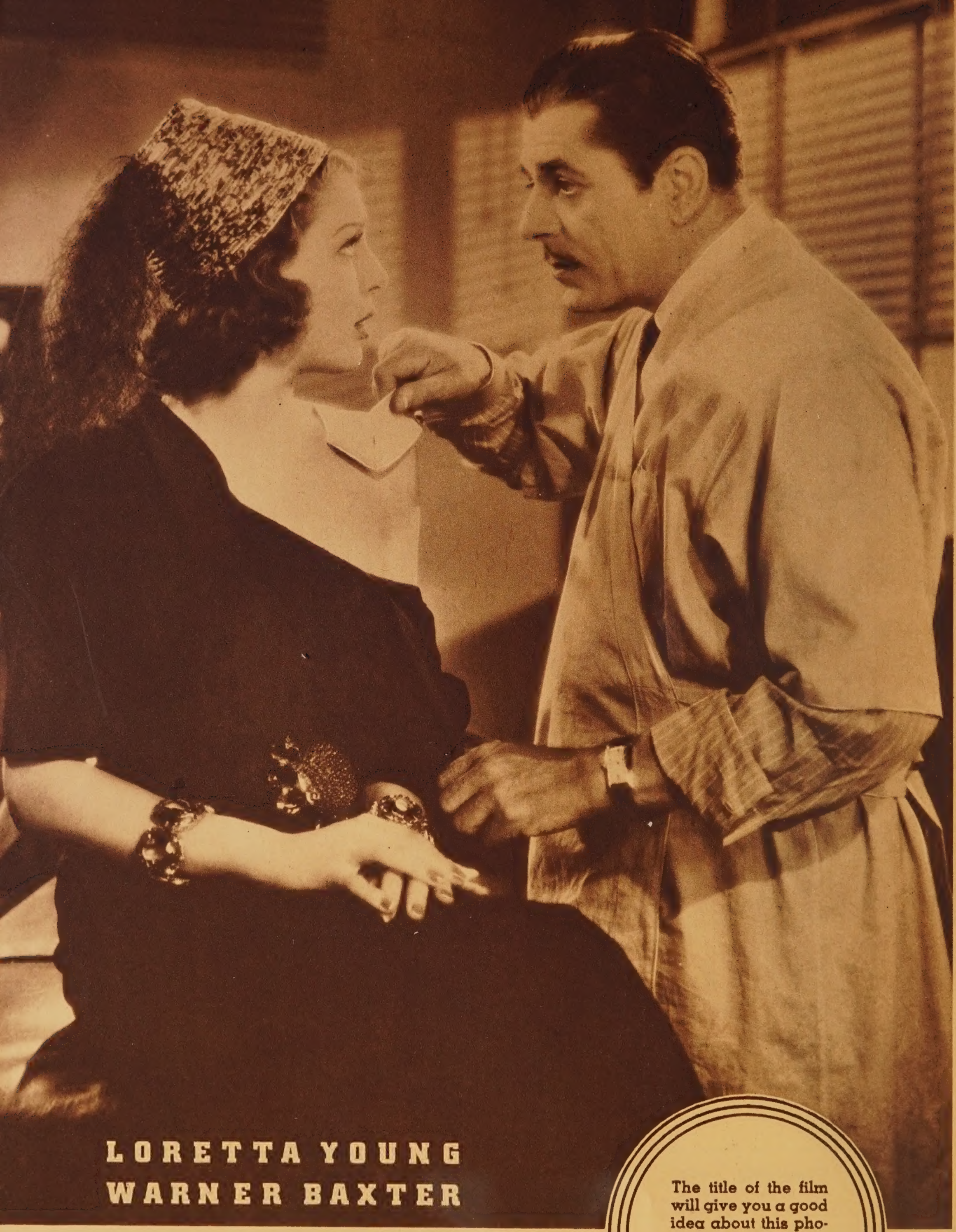


Picture Title	Who's In It
EASY LIVING	Arnold-Jean Arthur
SINGING MARINE	Dick Powell-Doris Weston
SARATOGA	Clark Gable-Jean Harlow
ROAD BACK	King-Cromwell
TOAST OF NEW YORK	Arnold-Farmer-Grant
WEE WILLIE WINKIE	Temple-McLaglen
LIFE OF ZOLA	Paul Muni
LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID	Roland-Lamour-Ayres
DAY AT THE RACES	Marx Brothers
EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS	Powell-Rainer
I MET HIM IN PARIS	Claudette Colbert
THERE GOES MY GIRL	Sothern-Raymond
THIS IS MY AFFAIR	Bob Taylor-Stanwyck
HOTEL HAYWIRE	Leo Carrillo
PARNELL	Gable-Loy
SLAVE SHIP	Warner Baxter
MOUNTAIN MUSIC	Bob Burns-Raye
THEY WON'T FORGET	Claude Rains
KID GALAHAD	Morris-Robinson-Davis
THEY GAVE HIM A GUN	Tone-Tracy-George
NIGHT MUST FALL	Montgomery-Russell
SLIM	Pat O'Brien
CAFE METROPOLE	Menjou-Young-Power
13TH CHAIR	
SHALL WE DANCE?	Rogers-Astaire
STAR IS BORN	Menjou-Gaynor-March
CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS	Barrymore-Tracy-Bartholomew
ANOTHER DAWN	Flynn-Francis
MAYTIME	MacDonald-Eddy
HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT	Boyer-Arthur
LOST HORIZON	Colman-Wyatt
GOOD EARTH	Muni-Rainer

MELVYN DOUGLAS
MARLENE DIETRICH



Completely under the spell of the alluring Marlene, lucky Mr. Douglas makes this scene, from Lubitsch's production, "Angel," seem a reality



LORETTA YOUNG
WARNER BAXTER

The title of the film will give you a good idea about this photograph! 20th-Fox calls it "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"

SONJA HENIE

Is she laughing at her cohorts across the page—or merely glad to be off her skates after doing a scene for "Lovely to Look At?"

SPENCER TRACY

—CLARENCE BULL PORTRAIT

You'll see this "tough guy" as a taxicab driver in "Big City," an M-G-M film with Luise Rainer

—FRED PARRISH PORTRAIT

It's a busy season for Mary. She has just completed a role in "Hurricane," and is appearing in "Prisoner of Zenda"

MARY ASTOR

NO GLAMOUR—JUST

By GENE STUART

And so he married the girl—not because she was a Hollywood beauty, or a famous movie star, but simply because—well, you'd better read the whole story here

U. S. M
PUT INTO
JOB PRO
HUNDREDS
RAIDERS B
BERKELEY TORN
BY U. C.-CARD
FOOTBALL RIOT
U. S. FEARS WAR
EUROPE NEAR

A-tooting on his bazooka, Bob Burns pauses for us to give some inside reasoning about his marriage

HAPPINESS

HOLLYWOOD'S gorgeous glamour girls are just pretty gals to America's Number One Hillbilly—easy on the eyes, but somebody for the other fellow to marry.

"You've got to have something besides glamour to make a happy marriage," says Bob Burns, Arkansas' pride, Paramount's "mountain boy" and the world's only exponent of that tricky little instrument known far and wide as the bazooka.

We lifted a doubtful eyebrow and followed Van Buren's good will ambassador into the studio for his weekly radio rehearsal. He had just stepped from his last year's "one of the three low-priced cars" and at the wheel of that car was a very pretty blonde—the bazooka tooter's bride of a few days.

"Now, when Noah Webster compiled that interesting little volume called the dictionary," continues Bob, "he wrote after the word, glamour: 'A charm on the eyes causing them to see things differently from what they are in reality.' Well, Harriet hasn't got glamour. She's just what she seems. Pretty, intelligent, companionable and considerate."

Bob's Harriet is a non-professional. She's never been in pictures nor on the radio and has no aspirations in that direction. She doesn't care for parties, but prefers the outdoors when she is not attending to the duties of being her husband's secretary. And, being Bob Burns' secretary is a neat little task.

"You ought to read some of the letters I get," Bob reflects. "Why it seems like everybody in the country used to live in Van Buren and wants to tell me about their kinfolks or go into business—on my money."

When Bob came to Hollywood a couple of years or so ago, he didn't need a secretary. He needed a job. A job to bolster a small bankroll that was rapidly diminishing. But first he must find a place to house his devoted wife, Betty, and their son, Bob, Jr., just turned twelve.

BOB rented half of a small duplex from Floyd Foster who lived in the other half with his wife and daughter. The daughter was a stenographer in an insurance office and the Foster family only recently moved to Hollywood from their hometown of Independence, Kansas. Bob knew none of this, but while he made the rounds of the radio stations looking for a "break," Betty Burns became acquainted with the landlord and his family. She and the daughter soon were staunch friends. Together they visited the beaches Saturday afternoons and Sundays while Bob worked.

Then Bob signed a $50-a-week contract with NBC. The best job he'd had in years. Fan mail began to trickle in for Bazooka Bob. The trickle soon enlarged into a steady stream, and Bob needed a secretary. Not a full-time secretary, but one for a few hours a day. Mrs. Burns suggested her friend, Harriet Foster next door.

At night the two women answered the letters with a portable pewriter on the Burns' kitchen table. A fine friendship grew up tween them as the letters poured in for Bob. Then Bob's bazooka attracted wider attention and the big "break" came.

Bob went to New York and signed a fat [*Continued on page* 84]

The Bob Burns' live a complete life—they like to visit the Trocadero (top left) or see one of Bob's films (top right), and they especially enjoy bicycle riding on a quiet road. Before their marriage she was Harriet Foster, his secretary

HURRICANE

—ACTION PHOTOS BY COBURN

Facing the hurricane danger on the left are Terangi (Jon Hall) and Marama (Dorothy Lamour). In the top photo natives of Manukura Island stumble through the storm to gather in their fishing nets, a highly important matter to them. Right, Dr. Kersaint (Thomas Mitchell) urges Mme. de Laage (Mary Astor) to take refuge from the storm in the little stone church

Climax of the Samuel Goldwyn film, "Hurricane," is the big storm scene, which will thrill you aplenty! SCREEN BOOK presents exclusive flash photos

COMING

To film this mighty spectacle the technical crew built huge miniatures and sent cascades of water down towering chutes, to be flung through the air by roaring fans. A big lagoon was built on the studio lot to get many of the scenes

PORTRAIT
BY
JOHN
MIEHLE

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE A STAR

It is the star who pays and pays and pays according to these rather astonishing figures

By JESSIE HENDERSON

"So all movie stars are millionaires!" said Ginger Rogers, who had been reading the papers, "isn't that dandy! Why, if a star can save enough to retire with an income of $48 a week, she's a lucky girl.

"And I mean $48. Yes, a star who's had a $100,000 salary. I've figured it out.

"What most people don't realize," proceeded Ginger who was wearing brown slacks, a little round brown cap, sandals on her dancing feet, and her red-gold hair brushed back un-fancy, like anyone's, "is that stars are not individuals. Every star is a business organization with a staff of high salaried employees and a big overhead. To run her business right, a star must have the organization a man needs to run a million dollar concern. Glamour takes money."

She gave her slow smile. She drew a sheet of paper toward her, picked up a pencil, and began to figure.

"Nobody knows better than I do, let me say right now, that an individual with an income of $48 a week is lucky; plenty of years I lived on plenty less! But it isn't the out-size income you'd expect after reading Federal tax reports or headlines about the stars' fabulous pay.

"The truth is that stars don't actually receive their reported salaries. Because certain things are deducted before the star even sees the pay check.

"As for what remains after all the deductions . . . Well, I pay my government tax gladly, for I know how much good is being done with it. Nevertheless, the Federal tax on a $100,000 salary is $34,000, the California State tax *is* $7,950, a total of $41,950; and this leaves $58,000.

"Now, $58,000 isn't to be sneezed at. Remember, I'm not complaining, I'm explaining. It's a nice sum, $58,000—if you can get it. But how much of it *does* the star finally have for herself?

"First off, the studio deducts from the pay check 1 percent of $3,000 for the Federal old age pension: about 1 per cent of the entire sum for the State unemployment insurance; ½ of 1 percent for the Motion Picture Relief Fund; and—if the star contributes to it—a percentage amounting to around a couple of days' pay for the local Community Chest. Then the star's agent collects the check, snips off 10 percent of the star's stated salary for his commission, and gives the star his own check for the balance.

"Here's where the fun begins. Here's where the star commences to pay out for her own staff, not one member of which could be spared.

"Let's start with the business manager. I need one if only to save time, let alone money. If I attended to busines details myself (even if I knew how) there wouldn't be time for me to do any acting. Then there's the accountant. He must be an expert and keep the books double entry; the star must be able to substantiate every item in her income tax report. The accountant has to keep books the same as for any other concern, the same as for a grocery store.

"THERE'S a personal maid, too; a necessity and not a luxury; I did without a maid as long as I could. She'd be needed if merely for the fact that a star can't walk out in the dust or rain in a $300 gown the studio puts on her, to fetch something from her dressing room or to buy a bottle of pop.

"And there's a chauffeur, a necessity and no mistake. The car that the government calls 'personal' and for which it won't allow a deduction because 'it just takes you to and from the studio,' is constantly running errands. You break your shoe-strap; only an expert can fix it, so the chauffeur rushes the shoe to a downtown store. Or you're ready to go on the set in the morning, start to slip into your shoes, and the color is wrong, so the chauffeur takes them to the shoe store for the quick re-dye that only the shoe man knows how to handle, while you sit all coiffed and dressed, rehearsing dialogue.

"It's the chauffeur also, or the maid, who runs errands to the right people for alterations on hats, coats, hair ornaments, bracelets—all the various and sundry things that must come through perfectly on the screen and that somehow in their preparation have had something seemingly unimportant left undone. But nothing is unimportant to a director or a camera, and your fans would be the first to write in about another 'boner.'

"NEXT comes a secretary. He answers practically all your mail, culling the immediate from the less immediate; he takes care of your business contacts, and the complaints and adjustments of your other employees. At least as valuable as a secretary is a publicity man; if the star has one at all, he must be one of the best, a specialist in his line, some one expert in publicizing a star—as a bank needs a book-keeper who knows about banks—and theatrical experts are the best paid publicity men in the world.

"Of course a star must likewise employ a first rate attorney. He looks over all commitments, even for an endorsement given free, as well as contracts and every busines paper among the thousands a star signs in a year.

"FINALLY, a woman star absolutely must have her own hair-dresser and any star, man or woman, must have night watchmen. The hair-dresser designs coiffures that nobody else is wearing and applies all her art to the star for whom she works.

"Of all this staff, only the personal maid and the watchmen receive less than $50 a week. The night watchmen, for instance, are usually paid $40 each; and some stars employ four. The hair-dresser's salary is $75 a week, for fifty-two

[*Continued on page* 99]

Ginger Rogers, soon to be seen in Radio's *Stage Door*, opened up her account books, took out her pencil and added up some surprising conclusions

2

1

1. Before their wedding, Gene Raymond bought one of the older Bel-Air estates, and secretly remodeled it as a surprise for Jeanette MacDonald. Under the high vaulted ceiling of the living room, he grouped lovely pieces of old furniture

2. The house stands on a little hill overlooking two acres of gardens. Rough stone forms the first story and the entrance gable, plaster and wood the second floor under a shingled roof.

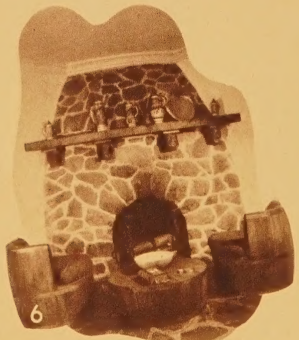
3. The den has stone slabs on the floor, dark draperies against the brilliant sun of the garden, and rough hewn natural wood furniture

4. The master bedroom has a straw matting wall covering. Draperies and carpet are beige and burgundy and the knotty pine ceiling is left in its natural color

5. Peach and white are the dominating colors in the bedroom which Raymond designed for his bride. Heavy satin covers the bed and delicate brocades in small designs cover the chairs

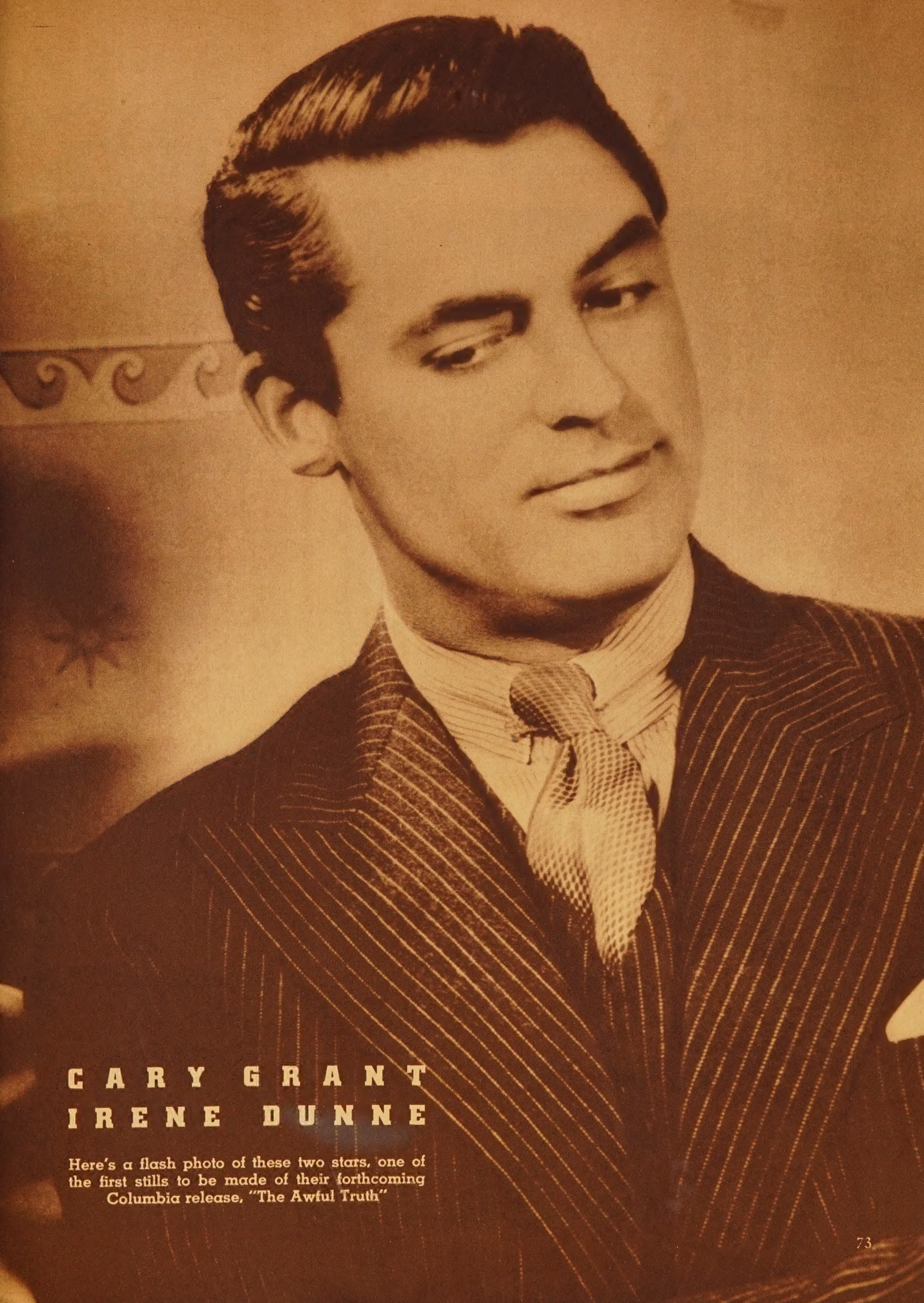
6. A wooden bowl for cigarettes, barrel chairs and table, and old beer steins make the fireplace in the playroom a quaint and comfortable corner

HONEYMOON HOME



—PHOTOS BY DURWARD GRAYBILL

—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR SCREEN BOOK
BY BERT ANDERSON



CARY GRANT
IRENE DUNNE

Here's a flash photo of these two stars, one of the first stills to be made of their forthcoming Columbia release, "The Awful Truth"

STYLED TO BEAUTY

S. Murray Lange, noted designer for Society and Screen, gives a new slant on the problems of fashion and beauty

By JANET LYNN

"IF I had her clothes . . ." Have you ever made that disgruntled remark as an alibi for your own unattractive appearance?

Then your alibi is about to go glimmering, because on no less authority than S. Murray Lange, talented creator of styles for society and filmland, it's the woman who makes the clothes and not vice versa. And when a fashion designer stresses the point that clothes are not *all*, it's time for the feminine sex to rally 'round and listen attentively.

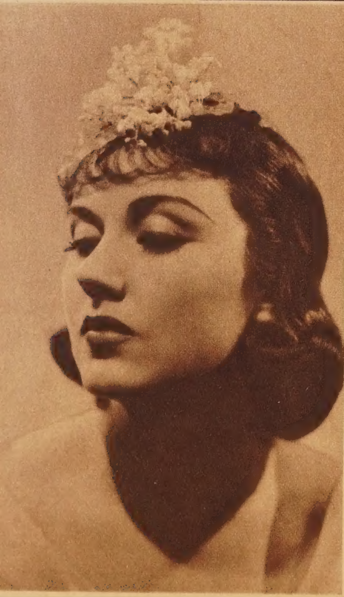
Mr. Lange had just completed Constance Bennett's costumes for her role in *Topper* when I talked with him at the Hal Roach Studio, and was then sketching designs for Constance's personal wardrobe.

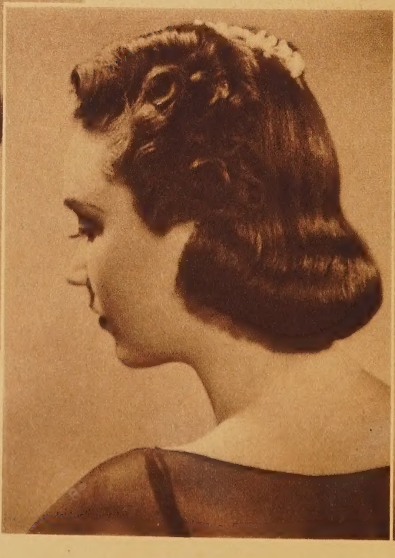
"A girl should dress to sell her personality—not her clothes," he said emphatically. "She, the girl, should be seen first—not what she is wearing.

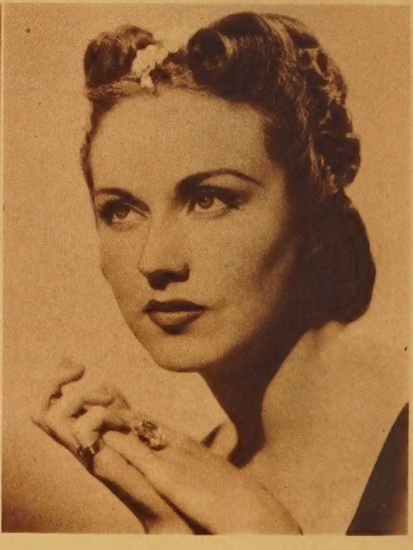
"The real mark of a woman is good grooming. No matter how beautiful or smart her gown, its effect can be entirely ruined by an unbecoming coiffeur or inharmonious lipstick.

"Miss Bennett has been selected on various occasions as one of the ten best dressed women in the world, not because her clothes are more lavish than those of many other [*Continued on page* 90]

Constance Bennett, appearing in Hal Roach's *Topper*, uses diamond clips to adorn her lustrous blonde hair







Extremely new and smart are the fall coiffeurs introduced by lovely Fay Wray, Columbia star. *It Happened in Hollywood*, is Fay's current picture

TALES OF A LOVE BUG BEARER

By TED MAGEE

Who's the inspiration of Pinky Tomlin's love songs? Here's a story that is strictly the dope!

Pinky looked like this when he serenaded the girls at old O. U.

"JUNE nights and sycamores—what a combination! They take me back to a night in Soonerland." It is Pinky Tomlin talking, the red-faced lad from Oklahoma, in a reminiscent mood. "Ah, that was a night I'll never forget . . .

"We were serenading the girls at the Gamma Pi house. One of my own fraternity brothers asked me to dedicate a number to his girl friend, so I told the little ladies in the window overhead that the next number was for Deedee Shannon. It was *I Surrender, Dear.* I didn't know Deedee from the man in the moon, but I liked the schooltime romance of the thing." *Ah, Pinky, I too was an O. U. man—and I knew Deedee a term ahead of your arrival. She was indeed a lovely thing.*

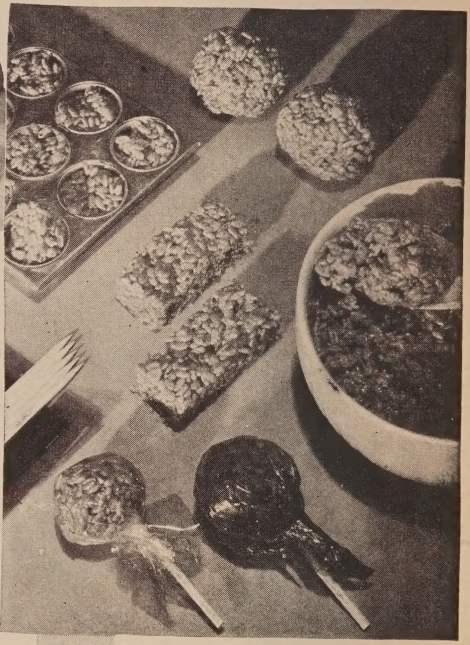
"Well, anyway," Pinky continued, "an hour later I put the old banjo away and wandered back to the Delt house. There was a phone call waiting for me." Deep reminiscence takes the stage! "It was Deedee, and she reckoned when I asked her to, that she could slip out into the moonlight for a spell and get acquainted. Boy, I'll never forget meeting her there under that sycamore tree. It was plumb romantic." *I'll never forget her either, Pinky. Golden hair and eyes as big as they make them. Ah, she was a lovely thing.*

"That was just about the biggest thrill I [*Continued on page* 82]

Joan Blondell likes a healthy dish of cereal with her breakfast. No soggy feeling will result

CEREALS YOU'LL ENJOY

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK


Honey balls provide one of many wholesome cereal confections

If you've been eating these foods without benefit of variety, you've missed a lot. But our cooking expert will straighten you out!

WHAT choice cereal? Americans are lucky because they have more varieties of cereals from which to choose than any other people in the world. For in addition to the many different grains themselves (wheat, corn, rice, oats, etc.) modern machinery and new manufacturing processes bring us these cereals in variously flavored and interestingly textured forms. No other country has the assortment of delicious "crisps," "flakes" and "shredded" and "puffed" grains.

In other older countries the term "cereal" means only the natural, simple grain or flour itself with which not much can be done except to boil it up and serve it as a breakfast porridge or starchy vegetable. But here, owing to the advanced manufacturing, ordinary cereal may be used as a cooking ingredient. Just go into your pantry, Mrs. Home Boss, and look over the wide assortment of boxed and packaged cereals!

On every count of texture, form, flavor, cereals successfully pass all home taste tests. There's the crispness of the many kinds of flakes, crisps, etc., of which cornflakes and corncrisps and other wheat crisps are examples. This pleasing light but crisp texture makes it possible to substitute cereal flakes for heavier breadcrumbs in many dishes requiring a floury or starchy ingredient. Thus, where a recipe may call for "buttered crumbs" sprinkled on top of the dish, you may use rolled or crumbled cereal crisps. The advantages are with the latter because of the texture. Further, on account of the distinctive crisp texture, cereals are used to prepare the new "crumb crust" so favored by the young hostess. Crispy pastry is made quickly, is less rich, and provides an unusual contrast to the soft pie filling. Here's the usual lemon pie, done with the cereal:

LEMON BANANA PIE, CORNFLAKE PASTRY

Filling:
1½ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
½ cup lemon juice
2 egg yolks, well beaten
2 teaspoons lemon rind, grated
2 ripe bananas, sliced

Pastry:
¼ cup butter
¼ cup sugar
1 cup cornflake crumbs (Roll 4 cups cornflakes)

[*Continued on page* 94]

Muffins a la cereal provide an unusual variety for the table

ALL AROUND THE DIAL

Here is the news of your radio favorites

By DAN THOMAS

One of the bright spots of the Burns and Allen show is Tony Martin, who really warbles a nifty song—when he can make Gracie stop her romantic advances

A new high in "hamming" on a radio broadcast was reached by **John Barrymore** during his recent Shakespearean series. Always noted on the stage and screen for his "scene chewing" gestures, **Barrymore** handled the microphone so roughly that technicians were afraid at times he might break it. They finally solved the problem by building an iron fence around the "mike" so the actor couldn't get near it.

●

Don't be surprised if **Gene Raymond** suddenly appears as a guest artist on one of **Jeanette MacDonald's** programs this fall. Both are excellent pianists and since their return from their Honolulu honeymoon have been getting plenty of practice in playing together. Their Bel-Air home has a music room, which is a separate house painted all white except for the door which is a brilliant red. The furnishings of the house also are in white, including two baby grand pianos on which they spend hours playing duets. Very good, too.

●

The real inside as to why **Ella Logan** suddenly vanished from the Texaco summer show is that for two consecutive weeks she was conspicuous by her absence at rehearsals. That didn't set at all well with the powers-that-be. So **Ella** did a disappearing act. Too bad, because she sure knows how to put over a song.

●

Pinky Tomlin won't try to victimize waiters with his gags for a long time to come if our guess is correct. After dining at one of Hollywood's popular night spots the other evening he decided it would be a funny gag to tip the waiter a single penny.

A few nights later **Pinky** and a girl friend went back to the same spot and the waiter had his turn. He spread the serving of dinner over exactly five hours.

●

Congrats to husky **Bill Comstock** who does such a good job of characterizing **Tizzie Lish** on the Al Pearce show that he got a marriage proposal the other day. Guess the would-be suitor never saw a picture of **Bill** all done up in the dress he wears for the broadcasts.

●

Stepping into the role of a prophet for a moment, we predict a new—and incidentally the youngest in existence—team of Hillbillies on the air this fall. They're the **Lario** youngsters, **David** (6), **Gerald** (7), **Eugene** (9) and **Roy** (12). Discovered in Oakland, where their father works for an automobile concern, by a Universal scout, the boys were brought to Hollywood for a featured shot in *Behind the Mike,* a backstage radio picture. **Roy** plays an accordion, **Eugene** bass violin, **Gerald** a gadget made out of an ordinary funnel and **David** a conglomeration of gadgets nailed to a wash board. You might think the result would be both deafening and horrible. But on the contrary it's so good that everyone around the studio keeps dropping in on the stage where they're working just to hear them play and sing. Their only teacher so far has been their father, who really has done wonders.

●

George Jean Nathan is the one responsible for all those flowers **Frances Langford** has been receiving lately.

Although one of the best dancers on the Pacific Coast, Natalie Park spends her time portraying dramatic roles for NBC. She'll do all right when television heaves in sight

There's nothing of the bashful boy about Jack Haley here as he warms up to Virginia Verrill during a rehearsal for the Showboat program hour

Eddie Cantor is getting so interested in his antique store that he even steals time away from his radio and screen duties to run in and personally help boost sales. A few days ago he spent the lunch hour there, attired in the Arabian costume he wears in his new film, *Ali Baba Goes To Town.* And he attracted so many people he decided to do the same thing every day—until his son-in-law pointed out to him that he had spent more time signing autograph books than he had selling antiques.

Don't let that worry you, **Eddie,** it's still good advertising.

●

Wouldn't it happen that way. All the time **Oswald's**—he's the romanticist on the **Ken Murray** show—wife was in Reno getting a divorce, his broadcasting script had him pleading for a reconciliation with his radio wife, played by **Florence Lake.** Bet **Mrs. Oswald** got a big laugh out of that, if she heard any of the broadcasts.

●

While speaking of the **Murray** show, we might mention a word about the unique contract held by 17-year-old **Marlyn Stuart,** the girl who's always saying "Mama, that man's here again." **Marlyn** is under personal contract to **Murray** for $50 per week. But the agreement stipulates she is to receive an additional $75 every time **Ken** loans her for another show. Which means that he must get at least $75 for her or he loses money. That has happened too. But he sticks by the agreement because he feels he will eventually make money by it.

Here is the concluding chapter of the adventures which led to a sensational dancer's stardom on the screen

By MARY HILLIARD

Seven months of waiting for work in New York, with the precious pennies fast disappearing for the necessities of life! It was ended at last! Eleanor Powell at last had a part, a featured role of *Follow Thru*. Soon after this engagement was up she received another important role, this time as the comedienne in *Fine And Dandy*.

Only one thing marred the otherwise perfect run in *Follow Thru*.

She had written to Ralph MacKernan, her dancing teacher in Springfield to tell him the good news. And he wired back his congratulations. All during her rehearsals for the show it was as if he stood before her, watching with approving eyes, and saying, "Great, Eleanor! Great!" Always it seemed as if Ralph were there, his lean graceful hand pointing out the road ahead.

When the show was to open, she sent him and his wife a pair of tickets right up in the front row.

"Don't worry, I'll be there!" he wrote back. But three days before the opening, he died.

Though broken-hearted at hearing of his death, Eleanor has never felt far away from her loyal teacher—the man who gave her faith in herself. The results of his guidance will remain with her the rest of her life.

After *Fine And Dandy*, Eleanor went into Ziegfeld's *Hot Cha; The Varieties*, as the leading lady opposite Bert Lahr and Harry Richman; in *George White's Scandals;* and on the road show of *Crazy Quilt*.

Then, when the *Scandals* was brought to the screen, Eleanor went to the Coast for a role.

"That trip was a disappointment," she confided later. "After twelve weeks we returned to New York not caring if we ever set foot in California again."

ELEANOR was unhappy over several matters. A demon for detail, she noticed faults in the synchronization of the music and her dance steps, and was "miserable," she said at the time.

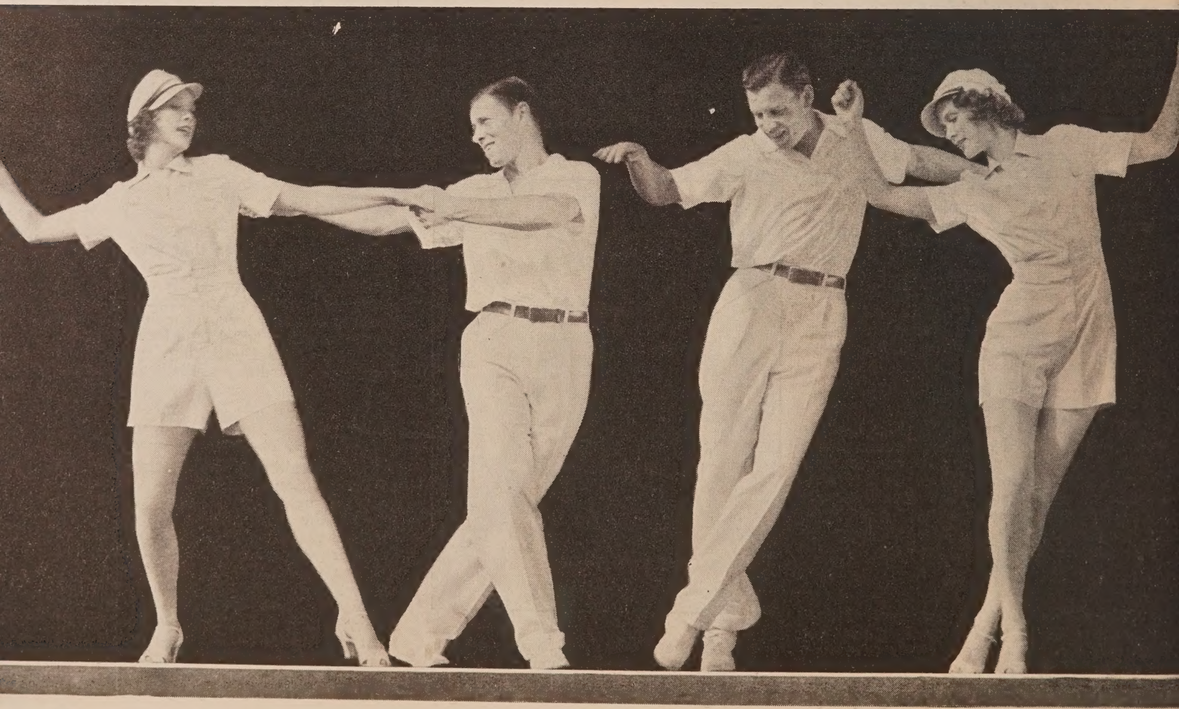
She was making appearances four times a day in New York theatres, when she received a wire from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer asking if she would sign for a role in *Broadway Melody of 1936*.

"Needless to say, I wasn't overenthusiastic," she admitted. "That first trip hadn't done me any good. But we finally decided to go."

Louis B. Mayer had been in the projection room viewing possible talent for the picture. After many tests had been run, showing dancing girls "doing their stuff," he shook his head wearily. None of them seemed to be right for the part he had in mind. Then Eleanor flashed on the screen.

Mayer was enthusiastic. "That's the girl for the part!" he cried.

THE LIFE STORY OF



There were others that argued with him, but he insisted.

The part Eleanor was to play was quite a small one. But as they viewed more tests of her, the other producers had to agree with Mr. Mayer that she had something.

They kept making the part bigger. Finally, they gave Eleanor's part to another actress, and assigned her the lead in the film!

Eleanor was very shaky about the whole thing. She might have overcome her childish bashfulness, but she was still very shy, and by no means overconfident. And playing opposite Robert Taylor, the screen's new sensation! She knew nothing about acting. What should she do?

NEVER will she forget the agony she experienced that first day she was to make a test with Taylor.

"I felt all hands and feet, and was sure Bob would think I was stupid," she confessed.

"But he was grand, and put me completely at ease, told me a few things about camera angles, and all that. We got to be good friends. He had a weakness for hot swing tunes, and he'd come up to the hotel and I'd play my collection."

Soon, she made *Born To Dance*. It was then that she made up her mind to concentrate on a picture career. She went East and brought back her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Torrey, to live with her in Beverly Hills.

When people look at Eleanor on the screen, they are amazed at the precision and the intricate pattern of her steps.

But at that, none realizes the hours of work behind the smooth and finished product on the screen.

Every day of her life, blue-eyed and brown-haired Eleanor works out five hours!

Another thing few realize about her, is that she makes up all her dance routines. Most dancers call in an expert. But not Eleanor! She originates many of the ideas for the numbers in her pictures—one, called "The Box Car," will appear in *Broadway Melody of 1938,* in which she co-stars again with Bob Taylor.

CHARACTERISTIC of Eleanor were her qualms the first day she worked with Bob in the new picture.

"I was uncomfortable. He had gone so far, in the year and a half since we'd been together. I imagined that he wasn't crazy about doing a musical after playing with Garbo, Crawford, Loretta Young, and all those people who seem so much more like real movie stars than I. Yet, I soon got over it. Bob was the same as ever—only more matured and assured."

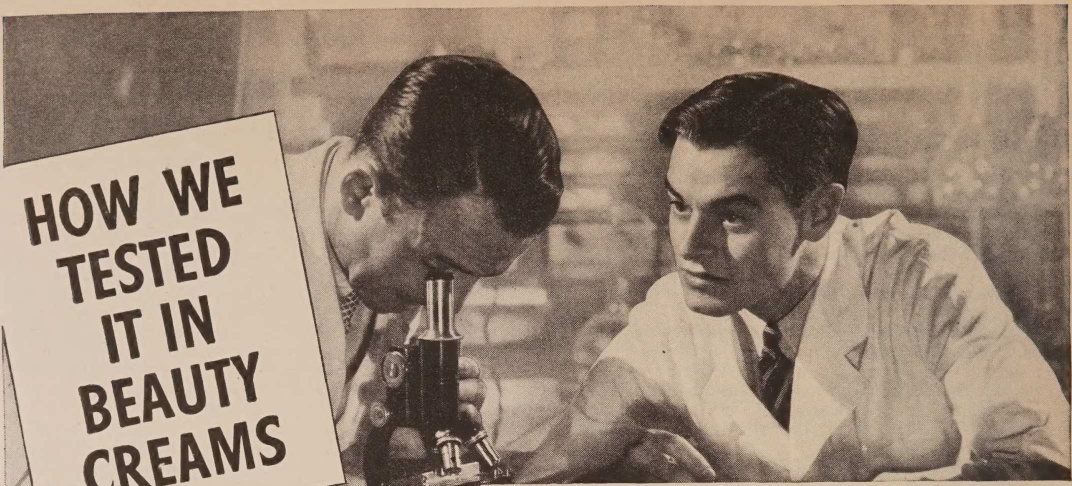
Eleanor can't quite imagine herself as a motion picture star. She is always pinching herself to see whether all that has happened in the last few years can be true.

Personally, her life has altered little. She lives with her mother, who now acts as manager, secretary, and accompanies her to the studio daily. She does not go out, because too much of her energy is taken up in her work.

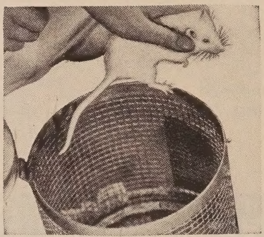
Many an admirer has come her way. There was a wealthy South American, who deluged her with flowers while she played in *At Home Abroad* in New York. There have been many in Hollywood. Ever friendly, Eleanor is grateful for their interest, but there is her work, which now is more important.

Eleanor Powell and George Murphy, caught by the high-speed camera during one of their routines for *The Broadway Melody of 1938*

ELEANOR POWELL


HOW WE TESTED IT IN BEAUTY CREAMS

LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years . . .

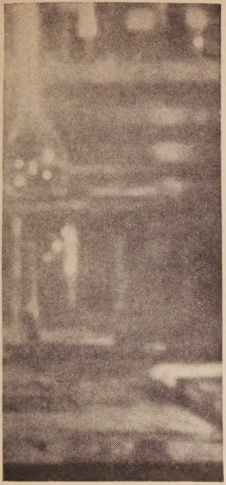


1 We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.

2 Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

Now—*this new Cream brings to Women the active* "Skin-Vitamin"

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



3 Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal again!

FINALLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now." "Lines are disappearing"...

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

Today—we offer you the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

In the same Pond's Creams

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

* * *

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S
COLD CREAM
FOR
Cleansing

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR LAXATIVE

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED!

EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER
ACTS BETTER THAN EVER
MORE GENTLE THAN EVER
... and you'll FEEL BETTER after taking it

FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative" . . . "Ex-Lax is *everything* a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products *better!* And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to *improve* Ex-Lax . . . to make it *even better* than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

- **TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!** No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!
- **ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!** Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even *more effective!* It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.
- **MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!** Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the "Gentle Nudge" system. It simply gives your intestines a *gentle nudge* at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but *easily* and *comfortably!*

Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now Improved—Better than Ever

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tales of a Love Bug Bearer

[*Continued from page* 75]

had at old O. U.," Pinky explained, shaking a cowboy boot loose on his foot. "Lots of people think it was moments like that which gave me the inspiration to write songs, and I wish that was so. But no. Deedee made my heart beat faster, but never a song burst forth from my collegiate heart. Boy, oh boy, those were the days." *Indeed they were, Pinky. Did you sit with her in the Spoonholder, with the moon sending shivers through your soul? No? You're fibbing, Pinkie. I knew her before you did in Soonerland. Ah, she was a soulful thing.*

"To get back to the subject," said Pinky, "I was shoveling rock from a ballast car on a railroad when the first four bars of *The Object of My Affection* began to percolate my consciousness. When I got home that night I told Ma I was packing, to see 'the object of my affection.' She came back with, 'with that awful complexion?' as a sort of joke. Thus began the words to a melody already formed. Within a few hours I wrote my first big song hit—but it was a long time before it became famous."

"Jimmy Grier and my manager were good personal friends. When I came to the coast a short time later, I landed a job singing at the Biltmore with Grier's orchestra largely on pull. Grier thought I was good but was dubious as to how good.

"I was so scared myself that I hired a few friends to come in at 9:30 p. m. and applaud. But they fooled me. I had to go on an hour early, and man, when I faced that big ballroom full of people eating dinner, I was scared silly. By the time I had finished *The Object of My Affection* the whole mob of them were standing up cheering like nuts." *Ah, yes, Pinky, I remember. I was out here too, by then, and people couldn't get enough of your simple Oklahoma rhythms. As a personal performer you were a wow from the start.*

Pinky grinned, an honest western grin. "Listen," he said suddenly, "here's a screwy thing that's really true. I began making more dough than I had even heard of before. Ten weeks at the Paramount Theater. Private engagements. Every night at the Biltmore Bowl. Pretty soon I went out to my bank where my manager had been depositing my checks, and I said, 'How much money is coming to me?' The guy looks it up and says eleven thousand dollars. So I took every darned cent of it out in small currency. Man, what a stack of money. It was about this long and this high," he said, waving his arms indefinitely.

"Well, I took it out home and stacked it on the floor in front of me. Then I ran my hands through it and mussed it up, and then I took off my socks and walked in it. The bills tickled my feet and reminded me that, brother, here was money. That was enough. I didn't run out and spend it. To know I had it, bill for bill, was the biggest thrill." *Ah, yes, Pinky, that must be fun, walking barefoot through money in the parlor. I remember once when I saw five hundred dollars all in one stack. Ah, those were the good old days!*

"There's not much else to tell," Pinky said without good cause. "The memories I've stored up in two and a half years are good enough for a lifetime—people have taken to me like I never dreamed of, and that's a satisfaction. I remember one New

Year's eve at the Paramount, with the house jammed to the rafters, when the crowd cheered for ten minutes when I came on the stage. And they made me perform for an hour and a half. Boy, was I tired—and happy!" *Ah, Pinky, how your eyes light up. Don't ever forget those things in the years ahead, when a fickle public may find new favorites.*

"It kind of looks like radio will be my next best bet," Pinky remarked, eyeing the door. "I haven't hit any box office records as a film player, and I don't know whose fault that is. When I can face an audience in person, everything's slick. Maybe I'll learn how to really sock them in the movies. Or maybe, if it isn't my fault, some producer will learn how to turn out a picture that will help me." *Pinky, quit it, you're killing me. Life is so sad for you. "Object of My Affection only sold 750,000 copies. You'll sell a half million* copies of "The Love Bug Will Bite You." *And Eddie Cantor himself says you'll be a great radio star. What else matters, Pinky? What's that?—the little golden-haired girl in Oklahoma? Alas, Pinky, those dreams are over, those romantic nights have turned to daylight, long, long ago. And you, I fear, were left forgotten in the last fleeting shadows of the night. Too bad, Pinky. She was a lovely thing . . .*

SILLY SIGNS

NEW FACES OF 1937
CRACK-UP

Pearl Rogers, Tolar, Texas.

FIRST TRUE STORY OF
IRENE DUNNE'S BABY
STEPPING OUT with
FRED ASTAIRE
WHAT'S LEFT FOR
JANET GAYNOR?

Sheila Weston, 621 Harrison Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(Fan magazines are not exempt in our readers' raid for Silly Signs. These coverlines were found on one of our rival magazines.)

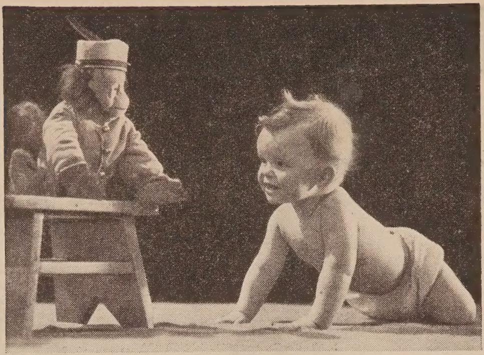
C. Lombard SWING
HIGH, SWING LOW
UNDER COVER OF
NIGHT

Mrs. W. J. Couch, 291 So. Pearl St., Denver, Colo.

LOVE FROM A
STRANGER
and A FREE DISH TO
THE LADIES

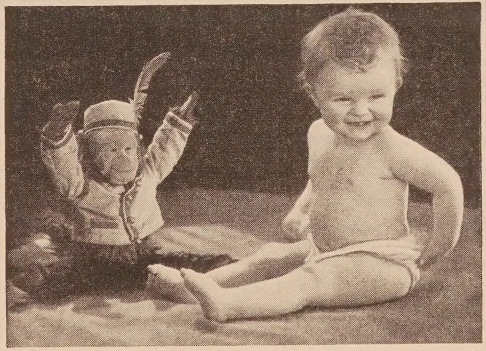
Mrs. Ione King, 210 N. Second St., Aberdeen, S. D.

● What Silly Signs have *you* seen on theatre marquees? SCREEN BOOK will pay $1 for each one published. Address your entries to SCREEN BOOK's Silly Signs Editor, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.



● ***"Gee, I'd hate to be you, Jocko! That get-up may be peachy for collecting pennies, but you couldn't hire me to wear it on a day like this. The prickly heat breaks right out on my neck to think of it!"***

● ***"Boss won't let you take it off, eh? Well, that's life... many's the time I've been rammed into a sweater. Only thing makes 'em bearable is Johnson's Baby Powder. It always fixes those prickles!"***



● ***"I could stand a sprinkle myself—this carpet's itchy... How about some soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder for both of us, Mother? Jocko will do his best monkey-shines for you. And I'll do mine!"***

Johnson's
BABY
POWDER
Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.
CHICAGO, ILL.
BORATED TALCUM

● *"Notice how satiny Johnson's Baby Powder is... It keeps my skin like satin, too!"... Perfect skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! Johnson's Baby Powder helps prevent prickly heat, rashes and chafes. It's made only of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and the new Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant, and cannot turn rancid.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

WHAT AN AMAZING *Improvement*
Maybelline DOES MAKE!

BOTH the same person — you'd hardly believe it, would you? A few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara make all the difference in the beauty-world. Pale, scanty, unattractive lashes—or the long, dark, luxuriant fringe that invites romance—let your mirror help you choose.

No longer need you risk the bold, artificial look of lumpy, gummy mascaras, when you can so easily have the *natural* appearance of beautiful dark lashes with Maybelline Mascara. Either the popular Cream-form or famous Solid-form lasts all day—and through the romantic hours of evening. Tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Obtainable at your favorite cosmetic counter. Try Maybelline — and see why 11,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer it.

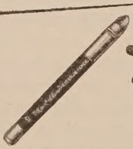
Try Maybelline's exquisite, creamy Eye Shadow. Blend a delicate harmonizing shade on your lids — to accent the color and sparkle of your eyes.

Form your brows into swift curving lines of beauty—with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

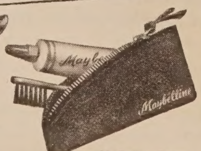
Generous introductory sizes of the world's largest selling eye beauty aids are obtainable at all 10c stores. Introduce yourself to thrilling new loveliness — insist on Maybelline!

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

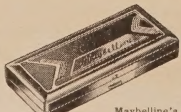
Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.



Maybelline Cream Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue, in dainty zipper bag. Easily applied without water. 75c.



Maybelline's world-famous economical Solid-form Mascara, in beautiful gold metal vanity. Black, Brown or Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

No Glamour—Just Happiness

[*Continued from page* 65]

contract with the sponsors of a weekly commercial program—and after two years he's still on that program. Back again in Hollywood, Paramount gave the "mountain boy" another contract and co-starred him with Bing Crosby in *Rhythm on the Range*.

When the film was readv for release, Arkansas was in the middle of its centennial celebration. The state had just been visited by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt and its illustrious son, Joseph T. Robinson, boss of the Senate, was at home in Little Rock from his labors at Washington. But, that wasn't enough. Arkansas wanted Bob Burns, the greatest salesman the state had ever known. Furthermore, Arkansas wanted the world premiere of *Rhythm on the Range*. And Arkansas got them both.

Betty Burns was in a hospital recovering from an emergency operation.

Bob hesitated to leave for a personal appearance at Little Rock. Betty insisted. She would be all right and after all he owed it to himself and Arkansas.

Bob went to Little Rock. Nearly every county in the state had a representative at the airport when he arrived. From miles they came to greet their favorite son. A few stayed away. They couldn't find anyone left to wheel their chairs.

NEXT day they paraded Bob through the streets in a decrepit "Model T" under a blistering July sun. The governor rode with him. It was a gala day for Arkansas.

That night Senator Joe T. Robinson escorted Bob to the center of the stage after the showing of *Rhythm on the Range*. The ovation that followed shook the biggest theatre in town—the Pulaski, and moved Bob to tears of gratitude. His only regret was that Betty wasn't there to share his honors.

Immediately after he left the theatre, Bob went to his hotel and called the hospital in Hollywood. Mrs. Burns' condition was improving, he was told. A few days later Bob was at her side—when she died.

Then the strong-hearted hillbilly from Arkansas gave up. The fellow who had battled poverty over the nation, as a small time vaudeville comedian, couldn't face the future alone. Not even success in pictures and on the radio could assuage his grief. He took his son and went to the mountains at the suggestion of the Fosters. When he returned he couldn't enter that home again. He didn't have to. The Fosters, sympathetic and loyal friends, understood. They didn't talk much about it. They acted.

While Bob was in the mountains these friends had found another home for him. Not only that, but they had moved his belongings into it and Harriet Foster was there taking care of the many details concerning his business.

Bob Burns was grateful, but life had lost its zest for him and he wanted to quit.

Harriet Foster had loved Betty Burns too, and knew her perhaps better than any other woman. She had seen very little of Bob, but she knew that Betty wouldn't want him to quit. Gradually she made him see this and Bob went back to work with a heavy heart.

A comedian, who makes people happy and gay for a living, can't show his grief and Bob couldn't smile. A grocer in similar circumstances may get along without a cheery smile for his customers, but a comedian must constantly be a clown. His audience wants a laugh, not a sack of potatoes.

During this period, Harriet Foster was gentle and understanding. She more and more relieved Bob from the burdens of business detail and under her encouragement Bob began to hold his chin a little higher. She impressed upon him the necessity for gaining greater heights on the ladder of success. She pointed out that his success would be sort of a monument to Betty Burns.

BOB worked harder than ever. He started a newspaper column and in a little over six months that column was appearing in more than 200 newspapers over the United States. Bob and his son and Harriet were together constantly. Then it happened.

"Harriet, you'll never know just what you've done for me," Bob surprised his secretary one day. "Among other things you've kept me from lying down and being a worthless bum. And, I—I want . . . Well, doggone it, I think you are the finest person in the world. Will you . . . will you marry me? Shucks, you might just as well, I can't get along without you."

Harriet Foster didn't say "yes" immediately. She weighed the matter carefully for some time. There were many things to consider. But Bob was a persistent suitor after he got warmed up.

"Boy, I want to tell you—the toughest job I ever tackled was getting Harriet to say she'd marry me," declares Bob.

As always love won the contest. Bob and Harriet flew to Las Vegas May 31, to become man and wife.

Of course, their romance had been hinted through the gossip columns and the newshawks were on the lookout for the elopement. However, they couldn't cope with the cunning Hillbilly Burns when he wanted a quiet ceremony.

Bob reserved a seat on the plane under the name of Abe Lastfogel and he and Harriet got aboard from one of the hangars while the reporters watched for them at the front entrance. Once on the plane, Bob hid in the washroom and the cameramen went back to their editors with alibis instead of pictures. But, the elopers hit a snag when the plane landed at Las Vegas. Reporters and cameramen met them at the airport. Bob pleaded and such is the charm of this big, rugged salesman for Arkansas and his kinfolks, that the newspapers let them have a quiet ceremony.

"No, sir, we don't want one of those 'perfect Hollywood marriages,' Bob declares. "They don't last long enough. The trouble with most folks that don't get along peaceable, is arguments. They start with little differences of opinions that create a small spark of discontent. Then other arguments follow and fan that spark into a flame that can't be put out.

"Harriet and I are going to be like my Uncle Unnie and Aunt Boo. They made an agreement when they were married. When one started an argument the other got out of the house and let him cool off. And I know that's a good plan. Why, my Aunt Boo and Uncle Unnie have been married for forty years and Uncle Unnie is one of the healthiest men in Arkansas from spending so much time outdoors."

Lucky old Highlander

First Chief of his Clan—tradition says this old Highland warrior never had a toothache! Tough, chewy foods gave his teeth ample exercise—kept them in prime condition! His descendants eat soft, refined foods, giving teeth too little exercise.

WISE MODERNS CHEW DENTYNE — because Dentyne's firmer consistency invites more vigorous chewing — gives teeth and gums the active exercise they *need!* It stimulates circulation in gums and mouth tissues, helps make them firmer, healthier — and wakens the salivary glands, promoting self-cleansing. Dentyne helps keep your teeth stronger, healthier — and cleaner!

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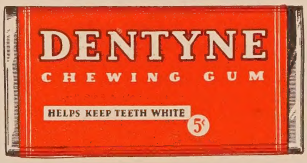

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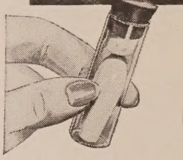

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1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem . . . Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective—and dainty . . . *Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use . . . *greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

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How Well Do You Know Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 51]

17. Which would you say was one of Hollywood's most flaming romances: (1) Craig Reynolds and Wendy Barrie; (2) Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie; (3) Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor; (4) Lew Ayres and Mary Carlisle; (5) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Anna Sten.

18. All Hollywood knows a "pan-shot" is: (1) One of the most popular Olympic events; (2) Pan-American shooting meet; (3) B-B shot, as used in an air-rifle; (4) studio film laboratory; (5) photographing a scene via a panoramic exposure.

19. Only ———— of this group hasn't made a picture in England: (1) Frances Farmer; (2) Marlene Dietrich; (3) Wynne Gibson; (4) Dolores Del Rio; (5) Constance Bennett.

20. You can always tell when Cecil B. DeMille is around because his assistants always:
(1) stand at attention; (2) whistle "Stars and Stripes Forever," his favorite tune; (3) continually say, "Yes, Mr. DeMille"; (4) remain seated; (5) are light-hearted and gay.

21. If you like English humor on the screen, then most certainly you would elect to see:
(1) Erik Rhodes; (2) Edward Everett Horton; (3) Eric Blore; (4) Walter Catlett; (5) Frank McHugh.

22. Even though your husband (wife) swears you're crazy and won't speak to you until you admit you're wrong, you can still win a hundred grand (providing you can find anybody to bet with you) by wagering that:
(1) Charlie Chaplin's first wife was Phyllis Haver; (2) Gloria Swanson once was known as America's Sweetheart; (3) Shirley Temple actually is a midget; (4) Norma Shearer made her first great hit in Ernst Lubitsch's *The Marriage Circle;* (5) Jack Oakie was turned down by the Fox studios years ago because they said he was too "smart-aleck."

23. Before going on the stage or screen, Joe E. Brown was:
(1) A theatrical manager; (2) acrobat; (3) detective; (4) rural postman in Indiana; (5) life-saver.

24. Paul Muni won the coveted Academy Award for his splendid acting in (1) *Dr. Socrates;* (2) *Story of Louis Pasteur;* (3) *Black Fury;* (4) *Border Town;* (5) *The Woman I Love.*

25. Could you believe that a "playback" is:
(1) A recording of a voice (usually singing) in a scene, played aloud for the purpose of the players acting out the scene; (2) football score; (3) one of a rare variety of flying geese; (4) an actor who plays a scene in the background; (5) playwright.

26. If newspapers carried the story that Ruby Stevens and Arlington Brugh had eloped, and married under their real names, their fans would know them as:
(1) Alice Faye and Tony Martin; (2) Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs; (3) Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor; (4) Carole Lombard and Clark Gable; (5) Natalie Draper and Tom Brown.

27. Mary Pickford's first husband was named:
(1) Marshall Neilan; (2) Douglas Fairbanks; (3) Owen Moore; (4) Forrest Stanley; (5) Wilford Lucas.

28. Jack Benny turned down a picture contract that would have grossed him about a million dollars in two years because:
(1) Mary Livingstone couldn't work with him; (2) state and federal income taxes would eat up most of the principal; (3) he didn't have the time to devote to picture-making; (4) he wanted to take a six-month layoff to recuperate and regain his failing health; (5) he doesn't care for pictures.

29. Helena, Mont., is mighty proud of its home-town girl whose name is:
(1) Rochelle Hudson; (2) Karen Morley; (3) Jeanette MacDonald; (4) Myrna Loy; (5) Jean Parker.

30. Is Luise Rainer a (1) Hungarian; (2) Austrian; (3) German; (4) Roumanian; or (5) Dane?

31. A "mixer" may be several things, but can only be one of these:
(1) Name of a magazine; (2) film sound expert; (3) assistant director; (4) parachute jumper; (5) Walt Disney's middle name.

32. ———— played *Kid Galahad* in the picture of that title:
(1) Wayne Morris; (2) Joel McCrea; (3) Cary Grant; (4) Grant Withers; (5) Humphrey Bogart.

33. If you were mushing across Alaska in a snowstorm, which of the following would you select to get you safely through, because of past experience:
(1) Errol Flynn; (2) Richard Arlen; (3) Jack Holt; (4) Victor McLaglen; (5) Charles Bickford.

34. The air-lines call ———— "The Commuting Star":
(1) Irene Dunne; (2) Dorothy Lamour; (3) Madeleine Carroll; (4) Harriet Hilliard; (5) Ann Sothern.

35. "Mike" is an Irish name, but it's also:
(1) A studio laborer; (2) microphone; (3) truck carrying film; (4) dog star; (5) nickname equivalent to "Pal."

36. One of these is NOT English:
(1) H. B. Warner; (2) Ida Lupino; (3) Helen Broderick; (4) Margot Grahame; (5) Louis Hayward.

37. The contract of ———— specifically stipulates he may not play polo, because the studio is fearful of him getting hurt:
(1) Robert Montgomery; (2) Spencer Tracy; (3) Conrad Nagel; (4) Warner Baxter; (5) George Brent.

38. Sounds silly, but a "wild wall" is:
(1) The cry of studio workmen when warning against falling timber; (2) a falling brick wall; (3) term used in a wild west rodeo; (4) girl who doubles voice when a star screams; (5) side of a set (such as a wall of a room) which may be moved at will.

39. Penelope is the adopted daughter of (1) ZaSu Pitts; (2) Miriam Hopkins; (3) the Harold Lloyds; (4) Fredric Marches; (5) Neil Hamiltons.

40. The island of Dominica in the British West Indies should immediately recall the name of:
(1) Marian Marsh; (2) Henry Wilcoxon; (3) Simone Simon; (4) Merle Oberon; (5) Cesar Romero.

41. Bing Crosby would rather ——— than croon:

(1) Ride horseback; (2) collect rare coins; (3) play golf; (4) go yachting; (5) beat his wife.

42. A "studio publicist" is:
(1) A press agent; (2) script girl; (3) legal expert; (4) caterer; (5) reception clerk at studio information desk.

43. Martha Raye and Bob Burns are stars together, and in common also:
(1) Were born in the same state; (2) were married within twenty-four hours of each other; (3) chew tobacco; (4) are bashful; (5) temperamental.

44. Which would you bet a "dead set" to be:
(1) A stacked deck of cards; (2) scientific description of a burrowing mole; (3) a studio set not in use; (4) stillborn calf; (5) bear trap.

45. (1) Grace Moore; (2) Lily Pons; (3) Joan Crawford; (4) Gracie Allen; (5) Joan Blondell, eats a large bowl of rich whipped cream every luncheon for dessert.

46. It's pretty generally known now that "Parkyakarkus" is:
(1) One of Bing Crosby's race horses; (2) a breakfast food; (3) name of Preston Foster's new yacht; (4) a comedian; (5) comic strip character.

47. Strange as it seems, a "stand-in" is:
(1) One who doubles for a star in a dangerous scene; (2) type of light used on a set; (3) one who takes a star's place while the camera is being focused on him, to save the star long moments of standing; (4) extra player; (5) portion of a set.

48. Billy and Bobby Mauch may be differentiated by the workers in the studio only by:
(1) A small mole on Bobby's left ear; (2) Billy's uncontrolled cowlick; (3) Bobby wearing a star-sapphire; (4) a slight mark on Billy's nose, made by wearing glasses occasionally; (5) Bobby's stuttering.

48. You probably know that a "script" is:
(1) The name of an ink; (2) scenario; (3) mode of writing; (4) skinflint; (5) historical name for original U. S. Constitution.

50. When magazine writers attempt to interview Greta Garbo, she always:
(1) Invites them to her home for a dish of tea; (2) lunches with them in her studio-bungalow; (2) spends the entire period talking about her native Sweden; (4) refuses to see them; (5) insists that they pose with her on the set.

(*Answers are to be found on page* 108)

Barbara Stanwyck, on her days away from the Samuel Goldwyn studio where she is appearing in the new version of the famous *Stella Dallas,* dons her cowboy outfit

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Lastex Foundations styled by HICKORY
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Impudent youth and a pert young figure always tempt Fate—and threaten the security of gay carefree bachelors! But who's to blame if such captivating loveliness is simply and naturally due to the wise control of two-way stretch Lastex that molds and holds with jaunty comfort? Such saucy minimums of discipline to flatter your Fall frocks . . and you'll adore the artful uplift designed in lace on the all-in-one.

Foundation (for formal)—$5 • Pantie (for sportswear)—$4
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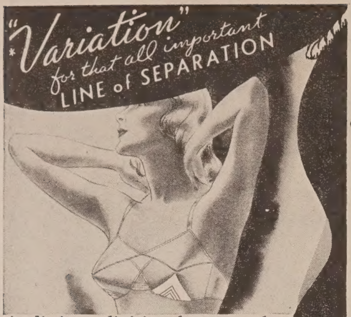
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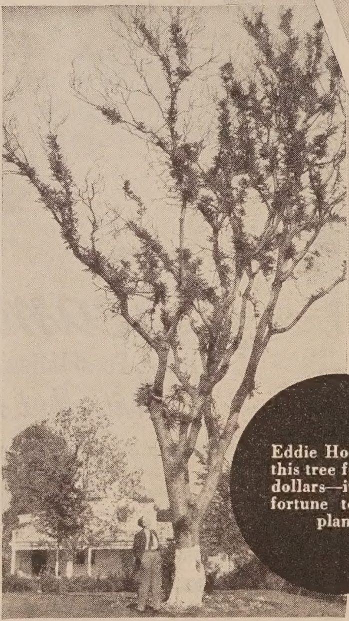
EDDIE HORTON'S STRANGE "PALS"

A growing tree may not mean anything to you—but to Eddie it's a sure index about an important thing. Read this amusing tale



Eddie Horton got this tree for a few dollars—it cost a fortune to transplant!

By RAYMOND CARDWELL

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON—unlike producers who must depend upon box office reports to tell them how their pictures are going—can sit right on the veranda of his home and, without consulting box offices, give you the low-down on pictures in which he appears.

How does he do it? Simple enough. He just looks at his trees.

It's like this: Seven years ago, Eddie purchased several acres of barren, treeless land in San Fernando Valley about twelve miles from Hollywood. Of course, the first thing he did was to begin setting out trees.

One day after setting out a young sapling, Eddie christened it with a good-sized sprinkle from the garden hose, and acting upon a sudden inspiration, he named it after a picture he had just finished. A month or so later the tree didn't seem to be doing so well and Eddie, looking at it one morning, said: "You know, I have a feeling that perhaps that picture isn't doing so well either."

He made inquiry and found it to be true. The picture wasn't clicking. A short time later however, the tree began

Here's the man who has you in stitches on the screen. He's just as amusing in real life

to pick up and indicate a more healthy state. Soon it was thriving. Again Eddie made inquiry and sure enough, the picture was showing to packed houses all over the country.

It was then that Eddie got the idea of naming a new tree after each picture in which he worked and then looking upon it as a sort of barometer. He has made a practice of doing that in the years following and invariably the trees have told the truth. Furthermore, every one of them has lived and flourished, which means in their language, that the pictures after which they were named have done likewise.

Trees are Edward Everett Horton's weakness. He loves them. He cannot resist them. Frequently he hears that at a certain place, workmen are getting ready to yank up a tree. Eddie swings into action and in a few days, a new tree casts its shade on the Horton ranch.

Recently he got a tip that a nice jacaranda could be picked up for almost nothing. Eddie got busy on the telephone and bought the tree sight unseen. He bought it for only thirty-five dollars. A bargain! But the little matter of moving it to his ranch was something else again. The tree-mover sent in a bill for *four hundred and twenty dollars.* Reason: The tree

[*Continued on page* 91]

MIRACLE AT THE DRESSING TABLE!

"I'VE seen too many girls lose their beauty and popularity through neglect of the sunny, golden loveliness nature gave their hair," says Marion R*. "So I'm not going to take any chances—I use nothing but Marchand's on my hair. It brought back all the glorious blonde shadings and radiant life my hair used to have."

Thousands of enthusiastic Marchand users say, "Only Marchand's can restore and retain the true glamorous beauty of BLONDE hair. Marchand's keeps hair soft, healthy, lustrous." BRUNETTES also use Marchand's to highlight their hair—without lightening the color.

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Styled To Beauty

[*Continued from page* 74]

actresses, but because no detail of grooming is too minute for her attention.

"Girls should dress to please themselves," Mr. Lange went on, "because when they *feel* right, they have more poise and make a better appearance. However, they should visualize themselves as a complete picture, as they are seen. Men may object to red nail polish when it is worn with a blue dress and a pink hat. It is annoying to the eye and should be annoying to the girl herself. There is no objection to red nail polish if worn with the proper costume.

"One of the most important times in a woman's life is when she is seated across the table from an admirer. Lipstick and nail polish, two prominent color notes, should blend. Constance Bennett is meticulous on this point of grooming. With an all-grey costume which I recently designed for her, she uses Dubonnet nail lacquer and lipstick of the same rich tone.

"Make-up, too, should be chosen to complement a girl's clothes. A flamboyant dress calls for subdued make-up; dark or neutral colored clothes are more effective when there is a pronounced note of color in lipstick and rouge. For the majority of girls, brown mascara and eyeshadow are best, as they give the eyes a softer look. With grey evening clothes, a silver or steel grey shadow is very good.

"There are so many standard brands of lipsticks, shadows and polishes available in ten-cent sizes that a girl could try endless experiments at small cost . . . and she should make a game of finding just the proper accessories for every outfit."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Lange's clientele is comprised of women of fame and wealth, he has a keen appreciation of the problems of girls whose means are limited. Here are some of his suggestions to the girl who would be smartly dressed, no matter how small her wardrobe.

Buy clothes for street and office wear of materials with hard surface that press well and do not bag or sag. An inexpensive dress can be truly chic when properly pressed.

Short girls should avoid tweeds where jackets are concerned. They give a bulky look.

One smart note to a costume is enough. A colorful scarf is sufficient to accent a costume without carrying the color into all other accessories.

Don't mix leathers—that is, don't wear calfskin shoes and a suede belt with a patent leather bag. If your shoes are suede, carry a suede bag, and so on.

With short sleeves wear three-quarter length gloves.

Chiffons can be worn up to size 16. Over that size, less diaphanous materials are more flattering.

Avoid cheap buckles, ornaments and clips. Better none at all than an ornament that sets a cheap price on your outfit.

Never make an entrance in decollete dress without jacket or wrap.

Don't wear any hat with veil until after five o'clock in the afternoon.

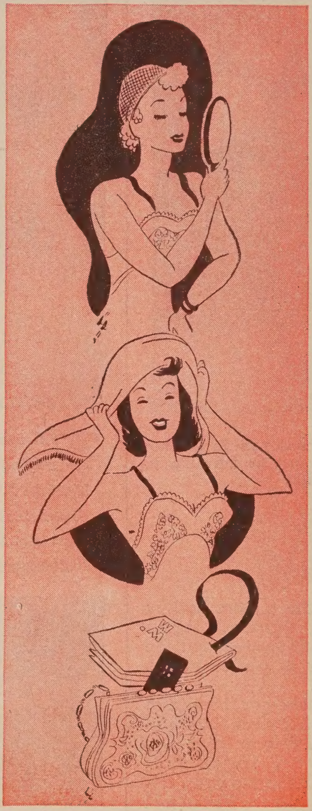
Be picturesque at home—give an impression of being "at home" and ready to receive. Wear lounging pajamas or house coats—not cast-off street clothes.

Another thing to be avoided, if you would have a well-groomed appearance, is a "busy look," says Mr. Lange.

"By a 'busy look' " he explained, "I mean an appearance of confusion in clothes and coiffure. For example, a frilly costume should be worn with a plain hairdress, whereas a straight soft gown of chiffon can stand a fluffy hairdress with a bang. Likewise, when a girl wears a high-necked frock with ornament at the throat, she should be careful that her hairline is simple.

"When ornaments are used in the hair, they should be in keeping with the feeling of the dress with which they are worn. With a soft type of evening gown, Miss Bennett frequently wears

[*Continued on page* 92]



A wrap-around cap of colorful net, top, is both flattering and useful

Your scalp feels revitalized after special shampoo described herein

A new compact from Hollywood—at home in either day or evening bag

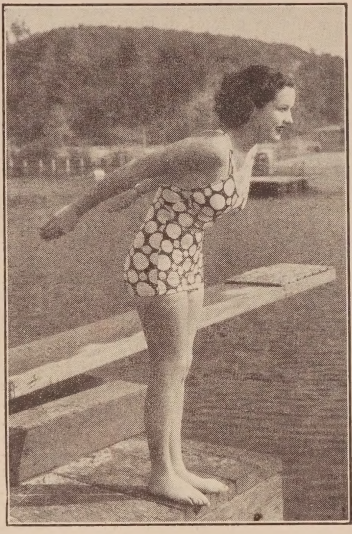
Eddie Horton's Strange "Pals"

[*Continued from page* 89]

was sixty feet high with long, wide-spreading branches, and because local laws permit the moving of such a tree only at certain hours and on certain streets, and at no time must it entirely block any street. But Eddie didn't mind. He had another tree!

"All my life," he said to me one afternoon as we strolled over the winding paths of his now heavily shaded acres, "I looked forward to the time when I could plant trees, lots of them, just where I wanted them and just the kind I wanted. I wanted to plant them myself, because somehow, it makes one feel closer to them. And not only that, but planting them oneself gives one a much more comfortable sense of ownership.

"Suppose now," he went on in his inimitable droll way as we stopped under a spreading catalpa, "that these trees had all been here when I came. Why, they might have resented my coming—they might have raised a regular hullabaloo. Suppose too, that I hadn't liked the way they were set out and had wanted to change them about a bit. Why, one of them might have said: 'Just one moment, my good fellow. Who are you and what right have you to say where we shall grow? We were here before you, weren't we? Now take your shovel and run along and let us alone.' And then I should have had to leave them as they were to keep them happy and contented. So you see, by bringing them here and planting them myself, I put them where I want them and if I should care to change them around, they cannot question my right to do so."



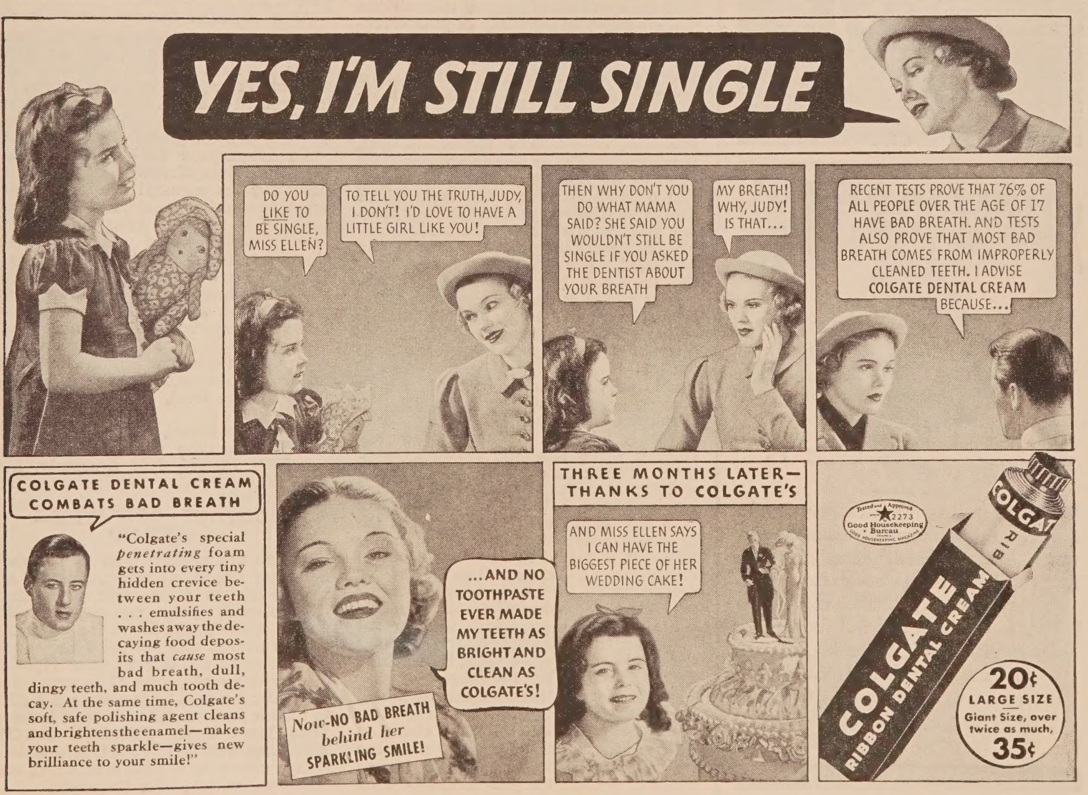
Autumn time may mean falling leaves to northerners, but in Hollywood June Travis finds it the best time of all for a swim

EDDIE likes to give trees to his friends as well as buy them for himself, and he often does so. A short time ago however, it seems he neglected to find out in advance whether a full-grown tree exactly fitted in with a certain friend's needs. Eddie didn't know it, but this friend lived in a hotel. Imagine the friend's perplexity on the morning a truck and trailer, groaning under the weight of a huge tree, drew up in front of his hotel.

On Washington's Birthday, Eddie put what might be termed 'reverse english' on the tree gag. Instead of chopping down a tree, he planted one—a big cherry tree. And he got it—of all places—from an abandoned playground for boys!

There are now over five hundred trees of different kinds on the Horton ranch. Gardeners take care of most of them, but those that have been named after his pictures are tended by Edward Everett himself.

And so, if you should ever ask him how such and such a picture is doing, Eddie will turn his gaze toward the tree bearing that picture's title and give you the answer.



YES, I'M STILL SINGLE
DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY, I DON'T! I'D LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!
THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MAMA SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH
MY BREATH! WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...
RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!
THREE MONTHS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
AND MISS ELLEN SAYS I CAN HAVE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF HER WEDDING CAKE!
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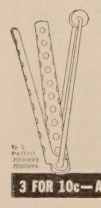

3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

Styled To Beauty

[*Continued from page* 90]

a stunning pair of diamond clips in her hair. With a tropical print dress which I designed, a woman socially prominent in New York wore tropical flowers over each ear . . . and created a sensation.

"However, beautiful hair, beautifully dressed, is ornament enough. Every girl should have at least two or three changes of coiffure that are becoming and suitable for various occasions and costumes. But before attempting a sculptured hairdress, she should study herself in the mirror and ask herself is she is the sculptured type. If her features do not have that necessary chiseled quality, a soft, simple hairdress is invariably more becoming. The soft hairdress is favored by Miss Bennett, with variation in hairline for different costumes."

FAY WRAY (for whom Mr. Lange has also designed personal clothes) has the chiseled features which lend themselves so beautifully to a sculptured hairdress. The two coiffures which she models this month for SCREEN BOOK are extremely new and extremely smart. One features a series of softly curled rolls that reach toward the center part, defined by a spray of flowers. The back hair is curled in a page-boy roll.

For evening sophistication, Fay combines the page-boy roll and closely combed contour with softly curled bangs and a hair corsage of valley lillies. Bangs hold the spotlight of interest this fall and you are going to see many of your favorite stars wearing them.

There is nothing that mars the effect of a coiffure or costume, no matter how smart, like untidy flecks of dandruff scattered through the hair or sifted onto the shoulders of a gown. It is the bugaboo of many an otherwise well-groomed girl. If this is one of your beauty problems, I'd like to send you the name of a shampoo that does an amazingly thorough job of dissolving dandruff and leaves your scalp in a state of pristine cleanliness. It is applied to the dry scalp and the head briskly massaged, after which water is applied to form a rich, billowy lather. When the hair is rinsed it comes alive with those lovely highlights which are discernible only when hair is absolutely clean. The price of the shampoo is $1 for a huge bottle.

One of the most convenient aids to keeping your hair well-groomed between shampoos or trips to the hairdresser is an easily adjusted cap to protect your coiffure while sleeping, changing your gown or applying make-up. A model that will appeal to the girl who likes to combine utility with beauty is made of net with long bands which wrap around the head and cross in front to end in a perky bow. It is priced at 75c and comes in dainty pastel colors as well as the popular deeper tones to match your gown or pajamas. Snug and comfortable, this little cap adds a finishing touch to your "at home" ensemble besides preserving waves and ringlets and keeping your hairline free from make-up. Want the name?

When the fall months approach and tans begin to fade, face powders must be gradually lightened to match the changing skin tones. More and more, girls are realizing the fallacy of using the same shade of powder the year 'round or even from day into evening. Affording an opportunity to use a variety of shades at small investment, one inspired manufacturer offers an assortment of four exquisite powder shades, artfully packaged, all for $1. With this smart powder group a girl can successfully bridge the transition period of tan-to-pallor and revel in a nightly complexion change to match the mood of her colorful party frocks.

ALTHOUGH most of our beauty rites are performed "behind the scenes" there is one aid to loveliness which the modern miss would be lost without . . . and that is her compact. It sees constant service and is ever on parade. One sure way of destroying an illusion of charm is by whipping out a battered old compact on the numerous occasions when you want to retouch your make-up. Why not make allowance on your budget now for a compact that will live up to your new fall clothes?

A beauty that has recently been put on the market by a famous Hollywood manufacturer will be just as smart and tasteful in your evening bag as in your go-to-work purse. It has a gold-tone case, oblong in shape, and contains a pat of rouge and loose-powder compartment with separate puff for each. The mirror is generous in size and of the unbreakable variety. Let me know, if you are interested in the name. The price of the compact is $2.

After exposure to summer winds and sun, there is a general scurry this time of year to do something "quick" to recondition the skin. But that weather-beaten look wasn't acquired in a day . . . nor can it be routed in a day. Assiduous care and persistent lubrication will, however, work wonders in a comparatively short time.

An all-purpose cream, recently developed, is exceptionally beneficial in resupplying the essential oils lost through exposure or other causes, and in restoring your skin to natural softness and fine texture. Creamy white and unusually absorbent, it is equally effective as a cleanser, lubricating and softening agent and as a powder base. With each application you are treating your skin to those elements which encourage suppleness and elasticity. Remember that it is dry, parched skin that is prone to wrinkle and age. Packaged in attractive white jar with blue label, the cream is priced at $1.

For trade names, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

CLOTHES—COIFFURE—MAKE-UP

If you are uncertain as to the most flattering shades of rouge, lipstick and nail polish to wear with your street clothes—with your romantic evening gowns, write Janet Lynn for up-to-the-minute advice. She will also advise you on hairstyles suitable to your type—or on any other problems of beauty which are bothering you. This service is FREE to all our readers. Address your letter to Miss Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and don't forget, please, to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

Henry Fonda and Joan Bennett instill plenty of love in the Wanger production, *I Met My Love Again,* which is now being filmed. Here is one romantic moment in the picture

"MAY I BE VERY PERSONAL?" ASKS *Madeleine Carroll*

Star of "Personal History," a Walter Wanger Production

"THEN... CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE *Color of Your Eyes*"

BLUE AS THE SUMMER SEAS are Madeleine Carroll's eyes. And this lovely English star very wisely chooses makeup that accents their deep charm. It's makeup that *matches*... harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara ...And it's makeup that matches *you!* For Marvelous Makeup is keyed to your own personality color, *the color of your eyes.*

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Cereals You'll Enjoy

[*Continued from page 76*]

Blend thoroughly milk, lemon juice, beaten yolks and rind. Stir until mixture thickens. Line pie pan with cornflake pastry, pour in filling, and top with thinly sliced bananas. Cover with meringue, and bake, slow oven (300°F) 20 minutes. (Makes 9-inch pie).

Pastry: Melt butter in pie pan, add sugar and cornflake crumbs. Mix well and press firmly around sides and bottom of pan.

Meringue: Beat 2 egg whites until they hold their shape; add gradually 4 tablespoons sugar and grains salt. Beat until stiff. Add 1/4 teaspoon vanilla.

Cereal in shredded or biscuit form is another type with much to offer as a replacement of bread, toast, etc., as well as being an excellent breakfast food. The shredded biscuit may be split or broken, toasted or browned in the oven to increase crispness and enhance flavor.

In this hot biscuit form, it is most useful as a foundation for the many creamed dishes such as ham or chicken a la king, and creamed fish dishes which return to popularity with the advent of cold weather. The shredded form of cereal absorbs and thus saves the sauce and food juices, and yet never becomes pasty as does bread similarly used. The hot shredded biscuit snack is also a good suggestion for the hungry night prowler at the refrigerator; or it makes a satisfying lunch for the woman who is home alone and doesn't care to trouble with a big meal. Try any creamed sauce dish over toasted shredded biscuits, and this recipe in particular:

SHREDDED WHEAT HAM A LA KING

3	tablespoons butter
1	tablespoon green pepper, minced
1	tablespoon pimiento, minced
3	tablespoons flour
3	cups rich milk
2½	cups cooked ham, diced
¾	cup mushroom caps, sauted
1	egg yolk, well beaten
1	teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
	Salt, paprika
6	Shredded Wheat Biscuits, split and toasted

Use double boiler. Melt butter and sauce peppers. Add flour and blend, adding milk to make a smooth paste. Cook 10 minutes. Add ham and mushrooms, and heat. Just before serving add egg yolk and seasonings, and cook 1 minute, stirring constantly. Have shredded biscuits split, well buttered, and toasted or heated. Pour over ham mixture and serve at once. (Serves 6).

Rice is one of the best and most digestible cereals, and is particularly interesting in its puffed or crisped forms. These kernels provide a quick popular breakfast or supper cereal, and also lend themselves to many novel culinary uses. They may be heated, tossed in melted butter, and used in the center of a dish of meat or fish; or as the starchy dessert. Creamed or creole shrimp, for example or the following recipe for a quick chop suey, show this use of rice crisps:

From left to right in the Malibu surf are Dixie Dunbar, Jacqueline Wells, Dick Hogan and Lionel Atwill. They are engaged in catching the elusive Grunion that annually come to the California Coast to spawn. These little fish make a rare spectacle when they figuratively dance on the beach

BUSINESS GIRL CHOP SUEY

1	pound fresh pork, diced
⅓	cup flour
2	cups boiling water
3	bouillon cubes
3	tablespoons Soy sauce
½	cup mushrooms, sliced
1	cup onions, sliced
3	cups celery, sliced
3	tablespoons butter
4	cups rice crisps

Brown meat well in hot skillet, and blend in flour. Pour boiling water over cubes and soy sauce, and add. Add sliced vegetables. Cover and cook slowly 30 minutes, stirring to prevent sticking. Heat rice crispies in hot pan, add butter, and toss to blend. Serve chop suey on large plate with mound of rice crispies in center. (Serves 4).

Rice crispies also make unusual topping for coffee cake, baked puddings, etc., where a light crisp garnish is desired. This is how to prepare a quick cake topping: Combine 1 tablespoon melted butter with ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, and 3 tablespoons rice crispie crumbs. Sprinkle over top, and bake. The crispies are also the basis for many kinds of wholesome candies, and recipes for making such confectionery are included in the set which will be sent you, free, for the asking.

A quite different and unusual form of cereal is grapenuts, granular in form and greatly resembling chopped nutmeats. This is a dextrose cereal, very concentrated, and with specially high energy value. It lends itself particularly well to use in stuffing mixtures or dressing for fowl, or in many dishes where nutmeats are usually employed. Grapenut ice cream, and other desserts to which a small quantity is added, have the texture of nuts blended into the mixture. In more practical dishes it supplies high food value as well as texture, as shown in:

GRAPENUTS MACARONI LOAF

Tomato Sauce

1	cup milk, scalded
3	eggs, well beaten
1	tablespoon onion juice
1	teaspoon salt
2	tablespoons pimiento, minced
1	tablespoon parsley, minced
¼	cup melted butter
1	cup grapenuts
1	cup sharp cheese, grated
1	cup cooked macaroni

Pour hot milk over eggs, beating vigorously. Add seasonings and butter, and blend. Add other ingredients and mix well. Pour into a greased casserole, and place in a pan of hot water. Bake, moderate oven (375°F) 45 minutes. Serve with highly seasoned hot tomato sauce. (Serves 6).

Other suggestions for using this wholesome nut-like cereal are: stuffing for vegetables like peppers, tomatoes, etc., stuffing for baked fish, sprinkling for scalloped dishes, and in cakes, cookies and puddings.

Oats and oatmeal are among the oldest staple cereal grains, and form the basic oatmeal porridge of our British cousins. Rolled oats, or quick cooking oatmeal is our own particular version of this cereal which finds an important place in the list of breakfast food. To vary plain porridge or hot cereal, add a few raisins, a few chopped dates, or serve several sections of stewed apricots or other dried fruits on top. Cooked oatmeal is an excellent ingredient with which to make delicious oatmeal muffins or pancakes, so good and hearty on a cold Autumn morning. In the set of recipes we will send you there is a grand one for Oatmeal Breakfast Gems.

Bran or all-bran is a cereal product made from one of the coats or layers of the wheat cereal grain. In this form it supplies roughage and bulk, invaluable for normal intestinal action. A small quantity of bran added to the usual hot cooked cereal gives increased laxative value as well as a more interesting texture to the food. All-bran has found a wide place in culinary use because it gives pep, and points up otherwise soft batters and mixtures. Bran may be added to the usual muffin batter, or to a cookie mix, or to waffles as in the following recipe. The special crunchiness is well worth including in many a recipe, and this one was begged from a noted screen star whose Sunday Breakfast Parties are always news. Try it yourself for Sunday or any day:

ALL-BRAN WAFFLES

2	egg yolks, well beaten
1½	cups milk
¾	cup all-bran
1½	cups flour
4	teaspoons baking powder
1	teaspoon salt
2	tablespoons sugar
½	cup butter, melted
2	egg whites, stiffly beaten

Beat yolks until light and lemon-colored. Add milk and bran, and allow to soak up moisture. Sift dry ingredients, and add to liquid mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Bake on hot iron or griddle. (Makes 7 six-inch waffles).

Cornmeal is an old staple, familiar to the pioneers who found in Johnny-cake, Hoe Cake and Spoon Bread the starchy food of the day. Cornbreads are just as satisfying today as they ever were. Ask (or watch) the Big Shots in the studios whether or not *they* eat cornbread or shortening bread. They do! Men just gobble these nut-flavored crunchy hot breads, and the man in your life will be equally rejoiced if you bake them for him.

If you care to go in for smart and tricky ways of serving, treat yourself to a set of pans made in the shape of corn ears. Then, when your cornbread is baked, it will come out from the pan a richly browned little ear of corn! And don't forget cornmeal either when you open the pancake season. Few other cereals do so much, and at so little cost, as cornmeal used in flapjacks or baked in small cakes right in the old black skillet.

So why not choose *variety* in cereals? If it's always the "same old breakfast," who makes it so? Breakfast may be the best meal of the day when different cereals are featured often.

FREE!

Let Me Send You the set of 8 Star Cereal recipes, including Bran Honey Orange Squares, Sour Milk Johnny Cake and Cornflake Dream Strips.

Just paste this coupon to a post card and send it to Christine Frederick, c/o SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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JOIN
At the Helm – in time of need

Meet the First-String Varsity Team

[*Continued from page* 45]

down to lunch and the business at hand.

"It all starts a long time ago," he said quietly. "Clear back in 1917. There were four of us who were crazy about music. My brother Tom was one of them. We were in our last year of high school. We'd outgrown the boy scout fife and drum corps and were looking for a new outlet for what we called "our music."

He chuckled suddenly. He was pretty sure that the neighbors were heartily glad of it when those Waring boys gave up their fife lessons. But, before the neighbors could do more than take a deep breath, they were organizing their first jazz band. Tom played the piano. Fred chose the banjo. He paid for it out of the money he earned working after school in a bakery in the little town of Tyrone, Pennsylvania. Tom was working in a clothing store. What little spending money they had, the Waring boys had to earn themselves.

"We decided," he went on, "that the four of us would go to the same college. We chose Penn State. Now and then we'd pick up coffee and cake money playing at fraternity dances. Now and then! We only lacked one thing. We needed a trumpet to round out the band. A nice hot one.

"We met a fellow named Nelson Keeler who could really swing out on *The Sheik*—that's how long ago it was!—and he joined us. One of the boys, Fred Buck, is dead now. The other, Poley McClintock, is still with us. We've been playing together for twenty years."

By the end of their Junior year the five of them agreed that now was the time to try their instruments on a cruel, cold world. They quit school and began to barnstorm through the east, playing dates where they could find them. Their high mark was an engagement at Altoona, Pa., that paid them sixty-five dollars and dinner. They were always quite insistent that the dinners be included. There wasn't a chance of their overlooking that all important matter. They couldn't afford to.

The turning point in Fred's career was when his band was one of three chosen to play the University of Michigan's annual Jay Hop. His little five piece outfit was relegated to one of the smaller dining rooms. Before the evening was half over the collegians had deserted the bigger bands and ballrooms and were clamoring for more of what was then *Waring's Ragtime Band.*

On the strength of that performance they were given a week's booking at a Chicago theatre. The week extended into three months and the band was steadily enlarged. Before long Fred had eighteen men working under his baton. Then it was that he began to devise his famous "show" routines. He developed a Glee Club among the members of his band. That one number was duplicated, with varying success, by a dozen other bands. Fred Waring was becoming a "name"; his band was one to be reckoned with.

"A year or so later," he said, "we had a chance to go abroad. We were in Paris for almost a year. When we came back we added two girl entertainers. We never tried that before. It proved to be pretty successful." He grinned a little.

He should. The first entertainer he

As lovely as a Sea Nymph is dark-eyed, dark-haired Jean Parker, lovely young Columbia contract star. She loves the seashore, the sunshine and the surf, and her every leisure summer hour is spent frolicking with the waves signed was pretty Evalyn Muir, a dancer. She was to become the first and only Mrs. Fred Waring. Dorothy Lee was signed as a featured vocalist. She did all right, too. She carved herself a neat little groove in pictures after she left the band. She was one of the first of Fred's many successful "discoveries."

One incident that Fred never forgets was when he and his musicians arrived in Buffalo to play a theatre engagement and discovered, to their horror, that their instruments had not arrived. That date meant a lot to them, too. They needed the money. Another band in the city heard of their plight and loaned them their trumpets, drums, etc., until Fred's men could locate their own. The leader of the other band was a young fellow named Rudy Vallee, then in his last year at Yale and leading the Yale Collegians.

Fred likes the people of the screen, the climate, and the industry itself. He isn't too crazy about the actual making of pictures however. There are too many delays. It makes him jittery to wait and wait and wait while the cameras are lined up to do the same scene over from another angle. He's used to hard work and isn't happy unless he's really too busy to even eat.

Musicians will tell you that Fred Waring and Rudy Vallee are the top showmen and business men in the band industry. But even they can sometimes be wrong. Fred recalls wryly that when he was last on the camera coast, some seven years ago, he produced his own musical comedy and, in thirteen weeks, dropped exactly $130,000—ten thousand dollars a week. He is no longer interested in being a producer.

Waring's Pennsylvanians are famed for their few changes in personnel. A number of the men have been with him for ten years; the youngest, in point of service, for over five. The highest paid musicians in the world—all of them earn from three to five hundred dollars a week—they hold on to their jobs. They're right at the peak, professionally, and know it. That reason enables Fred to maintain a remarkable discipline over his musicians, normally a prolonged headache to any baton wielder.

"One thing that Hollywood has forgotten," he says thankfully, "is that I've made other pictures. Back in 1928 I made the first musical talking picture, called *Syncopation*. We made it in New York and, to put it kindly, it was awful! That scared me off the screen for almost ten years!"

Waring is widely known for his generosity among "his boys." Something that has never crept into print is a fact that I personally know that for the last several years he has given each musician a healthy bonus at the end of the year. Last Christmas he went even further. Each man was given an annuity.

"So what?" he asked uneasily when I brought up the subject. 'I just wanted to be sure that everything would always be all right with them. You want to remember they've done all right by me, too!"

He works hard and incessantly. For three years he was the stellar attraction of the Ford radio program, playing two half hour engagements a week. For those sixty minutes of actual broadcasting he never rehearsed less than fifty hours a week!

He regards himself more as an industry than an individual. "People don't realize how much real business there is to leading a successful band," he said quietly. "They see the guy up there wielding a stick and they read that he gets fifteen thousand a week or so for himself and the band and they say, 'Boy, has he got it soft!'"

He looked at me. "You know better," he said shortly.

I do. Fred Waring maintains offices in New York that occupy an entire floor. While making *Varsity Show* he has thirty-four people on his payroll in Hollywood alone. Musicians, entertainers, arrangers, librarians, even a trainer. All told, day in and day out, he has some forty-five employees working for him in his offices and the band. His featured entertainers, the Lane sisters, are about to blossom forth in screen careers, following in their sister Lola's footsteps.

Johnny "Scat" Davis, his hot trumpet and eccentric singer, has already been signed to a five year contract by Warners and will not return east with Fred and the band.

Already the studio is talking of other Fred Waring pictures. They have taken an option on him for three more pictures. Fred Waring grins casually and says, "We'd better wait a while before we count those chickens. I've already seen enough of Hollywood to know that you're just as good as your last picture!"

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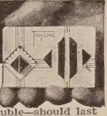

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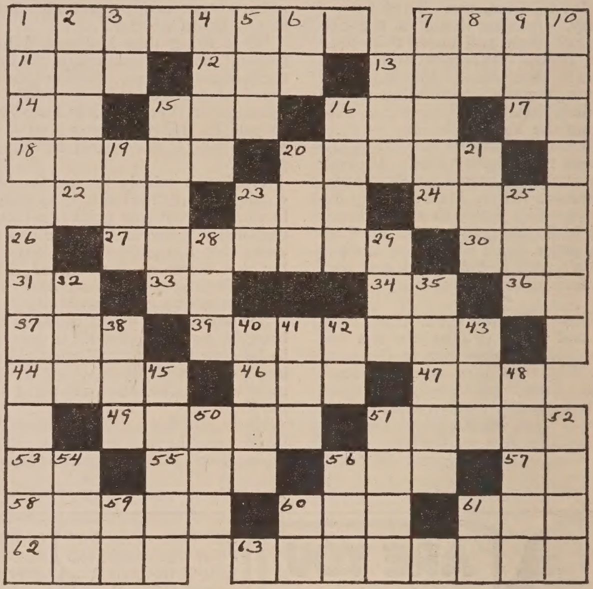

ACROSS

1. Sister of Olivia de Havilland.
7. What the Mauch twins are.
11. He played opposite Wendy Barrie in *Wings Over Honolulu.*
12. Mrs. Walter Huston.
13. *Give Me Your* ———.
14. Miss Knapp's initials.
15. Mrs. Roger Pryor.
16. Small part in a screen play.
17. Del Campo of *Devil on Horseback* comes from Chile on this continent (abbr.).
18. You saw her in *Cavalcade.*
20. Robinson's leading lady in *Thunder in the City.*
22. *Fire Over* ——— (abbr.).
23. *Souls At* ———.
24. *The Girl from Scotland* ———.
27. Famous director and producer.
30. Harriet Hoctor dances on them (sing.).
31. Initials of Miss Oliver.
33. Rita ——— Roy.
34. *Wife* ——— *Secretary.*
36. Duncan Renaldo (init.).
37. *Anton Werner* in *When Love Is Young.*
39. Middle name of Edward Horton.
44. ——— *Lively, Jeeves.*
46. She had lead in *Let's Get Married.*
47. *Larceny on the* ———.
49. First name of Mr. Hamilton (poss.).
51. Marlene Dietrich starred in *Knight Without* ———.
53. Osa Johnson (init.).
55. *We Who* ——— *About To Die.*
56. *Uncle Billy* in *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* (poss.).
57. *Lady* ——— *Careful.*
58. The sinister professor in *Nancy Steele Is Missing.*
60. What singing stars do with closed lips.
61. Fred Astaire often wears a bow ——— in films.
62. *Don't* ——— *the Wife.*
63. Chevalier starred in *The Beloved* ———.

DOWN

1. *Larry Burke* in *When's Your Birthday?*
2. He is a comedian.
3. State in which James Dunn was born (abbr.).
4. She plays opposite Arthur Tracy in *Backstage.*
5. First name of Mr. Hunter.
6. Initials of Miss Naldi, former screen vamp.
7. Feminine lead in *Fair Warning.*
8. Oscar Apfel (init.).
9. Shirley Temple is now eight ——— old (abbr.).
10. Press agent in *A Star Is Born* (poss.).
13. ——— *Brother's Wife.*
15. Actress married to Ralph Forbes.
16. He was *The Man Who Found Himself.*
19. *Romance* ——— *Riches.*
20. Dolores ——— Rio.
21. *She Had To* ———.
23. *Kentuck* in *The Outcasts of Poker Flat.*
25. Vilma Banky's husband.
26. *Father Chevillon* in *Seventh Heaven.*
28. Holt's leading lady in *Trouble in Morocco.*
29. *Ever Since* ———.
32. *Way* ——— *West.*
35. *The Plough and the* ———.
38. He feuds with Winchell in *Wake Up and Live.*
40. Descriptive of the villain.
41. Mr. Gargan but not William (poss.).
42. Master Hould's first name.
43. The reel McCoy.
45. First name of author of *The Good Earth.*
48. Bob Burns' real name is ——— Burn.
50. Maureen O'Sullivan's birthplace (abbr.).
51. Director Lloyd's daughter, a film actress.
52. — —— Howes.
54. Joe E. Brown was *Polo* ———.
56. Month in which Ann Harding was born (abbr.).
59. Rosina Lawrence (init.).
60. Initials of 15 Down.
61. *Speed* ——— *Spare.*

(Solution on page 113)

What It Costs To Be A Star

[*Continued from page 69*]

weeks a year, if you want to be sure of her. The business manager's salary runs from $15,000 to $20,000 a year, and he surely earns it. He's just as busy as the business manager of a big firm that has an annual intake of from $100,000 to $200,000.

"BUT this is only a beginning. We go on from there to clothes and a house and cars and—

"Clothes! A star must buy clothes that she never has time to wear—personal wardrobe, I mean, not clothes worn in a picture. Clothes are a star's show window; only the government won't let a star deduct for it.

"If I started changing my dress three times a day, I wouldn't get through the supply in six months. Yet, because it's easier to change from them into costume, I wear slacks to the studio! Still, every one of those gowns in my closets was needed for some occasion or purpose. Of course all these things can be sold second hand, but at a tremendous loss.

"Underwear's a terrific item, too. Even for a picture, the star must furnish her own lingerie and the government doesn't allow the cost to be deducted. It should be deductible, I think, as overhead; or can you call underwear 'overhead'? When the studio furnishes lingerie or dresses, even if for advertising purposes, the studio is permitted to deduct the full cost. Why the discrimination? I'm in business, too!

"I don't own much jewelry. But for her personal wardrobe a star must have costume jewelry, and of a good grade. I have hundreds of dollars' worth, much of it 'out' by now.

"Another thing. A star must have a house much more imposing than she would ordinarily have, or than she's been used to; and she must live in a manner to which she's never become accustomed. There's a studio in my new home that cost about $5,000; it has a special dance floor, one side lined with mirrors, for practicing; a piano in a special niche for studying voice; and that's perfectly fine. But if it weren't for my profession, I shouldn't need a dance floor and probably wouldn't be studying voice. Nor paying so much property tax. These, when you come right down to it, are business expenditures.

"I must use a high class automobile for 'state occasions.' As a rule, I drive around in an ordinary car—the expensive one has been run only a hundred miles a month; it's a showcase for appearance in public. Yet, not to dwell on the automobile tax, the expenses of the high class car are not deductible unless I can prove it's used for business. And who would believe business needs a limousine?

"But remember, if a girl were living in the usual home, she wouldn't require an expensive car like that. The expensive car is business; in other words, it's good business for a star to own a fine automobile.

"SKIPPING lightly over the expenditure for fan mail pictures and postage—and naturally the more fan mail you receive, the happier you are—studios pay for photographs only when money is sent in by the fan. Let's say the star plans a little trip. It's like planning a Presidential inaugural procession. She must take along her secretary, publicity manager, hair-dresser and maid.

She doesn't want them along, because she'd like a trip by herself just to rest, but wherever she lands there are the theatres and each manager feels she owes it to him to do some publicity stunts, endorse a few things for his friends, meet the press and generally make herself useful.

"The publicity man has to weed these things out and advise you. The hair-dresser gets busy, because you don't dare appear except at your best. The maid is forever packing and unpacking your clothes, because you have to bring so very many things.

"And the secretary takes care of the other people you carry with you, of the tickets, the hotel reservations, the errands, the arrangements for a beauty parlor where your hair-dresser can work on you, the telephone calls, and the keeping of everybody comfortable.

"Sometimes the secretary even arranges

[*Continued on page 101*]

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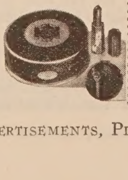

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Creamy ..... ☐	Green .... ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ..... ☐	Hazel .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy ...... ☐	Brown .... ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ...... ☐	Black .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Freckled .... ☐	LASHES [*Color*]	REDHEAD
Olive .... ☐	Light .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ..... ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
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[*Continued from page* 57]

jungle with native huts, with a native orchestra to beat the tom-toms. Everyone was in costume. It was a gala occasion, and for the first time in weeks my troubled heart was at rest and I was laughing joyously—almost as I laughed in the days when I was not in bondage.

Towards midnight a waiter came to my side. There was a Mr. Andrew Gray at the door. He had missed me at my home and had come on to the party. That was the story he had told the doorman. The waiter looked for confirmation.

I didn't want to see him. Who better than I, knew the depths to which he would sink to make me conspicuous? And so I smiled my most charming smile, and asked the waiter to see that he was admitted. Andrew bowed low over my hand as he came to the table. I tried to mask the dread I felt, with a delighted greeting.

That night I did as he demanded—I introduced him to everyone. To my delightful hostess, to the few people who had been kind to me through my divorce from John Blake.

In every word and every phrase Andrew Gray uttered that night there was a hidden meaning, meant to strike sheer terror through my soul.

WHEN he took me home that night he unmasked his hand!

"You know, I have a few financial connections. I think it will be very nice if you told it around that I am a genius at making two dollars grow where only one grew before."

"I shan't be a party to fraud," I told him. I slammed the door in his face.

Slowly I stripped my glistening white evening gown from my body, stepped out of my toeless evening sandals. My head was feverish with plans. I put on stout walking shoes, a skirt and sweater, pulled a vagabond hat over my identifying honey hair—let myself quietly out of the house. I knew that sleep would be impossible that night. *What can I do?* was the insistent phrase which hammered in my head, keeping time with the staccato click of my heels on the pavement! I walked miles that night, but no plan rewarded me!

I suppose every woman's life is studded with a thousand "ifs." "If"—"if"—"if"—screamed my nerves day and night! If I had gone hungry instead of posing for Andrew; if I had had some semblance of sense when I first turned my eyes to the stage! Even if I had only told John Blake, perhaps he would have found a solution.

But that was all water under the bridge! I had only one object to accomplish now—and that was to save my friends from Gray's depredations.

Sometime a woman gets to the point where nothing matters. Where her desperation makes her numb to the future. I must have reached that stage in the next two weeks. I refused to speak to Andrew on the telephone. I refused to see him when he called at the studio. Respite. That was all I wanted for the time being. Just a chance to be able to think straight. To adjust my ideas.

I made a list of the debits and credits of Fame. What would I lose if Andrew came out in the open? What would I gain if I kept on as I was, a tool in his hands, giving him all that I earned? The strain and worry was beginning to tell on me. At this rate I wouldn't last as a top-flight star. My last picture hadn't been received well. I began to hear whispers. "She's slipping. What has happened to her?" After all, no person can create beauty, whether it is in acting or any other artistic endeavor, when an intolerable burden is ever present!

Curious how the gods come to your aid, when the happiness of others depends on you. Safeguarding my friends against Gray became a holy cause with me. There must be a way out!

AND suddenly I felt a great peace as if the door to freedom was about to open. I was as certain of it, as definite in my beliefs as if my future were written in flaming letters on the clear California sky.

I had a strange feeling. Of suspended living. Of suspended thinking. There seemed to be a hush inside of me. Sometimes I think that great trouble gives a person clairvoyance. It wasn't faith alone that made me feel that emancipation from Andrew was imminent for me. It was a certainty—a certainty destined to become reality.

In those days I walked on air. Time and again I saw my current director looking at me with delight. "You've got it again. This picture will knock them off their feet. For a while we thought you were through," he bluntly told me.

The morning I opened my folded newspaper to find the blazing story of Clark Gable and the fantastic charges brought against him by a middle-aged, bucolic English woman, I found myself whispering, "Yes, that's it—that's the answer."

The story of the trial you've read in copious accounts in all the newspapers of the land. Gable, accused of being the father of this woman's child, went into court to prove his innocence. He was setting a precedent—a precedent for courage. In the past, stars had paid silent tribute to blackmailers rather than put in jeopardy their Fame. Why, Melinda Carr was an example. I was afraid! I lacked courage to fight. Here was Gable, a man with courage. He had turned over the letters sent him by this demanding woman to the government. And now she was on trial on the charge of using the mails to defraud. Merely another name for *blackmail.*

DURING the days of the government's trial against this English woman, I sat undiscovered among the spectators. "Shoot around me," I had begged the production office. "It's a matter of life and death for me to be away the next ten days. Please don't ask for an explanation. I'll make it up to you, or you can even take me off salary."

My producer didn't ask questions. "Go ahead." He must have been intuitive, for he added, "and God be with you!"

Morning after morning I arrived early in the court room. Stood in line with all the other curiosity seekers, waiting for admission to the Gable trial. A dark wig disguised my hair, a caricature of a hat obliterated my so-called beauty. My coat was unshapely. Not by the greatest stretch of the imagination could anyone

[*Continued on page* 106]

What It Costs To Be A Star

[*Continued from page* 99]

to give you a few minutes to yourself. When? Well, when possible.

"Oh, I repeat; this isn't a squawk. It's simply a statement of facts.

"A further fact is this. No matter how much you get as a star, you don't save anything the first five years. You can't. Like any other business, you have to build up the organization. After the first five years, you get into the big money and can start to save.

"JUST the same, if a star makes $150,000 a year and saves $20,000, she's fortunate—and she's had to be careful in order to do it. Of course, anyone ought to be tickled at the idea of putting away $20,000; the point is that I don't want you to suppose the star ever has that $150,000 all for herself, to spend as she likes; to say nothing of being able to save the greater portion of it.

"I know a girl who deservedly made a big hit in a picture a few months ago and was at once marked for stardom by her studio. Her contract, which had some time to run, carried a comparatively small salary—$200 a week, to be exact. The producer called her into his office and said: 'You can't go around in those ordinary sports clothes. You can't wear simple little dinner dresses, like the one I saw you in last evening, and you've got to turn in your cheap little car for one that makes a splash. Get yourself some good dresses, the kind that cost $300 each. I want to see you at that party tomorrow night in a gorgeous gown. We're publicizing you as star material and you've got to dress the part.' The girl said: 'Yes? On $200 a week?'

"YOU see, when a girl gets star billing it means real bills! Lots of them, and enormous ones. Often she has to borrow thousands of dollars against her future in order to keep up with her present. That's why for the first years she can't save.

"The trouble is that absolute stardom lasts an average of only about five years. If you own an oil well or a mine, the fact that it will last perhaps five to fifteen years is taken into consideration as regards taxes and various items, but not with artistic talent. And this is true even though a star, like an oil well, directly and indirectly gives employment to hundreds of people, from studio employees to exhibitors.

"In all, let's say the star—rising, shining and declining—snatches five years of being in the big money where she can save. Say she puts away $20,000 annually, or a total of $100,000. Pretty nice, eh? But . . ?

"Let's give her all the breaks. Let's say that at 22 she's a star with her past borrowings paid up and saving $20,000 a year. At 27 her five years of stardom end and she has saved her $100,000 and isn't she the happiest girl in the world, still young and with a beautiful bank account! Or is she?

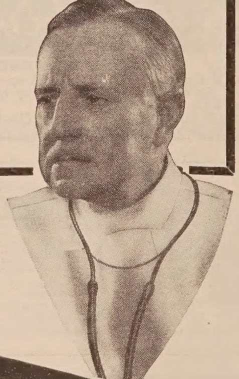
"There'll be no more topnotch money for her in pictures, and she certainly isn't trained for any other kind of work. According to the insurance companies' mortality rate, she may expect to live until she's 67; another 40 years. It's 2080 weeks. In other words, living on her capital, the ex-star may look forward to $48 a week.

"IF SHE keeps her money in banks, the interest is small; if she invests her money, she may make a million or lose the whole stake. For example, she may clean up on real estate—it's been done—but what I'm saying is that, unless a good investment or something unforeseen happens along, $48 or so a week is all that she can look forward to out of the fine salary she's earned while a star. Even if she retires with $100,000 ten years later at the age of 37, she would have less than $65 a week. Meanwhile, she's grown accustomed to a millionaire mode of living.

"I suppose," Ginger added with her slow smile, putting down the pencil, "you're about to break into tears and ask me why anybody wants to be a star, anyway?

"Well, it's a swell job. You *do* have a delightful living out of it; a nice house, nice clothes. . . . Personally, I wouldn't exchange my job for any of which I've ever heard. I like being a star, and I never met a star who didn't.

"The tax collector and the rest of them, they kick me around. And what have I got left? A fortune! Not—and this is the entire point—not so big as the public imagines; but anything left is a fortune these days! I *told* you I wasn't complaining!"



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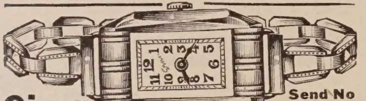

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Memoirs of a Hollywood Director

[*Continued from page* 55]

vaguely heard of moving pictures being made there, I knew nothing definite about them until a few nights later when I met an actor downtown who told me that he was working in them. "You can do it, too," he suggested, "and make some extra money." He took me out there and introduced me to Francis Boggs, who had come from Chicago and was a director for the Selig Polyscope Company. Boggs hired me because I could ride a horse. Thanks to a beautifully simple method, everybody got the same pay. Five people, each paid $7.50 a day, made in a single day a one-reel picture costing exactly $250. What I was in seemed not so much a new art as a new job.

On my first morning I was told to ride to the top of a hill and look surprised.

"What am I looking at?" I inquired.

"I don't know yet," said the director, who made up the story as he went along, "but we'll fix that this afternoon."

His reply was such a surprise that I fell off my horse. I was even more surprised in the afternoon to find myself playing an Indian I had shot as a cowboy that morning.

But in one respect we never changed. All of us were sun-worshipers. No sun, no work. Nowadays we hear a lot about people finding their place in the sun. That was our regular place. We had a stage on rollers and pushed it around so that we always faced the sun. It was called "the ball," and we were forever being told, "Keep your eye on the ball."

Everybody went in for sunlight-saving. From Boggs I learned that the Biograph Company, which had Mary Pickford, her first husband, Owen Moore, and Lionel Barrymore acting for it in New York, was the first to make exterior scenes in Hollywood. These were shipped East without anybody's knowing whether there was anything on the films or not, as there was no laboratory in which to develop them.

Hollywood had no studios, merely meeting-places for actors who then were carted off into the country to make "Westerns." The Universal Film Company built the first studio considerably later, and it was not in Hollywood proper. Open stages, dressing-rooms and a commissary were put up on an area reached through Dark Canyon and near Burbank, opposite what now is known as Warners' Ranch. Afterwards these buildings were moved to what became Universal City.

But no wide asphalted road led there in 1910. There was only a cut that led to trouble. When one left Dark Canyon and turned off towards Universal Ranch he was reminded of the early gold camp, for he came upon a straggling line of shacks in front of which cowboys and rough looking customers kicked up something less precious than gold-dust. What fixed them definitely and grimly in the picture of the hazardous West was the fact that they had guns strapped on them. And those guns were loaded with real bullets.

WAR had been declared. This desperate situation developed out of scene-stealing activities of mass proportions. Biograph, Vitagraph, Essanay, Lubin, Selig Polyscope and other companies had combined as the Patents Company to prevent independent concerns from getting film. But get it they did and with it, cameras. Then they hid behind bushes and trees and photographed scenes their organized rivals were making.

To fight picture bootleggers we were armed and pressed into service. Those of us who didn't happen to be acting in a scene would strap on guns and go on guard duty, patrolling the location where a picture was being shot and hoping and praying we ourselves wouldn't be shot. Luckily no blood was spilled in that guerilla warfare. But we routed out several of the enemy and smashed their cameras.

As a further safeguard the company making a picture would have its name or trade-mark nailed on a tree in every outdor scene. That was done so that such evidence could be used in court against the exploiter of any bootleg picture shown in a theatre.

Looking back upon it now, I can see that the steady advance of Hollywood was a fight every step of the way.

Even that war to end bootlegging of pictures proved to be a forward movement of sweeping significance. For, in breaking up the Patent Company's monopoly of film and cameras by forming another combination, Carl Laemmle did something vastly more important—put Hollywood on the map. Universal, of which he was the head, bought the property opposite the old orange warehouse it had been using as a meeting-place for its actors at Sunset Boulevard and Gower street and there built the first real Hollywood studio.

One immediate result was the boiled shirt influence. No longer messed up by the dust of the open stage, actors proceeded to dress up. So-called "dress-suit pictures" divided them into two groups, Eastern and Western. Both social standing and salary were grievously impaired by identification with the lowly Western type of picture.

ARRAYED in all their new-found glory, parties of the first part would trek out to Vernon, which boasted the only night-spot for miles around. It was run by Baron Long, since managing director of the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. For five dollars, with dancing, supper and the more stimulating form of refreshment, the pleasure-seeker could make a grand night of it. Paul Whiteman humbly played in the orchestra there, while a budding cowboy actor named Tom Mix and his friend William S. Hart, who was thinking of going into pictures, rivalled each other in shaking a lively foot with Dorothy Dalton.

One night in 1918, when I had given up acting for directing, a personable young man came over to my table at that popular resort saying he would like very much to be the dancing partner of Mae Murray in *Princess Virtue*. He looked so well in evening clothes that I engaged him. That was the actual beginning of the amazing career of Rudolph Valentino.

I was to be reminded of that interesting circumstance ten years later when another modest young man working as an extra diffidently said to me: "Mr. Leonard, if you should ever have a little part for me I'd be very thankful to have you keep me in mind." Before long the whole world was to keep in mind Clark Gable.

For a long time there were no great

stars, indeed none at all. Even names were unknown. Movie patrons who asked an exhibitor if they were to see "The little Biograph girl with the curls" did not know her name, already changed from Gladys Smith to Mary Pickford by David Belasco for her first stage appearance as a child. The same was true of Charlie Chaplin, who in 1913 was just emerging from the anonymous obscurity of a hundred-dollar-a-week slapstick comedian at the Mack Sennett Studio. When he made his first full-length picture appearance it was not as a star, the billing for that feature announcing: "MARIE DRESSLER in TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE, with Charles Chaplin." Yet two eventual luminaries were destined to make screen history if only in the matter of 1916 salaries, Pickford at $1,000,000 a year, Chaplin at $670,000.

Three years before that time stars were still a Hollywood uncertainty. The one who was to become the most beloved of them all disappeared almost with the morning's dawn. After *Tillie,* Miss Dressler went back disheartened to the New York stage to remain there until, years later, she returned to establish herself as the screen's greatest character actress in *Anna Christie.*

Though Hollywood did not then realize its abundance, there was no lack of star material in Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties, among them Gloria Swanson, Mabel Normand and Phyllis Haver. Yet theatres were beginning to fling out banners with individual names on them. Even mine, least of all, appeared with that of Marguerita Fisher in *The Bride's Dilemma.* Afterwards I figured in a serial called *The Master Key* with Ella Hall, a star in her own right at sixteen.

Things were moving fast, with salaries on the jump. Actors arrived by every train from New York. At last Hollywood was in the big money and spending it with a human weakness for splurge and splendor. Costly motor cars in eye-filling colors joined in the Hollywood parade. Another result of that roaring boom of 1917 was that a grove worth $1,000 sold overnight for $15,000. Stars were building houses and giving elaborate parties.

It was a thrill to be invited to the Vermont Avenue home of Fanny Ward, since world-renowned as the perennial flapper. Her dinners were served on solid gold plate. At one of them a rapturous guest exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Ward, your dinner set is beautifully gold-plated!"

"Gold plate, my dear," Fanny sweetly advised her. "*Do* have some spinach!"

At another festive board the formidable butler, a retired pugilist, was serving ice cream.

"I don't eat it," explained Lionel Barrymore.

"You'll eat this—and like it!" thundered the ex-bruiser, socking it down in his best prize-ring manner.

At a later feast of countless courses William Powell was asked, "Are you working tomorrow?"

"I'd hoped to be," replied Mr. Powell, "but I'm afraid I won't get through dinner in time."

Surprised to find Lewis Stone at a merry gathering, another actor rallied him with: "Well, Lew, you old deceiver, I thought you told me that you never go to parties!"

"I don't," was the reply.

"Then what are you doing at this one?"

"Well, you see," explained Mr. Stone, "this happens to be my home."

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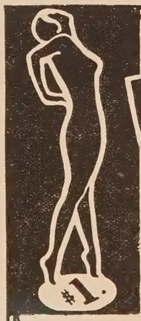

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HOLLYWORDS

By RUTH CLAYTON

DIRECTOR **JOHN M. STAHL** went back to Universal from M-G-M and volunteered to make the retakes on *The Road Back* which would enhance the romantic finish of the war picture. Meanwhile, the picture had run three weeks in New York, premiered before the new ending which producers thought necessary was added. Universal definitely denies any statement that this picture was altered at the request of the Nazi government—a rumor which gained wide circulation when the new scenes were made.

After shooting a week, **David O. Selznick** called a halt on *Tom Sawyer,* bought off Director **H. C. Potter's** contract and gave the assignment to Director **Norman Taurog.** When production was resumed technicolor was employed and **Jackie Moran** was given the role of Huckleberry Finn replacing **Ted Limes,** a novice, and **Beulah Bondi** succeeded **Elizabeth Patterson** in the role of Aunt Polly.

Beulah Bondi

The entire Warner Brothers' lot is still talking about **Bette Davis** and **Anita Louise** doing one dialogue scene (which ran a record six minutes, & 58 seconds) perfectly on their first "take" for *That Certain Woman.* Usually scenes like this require at least six or eight "takes" . . . **Helen Westley,** founder of the New York Theatre Guild and on her way to Columbia for first day's shooting of *I'll Take Romance,* decided to halt her chauffeur and try her lines out on an officer. For several minutes she reprimanded him, without pausing for breath. So surprised was the patrolman at this outburst, he took off his cap, scratched his head, and asked, "Who—me?" Miss Westley handed him a five dollar bill and rushed on to the studio satisfied her first lines would be convincing.

Michael Whalen, who was set for the lead in *Rings on Her Fingers* at 20th Century-Fox nearly lost that film role because of a broken nose caused by striking the bottom of a swimming pool with his proboscis . . . The cast of Director **Lew Landers'** new RKO picture are all sorry they ever gave him a candid camera. Landers makes them all pose between scenes, for his own amusement . . . **Jeanette MacDonald** and **Gene Raymond** saw **Mary Pickford** and **Buddy Rogers** only once on their double honeymoon trip to Honolulu—that was at the Captain's ship dinner honoring both couples.

Someone asked **Jack Haley** if he planned to retire in a few years. "If my relatives retire then I'll retire," he said. "If they don't I'll have to keep on working." . . . You can't fool little five year old **Duane Day,** who appears in *That Certain Woman* with **Henry Fonda.** In a pathetic scene where he is **not** supposed to recognize his screen father, Fonda says "Do you know who I am?" little Duane answers, "Sure I know you—you're Henry Fonda." Needless to say the scene had to be retaken.

Jack Haley

It looks like there'll be a tug-of-war between Goldwyn and Paramount for the services of that radio union, **W. C. Fields** and **Charlie McCarthy (Edgar Bergen)** for the new Goldwyn Follies . . . A Scotch actor, noted for having the first nickel he ever made, had to take down a phone number. He wrote it on a dollar bill, saying: "I'll never lose your number this way."

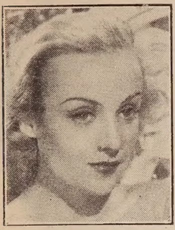
We have it on very good authority that **Gene Austin,** famous screen and radio crooner, lost all of 30 pounds by playing handball. He is now entertaining the crowds at **Sardi's** with his soft, sweet songs—but with a much more athletic appearance than heretofore... **Ronald Colman's** next will be a bright sophisticated, nonsense comedy call'd *Sometimes It's Fun.* David Selznick plans to alternate him in comedy and drama . . . **Karloff** will go without grotesque make-up in his new Warner's picture *Cornered.* . . . **June Clayworth,** who already speaks five different tongues, won't be satisfied until she learns Russian too and has engaged a tutor to teach her . . . **Reginald Owen** (who lives at Malibu Beach the year around) has not missed a day of swimming in the ocean, rain or shine, for more than a year. When he is working, he takes his dip at 5:30 in the morning, so that he can report to the studio on time.

Ronald Colman

Franchot Tone mastered the intricacies of the shepherd's flute after four lessons. He plays the musical instrument (imported from Italy) in *The Bride Wore Red,* in which Franchot is romantically teamed with **Joan Crawford** and serenades her on the flute.

Fight for Your Lady will bring **John Boles** to the screen in the role of America's No. 1 bachelor, facing a series of gay adventures and romances.

Phyllis Glazier, script girl, and **Carole Lombard,** star, have renewed old acquaintance on the *Nothing Sacred* set at Selznick International, their conversation largely concerning artistic throwing of custard pies. Phyllis was writing publicity at **Mack Sennett's** when Carole was first breaking into pictures as **Jane Peters** and this is their first meeting since.


Carole Lombard

Many American police judges are insisting that persons guilty of minor infractions against the law see *Crime Doesn't Pay* short subjects. After viewing they are requested to give a written review of these pictures. The two-reel dramas have been endorsed by many law-enforcement bodies, including **J. Edgar Hoover,** chief G-Man.

Upon completion of *Stand-In,* her current picture for Walter Wanger, **Joan Bennett** goes to Cape Cod for stock theatre appearances . . . **Sylvia Sidney** goes to New York shortly for Little Theatre work and **Pat Paterson** leaves for Paris to make an English version of a French picture. **Charles Boyer** was set to direct his wife but it looks like current Hollywood assignments will not permit it . . . **Mary Brian** recently played stock in Denver.

To **Cesar Romero** now under contract to 20th Century-Fox goes the lead in *The Great Diamond Mystery* as a result of his good work in *Wee Willie Winkie.*

The **Allan Jones** are expecting a visit from that long-legged bird around Christmas. **Irene Hervey** (Mrs. Allan Jones) recently completed *The Lady Fights Back* and was offered contracts at two studios . . .**Gale Sondergaard** has one of the most elaborate badminton courts in Hollywood. Facing the court are two bleachers for the guests who assemble for the tournaments . . . When **Richard Arlen** took his small son "Ricky" down to the Arlens' swank new cruiser anchored in Newport Bay, the first thing the child did was to fall overboard . . . **Gracie Allen** may be seen doing a comedy routine with **Fred Astaire** in *A Damsel in Distress.* This is not new for Gracie, since she used to be a hoofer before she discovered she could make a fortune with her dumb talk on the radio . . .

Claudette Colbert wears a blonde wig in *Tovarich* which is extremely becoming and gives her that desired Russian appearance. (Note) Due to difficulty in the pronunciation of *Tovarich,* word has just come from Warners' Studio that the title has been changed to *Tonight's Our Night.*

John Wayne's and **Ray Milland's** respective wives are tired of sitting on the sidelines while their actor husbands play tennis for hours on end, so the two gals are taking professional lessons daily, and when they play well enough, intend to play doubles with Johnny and Ray. "Sports widows," may take this tip . . . **Jimmy Gleason** likes nothing better than a get-together with what he calls the "real guys." The other day he invited the whole Beverly Hills Police Force over.

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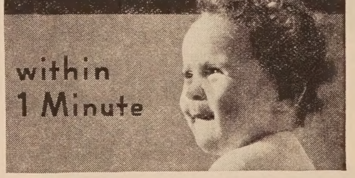

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Blackmail

[*Continued from page* 100]

have identified Melinda Carr in the dowdy woman I had made of myself.

Hour after hour I sat listening to testimony—listening to the very definite disproval of the woman's charges. When Gable took the witness stand I thought to myself, "He's smiling. It doesn't seem so dreadful to be up there. He's right. He hasn't done anything and so he's fighting for his rights. Certainly the world will recognize honesty. If I were on that witness stand and telling my story perhaps I wouldn't be blamed too much for what I have done. After all, Andrew is blackmailing me. I've got a right to fight for my happiness."

That night I marshalled all that might be said in my behalf. I had been young and inexperienced, and the world had a beautiful tolerance for the mistakes of fledglings. The day that English woman was found guilty was like a reprieve from a life sentence for me. I would fight too! There *was* justice—even for movie stars.

FOR the first time in weeks I called Andrew Gray. "You have some pictures of me. I want the negatives—all of them. I'll pay you five thousand dollars for them. I'm *through,* Andrew. You haven't any more power over me."

He laughed uproariously! "Where did you get your Dutch courage?" he asked.

"Go ahead and laugh. I've made you an offer. Let's say the negatives are your property. I'll buy them from you. You'll never get this offer again. After today I won't give you a cent for them and what's more, I'll get them." And then I hung up. For the moment I had the advantage. But I didn't know what to do. I had to have help.

I NOW saw clearly what I must do, and so I turned to the only person I felt would understand. I called John Blake. Would he come to see me? It was important! I needed him—I told him over the phone.

"Of course, Linda. I'll come at once."

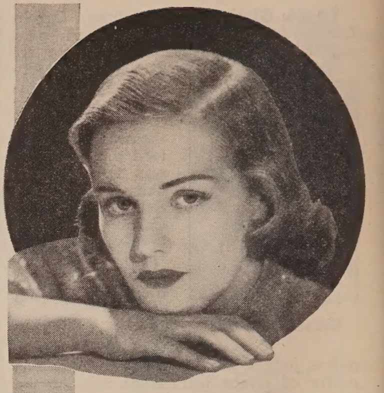
I began at the beginning. I opened for him all the hidden chapters in my life, and the moment I saw his eyes, his compassionate eyes, I had a warm sense of security. And I was glad that I could honestly say to John Blake: "I have never loved Andrew! You are the only man I have ever loved. He turned decent photos into lewd composites. I tried to save you from my woes. I made you believe I didn't care about you, but I was lying to save you distress!"

"If you had only told me before, Linda, both of us would have been saved months of unhappiness. Will you leave it to me? I'll handle him."

The following afternoon a man from the District Attorney's office came to see me. I gave him a memorandum of all the money I had paid to Gray. Repeated to him as nearly as I could remember, the contents of the letters which I had written him. John was there, sitting at my side, encouraging me! The District Attorney's man looked at me keenly. "How much guts have you got? How good an actress are you?" he asked.

I assured him I would follow instructions.

Two days later the scene was set for scheming Andrew. I wrote him a



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pleading little note, begging his forgiveness for my explosion over the telephone. Would he have dinner with me that night?

When he arrived, the scene was set for him. In the separate servants' quarters, a telephone receiver was clamped to the head of a stenographer. John and two police officers were standing by. The wire extended to an ingenious dictaphone, hidden in the bowl of yellow roses in the center of the intimate table before the fire.

I had to give the greatest performance I had ever given. I had to be gay and charming and pleading and properly subservient. But gradually, as if I had memorized a script, I led the conversation to the situation between us. I begged for those letters. I pleaded for those negatives. I summarized his depredations on my fortune; his depredations on my peace-of-mind since I had become a star. And the web was woven tighter and tighter around Andrew Gray, for in his replies he admitted Blackmail.

He admitted his hold on me and topped it off by saying, "All of it innocent enough, my dear, but who in the world would believe you? You'd better be a good girl and do as I say. And by the way, there's a little matter of finances of which I've spoken to you before. I need about a hundred grand and I'm going to take it away from some of these bright boys and girls in your racket."

Suddenly he turned a suspicious glance on me. "Why all this parading of the ghost? There's nothing to be said. You're in a tough spot and you're paying me to keep my mouth shut."

My foot found a bell placed under the table. One sharp short ring, two long ones. The signal arranged upon when I wanted the police officers to come in.

I leaned back in my chair a moment before their arrival, and said to Andrew, "You know, it just occurs to me that I've been a terrible fool." And then I laughed—laughter mixed with tears, laughter which stretched on and on into hysteria.

The next thing I knew I was lying on a couch and John was bending over me. "Linda, darling, Linda, listen. It's all right." And then more sharply, "Come out of it, Linda. Come out of it, I say." He bent down and kissed me hard. My vision cleared. Still wabbly, I tried to sit up. John put his arm behind me to help. I leaned weakly against him.

"What's happened?" I asked him. "Tell me what's happened!"

"Mr. Gray is being convinced that jails are unpleasant places. You did a beautiful job, my darling."

ANDREW GRAY signed a complete confession, a copy of which is in my private safe deposit box. Acting on the advice of the District Attorney I did not bring charges against him. There was nothing to be gained and Andrew is out of my life forever. I am safe—safe at last. A forlorn hope is now reality.

All the negatives and notes which had so long been an albatross around my neck, were returned to me. John and I made a ceremony of burning them. They made a bright flame. A hot flame, and then disintegrated into nothingness.

As the fire died away, John leaned over and kissed my hands and said, "Forget the past. We'll both try to forget the past."

I have been seeing my former husband frequently—

I dare to dream again!

The End

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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Answers to Movie Questionnaire

1. No relation at all.
2. Surname of Luise Rainer's husband, Clifford Odets.
3. Light used on set.
4. Ann Harding.
5. Yuma.
6. Lyle Talbot. His name was Lysle Hollywood.
7. Croaks like a frog.
8. Chief electrician's order to turn off the lights illuminating a set after a scene is finished.
9. Japan.
10. Fashionable Hollywood apartment-house.
11. Margaret Lindsay.
12. Madge Evans.
13. One who "feeds" a comedian material for laughs.
14. Jewels.
15. A western picture.
16. Hinds. You generally see him as a lawyer, or the father of the heroine.
17. Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie.
18. Photographing a scene via a panoramic exposure.
19. Frances Farmer.
20. His assistants continually say, "Yes, Mr. DeMille."
21. Eric Blore.
22. Jack Oakie was turned down by the Fox studios years ago because they said he was too "smart-aleck."
23. An acrobat.
24. *Story of Louis Pasteur.*
25. A recording of a voice (usually singing) in a scene, played aloud for the purpose of the players acting out the scene.
26. Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor.
27. Owen Moore.
28. State and federal income taxes would eat up most of the principal.
29. Myrna Loy.
30. Austrian.
31. Film sound expert.
32. Wayne Morris.
33. Jack Holt.
34. Ann Sothern.
35. Microphone.
36. Helen Broderick.
37. Robert Montgomery.
38. Side of a set (such as a wall of a room) which may be moved at will.
39. The Fredric Marches.
40. Henry Wilcoxon.
41. Play golf.
42. A press agent.
43. Were married within twenty-four hours of each other.
44. A studio set not in use.
45. Lily Pons.
46. A comedian.
47. One who takes a star's place while the camera is being focused on him, to save the star long moments of standing.
48. A slight mark on Billy's nose, made by wearing glasses occasionally.
49. A scenario.
50. Refuses to see them . . . at all, at all!

TO OUR READERS!

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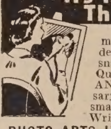

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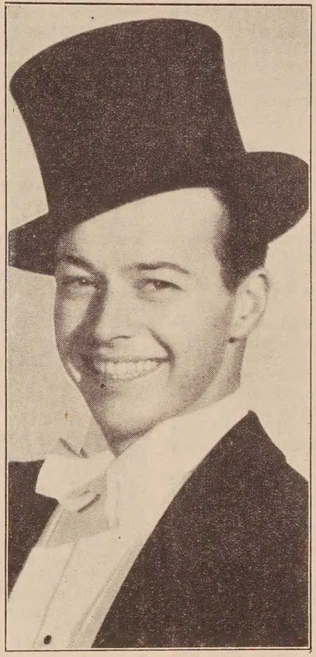
INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

Would you give me a brief biography of Carlyle Moore? I have read so much about him recently that I want to know more about him.—W. A.

Carlyle was born in New York City and was christened Cleon Shamus Patrick Moore. His parents were both professionals connected with the stage, so it was only natural that he follow in their footsteps. His first screen appearance was in *Ceiling Zero* for Warner Bros., which won for him a contract with that studio. He is five feet ten inches in height, weighs 168 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. He has the build of a boxer, and for a good reason, as he is an expert at the sport. Besides carving a niche in the hall of fame, Mr. Moore specializes in wood-carving, making a money-proposition out of something that started out as a hobby. He has numerous friends among the younger members of the film colony and, needless to say, is extremely popular with the fair sex. His latest picture for Warners is *Night Court*. If you would care to write to him, you may address your letters to Carlyle Moore, Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Calif.



The Moore, the merrier! Young Carlyle Moore has deserted Hollywood for the summer to appear in a legitimate play which is to have its tryout in Cape Cod, Massachusetts

What was the date of Jean Parker's marriage and what picture will she appear in next?—E. H.

Miss Parker was married to George McDonald, March 22, 1936. Her latest appearance on the screen is in *Life Begins With Love*, a Columbia picture which is scheduled to be released very soon.

I would like to know the names of Bing Crosby's three sons? Have they ever appeared in pictures?—W. B.

Bing's oldest son is named Gary Evan Crosby and his younger twin boys are Denny and Phil Crosby. None of them have ever appeared on the screen and, if Bing has his way, never will.

What are the duties of a stand-in?—R. J.

A stand-in's duties are exactly what the name implies. They stand-in for the star while lights and cameras are adjusted for the actual filming of a scene. This protects the star from the heat and fatigue involved and gives the star more time to prepare for the final "shooting."

Where were the scenes for *Garden of Allah* filmed?—K. L.

The site for the desert scenes in Paramount's all-color production was in the heart of the great American desert near Yuma, Arizona. The oasis was man-made with water piped from five miles away and trees and shrubs brought from even greater distances.

Is Norman Scott Barnes the real, or adopted son of Joan Blondell?—Pat.

He is the real, and adored, son of Miss Blondell and her first husband, Norman Barnes.

Is it difficult for Orientals to get a chance as an actor or actress on the screen?—H. F. L.

Orientals with real acting ability stand just as much chance as an occidental of equal ability in actually getting into the movies, but their opportunities for playing in pictures are necessarily limited due to the small number of films which feature Orientals.

In the picture *Swing High, Swing Low*, did Fred MacMurray really play the trumpet?—B. M. G.

Yes, indeed! He *really* played it. Fred started his professional career playing the saxophone with the California Collegians in 1929 so he should know something about music.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Alice Faye Almost Missed Stardom

[*Continued from page* 49]

mother and family. Probably Hollywood can't fathom Alice's sudden rise to stardom solely because the reason for it is so simple. Alice had one thing that was holding back her career. She knew what it was. So did her friends. But there was nothing they could do about it. Nothing except to hope that someday, somehow, Alice Faye would whip her worst enemy, the jinx that was always with her.

ALICE'S greatest handicap has been that of being over-appreciative, too grateful for what she terms "luck." For two and a half years in Hollywood Alice felt that she was here on tolerance, was "lucky" to be able to even make a living. I've known her almost four years. There has never been a day in all that time that she wasn't possessed by the most horrible stage fright, a fright that extended to the microphones placed before her singing lips. A real fear that extended to other things. Fear of crowds, fear that she was just in pictures because of a "break."

And—most of all—fear that if she asked too much, sought more than she was meant to have, that her good fortune would end!

She couldn't let it end, you see. There were too many people dependent on her. Alice could never forget that. It was better, she thought, to be a small part of a great industry than to hope to get on the bandwagon itself!

It probably sounds odd to you. It should. Most players, becoming accustomed to the affluence that comes with success, have no more fears, nor stage fright, than a thrice wed divorcee tripping up to the altar for the fourth time. But if you knew Alice well you'd begin to understand the handicap that beset her.

Alice has never forgotten her bleak New York days. Days when Hollywood was merely a fabulous city three thousand miles away. Days when hunger was just that. Trying to get a break in the biggest city in the world.

When she could afford it she went to picture shows with other girls her age. She would have laughed if you had told her then that someday she'd be on equal footing with those very stars. She was lucky to be able to afford a hall bedroom for herself and the jovial woman who is her mother.

Her first big opportunity came when Rudy Vallee signed her to sing with his orchestra. That story needs no re-telling here. But, paradoxically, her big chance was only to add to her later torment—that overwhelming fear that "I'm just getting by because I'm lucky."

Working with Rudy she met and saw the greatest luminaries of the stage and screen world. Saw them dwarfed by Vallee's presence when he presented them on the air. Rudy Vallee, the first idol that radio created; Rudy Vallee, the dynamic young man whose name meant "tops" in the theatrical profession. Beside him Alice felt small, was more and more conscious that she had been "just lucky."

Try as he could, Vallee could not give her the self-confidence that every great artist must have. I doubt if Rudy ever realized that it was her constant comparison of her own budding career with his and those of his friends that forced Alice deeper and deeper into a shell of self-protection, a shell masked by a "who cares" attitude.

When she came to Hollywood with the Vallee company to appear in the first screen edition of George White's Scandals Alice felt more keenly than ever her comparative insignificance. Then the famous Vallee divorce case broke wide open and for days charges and counter charges filled the air. Alice was exactly in the center. Newspapers were filled with her name, her picture. Eventually the charges were retracted, soon died from the public mind. From everybody's in fact but Alice's.

MORE keenly than ever she felt that she was in Hollywood only on sufferance. By the whimsy of nation wide publicity that any minute might boomerang her back into the limbo of oblivion. That feeling didn't help her make new friends. She was more content to stay at home, to see only those whom she *knew* were her friends.

Alice said to me one day, "no matter what I do or where I go, I don't feel like this is my town, Dick. I belong in New York. I'm not cut out to be a screen star. And nobody knows it better than Faye!"

Another thing. People immediately detected a resemblance between the late Jean Harlow and Alice. And, as you can see from the photos with this article, there *was* a remarkable similarity in the appearance of these two girls. Alice didn't want to be an imitation of anyone. Indubitably it irritated her no end to be known as a Jean Harlow type because Alice wanted more than anything else to be *herself*.

Now as a matter of fact, when Alice appeared on the screen her personality and mannerisms were entirely different from Jean's. I can remember a double feature picture I saw at a theater one night. Jean was starred in one, Alice appeared in the other. Everyone gasped over the physical similarity of the girls, but as a matter of fact they did not react at all alike.

Not once did Alice feel completely at home in this Hollywood environment. That was strange in so young, so personable a girl. But Alice wasn't happy. Only a girl can understand what it means to feel that "she doesn't belong."

She never completely outgrew that feeling. Alice kept remembering her Manhattan background. And not a Park Avenue background by any means. Long, dreary, hard working hours as a chorus girl. She never fogot that. One day I was watching her rehearse a number with a group of chorus girls. She said then, "You know I'm not kidding when I say I'd feel a lot more at home working in the midst of those kids instead of in front of them!"

Not once could she forget how hard life had been, might be again. Skimping on meals. Not too sure what was the right thing to say at the right time. She's never had a chance for more than a rudimentary education. She was working when she was fourteen. As she said over and over, "I can't change now. This is Faye. And they can take it or leave it!"

Hollywood decided to take it. They liked this girl who said what she thought. They liked knowing one person who wasn't afraid to be herself. But still Alice held back. It wasn't that she was suspicious, it wasn't that she didn't *want* to be friendly. She was simply afraid. "Who am I to be pushing myself forward?" she'd ask.

I WENT with her to the preview of *Every Night At Eight.* When the fans stormed up to the car for her autograph Alice was so jittery that only by discovering a side entrance could we persuade her to go into the theatre at all. That wasn't an act, either. I've seen her that way before. When we came out of the show Alice was still white and trembling. I honestly believe she was the only one in the whole theatre who didn't know she had registered a smash performance.

Alice had been in Hollywood almost two years before she ever gave a party. When my birthday rolled around Alice had moved her family into a lovely home in Beverly Hills. She decided that we'd have a combination birthday party and house warming.

The night of the party Alice had the jitters so badly that I suggested we'd better call the whole thing off. She shook her blonde head. "Not now. I'll calm down—I hope!"

She managed to play the hostess for about an hour, greeting the guests as they came in, seeing that everyone met everybody else. There were about thirty there in all. A few writers, an assistant director, close friends. That was typical of Alice. There wasn't a single person there who could have been called "important," who would have been a stepping stone to stardom. About ten o'clock she called me aside. "Listen," she said, "I'm going to take off if I have to do this much longer. From now on *you* be host!"

—SCREEN BOOK STAFF PHOTO

Here's Alice Faye with Hal Kemp, doing her new radio program over CBS network

"Not me! It's your house."

Alice shook her head. "I just live here. It's your party, Dick, and you're going to be the host and like it!"

That was that. By the time midnight came and we cut into the birthday cake Alice had forgotten all about worrying over the guests and was beginning to relax and enjoy herself. We all lounged around in the huge living room and ate a buffet supper and danced and sang until it was almost dawn. Then we went down to the Beverly Derby for breakfast.

Just before the party broke up Alice called me aside. "Look," she said directly, "do you really think it went over all right, Dick?"

"It was swell and you know it."

"I hope so," she said slowly, "but I've been thinking about the house and everything. It's a pretty big house and awfully nice. Do you suppose they'll be thinking I was just showing off?"

AND that's Alice Faye. Already a featured player, the studio was talking of grooming her for stardom. Her salary was almost into the four figure class then. And still she worried, not about her career, but if she looked like she was putting on a front or thrusting herself forward!

Alice, more than any other star, is the same off screen as on. Eventually her naturalness began to click with audiences. Each picture piled up larger and larger grosses. Then came *On The Avenue* and *Wake Up And Live* and Alice suddenly found herself a star. She couldn't believe it. Only those who were close to her understood, where Hollywood couldn't, why Alice had finally reached the top. Risen to where she rightfully belonged.

Alice had at long last overcome that one great handicap, her complete lack of self-confidence. More and more she felt that maybe she did belong in Hollywood, that maybe the people really liked *her* and weren't just being nice to a stranger in town. Working again and again with the same camera crews and technicians she began to feel at home, was more at ease in her work. That showed on the screen. And it registered with audiences.

IRVING BERLIN told the whole industry that Alice Faye was the greatest song plugger on the silver screen. That no one else could "sell" a song like this blonde girl from New York. That bolstered Alice's confidence. Irving Berlin doesn't throw such bouquets away for the fun of it. He knows the song publishing business. It has been his entire life.

Knowing that, Alice felt more sure of herself when she went on the set to record her song numbers. As musicians say, she began to "give out." That was the final boost to stardom. The new ease and vitality showed in her work. Darryl Zanuck recognized it first of all, announced that hereafter Alice Faye would be starred. You'll see her soon in two films, each costing more than a million. The first one will be *You Can't Have Everything,* and the second is entitled *In Old Chicago.*

She's sitting on top of the world now. A girl who is strictly the McCoy and deserves the best in any man's league. But she didn't get there until she had whipped her biggest enemy—that little whisper that was always within her. "You don't really belong, kid. This isn't your town."

Hollywood taught her otherwise.

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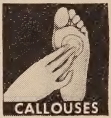

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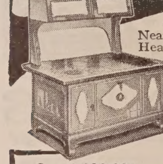

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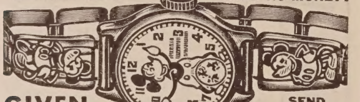

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Joan Crawford's Plans

[*Continued from page* 53]

me; make-up I had effected; even to the interpretation of characters, not as I saw them, but as I was expected to interpret them.

"It occurred to me that it took far more courage to be faithful to one's own beliefs—right or wrong—than to tailor yourself to the beliefs of others.

"I am daily making progress in strengthening my own sense of independence. Only recently I refused to play the role of Katie O'Shea in *Parnell.* I sensed that it was wrong for me.

"WHILE the picture was in production, numerous friends came to me bemoaning the fact that I had turned down what they considered a very great part.

"In the past I would have spent hours in torment, questioning my own judgment, weighing the wisdom of my course. But now, I felt no qualms, I felt no heartburnings. I had made a decision; I had mapped the course for myself and I stuck to it.

"In *The Bride Wore Red* I am playing a girl who had known degradation and squalor. A year ago I would have been guided entirely by the opinions of others for the conception of this character. Today I am playing her as my director and I see her, as we interpret her personality and her character—as a beaten, hollow-eyed, disillusioned, rather frightened girl.

"I'll never again permit off-handed advice or criticism to guide me in what I do. Or influence me. I welcome criticism—it is a wholesome, vital reaction which maintains a player's perspective. But criticism no longer holds the power to make me completely, overwhelmingly wretched."

JOAN CRAWFORD has always been a consummate actress, as well as an arresting personality. Mistress of the art of timing, of emphasis, she possesses the skill and the talent to make dramatic moments poignant reality. Now that she is free—now that she is no longer enslaved by the sharp fear of criticism, Joan will undoubtedly become a very great actress. For her characterizations will be honest and ruthless and clear-cut—in truth, the test of an artist. Her performances will have a quality of grandeur, for she is no longer bewitched by that secret thought—"will people like me, approve of me in this?" An artist must be cognizant of the opinions of others. That is the way of growth. But not too-well guided by that opinion. That is the way of greatness.

"A few months ago," Joan continues, "I would have been afraid, skeptical of my judgment in selecting the theater as the new field for my ambition. I would have worried myself sick over the possibility that I might be making a mistake.

"But now—well," and she lifts that classic head, as if in challenge— "I am living my own life at last. And I am not afraid.

"I am going on the stage—to lose or to win!"

Joan Crawford is no longer the girl of the turbulent heart, but a girl with a new serenity in her eyes. She is no longer a slave to her ambitions—but mistress of them.

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The Postman Rings

[*Continued from page* 20]

stitute. I am so glad to hear that, as it not only meant an enormous financial loss to the studio, but also a great loss to the movie-going public to leave the picture un-released.

It is a mistake to scrap a good picture because the star has passed on. I'm sure they would not wish it could they express an opinion. Their motto, "The show must go on" is not just an idle phrase, so please give us another glimpse of our favorites as a final farewell after they have passed out of the picture called Life.

(Mrs.) J. L. Riddell, 3251 Mission Street, San Francisco, California.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Realism Resented

DEAR Editor:

This is criticism. Not bitter criticism, but nevertheless I feel it is justified.

Why in the world do some movie magazines print ungainly and unattractive pictures of the stars? I mean by that, our actresses are beautiful today, at least many of them are and the leading men are certainly easy on the eyes. We appreciate this, but alas and alack!—we pick up a newspaper or movie magazine and at random turn the pages to see our favorites and ask, "Who is that?" No, it can't be! But it is. A forgotten picture of our favorite (really it should be forgotten).

Yes, styles have changed, faces have changed but it is for the better. Please let us see the pictures of the screen beauties as they are today, the way we want them and the way they must be to be appreciated by their fans. Let us see no more photographs taken years earlier when the stars were not so promising and so demanded.

Eleanor Hinman, 637 S. Broadway, Escondido, California.

$1.00 Prize Letter

"On The Spot" In The Spotlight

DEAR Editor:

A recent movie magazine article conjures up copious criticism of persons and "pulps" that pander to the intensive tales of their stellar sisters—what they eat, drink, whom they love, hate, marry or divorce; their torso and tonsorial decoration. In fact, their mode of living, loving in every phase of public pulchritude; and says such things should not be!

Though no "peeping Thomasina" I, one of thousands of film fans, unblushingly state that I am inordinately interested in my favorite screen players, and delight in hearing what they wear, whom they woo, and why they wed. And this carping curiosity is not due to mere inquisitiveness, but to be able to sympathize, or disagree, with their opinions and habits, as does a valued friend.

Some stars may resent this attitude, but, while admitting that even public favorites have a right to give, or withhold, their habits of living, from much observation I imagine that they realize that, "In the spotlight" does, to a certain extent, mean, "On the spot."

Con Cowell, Stanley Park Manor, Suite 120, Vancouver, B. C.

$1.00 Prize Letter

The Art Of Face-Lifting

DEAR Editor:

The studios are always announcing that they are looking for new screen faces. I can't understand why, because when the make-up department gets through with the players, they all look alike anyway. All the women have eyelashes long enough to plait, their mouths are all the same shape and the hair styles are more or less the same.

As for the men, no matter how old they are, they have the grandest crop of hair, and all the toupees are pasted on in the same fashion—with a nice peak right in the center of the forehead. No bushy eyebrows, either. They are all nicely arched. So, why don't the producers present some of the contract players as they are, and not as a make-up artist's nightmare? Then they'll have some new screen faces.

Mrs. Helen Hudson, Box 217, Hampton, Virginia.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Elusive Oomph!

DEAR Editor:

Why is it that the stars who make a strong impression with their first or second picture become less dynamic, less individual after they have made a few? They seem to lose that elusive oomph they had in the first place and become standardized, almost electroplated. Their eyebrows suddenly start running amuck and they run to fantastic and elaborate coiffures. Seems a pity.

A few exceptions are Luise Rainer (she's exceptional), Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Miriam Hopkins and Sylvia Sidney. They haven't lost that subtle something they had originally.

Merle Oberon is an example of what I mean. She appeared to great advantage in *The Dark Angel,* but since then she has become standardized . . . if you know what I mean.

Of course, that is only my opinion.

Miss P. Blenkinsopp, 1518 Myrtle Avenue, Victoria, B. C.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

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D	I	A	N	A	■	D	E	S	T	E	■	N
	E	N	G	■	S	E	A	■	Y	A	R	D
H	■	D	E	M	I	L	L	E	■	T	O	E
E	O	■	L	A	■	■	■	V	S	■	D	R
R	U	B	■	E	V	E	R	E	T	T	■	S
S	T	E	P	■	I	D	A	■	A	I	R	
H	■	N	E	I	L	S	■	A	R	M	O	R
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UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD is always Academy Award conscious, one might say, and, although the next annual Awards dinner is six months away, many of Filmland's critics are already predicting Paul Muni will win again and that top honors for actresses will be won by Barbara Stanwyck. Many weeks after the preview of *The Life of Emile Zola* Hollywood's many technical critics are still acclaiming Muni's performance as Zola the finest piece of acting the cinema has ever known, surpassing his work as Pasteur which won him the 1936 Academy statuette. Muni is one actor who prepares his characterizations with extreme care, and well in advance, then really lives them. A fine artist for others to emulate. Miss Stanwyck has had six outstanding characterizations in a row but as *Stella Dallas* she has set Hollywood to talking, and applauding, with sincere enthusiasm. Although a runner-up on two previous occasions, Miss Stanwyck has never won an Academy Award but—if one is to believe the comment one hears on every corner of Studioland this fall—she has the 1937 Award in her hands right now. It will be interesting to see how the rest of the world feels about these fine artists and *The Life of Emile Zola* and *Stella Dallas*.

SCREEN BOOK PLUS—

With this issue of your favorite film magazine we combine SCREEN BOOK with the popular woman's movie magazine, SCREEN PLAY. SCREEN BOOK has been making rapid progress and now, with the best features of *Screen Play* added your loyalty to these magazines will be rewarded with the finest movie book ever to come out of Hollywood.

Thank you for your interest in *Screen Play* and let me assure you the biggest dime's worth of pictures, intimate stories, gossip and color you ever saw in the future issues of SCREEN BOOK.

W. H. F.

●

It is good to hear that peppy, happy Charlie Winninger back on the air waves again as Cap'n Henry in Showboat. Charlie gave performances on a real showboat in his younger years and he has appeared in his current radio character more than 2,500 times to the enjoyment of millions. What a gift he has—his enthusiasm for his role and his fine laugh. What joy he must feel in knowing he is making millions join in his laughter in days when laughter is so essential.

●

Movie theatres paid the government $9,520,012 in taxes for the first six months of 1937. In addition to helping Uncle Sam pay his bills these taxes show that pictures ARE getting better and fans are patronizing them in increasing numbers.

●

Several leading Hollywood studio executives are in London arranging for American stars to make pictures in England under American supervision. Also to occasionally exchange American talent for English talent. Robert Taylor and Spencer Tracy will be the first Hollywoodians to make pictures in England under the new arrangement and soon, perhaps, the talented Jessie Mathews and Gracie Fields will come to Hollywood. Many American stars have already appeared in English films but the new arrangement will mean a better American market for British pictures and the assurance to American audiences of more good pictures with more accurate backgrounds. American producers are also sponsoring a Radio City for London, patterned, in a small way, after New York's great Rockefeller Center.

Hollywood is indeed broadening the scope of its service.

●

Wee Willie Winkie and *The Firefly* and the dance sequences of *A Day at the Races* present the ultimate of photographic beauty in sepia toned film. The sepia softens gigantic closeups and makes handsome men and beautiful women and children pleasantly warm and alive.

●

A California Film Society has been organized for the purpose of sponsoring showings of notable old films both silent and talkies, and the movement has gained quick support. Other cities should adopt the idea. As a stage play *The Bird of Paradise* played 13 successive seasons to fine business, and Maude Adams toured the country time and again as *Peter Pan*. Every year sees a season of Shakespearean productions and every operatic season presents just about the same program. Some folks have seen *Pagliacci* and *Il Trovatore*, or *Hamlet*, 30 or 40 times. Why shouldn't such memorable pictures as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Humoresque*, *Covered Wagon*, *Seventh Heaven* (silent), *Maytime*, *Smilin' Thru*, *Birth of a Nation* and scores of other truly fine pictures be brought back again and again? Why should a good picture be "buried" at the end of a year? Why shouldn't the youngsters of today have an opportunity to see what their parents thought "great", when they grow up? Some of the early Chaplin comedies, *Three Musketeers*, *Be Mine Tonight*, *Intolerance*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, will not suffer in comparison with today's pictures, and if they do appear a bit outdated they will still emphasize the progress of the screen which should be an interesting and entertaining comparison for any audience. The miracle of the movies is that they preserve for all time a record of places, people and customs and give some of our dead idols enduring life. And while the old films are being revived why doesn't someone bring out of the vaults those entertaining old Robert Bruce, Vandenburg and Burton Holmes Travelogues which brought the interesting corners of the world as close as our nearest theatre.

The day will come when there will be hundreds of Little (Movie) Theatres showing revivals of outstanding pictures.

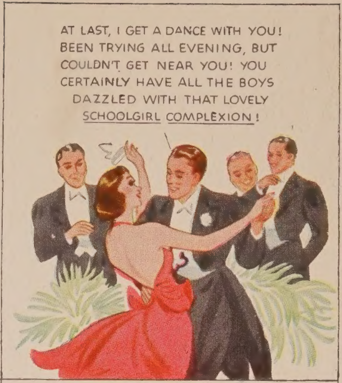
How many pictures that you missed would you like to see now—if you could?

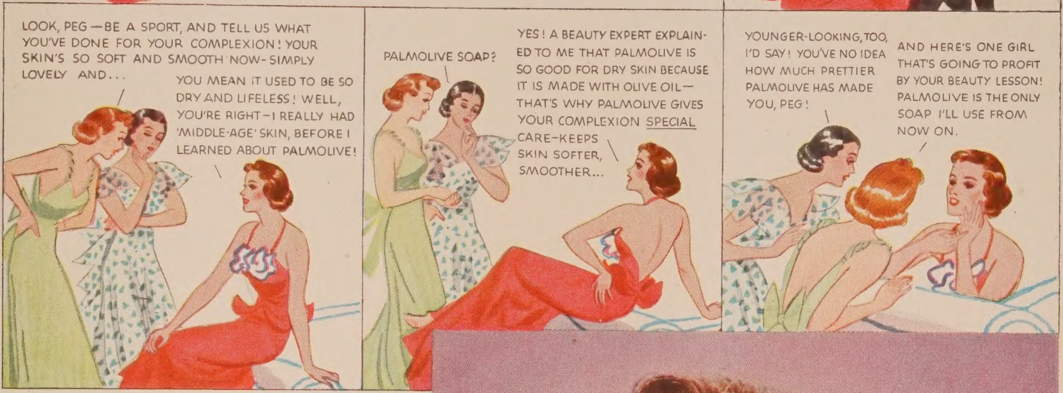
W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher.

NO MORE WORRY

ABOUT DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

Every girl should read Peg's story!

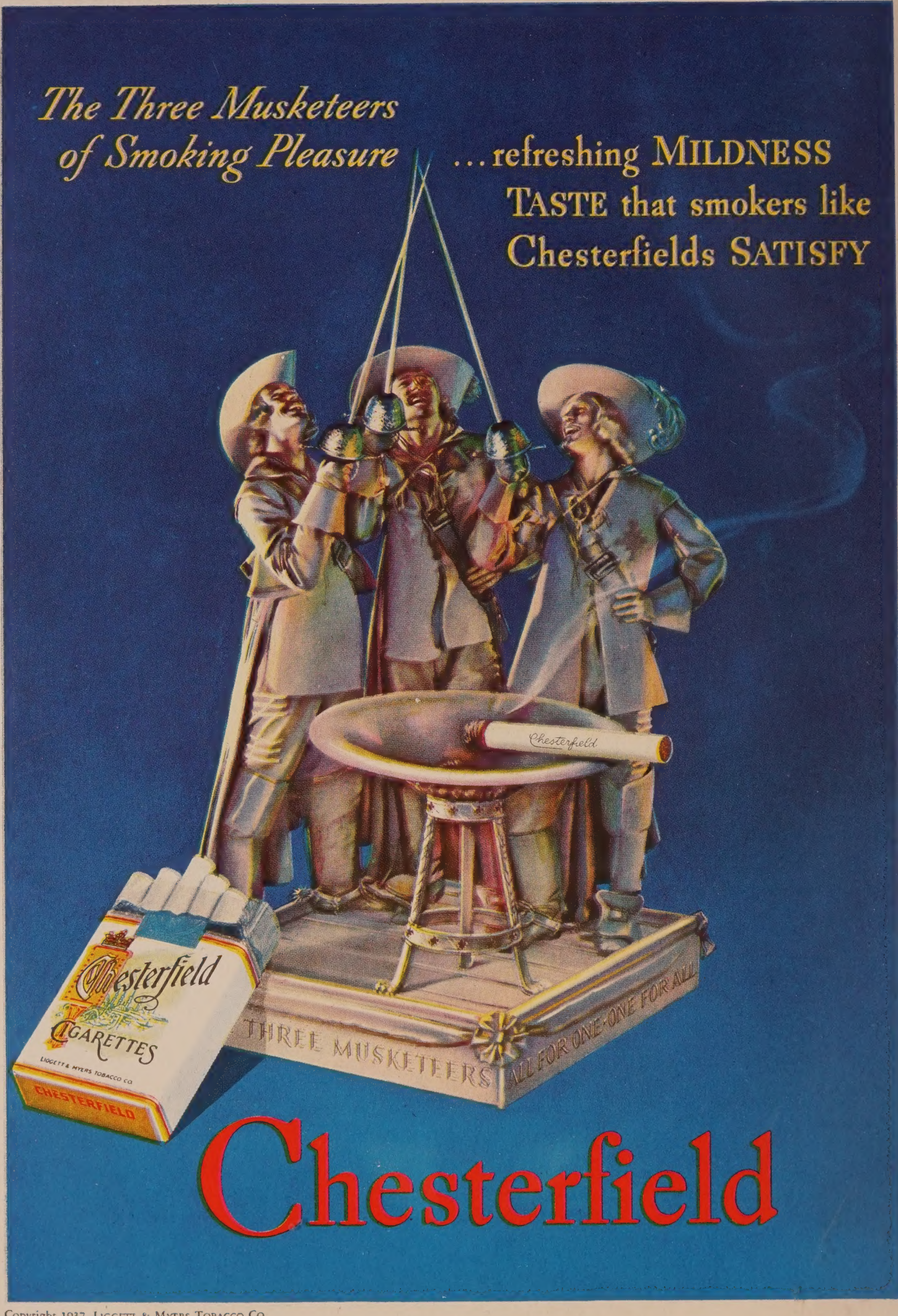

AT LAST, I GET A DANCE WITH YOU! BEEN TRYING ALL EVENING, BUT COULDN'T GET NEAR YOU! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE ALL THE BOYS DAZZLED WITH THAT LOVELY SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION!


LOOK, PEG—BE A SPORT, AND TELL US WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR YOUR COMPLEXION! YOUR SKIN'S SO SOFT AND SMOOTH NOW-SIMPLY LOVELY AND...
YOU MEAN IT USED TO BE SO DRY AND LIFELESS! WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT—I REALLY HAD 'MIDDLE-AGE' SKIN, BEFORE I LEARNED ABOUT PALMOLIVE!
PALMOLIVE SOAP?
YES! A BEAUTY EXPERT EXPLAINED TO ME THAT PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY SKIN BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL—THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE GIVES YOUR COMPLEXION SPECIAL CARE—KEEPS SKIN SOFTER, SMOOTHER...
YOUNGER-LOOKING, TOO, I'D SAY! YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW MUCH PRETTIER PALMOLIVE HAS MADE YOU, PEG!
AND HERE'S ONE GIRL THAT'S GOING TO PROFIT BY YOUR BEAUTY LESSON! PALMOLIVE IS THE ONLY SOAP I'LL USE FROM NOW ON.

WHY PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, GIVES COMPLEXIONS A SPECIAL CARE . . . KEEPS SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

Palmolive is made from a special blend of Olive and Palm Oils—nature's finest beauty oils. Naturally, a soap made with these beauty oils has a different and very *special* lather. Palmolive's lather is so soothing, so kind to your skin. It cleanses gently, yet with a thoroughness that removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Keeps your skin soft, smooth and fresh . . . alive with beauty!

KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" . . . GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN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TASTE that smokers like
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COLOR PORTRAITS OF YOUR FAVORITE STARS

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

COMBINED WITH
SCREEN PLAY

10¢

NOVEMBER
NSC

MARLENE
DIETRICH
Natural Color Photo

AN ACTRESS MUST LIVE DANGEROUSLY

Everything about her is LOVELY
Naturally her Silverware is LOVELY
Lovely
MADELEINE CARROLL
appearing in
"IT'S ALL YOURS"
A Columbia Picture

Her charming personality . . . her clothes . . . her background of glamour—all inspire to beauty. And naturally if you follow the starry leadership of Hollywood, you, too, will choose the silverware that is the Service of the Stars . . . you will share this beauty with lovely Madeleine Carroll. Right now — your dealer is making an offer that is touched with Hollywood Magic — the *PALM SPRINGS CHEST*. Because of the Quantity Saving of $4.75, this 60-piece Service for 8 can be yours for only $29.75. And you receive the $5.00 value tarnish-proof Wood Chest . . . and a beautiful $2.50 Pierced Pastry Server to match your pattern, ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Ask your Dealer
to show you
**The
Palm Springs
Chest**

**1881
ROGERS**
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

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Hours for her lovely hands—
Not a minute for her tender gums

—ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

"SUCH LOVELY HANDS," her friends exclaim. Why shouldn't they be the envy of others, for she lavishes hours of time and patience upon them.

But look at her smile—her *dull, dingy* smile—then watch how quickly her beauty fades, how her charm disappears.

Shocking, yes—but shockingly true! Yet she's like thousands of other girls who *might* have possessed a radiant smile—who *might* have had bright, sparkling teeth—had she only learned the importance of care of the gums. What a price to pay for neglect—what a pity she failed to heed nature's warning, "pink tooth brush."

Don't Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist at once!* Very often he'll blame our modern menus—soft, creamy foods that deprive the gums of healthful exercise. And usually his verdict will be, "Strengthen those gum walls with harder, chewier foods"—and, as many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help gums as well as keep teeth sparklingly bright. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Gradually, as circulation increases within the gums, they become firmer, healthier.

Change to Ipana and massage today—see how sparkling, how lovely, how much more attractive your smile can be—a smile that will be your proud possession for the years to come.

• • •

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like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
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TOOTH PASTE
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AS USED ALWAYS REPLACE

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NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!

GRETA GARBO
CHARLES BOYER

IN **CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION**

Conquest

THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes... as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by *Clarence Brown*. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman... Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER

SCREEN BOOK *for November*

Combined with SCREEN PLAY

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

NOVEMBER, 1937
Volume XIX, No. 4

TED MAGEE
Editor

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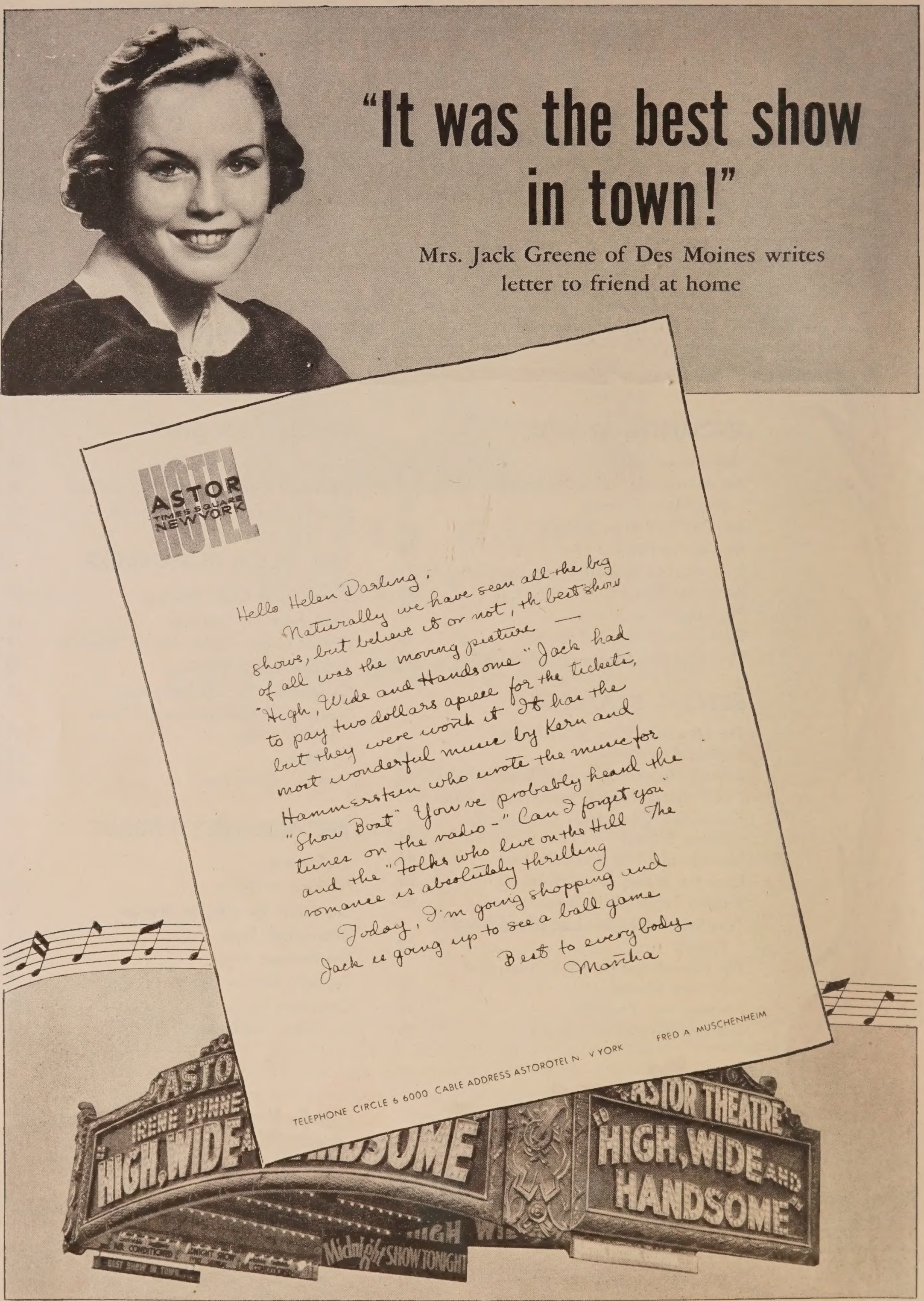

"It was the best show in town!"

Mrs. Jack Greene of Des Moines writes letter to friend at home

HOTEL
ASTOR
TIMES SQUARE
NEW YORK

Hello Helen Darling,

Naturally we have seen all the big shows, but believe it or not, th best show of all was the moving picture — "High, Wide and Handsome" Jack had to pay two dollars apiece for the tickets, but they were worth it It has the most wonderful music by Kern and Hammerstein who wrote the music for "Show Boat" You've probably heard the tunes on the radio – "Can I forget you" and the "Folks who live on the Hill" The romance is absolutely thrilling

Today, I'm going shopping and Jack is going up to see a ball game

Best to everybody
Martha

FRED A MUSCHENHEIM

TELEPHONE CIRCLE 6 6000 CABLE ADDRESS ASTOROTEL N. Y YORK

ASTOR
IRENE DUNNE
HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME
ASTOR THEATRE
HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME
AIR CONDITIONED
Midnight SHOW TONIGHT
BEST SHOW IN TOWN

and it'll be the best show in your town . . . and you won't have to pay two dollars!

Two dollars apiece for the tickets . . . but no wonder Mrs. Greene says they were worth it!!!

*The show which New York, Los Angeles, and London audiences have paid top prices to see is now on its way to your favorite theatre at popular prices, so you can enjoy the picture which audiences in these three theatre capitals have cheered as one of the greatest pictures of all time.

"The best show in town."—*N.Y. Times*

"It's magnificent entertainment."
—*N.Y. World-Telegram*

"Best described by its title, 'High, Wide and Handsome'."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune*

Irene Dunne

"HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME"

Randolph Scott

Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn

Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

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Tell me how I can own—for only a few cents a day—a latest model Royal Portable—with Carrying Case and Instant Typing Chart, FREE.

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Street________
City________ State________
I already own a________Typewriter, Serial No.________ Tell me how much you will allow on it as CASH payment on a new Royal.

HOLLYWORDS

By RUTH CLAYTON

Bernadene Hayes

AMONG the comer-uppers is **Bernadene Hayes** who has climbed the ladder via the Little Theatre route. She recently finished a featured part in Universal's *Midnight Raiders.* (Many will remember her as the maid who stole the candlesticks in *The Emperor's Candlesticks*) . . . **Vi Bradley** entertains with songs in a charming manner at Lindy's cocktail lounge.

Petite **Lily Pons** is back in Hollywood with a protege after an exceptional hit in Chicago, where she drew 150,000 people to her out-door concert at Grant Park. She was taken to and from her hotel in an armored car. Rushing from the airport to the theatre, Miss Pons appeared with **Andre Kostelanetz** at a recent preview. Her protege's name is Thomas McGrath, hails from Canaan, Connecticut, and is under personal contract to Miss Pons. Miss Pons and **Gene Raymond** appear together in RKO'S *It Never Happened Before.* **Jimmy McHugh** and **Harold Adamson** have returned to Universal to resume songwriting for *Young Man's Fancy* after having completed tunes for the Pons picture on loanout to RKO.

Fans who have sent **Victor Jory** letters of criticism from time to time had no idea they would be contributing to the building of Vic's new home. At any rate, Jory intends to use these letters for papering the walls of his private den. Jory currently appears in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* as Injun Joe, an ambition of long standing.

Ken Maynard

When asked to place his footprints in the forecourt of a new movie palace, **Gary Cooper** graciously removed his shoes and thrust his bare foot into the lump of clay saying "At least I'll be different" . . . After closing a personal appearance tour of several weeks duration at Denver, Colorado, **Ken Maynard,** cowboy star, will star in a series of eight Westerns to be produced by Condor for Grand National release.

You wouldn't believe that popcorn men could become a menace to the stars, but they have! Popcorn men who appear on various street corners with signs reading "Maps and Guides to Movie Star's Homes" have become a real hazard. One morning **Claudette Colbert** started to drive out of her yard only to find a car blocking the entrance to her estate and papa out taking pictures of mama and the three children. Miss Colbert made a hasty retreat to her house and there waited for their departure. There have been instances of girls peering in the windows of movie star homes and recently when one star ventured out in her yard in a sunsuit, she found a gallery watching her every move. What the stars are asking now is, "Are the popcorn men going to furnish keys to their domiciles too?"

Wheeler and **Woolsey** are accustomed to being panned. One New York critic reviewing a **Joe E. Brown** picture recently said that the only thing that could make it worse would be to have Wheeler and Woolsey in it. Since that time Bert and Bob both carry clippings of their "pans" around in their pants pockets and each tries to top the other with his panning criticisms. They appear together for the last time before Woolsey retires in *High Flyers* and have made more money for a longer period of time than any other comedy team in movie history.

Evidently **Joan Blondell** and **Dick Powell** have had enough of trailer life. With wheels removed their trailer sits in their backyard and serves as a playhouse for little Norman Barnes. (Some playhouse, eh?) . . . If the fans keep it up, **Shirley Temple** will have to turn her back yard into a menagerie. Pets contributed by her many fans to date are two ponies, three dogs, a parrot, a pond full of goldfish, six canaries, a Kangaroo and a cow. (What next?)

Helen Broderick

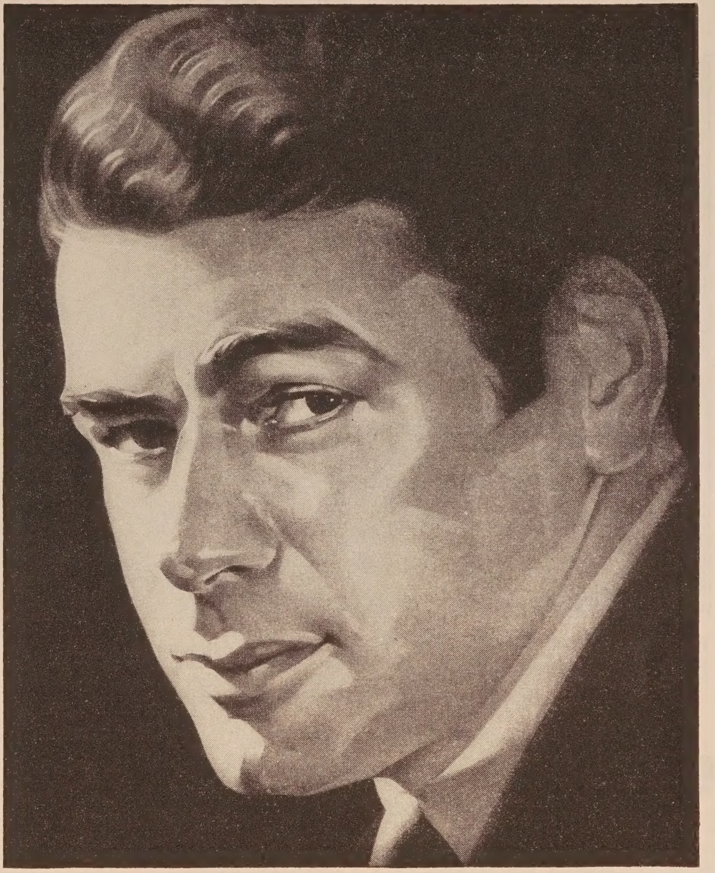
Topping the list of unusual things which had to be learned for a film, **Victor Moore,** co-starred with **Helen Borderick** in *Missus America* proved himself quite versatile when he had to cook and serve a complete dinner, make a bed, cut out, fit and sew a dress on a power machine and shave a man with an old-fashioned straight razor. (Oh hum! What price art?) . . . **Harold Lloyd** spotted doing a little plain and fancy autographing for little girls in front of the Chinese Theatre . . . **Mary Pickford** and hubby, **"Buddy" Rogers,** almost mobbed by the fans at the same place.

George Bancroft was all set to play *Blossoms on Broadway* when he broke his toe playing squash and had to be replaced by **William Frawley** . . . On the *Ali Baba Goes to Town* set (**Eddie Cantor's** new picture), three of the Arabs forgot to remove their wrist watches and retakes were necessary . . . It isn't singing lessons that bothers **Nelson Eddy,** but rather dancing. He is learning a waltz (under the supervision of Albertina Rasch) for his scenes in *Rosalie* in which he co-stars with **Eleanor Powell,** the expert tapper.

Sigrid Gurie, blonde Norwegian beauty who makes her film debut opposite **Gary Cooper** in *The Adventures of Marco Polo* for Goldwyn, studied to be a portrait painter in Europe.

Zola

—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the great!



This time you will cheer him to the echo. —Screenland

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.
—Kate Cameron,
N. Y. Daily News

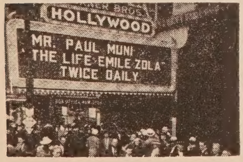
The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.
—Frank Nugent, N.Y. Times

Warner Bros. supreme effort to garner with one picture virtually all of the next academy awards. —Motion Picture Daily

Warner Bros. proudly present

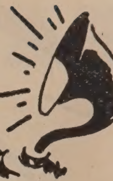
Mr. Paul MUNI *in* THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: Gale Sondergaard . . . Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern • Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle • Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg.



Soon to be shown at popular prices, the same superb production that thousands paid $2.20 to see. Don't miss the picture that packed America's leading theatres for weeks on end. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.

FILMLAND WHISPERS



Paula Stone presents a cake to Henry Willson, Hollywood agent, on his birthday. The guests, (left to right), Natalie and Tom Brown, Wayne Morris, Phyllis Fraser, Bill Henry, Grace Durkin, Henry Willson, Mary Carlisle, Mrs. Frank Borzage, Paula Stone, Billy Bakewell, Frank Borzage and Anne Shirley

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has literally taken her hair to the cleaners!

Because she has been suffering for a month with severe cold and sinus trouble, together with a recurrence of a pain in her head—the aftermath of an automobile accident last January, she's been unable to have her hair shampooed.

The other day she called **Wally Westmore** at the studio and inquired if there was any way to clean her hair without washing it. He concocted a dry cleaner which is perfumed and is applied just like a regular cleaner for clothing and leaves the hair soft and silky.

The formula is a secret one, but perhaps we can persuade him to part with it.

Edgar Bergen and **Charlie McCarthy** are keeping secrets from one another but it won't be long before the cat is out of the bag. They're leading double lives and they're both in love!

Eddie is keeping company with none other than **Judy Canova** of radio fame who's about to usurp the comedy throne at Paramount from **Martha Raye**, and **Charlie** is dashing about with **Mamie O'Grady**, whom rumor has it comes from the same Redwood forest up north from which **Charlie** hails.

Shirley Temple's sense of humor equals her beauty and histrionic ability. The dimpled star was testing the minuet costume she wears in *Heidi* and with technicians and wardrobe girls exclaiming she looked like a little queen in the quaint, old-fashioned dress, **Shirley** impishly wagged her fingers and went into the "I'm An Old Cow-Hand" routine.

When **Louis Hayward** returned to Hollywood from his visit to England **Ida Lupino** called it quits with **Lew Ayres**, with whom she had been dashing about during Hayward's absence.

Lew and **Ida** live across the street from one another, so seeing much of one another was the natural thing to do. There was no serious romance, as has been reported—**Lew** was merely standing in for **Louis.**

Ann Sothern and **Ginger Rogers** have dressing rooms just two doors from one another and both work most of the time on the RKO lot, although **Samuel Goldwyn** shares **Ann's** contract with the former studio.

Last week **Ginger** and **Ann** met on the lot for the first time in a year and a half. They discussed their pictures, their future plans, etc., and when it came to the matter of vacations they discovered both are planning to spend a month at the same remote spot in northwestern Canada.

It's a small world.

Burgess Meredith has presented **Barbara Stanwyck** with a Great Dane to protect her during **Robert Taylor's** prolonged stay in England.

The puppy arrived the other day from his farm in Nyack, New York, and was immediately sent out to the ranch in San Fernando where **Barbara** is living for the time being so she can indulge in her favorite sports.

Incidentally, **Bob** has divided his stable among his friends, two horses going to **Barbara**, two to **Zeppo Marx**, two to **Spencer Tracy** and the remaining two to **Wallace Beery.**

Movie stars visiting in Canada are warned to beware of a blonde young lady who poses as **Ann Sothern's** sister.

Francis Lederer was first approached by the girl in Montreal during his personal appearance tour. He was immediately suspicious because he knows both **Ann's** sisters quite well. When she discovered during her conversation with **Francis** that she was not succeeding in the deception she fled—but it is known she has approached other Canadian visitors from the film capital.

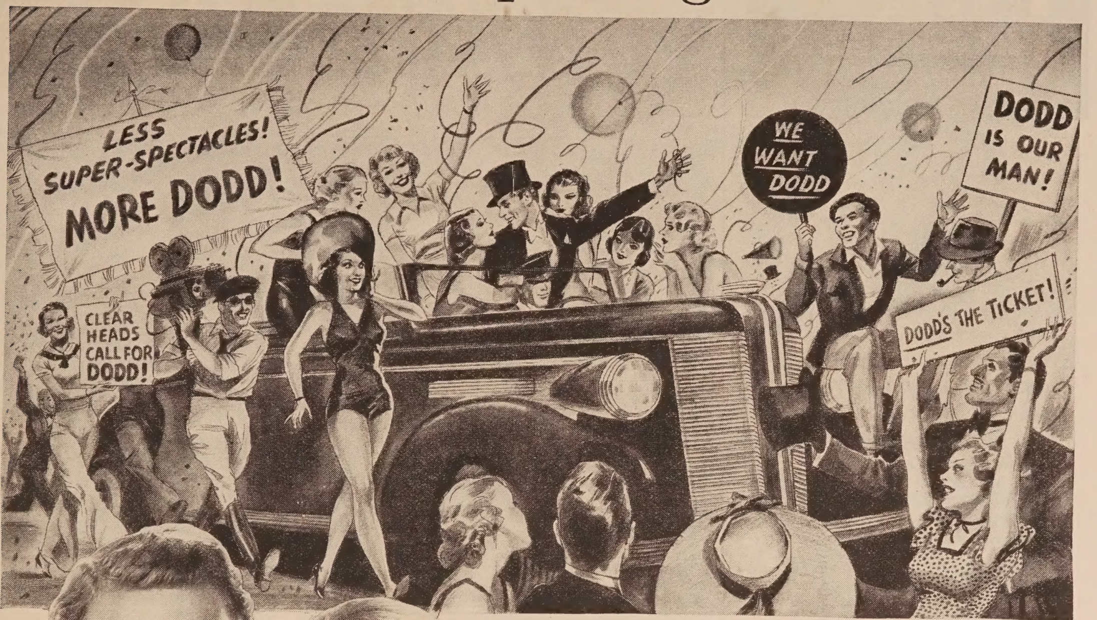
Friends of both have been trying for a year to introduce **Franchot Tone** and **Ray Milland** but the opportunity has not yet presented itself.

Both are quiet, restrained individuals not given to much conversation, interested in books and more important is the fact that both are lovers of chess, and since there are not many good players of the

[*Continued on page* 12]

Dick Powell, on an airport location in Warner Bros. filmusical *Hollywood Hotel*, makes up out of an emergency kit

HAIL! *the conquering hero comes!*


LESS SUPER-SPECTACLES! MORE DODD!
CLEAR HEADS CALL FOR DODD!
WE WANT DODD
DODD IS OUR MAN!
DODD'S THE TICKET!

Hollywood hails Atterbury Dodd...the timid soul who took the studios to town! Are there laughs? Is there romance? Are there thrills? Clarence Buddington Kelland, the Saturday Evening Post author who gave you "Mr. Deeds" and "Catspaw", never wrote a funnier adventure...and with this star-studded cast tossing the excitement together...Wow!

WALTER WANGER
presents

LESLIE HOWARD · JOAN BLONDELL

"Stand-in"

with **HUMPHREY BOGART**

ALAN MOWBRAY · MARLA SHELTON
C. HENRY GORDON · JACK CARSON
Directed by TAY GARNETT
Screenplay by GENE TOWNE and GRAHAM BAKER
Released thru United Artists

FREE!
MEASURING GLASS
WORTH 35¢

FREE WITH ZONITE

Use Zonite For —

1. **BAD BREATH**—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills tobacco breath, even onion breath!

2. **DANDRUFF**—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—*at contact!* Ends nasty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.

3. **CUTS AND WOUNDS**—Zonite kills many kinds of germs, not just one or two. Then tissues heal in *less time!* Apply Zonite wet dressing *at once.*

4. **SORE THROAT**—Zonite kills "cold bugs" at start! At first sign of irritation, gargle every 2 hrs. with Zonite dilution.

5. **"ATHLETE'S FOOT"**—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

Offer limited. Get yours while they last—at your druggist!

2 TABLE SP
1 TABLE SP
1 TEA SP
Zonite

7/8 ACTUAL SIZE

VALUE 35¢

Shows teaspoons and also tablespoons. Ends guesswork whenever you are measuring medicines.

FREE with 6 oz. bottle of ZONITE

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]

A group of steller polo players, Lionel Pedley, Morey Morrison and "Big Boy" Williams treat Rochelle Hudson to refreshments, after one of the night polo games sponsored by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

game in Hollywood this would be a common interest.

Joan Crawford is making petit point lace handbags with initials of future recipients worked into the design. During filming of *The Bride Wore Red* **Joan** completed one for **Billie Burke,** which was presented on her birthday.

John Beale had a busy day on Friday the Thirteenth!

He started work in his current picture *Madame X.* His wife took a test at M-G-M which is to decide the future of her picture career and that same night her play opened in Santa Barbara.

To top off all this when **John** returned home that night he discovered his cat had given birth to seven kittens in the dark room in the cellar.

The most popular question asked by fans who approached **Jeanette MacDonald** on her Hawaiian honeymoon was "Do you sing in the bathtub or the shower?"

She informs us that she does not sing in the bathtub or shower, neither does she sing in the parlor or the garden. One hour each day is devoted to a vocal lesson in a special room in her home, but further than this she does not utter a note at home or in private life, preferring to do all her vocalizing for business purposes.

Persons who sat close to **Eleanor Powell** during the preview of *Broadway Melody* wondered why she sat throughout her routines with hands over her eyes. When questioned she explained only in this manner can she tell whether or not the taps are in proper time.

Evidently **William Powell** likes corn on the cob.

Noticing a vegetable garden while driving to work one morning recently he stopped and bought out their entire stock of corn, amounting to 1500 ears. He gave everybody on the set of *Double Wedding* two dozen ears to take home that night.

A couple of days later the company went on location to Sherwood Forest, so he and **Myrna Loy** purchased 85 pounds of ground round steak and 920 ears of corn. Before the feast began orders went around from **Mr. Powell** that anyone who couldn't eat at least six ears would be hooted out of camp.

He managed to consume thirteen ears, **Myrna** packed away the neat sum of eight, but the record breaking cob-nibbler was **Bill's** stand-in, who ate eighteen ears.

Hollywood's most noted exponent of glamour is bringing the horse and buggy back to town!

Carole Lombard has been riding around San Fernando Valley in a rubber tired sulky drawn by a beautiful chestnut mare, a gift from **Clark Gable.**

If rumors are true **Bing Crosby** has demonstrated again his intense loyalty when a friend is in trouble.

It is said the real reason for his hurried trip to Saratoga, New York, is not to purchase horses, as was announced in the newspapers, but to intercede with officials for the cause of **John Montague,** golf wizard who is in a difficult legal fracas.

[*Continued on page* 18]

"Some day they're going to cut you open and find a rock where your heart ought to be"

They Fight It Out!
Terry Randall, born with a silver tongue in her mouth, and Jean Maitland, jobless song and dance girl with a gift for barbed wire cracks. What strange fate made them room mates in a theatrical boarding house!

ADOLPHE MENJOU

GAIL PATRICK

"STAGE DOOR"

where Laughter, Love and Heartbreak Meet

Starring

KATHARINE **HEPBURN** GINGER **ROGERS**

ADOLPHE **MENJOU**

with GAIL PATRICK

CONSTANCE COLLIER • ANDREA LEEDS
SAMUEL S. HINDS • LUCILLE BALL

Those amazingly wonderful penniless girls who exist on dreams and live on hopes and maybes, while awaiting the call of footlight fame that comes to one in a thousand! . . . The deep-down story of their burning hearts, and the low-down record of their flashing wit, has been told for the first time in the play masterpiece of Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman . . . now an RKO-Radio Picture.

•

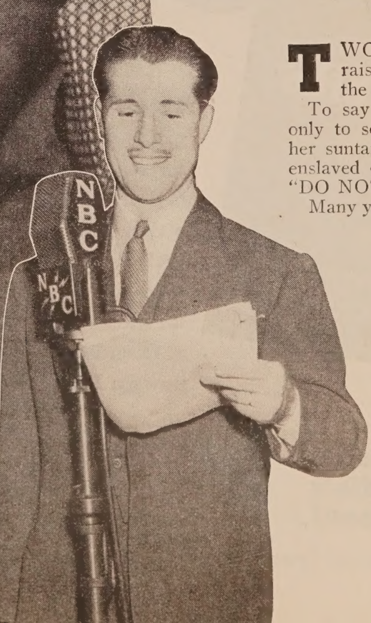
DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA
who made "MY MAN GODFREY" • Produced by
PANDRO S. BERMAN
Screen Play by MORRIE RYSKIND and ANTHONY VEILLER

Broadway's greatest emotion-stirring stage success . . . RKO-Radio's brilliant triumph of the screen!

"MI AMIGO" AMECHE

He won on a gamble! Don failed to crash Hollywood two years ago, but today he is "tops" in the film and radio realm

By MAXINE SMITH



Between his weekly radio show, in which he stars with W. C. Fields, Eddie Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, and work in his latest Fox picture, *In Old Chicago,* Don is usually within a whisper's distance of a "mike"

TWO years ago, glamorous and seductive Hollywood raised an encouraging eyebrow and Don Ameche went the way of all flesh.

To say that Dame Hollywood proved a fickle mistress is only to scratch the surface of the truth. She lured him to her suntanned arms, gave him a "come on" that would have enslaved even a more worldly-wise male, then hung out the "DO NOT DISTURB" sign when he knocked at her door.

Many young people have found Mistress Movietown an oddly complex will o' the wisp. One day she is a dancing madcap who waves a choice contract just out of reach—but, as a new day dawns, she tears up the contract, laughs fiendishly and turns to try her wiles on a new victim.

Ambitious Ameche became acquainted with the frolicsome Filmland in such a manner. The first time he approached her estate in 1935, she practically kicked him in the face. Four months later, filled with repentance, she beckoned him again. Like all men, Don was willing to give the gal a second chance. He won on the gamble and has found Hollywood a faithful and adoring spouse.

Back in 1935, I knew Don as head man on such radio shows as *Grand Hotel, First Nighter, Betty and Bob, Empire Builders* and *Nickelodeon.*

I used to lunch with him in the busy cafeteria of the Merchandise Mart in Chicago. He would dash into the lunch room minus a coat and tie, exuberant over the script of a show he had just finished rehearsing.

Always, he was gay, full of quips and interested in everything and everybody. Countless thousands of feminine radio listeners evidently shared my views, because Don's radio fan mail always was sensational. Men listeners liked him too.

IN AUGUST of 1935, a talent scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wired him to come to Hollywood for a screen test. Quite naturally, he was excited over the offer and immediately took time off from his air shows to go West.

His first day in Hollywood should have been the tip-off, but if he was disappointed, he didn't admit it—even to himself. There was no brass band, no fanfare, no "greeters" from M-G-M. A friend from the NBC Artists' Bureau drove him to the studio where his test was to be made.

After clipping the maze of red tape which ties up studio admittance, Don finally was admitted to the office of an M-G-M executive.

Later, Don was ushered into the studio where his test was made. It was a "quickie" and Don found himself out in the bright California sunshine quicker than you could say "Shirley Temple."

He stuck around Hollywood for ten days, trying to see his screen test—but no luck. Finally, he managed to have a look at the tryout strip. Somehow or other, the fellow on the screen looked a lot like a Zombie, but Don wasn't heartbroken.

It may have been bravado designed to hide his disappointment, but Don was his usually gay self when he returned from Hollywood.

He had paid his own expenses to and from the Coast and seemed to consider the trip a sort of brief vacation. If he had any fancy ideas about becoming a movie star overnight, he didn't let anybody guess.

As week after week passed without word from the studio regarding a contract, Don dismissed Hollywood from his mind, laughed off "ribbing" from fellow radio actors, and devoted his talents to the ether waves.

Late in November of the same year in Chicago, Don met a man named Tom Oakey of Los Angeles. Oakey had handled some big real estate deals for several of the major studios and knew a lot of Hollywood film executives. Oakey asked Don if he would like to have an honest opinion of the test. Would he though? The answer was an emphatic, "Yes!"

Oakey returned to California, 'phoned an agent named George Frank and told him about Ameche. Frank looked at the test at Metro and wired Don to meet him at the railroad station in Chicago three days later. Don was on hand when the train pulled in, met Frank, and spent an hour between trains listening to the agent's comments on the test and discussing future developments. Frank was on his way to New York on business. When he boarded the eastbound train, Don again dismissed the movies from his mind—remembering his first experience.

Two days later, Frank wired Don to come to New York to make a screen test for 20th Century-Fox. This time, the studio paid his expenses and Don made

[*Continued on page* 19]

Lady in danger..

OF LOSING HER MAN!

Isn't it a shame she doesn't know this lovelier way to avoid offending?

BEFORE EVERY DATE, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.

YOU FEEL MORE GLAMOROUS when you guard your daintiness this *lovelier* way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin —keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!

SO ALLURING TO MEN—Cashmere Bouquet's lingering fragrance! But remember that only a rare perfume like Cashmere Bouquet's has that special *lingering* quality. Only Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings you the *lovelier* way to avoid offending!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

GOOD NEWS TO MILLIONS

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor—tastes like a choice confection! You'll like it *even better* than you did before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER

Ex-Lax is now even more effective than it used to be. Empties the bowels *more thoroughly, more smoothly,* in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER

Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle in action that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

. . and you'll FEEL BETTER after taking it!

People everywhere are praising the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax! Thousands have written glowing letters telling of their own experiences with this remarkable laxative

"I always liked the taste of Ex-Lax," many said, "but now it's even *more* delicious!" . . . "It certainly gives you a thorough cleaning out!" was another popular comment . . . "We never dreamed that any laxative could be so gentle!" hundreds wrote.

And right they are! For today Ex-Lax is *better than ever!* A more satisfactory laxative in *every* way! . . . If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, listlessness or any of the other ailments so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax!

Your druggist has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG117, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!

Mary Astor, as Antoinette de Mauben, beseeches Black Duke Michael (Raymond Massey) to forget his plotting for the throne, in this scene from the David O. Selznick production, *The Prisoner of Zenda*—starring Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll

PRISONER OF ZENDA

Selznick-International

For 40 years Anthony Hope's dramatic story of the Englishman who looked so much like a king that he was crowned as one in a foreign country has been a distinguished success both as novel and as a play. Produced a second time as a movie with elaborate settings and Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll as its leads *The Prisoner of Zenda* gains added distinction, charm and entertainment value. Also it presents the ever popular Mr. Colman not only in his finest role but in a dual character that gives him more film footage than his last four pictures combined. The filmplay is a bit long but never boresome. The court setting is perhaps one of the most pretentious interiors ever built for a movie. In his duelling scenes Mr. Colman shows the same agility that made a star of his adversary's father, and young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., back on the American screen after an absence of two years, recalls the elder Doug in more ways than one. Miss Carroll makes a beautiful queen but has limited acting opportunities. David Niven's ability is notable even in a brief role. C. Aubrey Smith proves a gallant screen figure and as usual gives an outstanding character performance. The direction by John Cromwell is noteworthy and the sepia-toned photographic values enhance the beauty of the backgrounds considerably. Undoubtedly one of the most impressive dramas of its kind since Fairbanks, Sr., made *Three Musketeers,* and well worth your interest.

100 MEN AND A GIRL

Universal

When Universal put untrained, unheard of 13-year-old Deanna Durbin in *Three Smart Girls,* it made a curious world blink its eyes. In starring this young singing marvel in *100 Men and a Girl,* the studio appears to have done a very smart thing, for Deanna definitely arrives at independent stardom in this vehicle and her work will long be remembered. No less than Leopold Stokowski and 100 veteran symphony musicians head Deanna's supporting cast and the veteran Adolphe Menjou, playing with deep sincerity, lends much to the emotional value of a fine and novel musical drama. The story concerns the trials of an unemployed musician who finds a purse stuffed with money, being mentally torn between the necessity of using the money to support his daughter and a conscience aggravated by what he considers dishonesty. When the singing daughter gets the support of the great Stokowski (which the musician-father could not obtain), everything ends happily, including as brilliant a singing climax as any picture has yet presented. Henry Koster, director, and Joe Pasternak, producer of *Three Smart Girls* and various European hit musicals, are responsible for the new Durbin picture. The musical score emphasizes the rich musical qualities of Tschaikowsky, Verdi, Wagner, Mozart and Liszt compositions, and *Raining Sunbeams* and *Music in My Dreams,* by Frederick Hollander and Sam Coslow, sound like real popular tune hits. It looks very much like Deanna Durbin has a good ten years' head start on other movie songbirds and her newest picture certainly takes rank as outstanding "all family" entertainment.

THIN ICE
20th Century-Fox

It is rather incongruous that the finest ice skating exhibition ever given should come from desert-hot Hollywood but it has, for *Thin Ice* is the undisputed champion among skating entertainments and there isn't a single dull moment in the whole show. When Miss Henie turned professional two years ago and was given a whopper of a contract by 20th Century-Fox, Hollywood wiseacres asked, "What can the movies do with a skater?" The answer is, "Plenty!" for in one picture Miss Henie became a sensational hit and in her second picture she'll surpass many a veteran who thought she was heading the league. The story of *Thin Ice* is thin but what happens on the ice when Sonja and her steel-blade-ballet arrive provides three of the most entertaining and distinctive reels the screen has ever known. The snow sequences and the romance between Miss Henie and Tyrone Power, Jr., one of our leading male heart-throbs just now, are developed with spirit and good humor and with Sonja and Tyrone sweethearts off the screen as well as on, film fans will know these scenes are not merely acting. Miss Henie's wholesome, athletic girlishness is refreshing; her dimpled cheeks like a luscious peach tart. Mr. Power plays without affectation and his naturalness is enjoyable. Alan Hale, Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn and George Givot are outstanding in support and Joan Davis, an artiste par excellence in her line, will tickle the funny bones of every audience with her comical introduction of two smartly written songs. Director Sidney Landfield has given the picture a fine tempo throughout, and its producers have provided natural and artificial settings of exquisite beauty to frame the action of this breezy production. *Thin Ice* is really hot stuff and you'll be humming its tunes for months.

MAKE A WISH
Sol Lesser-RKO-Radio

Here's a musical that is slightly different from the usual run and entertaining because it does not attempt to over-power one with pretentious sets or the size of its cast. Bobby Breen is billed as the star but Marion Claire of operatic fame and Basil Rathbone rather push Bobby into the background. A little tike named Billy Lee is also opposition because of his impish cuteness. Oscar Straus has pro-

[*Continued on page* 102]

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY KISSES?"
HE DIDN'T EVEN KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT!
MEN HATE RED, SMEARY LIPS. TRY TANGEE.. IT'S ORANGE IN THE STICK, BUT IT TURNS TO NATURAL BLUSH-ROSE ON YOUR LIPS.
THEIR NEXT DATE
DARLING, YOUR LIPS LOOK SO LOVABLE TONIGHT, I'VE GOT TO KISS THEM!
I'LL ALWAYS USE TANGEE!
IS THAT "PAINTED LOOK" SPOILING YOUR HAPPINESS? DON'T LET IT! USE TANGEE–THE LIPSTICK THAT ISN'T PAINT, THE ONLY LIPSTICK WITH THE MAGIC TANGEE COLOR CHANGE PRINCIPLE! MAKES YOUR LIPS IRRESISTIBLE!! SEND THE COUPON NOW!
PAINTED GLARING LIPS
TANGEE LOVABLE LIPS

SEND COUPON for TANGEE'S MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET, containing generous samples of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and Face Powder . . . **10c**

FREE CHARM TEST!–an amazing new chart that actually measures your charm! Reveals your personality, gives you self-confidence, ability to attract men. Approved by an eminent psychologist. Sent FREE with Tangee's 10¢ Miracle Make-Up Set.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
39¢ AND $1.10

F117

MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

—an amazing new chart that actually measures your charm!

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.
Please rush Miracle Make-Up Set of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also send me FREE the new Tangee Charm Test.
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name ________ Please Print
Address ________
City ________ State ________

EXTRA POUNDS-
NEW STRENGTH-
NEW
ENERGY-
SURE!

Posed by professional model

...But You're Still Not Telling the Story I Think is Best About Kelpamalt!... It's This...

"IT MAKES YOU FEEL SWELL!"

Writes Miss H. R., Bridgeport Conn.

Hosts of Thin, Sickly Tired-Out Men and Women Find This New Sea-Plant Iron, Iodine and Vitamin Concentrate Adds Extra Pounds, New Strength and Energy the First Week! Results Guaranteed Or No Cost.

Don't be discouraged if you are weak, skinny, tired-out, feeling miserable, unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength, no matter what you do, or what you eat. "I had been tired-out, sickly, pale and underweight for several years, and never really felt well," writes Miss H. R., Bridgeport, Conn. "After trying many things, I finally took Kelpamalt, with surprisingly excellent results. You say Kelpamalt builds pounds and strength. It does, but I still think you are not telling the most important thing, which is this: It makes you feel swell!"

Malnourishment (an insufficient supply of minerals and vitamins) often explains why folks stay thin, ailing, worn out, with weakened resistance. Doctors know appetite satisfying foods are deceiving because frequently they lack vital minerals and essential vitamins needed for body building. As a result you do not get the good out of the food you eat and your system lacks in strength, energy and weight.

Many thousands of sickly, pale, ailing folks have found glorious relief with Kelpamalt. This amazing iron, iodine and vitamin concentrate is rich in vital elements necessary for the body's chemical processes. It contains assimilable iron, copper, phosphorus, and calcium vitally needed for blood and tissue building. Important, too, is Kelpamalt's natural iodine (don't confuse this with ordinary liquid, chemical iodine) a substance which scientists now agree is vitally important to the health and normal functioning of liver, glands and blood—Kelpamalt is one of the world's richest sources of natural iodine.

In addition to these precious minerals, Kelpamalt contributes to the supply of the necessary vitamins A. C. D. and G. It is only when there is an adequate supply of vitamins plus minerals that you can get the good out of your food.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

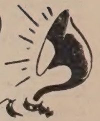
Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week. See, if, like thousands of others, you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better and add at least 5 husky new lbs. the first week. If you don't, the trial is free. It costs you nothing! Your own Doctor will approve this way. Get Seedol Kelpamalt now. It costs but a few cents a day to use and is sold at all good drug stores. Beware of cheap substitutes. Insist on the genuine

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt *Tablets*

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Send for FREE fascinating, instructive 50 page book on How To Build Strength and Add Weight. Information on Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins and their effects on the human body. Weight and measurement charts. Daily menus. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1309, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

FILMLAND WHISPERS



[*Continued from page* 12]

Winsome Wyn Cahoon, now appearing in Columbia's clever comedy, *The Awful Truth*, is Hollywood's latest importation from the New York stage where she played in *Brother Rat*

A couple of months ago **Tyrone Power** decided he should live in the style to which a star should be accustomed, so he forthwith rented a tremendous establishment in Bel Air, signing a two year lease. After he and his mother moved into the garguantian home he felt lonely and began to consider the fact that perhaps people would misconstrue his new mode of living and attribute it to a high hat attitude. After brooding over this for a couple of weeks he abruptly moved out to a small apartment in Beverly Hills and now his mother is holding down the mansion with the help of two servants.

Gary Cooper is a stickler for reality. He was approached on the set of *Marco Polo* by a representative of Grauman's Chinese and asked for his footprints to be placed in the forecourt of the theatre. Heretofore the stars have given shoeprint impressions for posterity.

But not **Gary**—he took off his boots and thrust his naked foot into the lump of clay.

Gladys George and husband **Leonard Penn** have devised a novel and exciting way to choose their vacation spots. The method is also a help in keeping prying reporters and other destroyers of privacy from knowing their whereabouts.

First they decide upon the day of their departure, keeping the information a dark secret. Just before backing the car out of the garage they drag out a map of Southern California, **Gladys** closes her eyes and sticks a pin in the map.

Their destination is where the pin has punctured the map. They limit the trips to a radius of 200 miles of Hollywood, within easy call of the studio.

Irene Dunne wants to sponsor a club for feminine screen stars who labor before the cameras while their husbands are away at the four corners of the globe. She wants to call it the "Live Alone and Like It Club."

Others who would be eligible for membership are **Jean Parker, Madeleine Carroll, Ann Sothern, Harriett Hilliard, Dorothy Lamour** and **Helen Vinson.**

After spending several years at M-G-M, **Madge Evans** recently abrogated her contract by mutual consent with the studio. Her reason was she felt she'd not been given the proper roles. She's decided to change her type from the sweet young girl to that of a sophisticated woman. Her hair is three shades darker, she's experimenting with new makeup and she's going on a free lance campaign to create a new and better **Madge Evans.**

Welcome news to their many friends in Hollywood and New York is that **Veda Ann Borg** and **Dick Purcell**, recently injured in an automobile crash will not suffer permanent injuries. **Veda Ann's** doctors have removed the bandages from her face and have found that she will be left with just one tiny scar under the left eye, although she suffered nasty gashes on the face from shattered glass. **Dick** was cut under the chin and on the neck, but he, too, will be able to continue screen work.

Both will be able to report back at Warners in about two months.

"Mi Amigo" Ameche

[*Continued from page* 15]

the trip, made the test, and made good.

Three weeks later, "mi amigo" Ameche received a five-week contract from Darryl Zanuck, Fox's wily little production chief. It was his Christmas present.

EARLY in the spring of 1936, Don hopped a 'plane for Hollywood to launch his film career. His mind wasn't filled with "ideas" about Hollywood's glamour, its allegedly fabulously wealthy film stars, its fabled "champagne baths," its much-discussed studio "politics," etc. He had SEEN Hollywood's worst side. If Movietown had anything better to offer, he was willing to sample it once. At any rate, he wasn't expecting more than a chance to show the darned place that he had something!

Zanuck liked Don's original role in *Sins of Man* so well that his job was expanded into a dual role. He had been brought to Hollywood to play one of Jean Hersholt's sons in the film and wound up by donning a blond wig and playing BOTH sons—but this has been written before.

Don's work in *Sins of Man* was so widely acclaimed that Zanuck gave him one of the year's acting plums—the role of Alessandro in the all-color production of *Ramona* opposite lovely Loretta Young. Don's mother is English but his father is Italian, and the Latin strain suited him for the portrayal of the Indian, Alessandro.

After *Ramona,* Don began the role of the young doctor in *Ladies in Love,* moved right into the newspaper reporter's assignment in *One in a Million,* proceeded to get a co-starring role with Ann Sothern in *Fifty Roads to Town,* dusted off *Love Under Fire* and then became the grey templed playwright in *You Can't Have Everything.* The important role as Tyrone Power's brother in the new dramatic film, *In Old Chicago,* is his latest job.

Not a bad showing for a young man who should have been in pictures years ago! Perhaps Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is satisfied to have Robert Taylor and Clark Gable under contract and isn't losing too much sleep over passing up Ameche—but this exciting, personable and able young star is not to be taken lightly!

HE HAS proved his mastery of roles that call for glamour, romance, action, finesse, comedy and humility and now is looking for new fields. He isn't "temperamental" about his assignments. He likes them all.

He has his weekly radio show in which he stars with W. C. Fields and Edgar Bergen's delightful little dummy, Charlie McCarthy—and he has his film career which is steadily reinforcing his fine reputation as an actor.

Despite persistent rumors that BUDDY ROGERS wants to live at Pickfair, he and MARY are preparing to go east for a short vacation before he is scheduled to appear with his band. They have three places under consideration for their new home; meanwhile MARY is taking inventory of household effects at Pickfair prior to closing the estate permanently.

Have you tried the New Magic Milk Mask?

No waiting for results when you use the

NEW LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK

HERE is a new, complete twenty-minute beauty treatment that begins its gentle, toning action as *soon* as it is applied, and leaves the skin looking soft, smooth and refreshed.

If your complexion is dull and sallow, the Linit Magic Milk Mask will help to clarify it through natural stimulation, and will heighten the natural bloom.

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Magic Milk Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

Feel your face—the petal-like smoothness and softness; observe the enchanting bloom of youth. The Linit Magic Milk Mask leaves the skin with a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base, as it eliminates shine and helps to keep make-up looking fresh for hours longer.

Why not try Linit Magic Milk Mask NOW? If you do not have Linit at hand, your grocer can supply you.

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.

2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.

3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.

4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.

Perfect Love
IS EMPHASIZED BY
GOOD JUDGMENT
CHOOSE AN
American Beauty.
PERFECT DIAMOND RING
Olympia $75
Duchess $50
Eden $150
Royale $100
They choose well who choose the one glorious symbol of perfect love: an American Beauty guaranteed perfect diamond ring. Created for today's brides in smart 14k, 18k and platinum settings. Priced from $25 to $1000 . . . at Better Jewelers Everywhere.
© UNTERMEYER, ROBBINS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N.Y.

INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

Please give me any information you can on Luli Deste. What will be the title of her first Columbia picture?—S. J. T.

Miss Deste is a charming individual whose background is intensely interesting. Born in Vienna, Austria, she is the daughter of Baron and Baroness Bodenhausen. She is 5′ 3″ in height, weighs 105 lbs. and has blue eyes and brown hair. Her unique personality should bring wide acclaim for her work in *I Married an Artist,* her first American picture.

What is the name of, and what has happened to, the fourth Marx Brother?—T. M.

Zeppo—the fourth of the "mad" Marx quartette, has retired from screen work to become an actor's agent in Hollywood.

Is Ann Sothern married? If not, who seems to be the object of her affections? Where can I reach her by mail?—M. D.

Ann is very muchly married, to Roger Pryor (popular orchestra leader) and has earned the title of, "The commuting bride" due to her many trips across country to visit her husband. During the past few months, she has traveled 30,000 miles by air, back and forth to Chicago, where her husband is fulfilling an orchestra engagement at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Address her letters to RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Please give me Spanky MacFarland's birth date and his studio mailing address. —L. M.

"Spanky" was born October 2, 1928, which makes him nine years old, by anyone's figuring. Send your mail to Master MacFarland, c/o Hal Roach Studio, Culver City, California.

How did Sonja Henie get into the movies? Where could I write for a photograph?—L. S. M.

Sonja's fame as a champion ice-skater attracted the attention of studio executives. When she gave a skating exhibition in Los Angeles, Fox studio officials persuaded her to sign a contract with them. Her address is: Fox-20th Century Studio, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California. Don't forget to include twenty-five cents for the photograph, plus cost of mailing.

Please give me the titles of the latest pictures in which Sylvia Sidney and Barbara Stanwyck appear.—D. L. F.

Actress, dancer, singer! **Luli Deste, exotic and vivacious Viennese discovery, will co-star with John Boles in her first American production, *I Married an Artist,* a Columbia picture**

Miss Sidney had the feminine lead in Hollywood's adaptation of the famous New York play, *Dead End;* Miss Stanwyck's latest starring role is in *Stella Dallas.*

Please give me a brief biography of Ray Milland. Also please tell me if that is his real name.—H. M. A.

Born in Dragheda, Ireland—Ray had the true Irish title of Jack Millane, which he later changed to his present cognomen of Ray Milland. He is 6′ 1″ in height, has black hair, brown eyes and his birthdate, in case you are interested, is January 3, 1905.

Please tell me who played the leading feminine role in *That Man's Here Again.* How old is she?—H. A.

Mary Maguire is the name of the charming person who played the lead in the picture you mention. She is a native of Australia, having been born there on February 13, 1919. After earning the reputation of being the "Mary Pickford" of the land "down under," she journeyed to California where she is one of Warner Brothers most promising featured players.

Do the stars pay for their own wardrobe when they appear in a picture?—D. F.

Both stars and featured players furnish

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

By ALICE STUART

their own wardrobe for ordinary purposes. In the case of costume roles, however, the studio furnishes their apparel.

Please give me a brief biography of Annabella, the French actress. Where may I write her?—M. W.

Annabella is a lovely blond actress who was born in Paris, France. She has appeared in films in France, England, Vienna and Budapest. Her latest appearance on the screen is in the excellent color film, *Wings of the Morning*. You may address your letter to her, c/o Fox 20th-Century Studio, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California.

Kindly tell me where and when Loretta Young was born, where she attended school and whether she has ever been married or divorced.—A. R.

Loretta was born in Salt Lake City, Utah—January 6, 1913. She is a graduate of the Ramona Convent of Alhambra, California and was married to, and divorced from, Grant Withers.

What is Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie's next picture to be?—J. R.

The friendly enemies will appear next in the 20th Century-Fox picture, *Love and Hisses*, with Simone Simon furnishing the love while they contribute the hisses.

What is Fernand Gravet's age? Did he appear in movies in France, and what will his next picture in America be titled?—K. C.

Fernand Gravet is 29 years old. He appeared in twelve pictures in France and also made pictures in Germany and England. His latest picture will be with Carole Lombard in *Food for Scandal*.

Why is it that most scenes for pictures must be filmed on sound stages?

A sound stage is so constructed as to protect the sound in the picture from any disturbances foreign to the dialogue or sound required in the script.

ATTENTION!

In responding to Charlie McCarthy's
CRY FOR HELP!
SCREEN BOOK fans have deluged
our office with
suggestions for a more suitable
sobriquet than "Dummy"
Therefore we are compelled to postpone
the announcement
of the lucky winner of the
Crosley Super 8 radio
until the December issue of
SCREEN BOOK
Watch for it!

DANGER AHEAD!

To your smart fall clothes and your lovely self

Don't think cold weather frees you from the threat of UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

THE first chilly days of fall and winter should bring this warning to women: *Don't take it for granted, now that summer is past, that you have no further need to worry about perspiration.*

It's true, you may not need to worry about perspiration moisture. Few of us are troubled with an annoying amount of moisture in cold weather. But perspiration *odor* — that's a different story!

Heavier clothing, tighter sleeves shut air away from the underarms. Tense indoor recreations in overheated rooms are apt to result in unpleasant underarm odor.

Your daily bath is powerless to prevent it. The best a bath can do is merely to cleanse the skin from *past* perspiration.

To be sure of protection that lasts all day, use Mum *after* your bath.

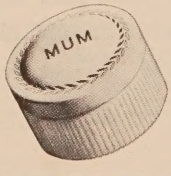
Takes just half a minute. Smooth a bit of Mum under this arm, under that — and you're ready for your dress. No bother of waiting for it to dry and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time and don't worry about your clothing. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Mum its Textile Approval Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. Mum is soothing and cooling to the skin — so soothing you can shave your underarms and use at once!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want done — prevents disagreeable odor *without* interfering with the perspiration itself.

Make Mum a year 'round habit, *winter and summer*, and you can dismiss all fear of perspiration from your mind! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a proved friend to women in another way — for its protective deodorant service on sanitary napkins.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Quickly...
Correct These Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines, It Removes Ugly Bulges!

Reduces Hips Thighs and Diaphragm
Takes away Abdominal Fat and Bulge "Derriere"
Girdle or Brassiere may be worn separately

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS . . . it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the massage-like action and gentle pressure are *actually reducing* hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm...the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results...as are other Perfolastic wearers!

PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The Perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will come increased pep and energy.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely! You risk nothing. Mail coupon *now!*

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 711, 41 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ....

Address ....

Use coupon or send name and address on penny postcard

THE POSTMAN RINGS

While on location at the Monterey Presidio for Warner's Army picture, *Sergeant Murphy*, Ronald Regan, featured player, looks over "Big Ben" Norwood's campaign whistle—which he has used in three wars

$15.00 Prize Letter

Fan Pans!

DEAR EDITOR:
Just what privileges does an admission fee to a motion picture show give a fan?

It is a price paid for two and one-half hours of entertainment. Everyone agrees on that. This same fee gives patrons the right to become critics; that, too, is understood. The right to criticize the acting, direction, casting, and plot of any movie, but *does* it give him the privilege of condemning and upbraiding a star because of his or her private life? Supposing some of them do smoke or drink or engage in a matrimonial marathon to excess, what of it? It's *their* lives they're ruining and *their* hearts they're breaking in the process. For your small piece of silver they give *you* a good time at the theatre along with miles of good and bad reading material cooked up by publicity departments. Your small change doesn't furnish only movie stars with a living, yet none of the other recipients of this money are bothered in this manner. How many of you would dare walk up to a theatre usher and ask him if he sleeps in pajamas or a nightshirt?

Why not give the stars a break? Their divorces hurt them more than they do you. Their bad performances dishearten them more than they disappoint you. Motion picture careers are comparatively short lived and after that what is there for them? Your ticket buys you more than your money's worth, but not the right to cast mud and slime at those who are trying so hard to please you.—*Eileen O'Brien, 60 West Elm Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Au Natural

DEAR EDITOR:
It's been a long time since the movie stars' craze for gold door knobs and chauffeurs dressed in everything but the kitchen stove, but today there's a more insane craze among our Cinema Lights, and although it won't bring the world to an untimely end, something ought to be done about it. I refer to the craze to be oh, so darned natural that it hurts.

Once Susie Star was seen at the Cocoanut Grove with the boy friend, or at an occasional cocktail party, but is she seen at such places any more? Heaven forbid. Now she grants interviews to the tune of, "I never go out in the evenings, any more. I haven't been to

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

a party in years for I don't care for that sort of thing; I'd much rather sit at home reading a weighty tome."

And Susie, also, has deserted the big, beautiful foreign car and rattles about in the battered, run down flivver she picked up at the junk yard. Trust her to make this clear to the press. And not only Susie but all the rest of the girls in Cinematown would never, never think of wearing make-up outside the range of the camera. They tell us with a shriek that they just detest good looking clothes and would rather "slop" around in slacks that yell for a cleaning and pressing.

Yes, it's the craze to be just too, too natural in Hollywood and never adorn the old pan with five cents worth of powder or wear anything unless it looks like it came out of the ragbag.

But I'm sure all we fans would rather see our idols looking fit and proper and have them act like the rest of Mr. and Mrs. America and enjoy themselves once again.

But then, as I said, it's a craze and it will inevitably die a natural, unheraldéd death some day.—*Mrs. Jasper Robb, 700 Allen Avenue, Rapid City, S. D.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Seein' Is Believin'!

DEAR EDITOR:

I have read the SCREEN BOOK many times along with other movie books but I would still like to have a certain question answered.

In movie books, in newspapers, and in the movies you are told that movie stars are seen walking up and down Santa Monica boulevard and places in Beverly Hills. They are to be found at tennis matches, football games, and right out in public. Maybe I'm wrong but I disagree. I have walked the streets of Hollywood and Beverly Hills in hopes of seeing a celebrity. I have attended tennis matches and of course been at the important football games but never have I caught a glimpse of a star. I lived in Beverly Hills for two years and the only time I ever saw a movie star was when I secured a pass to go through a studio. Maybe the magazines and newspapers are right and I just don't get around, but I do believe there is a little exaggeration. I don't expect to see swarms of them walking down the street but once in a while I should see them according to your magazine.—*Barbara Lee, 1344 Plymouth Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Atmosphere

DEAR EDITOR:

I was interested in the first prize letter in the September SCREEN BOOK telling about a picture she had seen titled *Night Must Fall*, a murder mystery without the usual chilling, blood-curdling sound effects.

I, for another, wish to register my satiety with "atmosphere" music in the talkies. I don't particularly mind the woodwinds and tympani as the storm is brewing and the grim hero fights through his difficulties; I have no great objection to the brass and drums as horses ride to a thrilling rescue. But the fatal inevitability, with which the swelling strains of soft, sweet violin music herald the approach of the final kiss-and-live-happy-ever-after—as if to say, "All right, folks, everything's going to end all right and it's time for you to take your arm from around her and straighten up and get ready to go home," is beginning to make me a little sick.—*(Mrs.) Flo Harris, Leavenworth, Kansas, P. O. Box 236.*

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Anna May Dales NOTARY PUBLIC

WHAT ON EARTH SHALL I DO?

"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"

IF THEY WILL ONLY HELP
YEAST FOAM TABLETS

"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month"

THEY'VE WORKED WONDERS

"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim — if not more"

NOTE: *The above letter is so typical of many others that it justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.*

New DOUBLE-VALUE 30-Day Size Bottle of YEAST FOAM TABLETS

ARE you missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim.

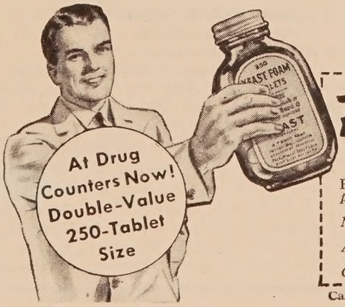
It came to us, a simple letter written in pencil—just one of many from grateful girls who have regained their natural beauty with the aid of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system, too, of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll look better—and feel better—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.

Now, with this new Double-Value size bottle available at drug counters, you can actually get the full value of the 30-day course for *one-half* of the former cost! Remember to ask for the 250-tablet size of Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.


At Drug Counters Now! Double-Value 250-Tablet Size
YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Free Taste Sample

FG11-37

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE TASTE SAMPLE of Yeast Foam Tablets. I want to prove for myself that it is *pleasant* to take yeast in this form.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ *State* __________

Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.

GLORIA STUART
20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR
Featured in "LIFE BEGINS AT COLLEGE"
has a
ROYAL
VACUUM CLEANER
in her Hollywood Home
ROYAL
Hollywood goes ROYAL
THE P. A. GEIER CO., CLEVELAND, O.
CONTINENTAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, LTD.
Toronto, Ont., Canada

THE MAN WHO PLAYS

—PHOTO BY MAURICE SEYMOUR

Edgar Bergen's double talk has made Charlie McCarthy internationally famous, and his boss a world figure

By GLADYS W. BABCOCK

ALTHOUGH Hollywood has never had a more glamorous galaxy of world famous folk than it has this season the most fascinating individual in the heart of Filmland just now isn't Clark Gable, or Robert Taylor, or Garbo, or Mickey Mouse—it's Edgar Bergen.

Who—who—is Edgar Bergen, you say? Well, my dear, you'll have to take hold of yourself and check your memory; you're simply not in tune with the times.

Edgar Bergen is the man behind Charlie McCarthy, No. 1 sensation of radio, stage and screen.

Many great personalities have had their ghost writers—self sacrificing souls who have given their brain children to others for a pittance; unheard of individuals who write brilliant speeches for others to deliver and be applauded for but Mr. Bergen not only writes Mr. McCarthy's witty speeches but he also delivers them. He not only is the man behind Charlie McCarthy's phenomenal success but he IS Charlie McCarthy and, if one but studies that inspired look in little Charlie's eyes one knows that Charlie fairly worships his maker. And, with such devotion Charlie naturally obeys Bergen's every command and everything Bergen says fits Charlie McCarthy—exactly.

As every other little girl has done I once owned a doll which, in my infant

WITH A DOLL

eyes, was the world's greatest baby; an idol; an ideal. Like every other little girl I imagined my doll could talk to me and understand everything I said. What I thought, I put into the bisque mind of my precious little toy and imagined that that doll brain understood and gave back to me the answer of a wiser child. Frequently too, I found my doll only a dumb toy and I wished and longed that some miracle might make her talk and joke and laugh with me.

But those miracles never happened.

With Mr. Bergen the miracle has happened.

Mrs. George Temple, of all the millions of mothers in the world, has lived to see her baby Shirley become perhaps the "greatest child in the world." To this bachelor daddy, Edgar Bergen, has come much the same thrill, for his little Charlie is perhaps the greatest "doll" in the world today and Charlie speaks and acts and fairly lives—like Bergen.

Playing with a doll is not an effeminate hobby with Mr. Bergen; it's his life's work; a fascinating work that has made him famous and wealthy and, just now, the most interesting man of the world's most interesting assemblage.

PUT all of Hollywood's movie stars in one room and let Bergen stroll in with Charlie and he'll steal their spotlight in a second. He's done it and he will continue to do it. Charlie takes the bows but Bergen is the fascinating fellow—the real McCarthy.

Charlie has all the dignity and real wit of a seasoned London raconteur. "Savior faire," the French call it; "polish," Americans say. Charlie has it because Bergen has it. Charlie has become the world's most famous doll because Bergen is the world's finest ventriloquist and, above all, a man who has given his heart and his mind to difficult work—a work that only a Bergen could make an art. Bergen has made a dummy unbelievably human. So human, in fact, that very frequently folks who discuss Charlie McCarthy forget completely that Charlie is only a doll and that Bergen is really McCarthy.

One day coming out of an elevator I heard a man ask another "How do you like Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen on the radio?" "Great, great!" replied the man, "McCarthy is immense but who is this Bergen, some stooge?" Later I found that Bergen was in the elevator and heard it too. McCarthy gets thousands of fan letters; Bergen only a few. "No greater love hath any man than that to give his life for his friend" and Bergen lives for Charlie and talks about him as if he was really his own flesh and blood instead of just—his doll.

BERGEN'S inspiration for his eventful career is interesting. As a lad in Decatur, Michigan, he used to amuse himself (and

[Continued on page 81]

"At last...I've found the secret"
"HOLD-BOB'S new waving aids are such an improvement over anything I've ever used!"

HOLD-BOB
Curlers
FOR CREATING BEAUTIFUL CURLS
5¢

HOLD-BOB
Wave Clip
STAINLESS
RUSTLESS
FULL DIRECTIONS ON OTHER SIDE

HOLD-BOB
Waveset Pins
5¢

THEY are an improvement . . . for the makers of the famous HOLD-BOB bob pins know what girls have been looking for in better hair waving aids. You'll find *all* the features you want in the revolutionary new HOLD-BOB CURLERS, HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS and HOLD-BOB WAVESET PINS!

HOLD-BOB CURLERS, for instance, have an exclusive "self-fastening" feature which makes them so easy to use and so effective. You just roll up the ends of your hair as you would with an ordinary curler . . . and then with one hand and *from any position* snap the fastener closed with one simple motion! No pins, no adjustments . . . quite the easiest and most effective curler you've ever used!! Four sizes—Midget, Small, Medium and Large.

And HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS form much deeper, more natural-looking waves than ordinary clips can, because of their patented "mesh-lock" feature. Yes, HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS do more than hold the wave—they *pull the hair up into a beautiful wave* and *hold* it there! Three sizes—Small, Medium and Large.

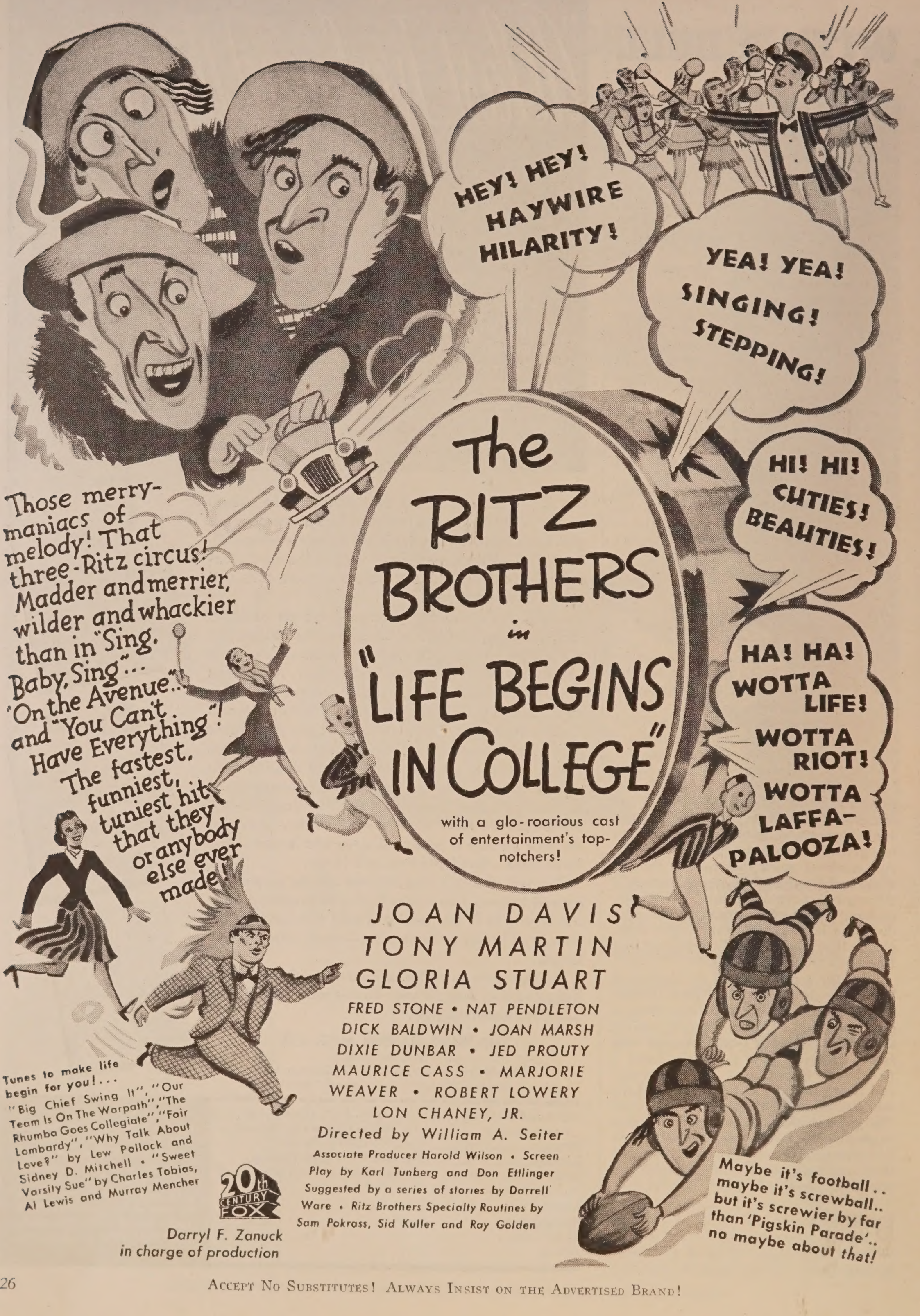
The new HOLD-BOB WAVESET PINS are the very smartest way to *keep* your waves fresh and deeply set. They are curved to fit the head and hold with just the right amount of pressure. Three sizes—Small, Medium and Large.

Try these new, superior hair waving aids—you'll be delighted with them. If your dealer cannot supply you—use the coupon below.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-117, Chicago, Ill.
Copyright 1937 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO., Dept. F-117, Chicago, Ill.
I am enclosing______cents. Please send me the following:
Quantity______size______HOLD-BOB CURLERS (5c each)
Quantity______size______HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS (10c each)
Quantity______size______HOLD-BOB WAVESET PINS (5c per card)
Name . . . .
Address . . . .
City and State . . . .
Dealer's Name . . . .
Address . . . .

HOLD-BOB CURLERS, HOLD-BOB WAVE CLIPS and HOLD-BOB WAVESET PINS are brand new. If your store cannot supply you . . . send the coupon and we will mail them to you at once. CURLERS 5c each. WAVE CLIPS 10c each. WAVESET PINS 5c per card.


HEY! HEY! HAYWIRE HILARITY!
YEA! YEA! SINGING! STEPPING!
HI! HI! CUTIES! BEAUTIES!
HA! HA! WOTTA LIFE! WOTTA RIOT! WOTTA LAFFA-PALOOZA!

Those merry-maniacs of melody! That three-Ritz circus! Madder and merrier, wilder and whackier than in "Sing, Baby, Sing"... "On the Avenue"... and "You Can't Have Everything"! The fastest, funniest, tuniest hit that they or anybody else ever made!

The RITZ BROTHERS

in

"LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"

with a glo-roarious cast of entertainment's top-notchers!

JOAN DAVIS
TONY MARTIN
GLORIA STUART
FRED STONE • NAT PENDLETON
DICK BALDWIN • JOAN MARSH
DIXIE DUNBAR • JED PROUTY
MAURICE CASS • MARJORIE WEAVER • ROBERT LOWERY
LON CHANEY, JR.

Directed by William A. Seiter

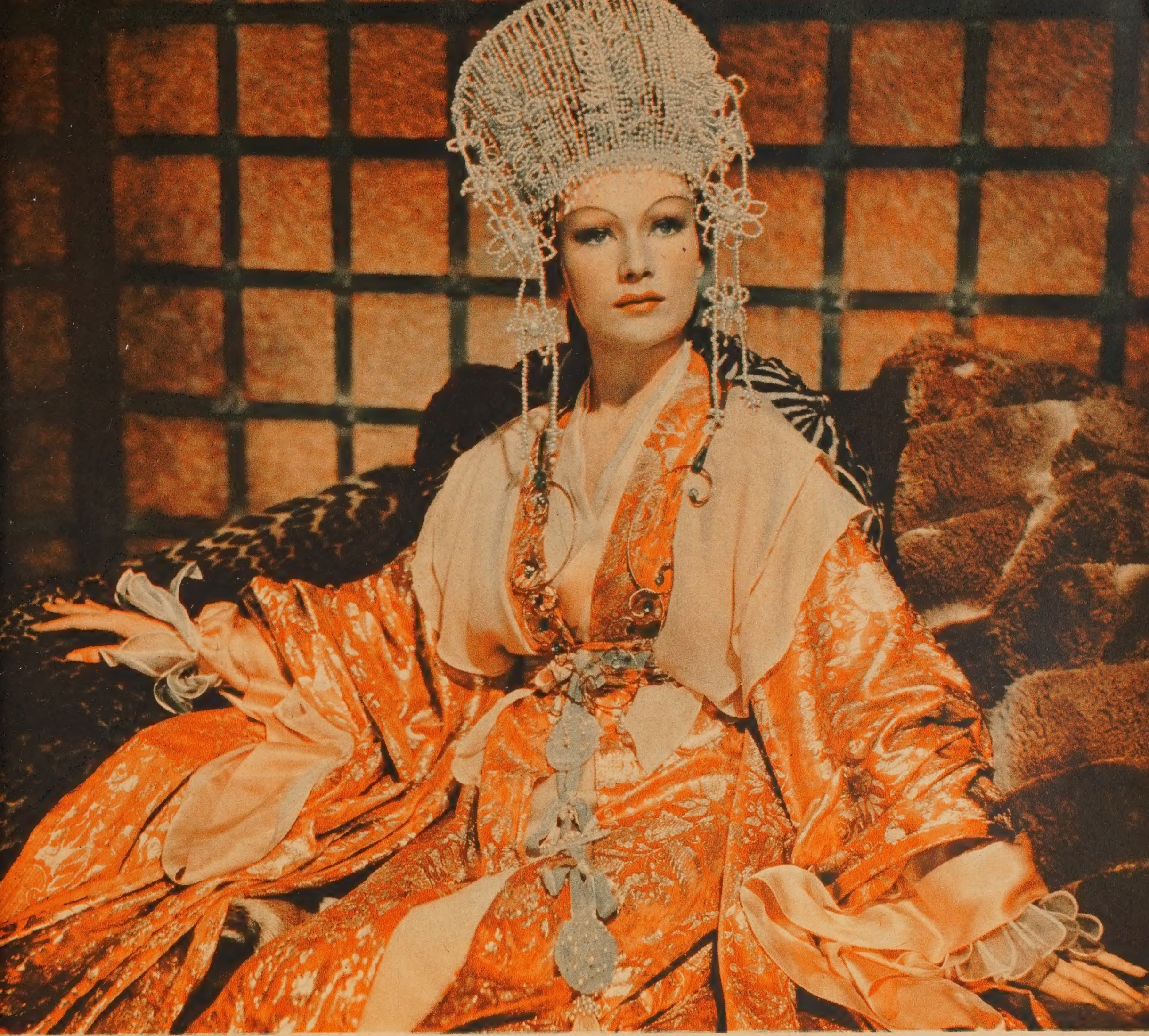
Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell Ware • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by Sam Pokrass, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Tunes to make life begin for you!... "Big Chief Swing It", "Our Team Is On The Warpath", "The Rhumba Goes Collegiate", "Fair Lombardy", "Why Talk About Love?" by Lew Pollack and Sidney D. Mitchell • "Sweet Varsity Sue" by Charles Tobias, Al Lewis and Murray Mencher

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck
in charge of production

Maybe it's football.. maybe it's screwball.. but it's screwier by far than 'Pigskin Parade'.. no maybe about that!



SCREEN BOOK PRESENTS a NEW TYPE of BEAUTY

A role in the annual Christmas play at Oslo, Norway, launched the dramatic career of Sigrid Gurie some two years ago. Samuel Goldwyn met her in London when she was just becoming known and offered her a screen test. She rejected it, but a year later came to Hollywood and faced the camera. Result was a long term contract and the role of Princess Kukachin in "The Adventures of Marco Polo." The lovely newcomer plays opposite Gary Cooper, and it is our opinion it will be an overnight hit. This natural color photo photographed for SCREEN BOOK by Coburn

AWAY FROM THE CAMERAS

Katherine De Mille, William deMille and Fredric March, above left, attend Paramount's "Buccaneer" birthday banquet in honor of Cecil B. DeMille

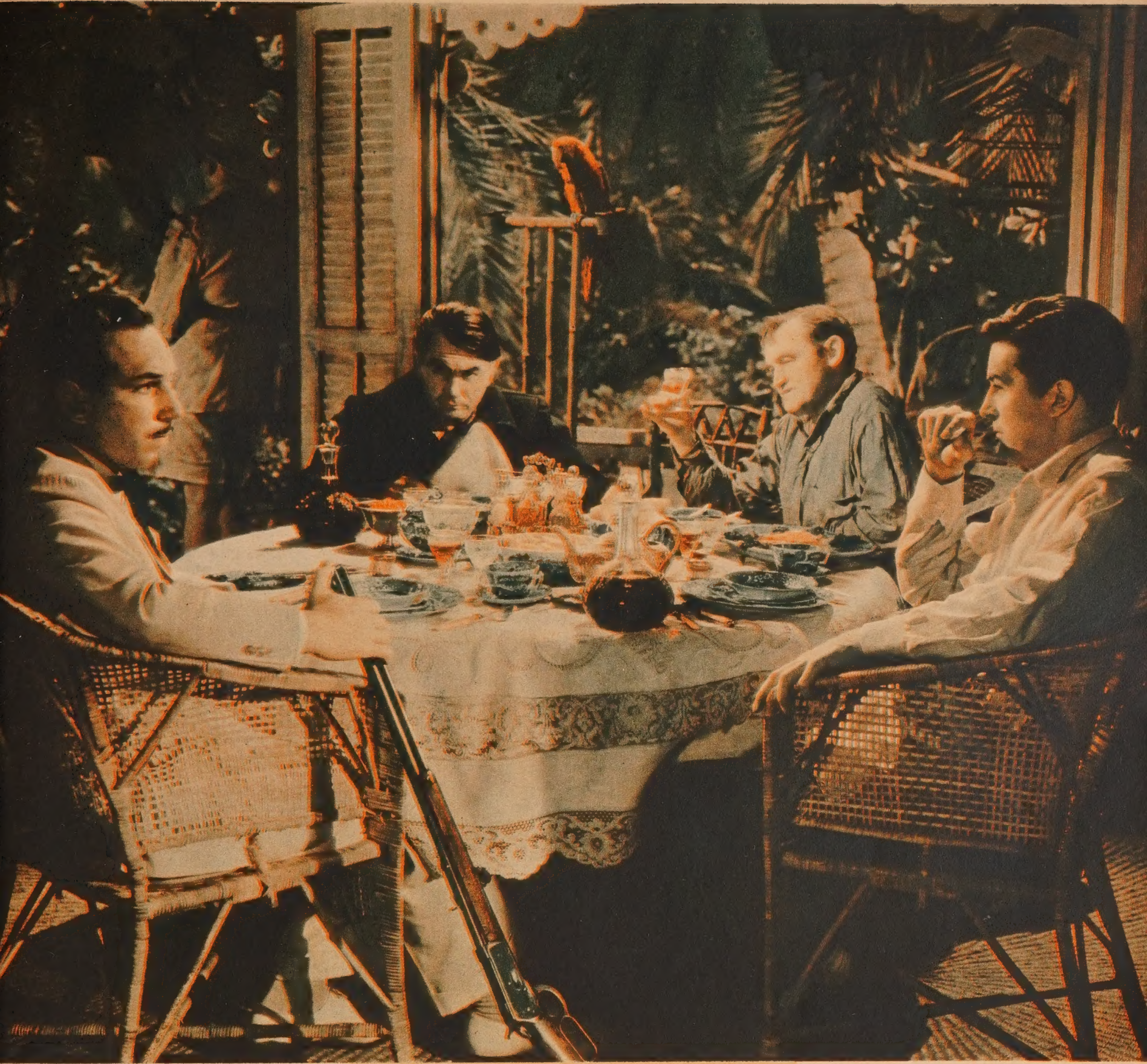
A trio of twosomes, upper right, Virginia Fields and Blake Owen Smith; June Lang and Michael Whalen; Anne Shirley and John Payne (now Mr. and Mrs.) enjoy the dance music at the Film Welfare League Ball

Paul Kelly boosts Helen Mack into his horse truck for a free ride to the Rivera polo field

A partial reunion of the Bennett family is pictured, right, as Connie and her famous father Richard Bennett, attend a preview together

Blonde Glenda Farrell and brunette Mary Brian, lower left, are luncheon partners at the Assistance League

Jane Bryan, featured player in Warner Brothers' latest production, *Confession*, together with Guy Kibbee and wife, attend the yearly banquet of the California Forestry benefit dance. Mr. Kibbee is one of the many movie stars actively interested in the preservation of California's big trees



CANDID COLOR!

The cameraman traveled to Catalina Island for this candid natural color photo of four principals in Paramount's "Ebb Tide," the first authentic Technicolor epic of the sea. From the left: Lloyd Nolan, Oscar Homolka, (who makes his American screen debut in this picture), Barry Fitzgerald and Ray Milland

MOVIE-SET RADIO STUDIO
CBS
Coast to Coast
HOLLYWOOD IN PERSON
RADIO PROGRAM

1

LUMBIA
DCASTING
YSTEM
C.B.S.

2

LUMBIA
DCASTING
YSTEM
C.B.S.

3

A BROADCASTING WE GO

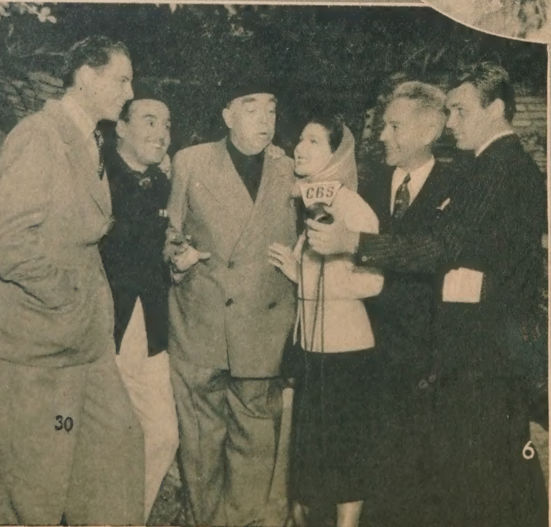
SCREEN BOOK'S photographer follows the candid camera man to Leo Carrillo's home for a net-work program at sunrise.

4

5

7

(1) Columbia's *Hollywood in Person* mobile broadcasting unit pulls up at the Carrillo rancho near Santa Monica, Calif., for a sunrise net-work program dedicated to *The Barrier.* (2) The "mixer" sets up his portable equipment in Carrillo's "rumpus room" and tests out the cables that lead into the broadcasting truck. (3) Actor Carrillo's cheery greeting is used to test the microphone for sound clarity. (4) In the automobile truck the monitor man plugs in the portable microphone connection with the cables leading to the net-work and turns on his "busy" light (at his back) denoting that the program is on the air. (5) Announcers introduce *Hollywood in Person* from the side door to the Carrillo home. (6) *The Barrier* cast goes to work or rather, to the net-work. James Ellison, Leo Carrillo, Irvin Cobb, Jean Parker and the humble announcers. (7) Even the babbling brook behind the Carrillo home contributes its music to the program, through a microphone hung, upside-down over the rippling stream. (8) The broadcast over, the cast and crew have breakfast in the open



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8

CAMERARING THROUGH Hollywood

SCREEN BOOK'S candid cameraman never sleeps. Wherever interesting events occur, he is there to photograph them for you.

(1) Charlie Butterworth returns to the Packard hour. (2) Mrs. Irish of the Hollywood Bowl Association presents Lily Pons with a solid gold bowl as an award for breaking all attendance records the night she sang. Andre Kostelanetz shares the honor of the occasion. (3) Amos (Freeman Gosden) and Andy (Charles Correll) swing into the wedding march with Andy's bride, Elinor Harriat. (4) Lucille Lund, Wampus baby star, ignores her many wedding gifts to beam at her new husband, Kenneth Higgins. (5) "Gypsy Rose Lee" had her name changed to Louise Hovick when she started her screen career, and now she has had it changed to Mrs. Robert Mizzy for the start of her married career.

The full beauty and charm of Miss Carroll is portrayed in this lovely dufaycolor by Schafer

AN ACTRESS MUST

SAYS MADELEINE CARROLL

By SONIA LEE

Nothing ventured, nothing gained is not only a copy-book maxim, but it works in real life! It's worked for Madeleine Carroll who thrills to the spice of adventurous living

THE face of danger has always been bright to Madeleine Carroll! For it has beckoned her from obscurity to fame; has converted her from a pretty English maid into a world-renowned beauty; from a tremulous stage novice into a polished actress.

Woman of charm and rarer poise. International hostess and toast of two continents—this is Madeleine Carroll!

And to her philosophy of dangerous living she owes the debt of her prestige as a person and as an actress.

"Living dangerously doesn't imply physical hazards," she declares. "It is something of the spirit. Something inside of you which refuses to seek the easy way of living, the safe way, the sure way." Her immense cobalt eyes become opaque, as if seeking on the distant walls of the room the secret words to make her thoughts clear. Her face—with its clear-cut, exquisite features, has a luminous quality, thrown into relief by the enormous blue halo hat, with its tight bandeau of musty rose. Her blue taffeta frock, with the lapels repeating the rose of her hat, makes tiny whispers as she leans forward to emphasize her formula for life, and incidentally happiness.

"I truly believe that if I hadn't had a zest for the exciting, the unknown, the dangerous even, I would now be teaching in some tiny English school, trying to pound French verbs into indifferent young heads.

"I had no money, no encouragement, no special talent, when I decided to go to London and try my luck on the stage.

"Youth—yes! And ambition. And I wasn't very much afraid of anything. After all, what *can* happen to a person? You go hungry, perhaps. Your shoes wear through, and the bed you sleep in isn't very comfortable.

"But eventually things straighten out, if you have enough fortitude to say to yourself—'Tomorrow everything will be better. Tomorrow I'll have a job—and the money to buy new shoes. And the day after next I'm going to have chops for dinner—nice, big luscious ones. I'll forget all about being hungry.' But you've got to hang on, savor the price of adventurous living—and laugh!

"I HAVE never seen an interesting man or a fascinating woman who hasn't had an almost spectacular indifference to all the established safe and sane procedures. The amusing, the talented, the successful people are invariably those

Miss Carroll waved a gay good-bye to Hollywood, recently, when she and her husband, Philip Astley, left for a short vacation in Paris who have stepped out of the procession and tried something on their own.

"Even in this current day the famous women are far from beautiful. They are women who haven't shrunk from taking a chance on themselves and on their future. They have been instinctively courageous.

"Personally I've never hesitated to take a chance! I felt that a person has almost as much to gain from failure as from success. *The important thing is to try!*

"I'll never forget one experience I had in my first days in the theatre. I had gotten along rather well. I had had several good roles, but not enough of them to make an actress out of me.

"Then along came an offer of a leading part in a fine play. As I recall it now, it was a translation from the Sanskrit. Very high-brow. I was to be a nautch girl—the King's favorite.

"We had ten days to rehearse. In that time I had to learn a nautch dance, a difficult routine. I had to sing. And speak lines.

"Nothing could be lost by trying. I accepted the role. And on that opening night, I doubt whether any actress could have been worse than I was. I couldn't dance and I couldn't sing. And much to my consternation I found I couldn't even pronounce. My first line was to announce—'Here comes the toy cart.'

"Much to my chagrin, and the horror of the intellectual audience, I transposed the letters in the last two words. Figure it out for yourself. I was a riot—but unfortunately quite in the wrong way. The play closed in four days. I had been an outstanding failure, according to the critics, who were quite right.

Madeleine, together with Francis Lederer, form a rollicking team in Col's latest laugh feast, *It's All Yours*

LIVE DANGEROUSLY

"AS A MATTER of fact, that failure was very good for me. It effectively proved to me that I had many limitations which could be corrected. I began studying voice and dancing. If another nautch girl came along, I would at least be able to do her some justice.

"Living on the crater of a volcano doesn't do any one harm. For a woman it's the best beauty treatment in the world. It is notable that women in the public eye, whether through their professions or other achievements, all have an ageless quality about them. You can't really figure out whether they're twenty-five [*Continued on page* 105]

MR. FIELDS WINS BY A

The sprightly comedian found dying too, too funny. Now he's settled down to the serious job of living—and new fame and fortune have crowned his efforts and rewarded his virtue

By CHARLES DARNTON

SURPRISINGLY, a dashing blade dapper in sports clothes, probably one of the Bel-Air younger set, stepped nimbly into the room and heartily welcomed me to his spacious country estate, Gopher Rest.

Bless my eyes, which hardly recognized him! Could this be Mr. Bill, Mr. W. C., Mr. William Cadwallader Fields? I stared incredulously at the sprightly apparition, long the funniest man in the world, now the strangest.

"You see in me," he announced, not without a note of pride, "the reward of virtue. The bowl is broken, the glass is shattered. Crudely stated, I am off the stuff and on the wagon."

He coughed discreetly.

"Still, I admit I do enjoy a rum omelet for breakfast, brandied peaches or cherries for lunch, and mince pie with brandy sauce—sometimes I have several helpings—for dinner. But I do not drink. On this point I stand firm as a rock, a Gibraltar entirely surrounded by water. It has, I may add, an economical advantage. I now find I can get a pleasant glow for far less than it formerly cost me."

Knowing that Mr. Fields' prolonged illness had drained him to the $25,000-mark, I could only congratulate him upon his ingenious retrenchment.

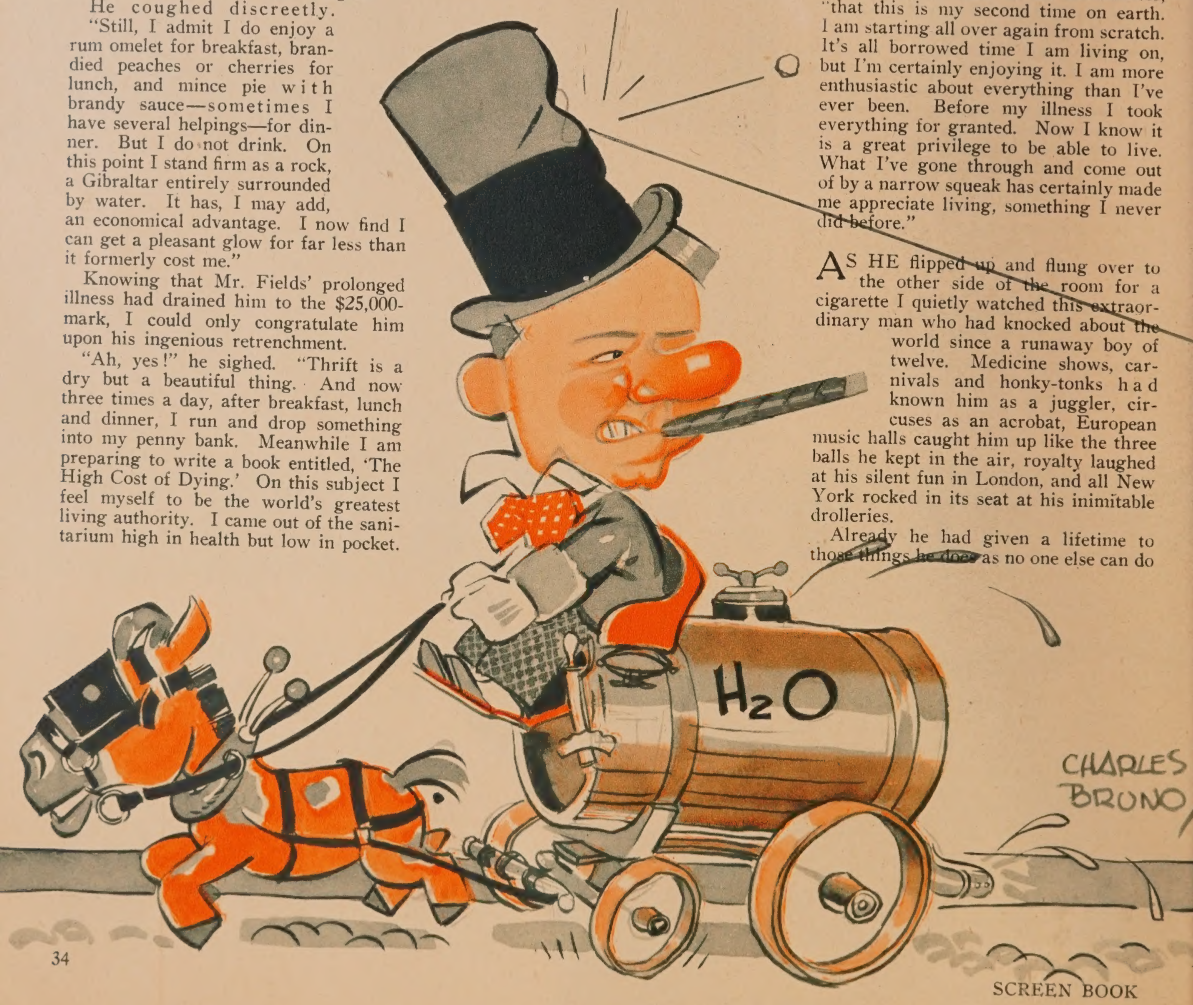
"Ah, yes!" he sighed. "Thrift is a dry but a beautiful thing. And now three times a day, after breakfast, lunch and dinner, I run and drop something into my penny bank. Meanwhile I am preparing to write a book entitled, 'The High Cost of Dying.' On this subject I feel myself to be the world's greatest living authority. I came out of the sanitarium high in health but low in pocket. Yet I count the compensation rather than the loss. Why not?—if I may put the rhetorical question. For nine months I could neither walk nor handle a knife and fork. It was the longest run I ever achieved, though disappointing in box-office returns. But I could justly lay claim to an unparalleled number and variety of big-time features. These included neuritis, arthritis, nervous breakdown, sacro-iliac—it broke all records playing my hip circuit—lobar pneumonia, second-run nervous breakdown, and double vision. I was in an oxygen tent so long that I felt like a one-man circus. But I had a helluva good time."

Taking it all so lightly, Mr. Fields proved that an old sport could be a good sport.

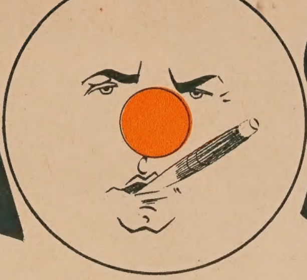
"I feel," he said in all seriousness, "that this is my second time on earth. I am starting all over again from scratch. It's all borrowed time I am living on, but I'm certainly enjoying it. I am more enthusiastic about everything than I've ever been. Before my illness I took everything for granted. Now I know it is a great privilege to be able to live. What I've gone through and come out of by a narrow squeak has certainly made me appreciate living, something I never did before."

AS HE flipped up and flung over to the other side of the room for a cigarette I quietly watched this extraordinary man who had knocked about the world since a runaway boy of twelve. Medicine shows, carnivals and honky-tonks had known him as a juggler, circuses as an acrobat, European music halls caught him up like the three balls he kept in the air, royalty laughed at his silent fun in London, and all New York rocked in its seat at his inimitable drolleries.

Already he had given a lifetime to those things he does as no one else can do



NOSE!



them—and now was beginning all over again.

"This sunshine," he said, turning gratefully to the wide window, "has helped me immensely. And I must say the people here are great believers in the outdoor life. At the golf club the other day I met a gentleman who had been absolved of shooting a couple of friends. By way of social chit-chat, I asked him if his game had fallen off while he was being held. 'No,' he replied, 'I can't say that it really lost anything. You see, they put up a driving range for me on the roof of the jail, and I used it daily. My game generally was up to the mark, but I was off on my putting.' "

Was that an elusive smile playing about his lips, or merely the flickering of the match he held to his cigarette?

"This same all-pervading healthy love of the open," he evenly resumed, "was brought home to me, as it were, in the hospital. Now I should say, not without experience, that ninety-nine per cent of California's night nurses do not sleep in the daytime. Instead, they take the air. Naturally, they are a bit tired, not to say distrait, when they get back on the job. So it was, at any rate, with my nurse. On her return one beautiful evening she was busily engaged at the foot of the bed preparing me for the night. My feet painfully sensitive to the slightest touch, I yelled, 'You're pulling off my toenails!' 'I am not, Mista' Fields,' she retorted, 'I'm putting on your pajamas.' 'Hold 'em up and lemme see 'em,' I demanded. What I saw was—a pillow-slip! Dopey for sleep, that nurse had been making me up like a bed."

I was anxious to know whether his sick-bed had undergone any other feminine touches.

" 'Touches' is right," he rasped, "or would have been if I'd let myself be sucker enough to stand for 'em. No less than six women came to the hospital claiming to be wives of mine and saying that if they could get to me I would recognize them. Of course, I felt highly flattered, but knew if I staged a mass reunion I'd be up against a nice half-dozen attempted shakedowns. Something told me those clamorous ladies were after my dough, as ladies are prone to be in this golden state of California, so I sent word I was not at home. Fortunately, the kind women who came to see me outnumbered the mean ones. Mary Pickford, for one, brought me a special chicken soup she herself had made. Others like her were most unselfish and sympathetic. They would come over to the bed and say, 'You're looking fine, Bill,' then turn their heads and cry their hearts out. They all believed I was going to die. For that matter, the pain was so bad I didn't care whether I died or not. But I never for a moment thought I was a-goner. There wasn't a time I gave up. But I did think I'd be in an invalid chair for the rest of my days, and only able to do something on the radio while sitting in one, or now and then play a rheumatic old character in a picture. That was bad enough, but the hardest blow I had to bear was the death of Sam Hardy, who gave up his work to look after me."

It was with misty eyes that Mr. Fields turned again to the window. Then:

"I became aware that I had more friends than I'd ever dreamed of having. It was largely through letters that I found this out. They came from all over the country, many from people who themselves were bedridden. These said they had enjoyed seeing my pictures and hoped I would soon be back on the screen so that others could enjoy them. They wouldn't be able to see them, they explained, because they would never be well again. It didn't seem to matter with them that they were hopelessly, incurably ill, they were just sorry for me. Those letters broke me all up."

HE SAT and thoughtfully watched the final spark of his cigarette die out.

"I've been away from the screen a long time—a year and three months—and I'll be very glad to get back to it. I'm already writing skits to do in *The Big Broadcast of 1938*. If I find I can't do both while making a picture I'll give up radio. But I'd be sorry to do that. For one thing, an audience helps me to time my laughs."

When I assumed Mr. Fields had taken his own time in going on the radio after leaving the sanitarium, he protested:

"Don't you believe it for a minute! I drove my own car back from Pasadena, and three days [*Continued on page* 105]

—CARICATURES BY CHARLES BRUNO

ONE OF

A straight shooter—Olivia scores a hit with each new appearance on the screen. Who would guess that the smiling lady, above, would become a heartless pirate of Hollywood hearts? Still that is what happened

By VIRGINIA WOOD

IF YOU had been living in Saratoga, California, some nine or ten years ago, you would have undoubtedly heard of the terrible crimes of "The Fearless Five." During that period, this group of desperadoes was not only the despair of the local community, but of the whole San Mateo County.

And probably the most fearless of them all was a cherubic miss who bore the somewhat distinguished and dignified name of Olivia de Haviland.

It was in the grammer school era that this gang came into being—and ended, somewhat fortunately, I have no doubt in the high school period. "The Fearless Five" were complete within themselves. During their reign, they ruled the school activities with a sure and deadly aim.

The teachers, for example, must pass their stern approval or disapproval. After nine of them had come into the school in rapid succession and left just as rapidly, in tears, solely because the stamp of disapproval had been placed upon them by this unholy gang, they discovered the error of their ways but could do nothing about it. It was too late!

Getting rid of a teacher was a simple matter to

THE FEARLESS 5

Outlawed, but never outwitted! That's the record of "demure" Olivia de Havilland. She admits her affiliation with a secret organization and discloses an exciting past filled with fun and feuds

our fearless heroines. One system that worked most effectively began on the day the teacher took over the classroom. A chart of the room would be presented to her, as was the custom, with numbers on each of the seats. Each pupil would be requested to write his or her name above the seat number. It was a matter that required so little ingenuity it was amusing for the "Fearless Five" to fill in the names of other pupils instead of their own. And you can imagine the riot that took place when the rest of the class caught on to the plot of utter confusion they'd planned.

FOR a long time, the favorite meeting place of the club was in the basement of the school. Here it was they planned new and more daring schemes. And after the affairs of the day had been settled satisfactorily, the club would enact plays. One of their favorites was *The Phantom of the Opera*.

They tired of this meeting place after a time. So they repaired to the attic over the school auditorium and held forth there for some little time, until the day when they became entangled in the electric wires which lighted the building!

The most marvellous part of it was, of course, that the entire school body would be engaged in a frantic search for the missing ones.

"There wasn't a day I didn't have to go into the principal's office," Olivia giggled, while recounting the lurid escapades of 'The Fearless Five.' I was terrible! Once the head of the Board of Trustees visited mother. She pretended to be severe. Secretly, though, I think she approved of us!"

It was "The Fearless Five," too who instituted the cheating system during examinations. If any one pupil knew the answer to a question, she wrote it down on a small slip of paper and passed it on. Thus, everyone in the class was assured of "passing." But heaven help the rebel who refused to contribute his share! He was immediately brought to task by the gang and completely ostracized for days.

WHEN Olivia first came to Warner Brothers—and pictures—a couple of years ago, these mischievous tendencies came to light again. Try as she may, Olivia just can't help but obey that impulse to tease.

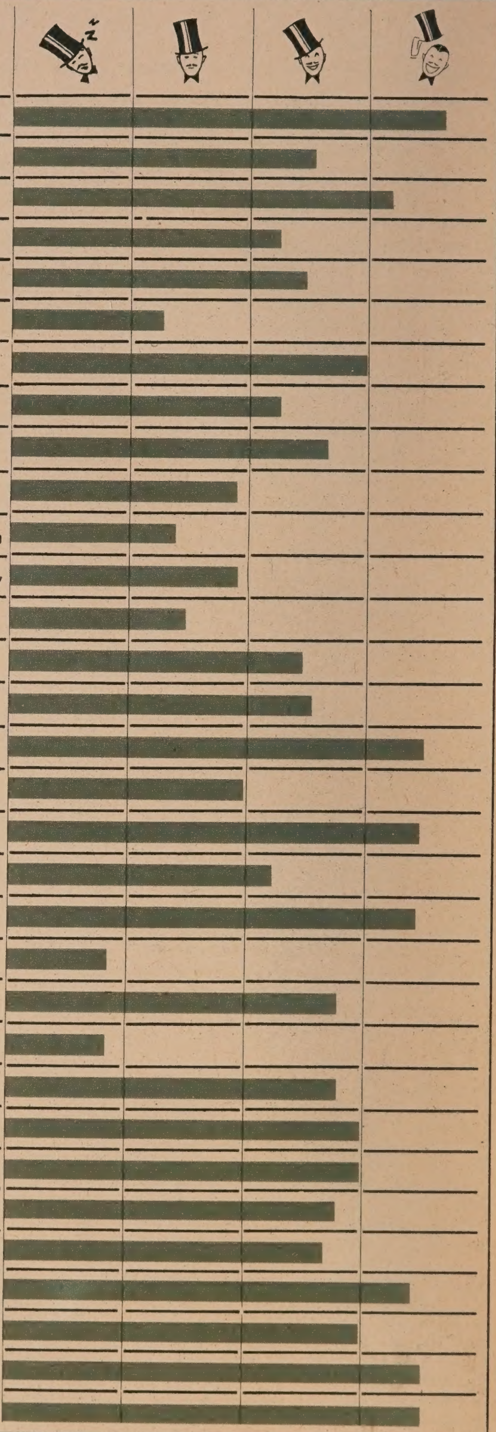
There was the time that Olivia was to appear on a [*Continued on page* 87]

Miss de Havilland, currently appearing in Warner Bros' *The Great Garrick*, a Mervyn LeRoy production, posed especially for SCREEN BOOK in this lovely blue satin gown
—DUFAYCOLOR BY MARIGOLD

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

Picture Title	Who's In It
STELLA DALLAS	Stanwyck-Boles-Shirley
IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER	Davis-Howard
YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING	Ameche-Faye
SHEIK STEPS OUT	Navarro-Lola Lane
FIREFLY	MacDonald-Allan Jones
HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME	Dunne-Randolph Scott
EXCLUSIVE	MacMurray-F. Farmer
CONFESSION	Kay Francis-Rathbone
THAT CERTAIN WOMAN	Bette Davis-Ian Hunter
EASY LIVING	Arnold-Jean Arthur
SINGING MARINE	Dick Powell-Doris Weston
SARATOGA	Clark Gable-Jean Harlow
ROAD BACK	King-Cromwell
TOAST OF NEW YORK	Arnold-Farmer-Grant
WEE WILLIE WINKIE	Temple-McLaglen
LIFE OF ZOLA	Paul Muni
LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID	Roland-Lamour-Ayres
DAY AT THE RACES	Marx Brothers
EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS	Powell-Rainer
I MET HIM IN PARIS	Claudette Colbert
HOTEL HAYWIRE	Leo Carrillo
SLAVE SHIP	Warner Baxter
MOUNTAIN MUSIC	Bob Burns-Raye
THEY WON'T FORGET	Claude Rains
KID GALAHAD	Morris-Robinson-Davis
THEY GAVE HIM A GUN	Tone-Tracy-George
SLIM	Pat O'Brien
CAFE METROPOLE	Menjou-Young-Power
STAR IS BORN	Menjou-Gaynor-March
CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS	Barrymore-Tracy-Bartholomew
LOST HORIZON	Colman-Wyatt
GOOD EARTH	Muni-Rainer



IS CONSTANCE BENNETT BECOMING HUMAN?

By
RAMONA
BERGERE

Is the glacial Miss Bennett melting? Is she becoming regular? Impossible! At least that is what some people think, but this story reveals a new slant on the personality of Hollywood's most misunderstood star

Connie reflects little of the sophistication, seen above, when she takes time out to romp with her pet spaniel, *Sandy*

FOR a long time Dame Rumor buzzed of Connie Bennett's tantrums at the studio, her battles with directors, her feud with another great star to be ranked as their studio's most important player and their argument over the best dressing room which almost resulted in an actual physical encounter. Tales of how she high-hatted everyone, the press included, spread.

People heard and read of her temperament, her fight to keep her position as one of Hollywood's glamour stars, her blatant queening it over lesser-lights, her biting tongue, her snobbery and the ruthlessness with which she pursued her ambition.

On the screen she epitomized brittle sophistication and unfortunately her screen personality was accepted as her own. All in all, hers was a regrettable reputation and no one was surprised when her starring contract with a major studio expired and she was not re-signed.

After making a picture in England and suing for salary due on a second, not made as per contract, she returned to Hollywood and made *Ladies In Love* with Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young and Simone Simon. It was a come-down to be only a featured player among four, rather than the star. Tongues wagged that "La Bennett" was on the skids, on her way out.

After *Ladies In Love* she did nothing for some months. Again Dame Rumor got busy and circulated a story, of a different type.

"La Bennett" had changed—had become human. It sounded like a press story.

Especially so as it broke at the same time Hal Roach signed her to play in *Topper*.

[*Continued on page* 86]

BARTENDER BROWN

By GRACE MACK

Right in his own home, Joe E. Brown serves minors from behind his bar . . . but the law will never get him for it and the cops aren't interested in the least

McGowan Miller

BACK in the days when horseless carriages were just for millionaires and ice cream cones hadn't even been thought up, a bunch of kids in the Irish settlement of Toledo, Ohio, were building air castles, telling what they would do if they were rich.

"If I was rich, I'd have ice cream every day," said the littlest, scrawniest one who answered to the name of Joe.

Typical small boy conversation. Anyone listening in would doubtless have said that not one of those kids stood much chance of ever being rich. They were all poor children, living on the wrong side of the tracks, Joe was one of a family of nine. So poor were they that one of Joe's daily chores was to take a gunny sack and pick up stray pieces of coal that fell from the flat cars as they moved through the railroad yards.

But it cost nothing to dream, and as Joe gathered the bits of coal so that his mother would have fuel to burn, like every other youngster since the beginning of time, he planned what he would do when his ship came in. *Ice cream every day.* That was one thing he sure would have. It made his mouth water just to think of it.

Now the trouble with many of us is that by the time we catch up with our dreams we find that we have outgrown them, or we have acquired others to take their place. But the kid called Joe didn't outgrow his dream. In fact, I'd say he has topped it. For now that he can afford it, instead of just having ice cream every day, he has a soda fountain right in his own home! Of course it's *supposed* to be for the Brown kids. But Joe gets just as much fun out of it as they do. He's the official soda jerker and you should see the banana splits and the lover's delights he dishes out.

Many Hollywood homes are equipped with bars but Joe E. Brown's home is the only one I know of that boasts a soda fountain. In a way, it symbolizes what success has meant to Joe.

A few days ago I spent an afternoon on the set with him. In the course of our conversation I asked: "Just what has success meant to you?"

He was thoughtful for a moment, then he said: "It has meant a lot of things. But the one really big thing it has meant to me and the thing I am most grateful for is that it has enabled me to realize through my children the things that I myself missed as a kid."

AS EVERYONE who has read his life story knows, Joe E. Brown's childhood was no bed of roses. At eight years of age he went to work with a circus. His salary was $1.50 a week. But Joe never saw any of it. It was sent home to his mother. The circus furnished his board but the man who handled the commissary was a penny-pincher and Joe practically never had enough to eat. But Joe never complained. When he wrote to his mother (and that was

[*Continued on page* 91]

HIGH-LIGHTS ON MARTINI

By MARY TROGUS

Things happen in a hurry to Martini, and becoming a star in Hollywood is only one of them

A SLIM, handsome young man, idol of three continents, carefully guarded owner of a million dollars worth of voice, limped painfully down a Hollywood hillside — in his stocking feet. Apparently oblivious to drafts, colds or stray germs, the young singer climbed to the top of the hill and once more limped down, still in his stocking feet. A third and a fourth time he repeated this amazing performance, the limp rapidly increasing in realism.

Seventy-five assorted individuals calmly—even critically—watched him trudge down those rough stone stairs. It was quite apparent that the shockingly shoeless condition of our hero was their idea, not his. At the end of the fourth descent a brief okay from a tall, thin man ended the business.

Take number umpty-nine of RKO-Radio's *Music for Madame*, starring Nino Martini, had been successfully completed.

Mr. Martini abruptly sat down on the lowest step and painfully put on his shoes. Draft or no draft, it was quite evident that the gentleman was far more concerned with the state of his feet than the care of his voice.

"Thees Hollywood," he remarked with a sad shake of the head.

Mr. Martini frankly admits that he finds Hollywood surprising.

It all began a number of years ago in Verona where Nino was born. When the boy was ten he discovered he could sing. At the same time he discovered that singing was fun. Contrary to many career singers he still thinks it's fun. He will tell you with quite convincing sincerity that if he didn't think so he wouldn't sing.

With the discovery that he had a voice came the first surprise in his young life. It seems there was someone else in the vicinity who thought Nino could sing—namely the choirmaster of San Fermo's church in Verona. Recognizing talent when he heard it, this old musician carefully trained the boy's voice, later prevented the youngster from killing it by over usage at an early age.

It was during these years that the boy—with the exception of a brief period when he wanted to be a prize fighter—decided that music was to be his career.

And from [*Continued on page* 90]

—PORTRAIT BY GASTON LONGET

—PORTRAIT BY ERNEST A. BACHRACH

Above, Nino Martini as he appears throughout most of Radio's *Music for Madame*. Left, one of the amusing scenes in the film occurs when the hero imagines himself as an opera star

I WON'T MARRY AGAIN

SAYS GLENDA FARRELL

Marriage and a career cannot mix successfully in Hollywood because of the very human inability to do two things at once

By ARTHUR JANISCH

GLENDA FARRELL knows a very good rule for avoiding an unhappy marriage in Hollywood.

That rule is: "Don't get married!"

The fascinating Warner Bros. player is not a cynic. And she is very much in love—with Drew Eberson, handsome, jovial, and extremely likeable assistant director.

Even though the title of her latest Warner Bros. picture is *Adventurous Blonde*—she is not that. Though she is one of Hollywood's most accomplished homemakers she would rather be in love and happy—than a gambler on what happens after marriage.

"Marriage and career do not mix successfully in Hollywood because of the very human inability to do two things at once and do them well," she says. "Now don't deny that because I know just what happy marriages you'll mention to disprove my contention.

"For every Hollywood marriage that succeeds there are many that fail and back of those failures is the inability to successfully work at marriage and a career at the same time—whether the divorce papers call it incompatibility, marriage in a mad moment, cruelty to animals, or any number of other things.

"In Hollywood to be happy though married you must direct every energy toward that accomplishment—just as you must also do to make a go of a screen career. To accomplish both at the same time in both endeavors is a good trick if you can do it—and the devil is always waiting to take the hindmost. It will be some time before I'll muster the courage to try it, I'm afraid.

"If Hollywood housewives would follow the example set by happy housewives in every corner of the country there would be fewer divorces. The little housewife in Oshkosh or Little Rock may have had a trying day with the children but when it nears the time for her husband to return home she combs her hair, powders her nose and puts on a fresh frock because she wants to look her best for him.

"She is continuing the courtship after marriage—and, too, is not forgetting that cute little redhead at the office who is with her husband so much and has so much time for looking cute. The little wife can't afford to give her husband opportunity for making unfavorable comparisons.

"BUT in Hollywood the honeymoon seems over almost before it is started. A career, in too many instances, is a selfish thing demanding endless thought, concentration and time. Unfortunately too many persons following a career forget they are also wedded to a human being who also demands thought, concentration and time—and, most important, perhaps, of all—companionship.

"The Hollywood wife returns from the studio tired, eager to remove her make-up and to get into comfortable clothes. Perhaps she has had difficulty with her role and differences with her director and studio executives and as a consequence her nerves are on edge.

"Whether her husband is an actor, executive, or writer, he probably has had an equally trying day. And you can't bring two cross and irritable bears together without expecting the fur to fly.

"But, assuming that hubby is an amiable soul does not alter the matter. He may be a glutton for

[*Continued on page* 104]

I WILL MARRY AGAIN

SAYS VIRGINIA BRUCE

Careers are fine, but the idea that marriage and a career cannot mix successfully in Hollywood is the mistaken belief of many people

By WILLIAM K. GIBBS

HOLLYWOOD long has been speculating on the heart intentions of Virginia Bruce. Rumors have been rife that she was engaged to Cesar Romero, that David Niven on the rebound from a romance with Merle Oberon, might be expected to take Virginia to the altar most any time; that other eligibles in the film colony with whom the screen's willowy blonde has been seen each were destined to become the second husband of the "pretty picture girl who turned into an actress of emotional power."

Just to appease the curiosity of fans who have been in on the wondering as much as columnists and others who keep an ear to the ground on Hollywood happenings, the editor asked the writer to get it straight from Virginia. I trailed her to the 20th Century-Fox lot where she is on loan from her home studio—M-G-M—where I found her trying to cheer up Warner Baxter, who was in his cups because Loretta Young had gone to Reno in a huff because she thought Virginia, as the nurse in *Wife, Doctor, Nurse,* encroached on a wife's rights.

Production was being rushed because Virginia had been nursing a cold for several days in her Brentwood home, and there was not much time for an interview until the director called "lunch!" In the studio cafe Miss Bruce asked what I wanted to talk to her about. Bluntly, I replied: "Why You May Marry Again."

"Let's make it *Why I WILL Marry Again,*" said Virginia, whom I have found in the course of several interviews, is one of the most honest and frank persons before the cameras of movieland.

"I expect to marry again," said Virginia, "because marriage is the normal state for women. Careers are fine but the idea that marriage and a career cannot mix successfully is silly. Most Hollywood marriages that go on the rocks do so not because both the principals are in pictures, but because the wedded pair lacked the essentials that make for married happiness. The parting of the ways for them would have come just the same even if either or both had not been in the picture limelight."

Miss Bruce is convinced that film folk, if they are romantically suited to each other, can make a success of marriage just as easily as non-professionals. She thinks a career isn't enough to fill anyone's life—man or woman. True, screen work makes heavy demands on the time of an actor or an actress, but she avers that nothing quite compensates for these demands like the understanding love of a member of the opposite sex.

There is a distinctive charm about Virginia Bruce, whether you are seeing her on the set, before her dressing-room mirror, or across the luncheon table. In her you recognize a girl utterly devoid of conceit—a girl who has been married and divorced, who has known the high adventure of motherhood, love and grief—and yet she looks untouched by life. She is as modern as this week's song hit, and, paradoxically, she is the old-fashioned image of girlhood.

"There are many things that make for successful marriage," continued Virginia, "but chief among them are understanding and timing. Short engagements and a rush into matrimony before either the man or the woman have hardly become acquainted builds a marriage relationship on a foundation that promises to topple from the very beginning.

"Because I believe that, I am

[*Continued on page* 93]

FRIENDSHIP! COURTSHIP!! MARRIAGE!!!

Anne Shirley and John Howard Payne are a modern couple—but they have a lot of old-fashioned ideas for their future happiness

By PHYLLIS FRASER

The newlyweds "strike a pose," above, for their family album collection. At right, they are snapped in modern and up-to-date apparel

OF COURSE there's such a thing as love at first sight! Anne Shirley and John Payne both said at once indignantly—and then looked at each other and laughed. We were sitting in front of the open fire at their new home discussing, "love and marriage" . . . and naturally the newlyweds had their opinions and ideas.

"We first met," Anne said, "at a party. I saw John across the room and he saw me—and somehow we got together, started talking, went to dinner that night . . . and six months later we were married."

To Anne and John, those six months seemed like six years. They had planned to wait until John completed his work in *Love on Toast,* before taking the final step, but on the night of August 21st, there was a full moon—which probably had a lot to do with their change of plans. The next day was Sunday, and they would both be free from studio calls. "Why wait?" they asked one another. The answer was, "Why should we!" So the dawn of the following day found them headed for Santa Barbara.

She wasn't telling me anything, for that's one romance I've watched from its first blossom. Well do I remember the day she came home after that party and told me she'd met the most wonderful person in the world. "Who is it?" "John Howard Payne." . . . and in the same breath she added, "He's marvelous!" I said, "Really"...and mentally reserved the right to find out for myself what he was like when he called to take her to dinner. After that meeting I didn't reserve my opinion at all. I shouted his praises to the house-tops, not that I needed to, for unlike the different crushes Anne has had—this time she was really in love, and you only had to look at her when she was with John to see it.

One night, two months after their meeting her mother and I were sitting on my bed when Anne came home attired in slacks as she and John had been to the beach riding on the merry-go-round, and taking in the different concessions. She entered the room and without saying, "Hello!"—or anything, breathlessly said, "Johnny asked me to marry him." "What did you say?" "Yes!—I suppose I should have said, 'No'—but I was afraid he might not ask me again, at least that's what I told

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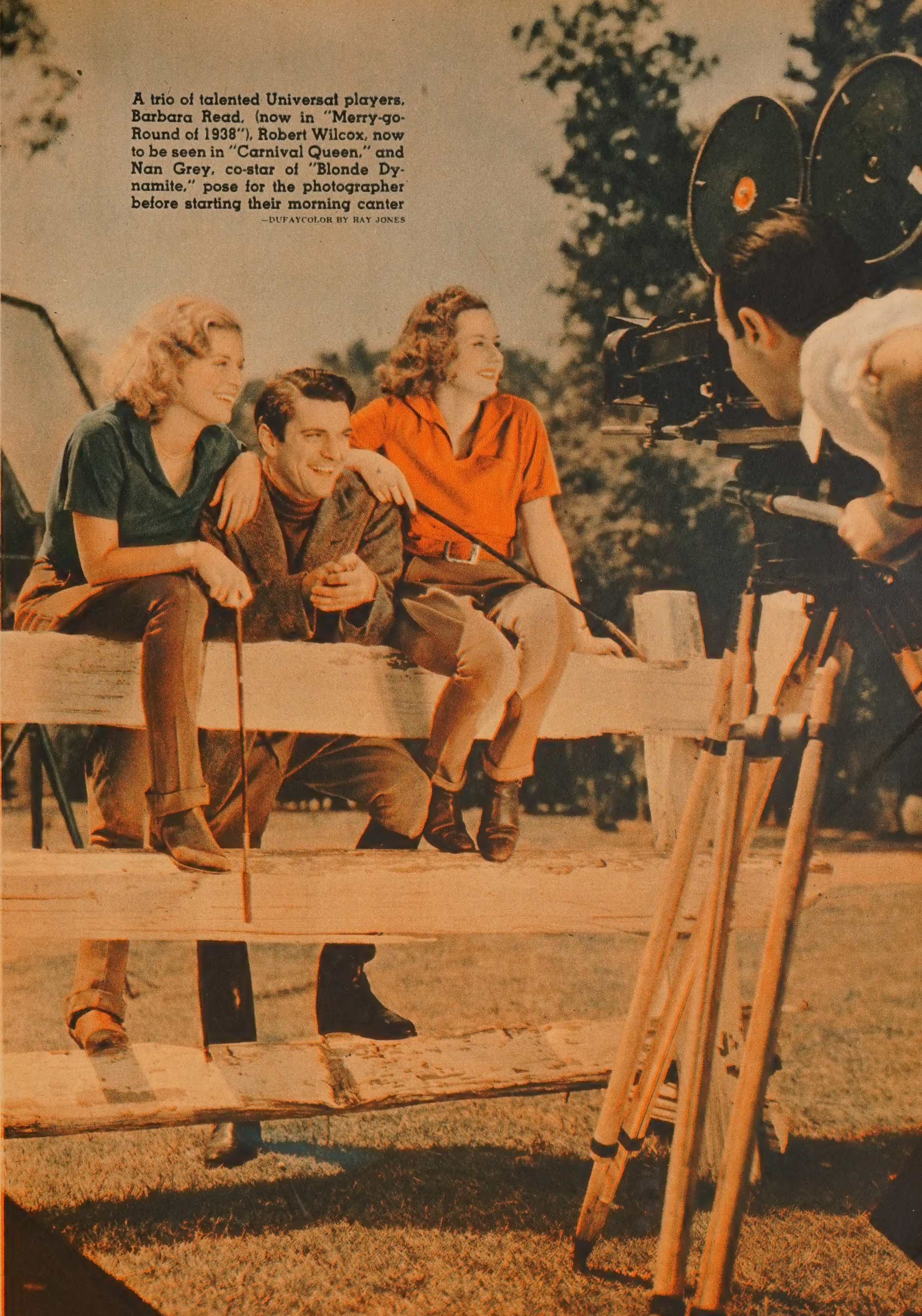


A trio of talented Universal players, Barbara Read, (now in "Merry-go-Round of 1938"), Robert Wilcox, now to be seen in "Carnival Queen," and Nan Grey, co-star of "Blonde Dynamite," pose for the photographer before starting their morning canter

—DUFAYCOLOR BY RAY JONES

M E
# of a VETERAN HOLLYWOOD DIRECTOR

By ROBERT Z. LEONARD

(Left)—Director Leonard looks through a screen finder on a set at M-G-M

(Below)—An early picture directed by Robert Leonard. Reading from left to right—Director Leonard, Helen Ward, George Slater and Hobart Bosworth

MOIRS

Last month Mr. Leonard told of the growth of Hollywood from a thousand souls to its present population of 160,000. He described the making of pictures in the open until the first studio in the movie capital proper was built by Universal at Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street. He showed side-lights of a spending spree, and depicted the glow of stars which flared into brilliance in 1924 with the dazzling emergence of Greta Garbo. And now—

ALTHOUGH it was speeding up socially, Hollywood in 1917 had not made professional strides beyond Griffith's memorable production of *The Birth of a Nation.* In the matter of glamorous personality it was generally agreed that what most was needed was something piquantly feminine in faintly purpled contrast to the waxen purity of America's Sweetheart. Accordingly, Mae Murray, who had played Mary Pickem, blonde curls and all, in the *Ziegfeld Follies,* was signed to a Paramount contract. It was my good fortune to become her director. Then she became Mrs. Leonard.

At home one night, as we bent over a ouija board, I suggested, "Mae, let's ask what company we are going with next." The board spelled out, M-e-t-r-o.

When a 1924 merger resulted in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer I went there as a director. That year marked the coming to America of the screen's greatest star, Greta Garbo. I was asked to make a test of "a girl from Europe" whom nobody really wanted, even at $35 a week. During her test as a flapper I was told by her sponsor, Mauritz Stiller, "Miss Garbo is terribly frightened and wants to go home." This is the original version of her famous, "Aye tank Aye go home." But she came back at that time to appear with Gertrude Olmsted, the present Mrs. Leonard in *The Torrent.* Later it was my great honor to direct Garbo in *Susan Lenox.* Stars now were permanently fixed.

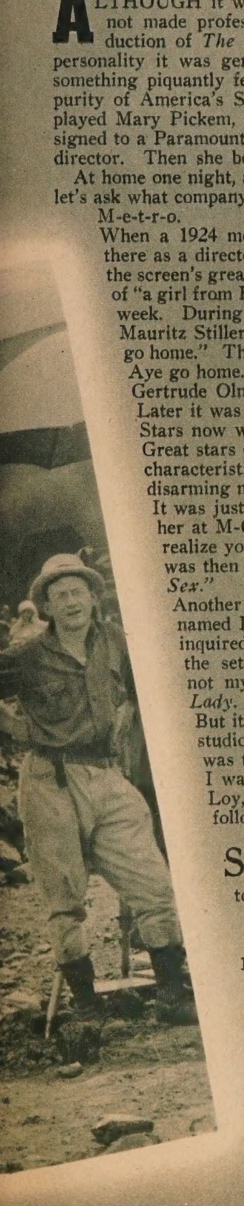
Great stars of today were made from small beginnings. And characteristic of feminine stars of an early period was a disarming modesty.

It was just like Norma Shearer to say when I was directing her at M-G-M in *The Demi-Bride,* in 1926: "Bob, do you realize you directed me the first time I was in pictures? I was then an extra in Marion Davies' picture, *The Restless Sex.*"

Another example comes to mind. One day a "bit" player named Lucille Le Sueur slipped into my office and shyly inquired: "Mr. Leonard, do you mind if I come on the set and watch you direct Charlie Ray?" It was not my privilege to direct her until 1933 in *Dancing Lady.* Then she had long since come by another name. But it is not generally known how she came by it. The studio had sent out a list of names to fans, and it was they who chose that of Joan Crawford.

I was to see not only her but Marie Dressler, Myrna Loy, Luise Rainer, the late Jean Harlow and others follow Garbo at the same studio.

SUDDENLY all were alarmed to hear that sound was coming into pictures. What was to happen to them? For some, [*Continued on page* 88]



1. A scene from a Universal picture dating back to 1914 with Allen Forrest and Robert Leonard sharing acting honors. 2. Director Leonard and his wife (Gertrude Olmsted) as they looked in 1926. 3. Director Leonard as he appeared in a 1915 film. 4. Robert Leonard and Ella Hall in *The Master Key,* filmed in 1913. 5. Director Leonard and Allan Jones go into a conference huddle before shooting a scene in M-G-M's *Firefly,* starring Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones

ERROL

ODD how sometimes, quite by accident, a little thing suddenly reveals a person in all his nakedness, strips him to the skin, bares him to the soul.

So it was with Errol Flynn.

It all started with bacon and egg—no "s," thank you. Between us, you see, we had managed to order a fairish breakfast. But as someone—possibly a daylight-saving burglar—has truly observed, there is a time for everything. And this happened to be lunchtime. In response to my host's solicitous inquiry I said I would have bacon, whereupon he, seemingly caught in an association of words, said he would have an egg. "Bacon, egg!" marveled the bemused waitress. She surveyed us severely, as if to say, "These two birds have been out all night."

"I went to a birthday party last night," Errol admitted later, "and I've got a terrible head." He gingerly touched it directly above the brain center. "Someone threw a fork and it hit me on the old bean."

Well, of course, there's no accounting for tastes, especially one for *acteur en fourchette.*

Forks aside, the point is that in ordering bacon and egg instead of something ready to serve we had to wait and the waiting in the Warner Brothers commissary left Mr. Flynn wide open to unpredictable chance. It came in the form of a persuasive studio lady who swooped down upon him with:

"Errol, darling, Will Hays and Mr. Knox are up there at a table, and on your way out I want you to stop and say something to them. I don't have to tell you who Mr. Hays is, and Mr. Knox is the Chicago newspaper publisher who ran for Vice-President."

Looking ready to run for the back door, the dismayed recipient of this news helplessly protested: "But I don't know what to say to them!"

"Oh, just a pleasant little greeting, how happy you are to see them, and that their visit means so much to the industry," she said brightly, and was gone.

"Nuts!" my hapless companion's working lips seemed to say, though no sound escaped them. Like a stricken stag, he was silent for a moment, then told me with heartfelt truth choking his voice:

"It's terribly hard, really painful, for me to meet strangers. I'm always frightened of them."

He frightened of two men in sack suits, he who had boldly faced cannibals in the raw, held his own with savage head-hunters, fought his way out of a knife-sticking Chinese fan-tan joint, stood up before a prize-ring bruiser and knocked his block off, sailed a rickety old forty-foot boat through reef-ridden seas, braved gale-swept shipwreck and wide-jawed sharks!

—DUFAYCOLOR BY MARIGOLD

Dare-devil Flynn, above, grins at life and looks forward to new adventures

HERE was a different, an unsuspected Errol Flynn, and for the life of me I couldn't make him out.

"I've never mentioned it before," he faltered, "but the fact is I am shy."

And, save my bacon, if the fellow didn't blush! His greatest enemy, it seemed, was bashfulness. "I can't help it and I can't do anything about it," he drove on defensively. "But it worries the devil out of me. Hollywood is no place for shyness, anyway that's what people here seem to believe. They laugh at Garbo for keeping to herself. But there's nothing funny about that. It's a phobia, that's what it is. I realize this because I've got it bad. People don't know what it means, but I understand it. When you stop to analyze the thing it's purely a protective impulse which sends you shying across to the other side of the way. This is most discouraging when you've tried to be a good mixer. But I don't mix worth a damn. In pictures I didn't face it at first, just tried in a hysterical way to please. But I couldn't get away with it. Everyone was on the alert to call my silly

FLYNN'S GREATEST ENEMY

By CHARLES DARNTON

The screen's most dashing hero takes SCREEN BOOK into his confidence and reveals unknown facts of his personality

Errol Flynn appears above in a scene from *Captain Blood*, the picture which made him a star. Below, Actor Flynn flips a mean flapjack for a scene in his latest picture, *The Perfect Specimen*

bluff. I could see antagonism in the other fellow's manner. It probably wasn't there at all, but that's the way I felt.

"I suppose I'm the most unpopular actor in Hollywood. Wherever I've gone I've made enemies. I could feel people looking at me and calling me a stuck-up so-and-so. It's all covered by that loose term, 'high-hat.' But it doesn't fit me. My trouble is that I never know what to say, so I just stand around saying nothing. People evidently expect me to behave like a big shot, and when I don't the difference in their attitude reflexes back on me."

PLAINLY, Errol Flynn had taken off his mask. What's more, he had taken me completely by surprise. I had planned to talk with a dare-devil, only to find a poor devil hopelessly out of his element and honest enough to say so. I couldn't help wondering why he had ever come to Hollywood.

"I felt that restlessness again," he explained. "Then,

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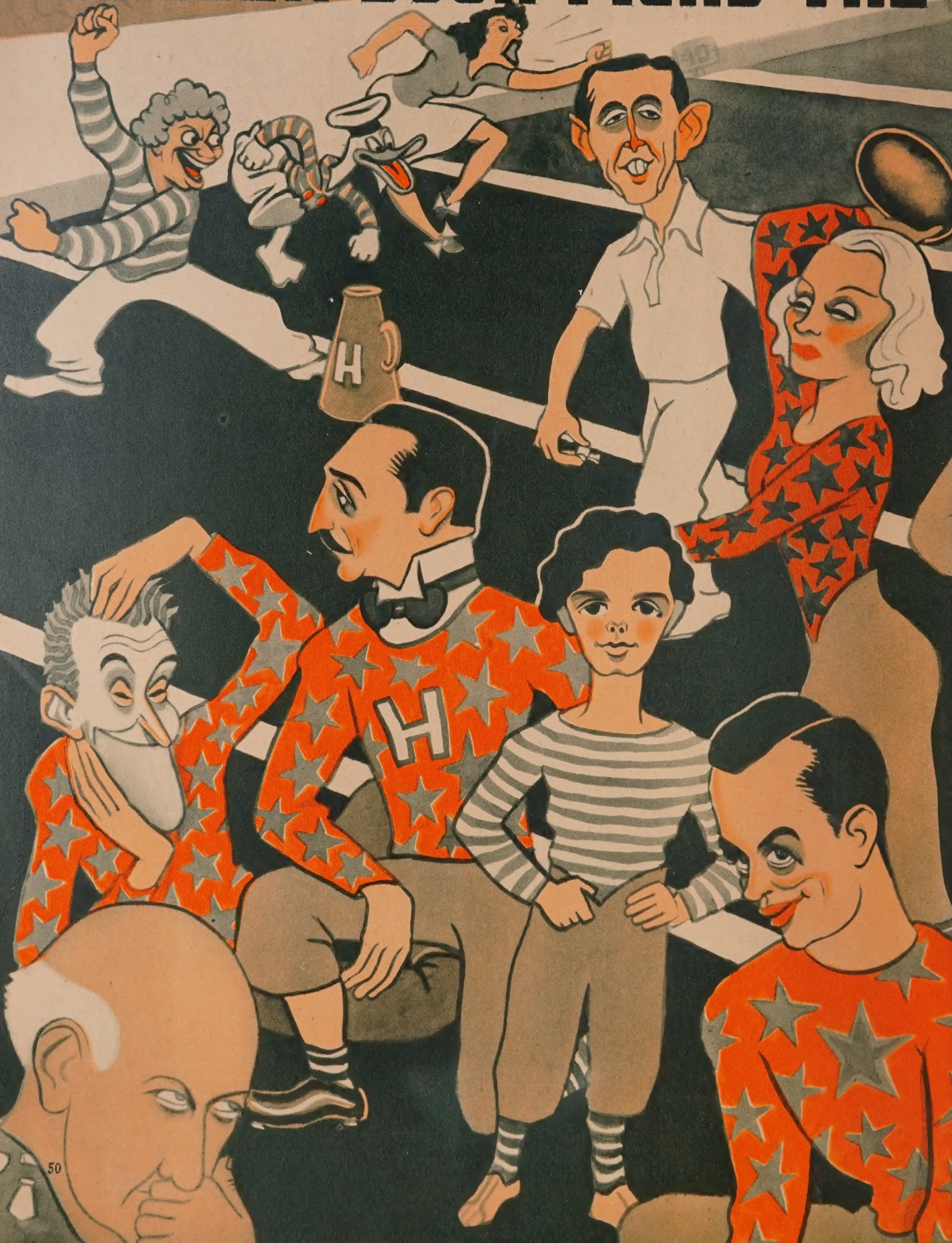
SCREEN BOOK PICKS THE



ALL-HOLLYWOOD TEAM

WITH Autumn comes the thud of the pig-skin and the roar of the crowd. And so SCREEN BOOK brings you the FIRST ALL-HOLLYWOOD football team in the history of that great game.

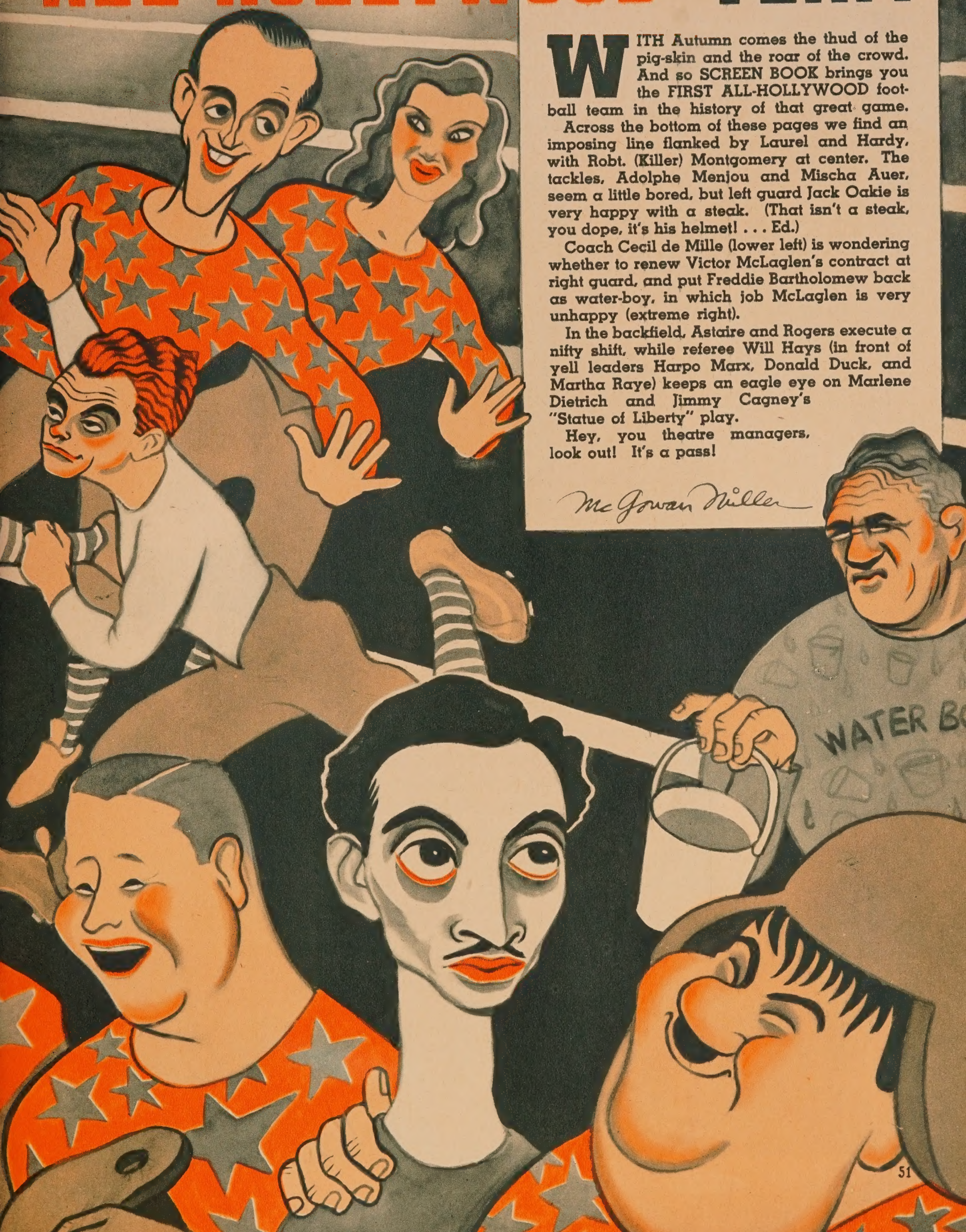
Across the bottom of these pages we find an imposing line flanked by Laurel and Hardy, with Robt. (Killer) Montgomery at center. The tackles, Adolphe Menjou and Mischa Auer, seem a little bored, but left guard Jack Oakie is very happy with a steak. (That isn't a steak, you dope, it's his helmet! . . . Ed.)

Coach Cecil de Mille (lower left) is wondering whether to renew Victor McLaglen's contract at right guard, and put Freddie Bartholomew back as water-boy, in which job McLaglen is very unhappy (extreme right).

In the backfield, Astaire and Rogers execute a nifty shift, while referee Will Hays (in front of yell leaders Harpo Marx, Donald Duck, and Martha Raye) keeps an eagle eye on Marlene Dietrich and Jimmy Cagney's "Statue of Liberty" play.

Hey, you theatre managers, look out! It's a pass!

McGowan Miller



OVER THE WAVES TO THE NUTHOUSE

By SCOOP CONLON

"SO-O-OH, you're a writer!!!"

The three Ritz boys greeted us somewhat disdainfully as we met them on a set at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio, where they were clowning in a spectacular musical, *You Can't Have Everything.*

"Phooey! So are we. Listen to this, pal, we've really got a story. It's a wow, a honey, a knockout. Listen!"

We listened as best we could in the wild hubbub as the three mad clowns pulled us to and fro. Their story goes something like this!

Our hero is a forgotten man.

The scene is on a barren island somewhere off the coast of southern California. Outside the rambling adobe buildings we see a few lost souls wandering aimlessly about. About what? We wouldn't know.

Suddenly, the stocky figure of a man rushes towards us. He has a small microphone attached to his chest. He stops right before us, and his eyes flash with excitement as he speaks into the "mike."

"The voice of a motion picture director speaking.

"I am Don Ameche . . . the First Nighter . . . no, I'm not either, let me see, who am I? . . . I know, I'm Alice Faye. I'm Rubinoff . . . I'm Charlie Winninger . . . I'm the girl who used to be Gypsy Rose Lee . . . I'm all three of the Ritz Brothers . . . all of them . . . no, no, NO! I'm not a radio star after all. I'm only a poor movie director. I'm Norman Taurog. I'm going NUTS!"

Fortunately, for our peace of mind came the call: "On the set." The mad Ritzes left us as quickly as they had grabbed us.

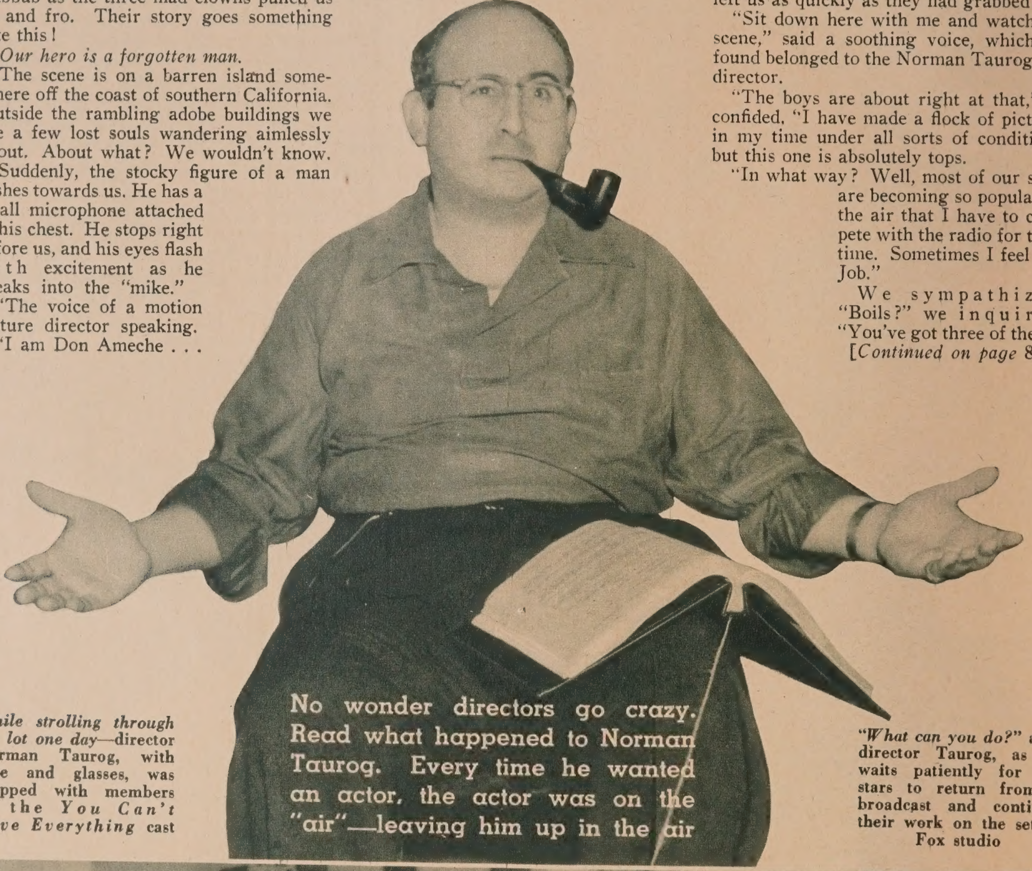
"Sit down here with me and watch the scene," said a soothing voice, which we found belonged to the Norman Taurog, the director.

"The boys are about right at that," he confided, "I have made a flock of pictures in my time under all sorts of conditions, but this one is absolutely tops.

"In what way? Well, most of our stars are becoming so popular on the air that I have to compete with the radio for their time. Sometimes I feel like Job."

We sympathized. "Boils?" we inquired. "You've got three of them."

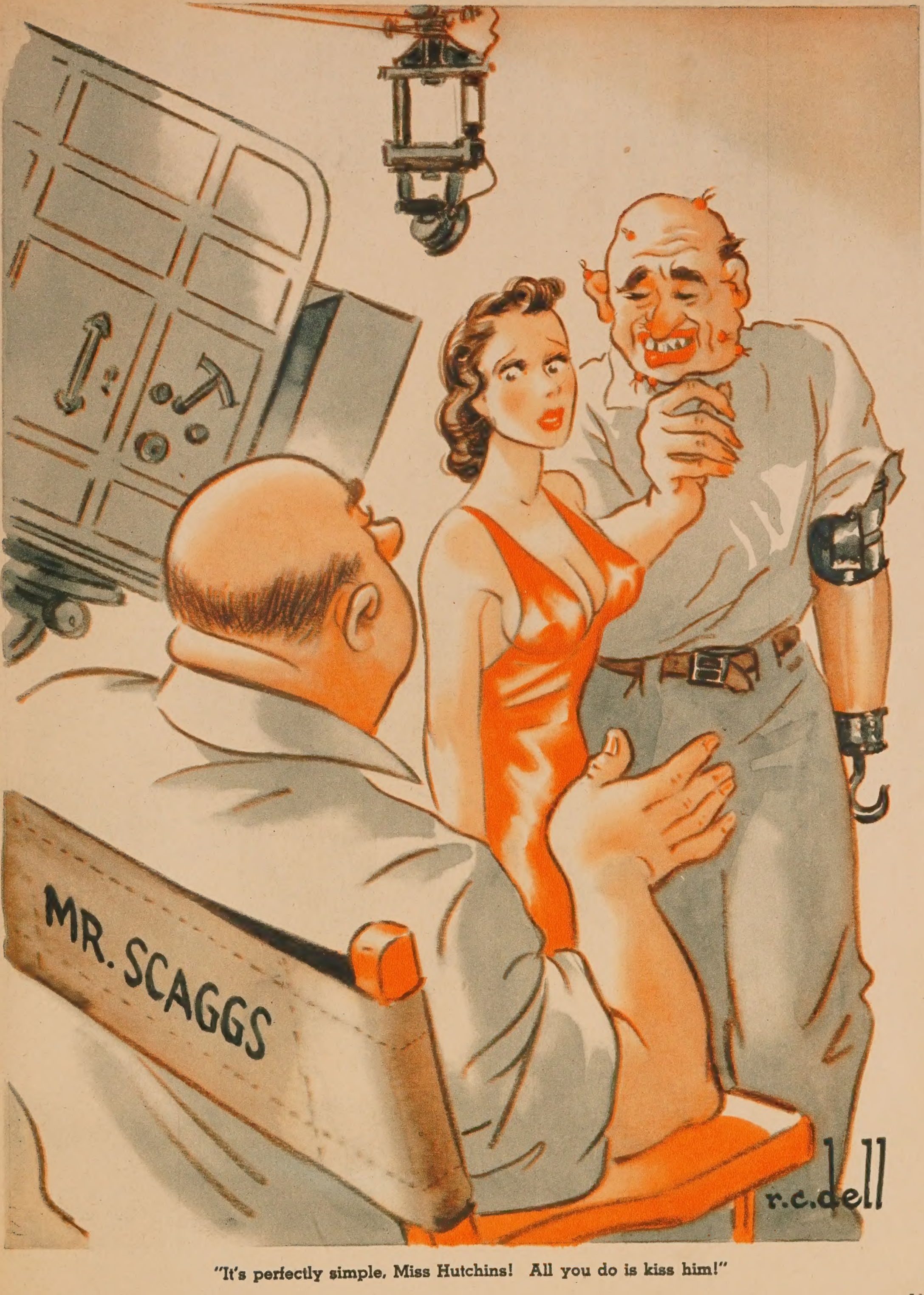
[*Continued on page* 85]



No wonder directors go crazy. Read what happened to Norman Taurog. Every time he wanted an actor, the actor was on the "air"—leaving him up in the air

"What can you do?" **asks director Taurog, as he waits patiently for his stars to return from a broadcast and continue their work on the set at Fox studio**

While strolling through the lot one day—**director Norman Taurog, with pipe and glasses, was snapped with members of the *You Can't Have Everything* cast**

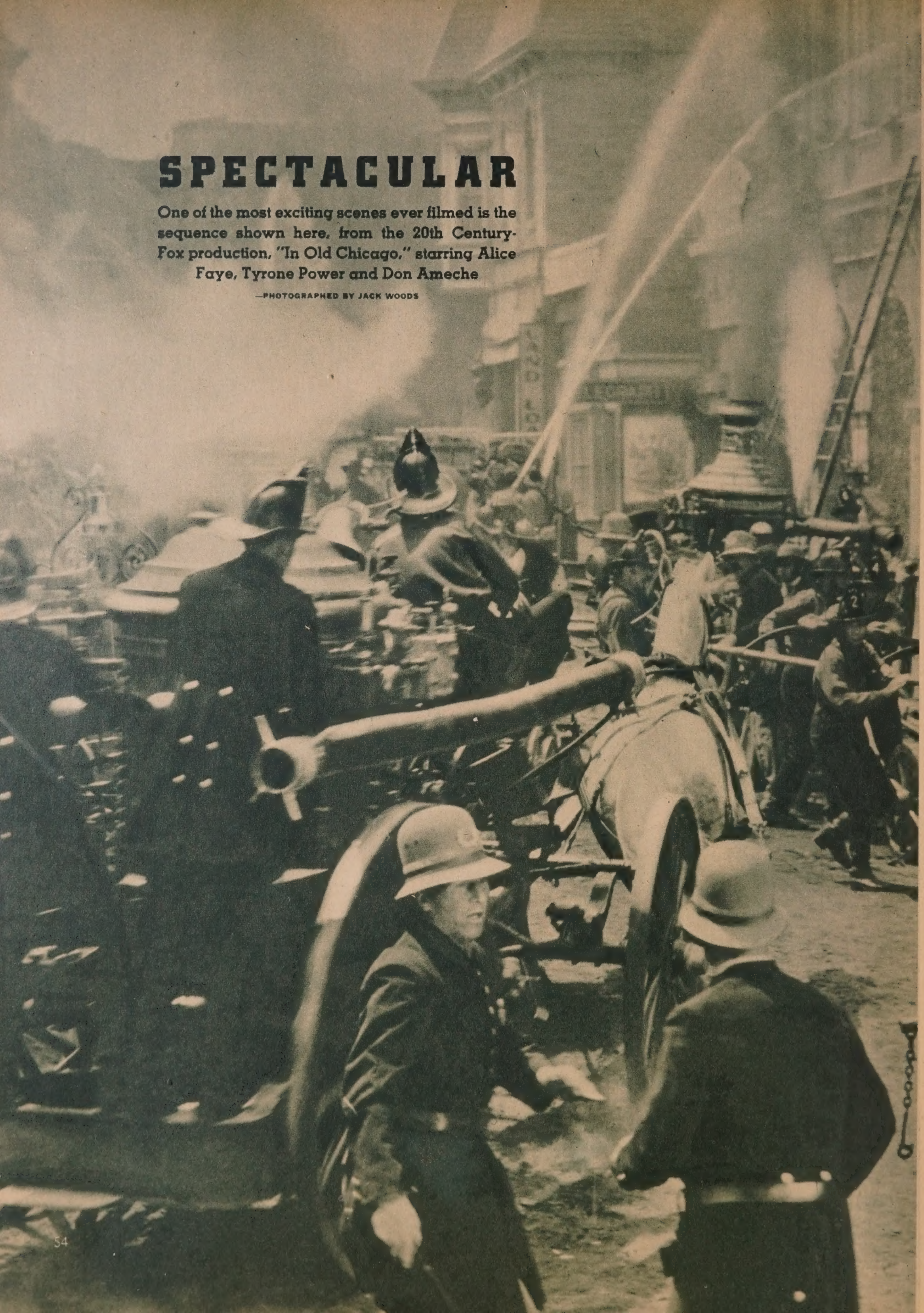

MR. SCAGGS
r.c.dell

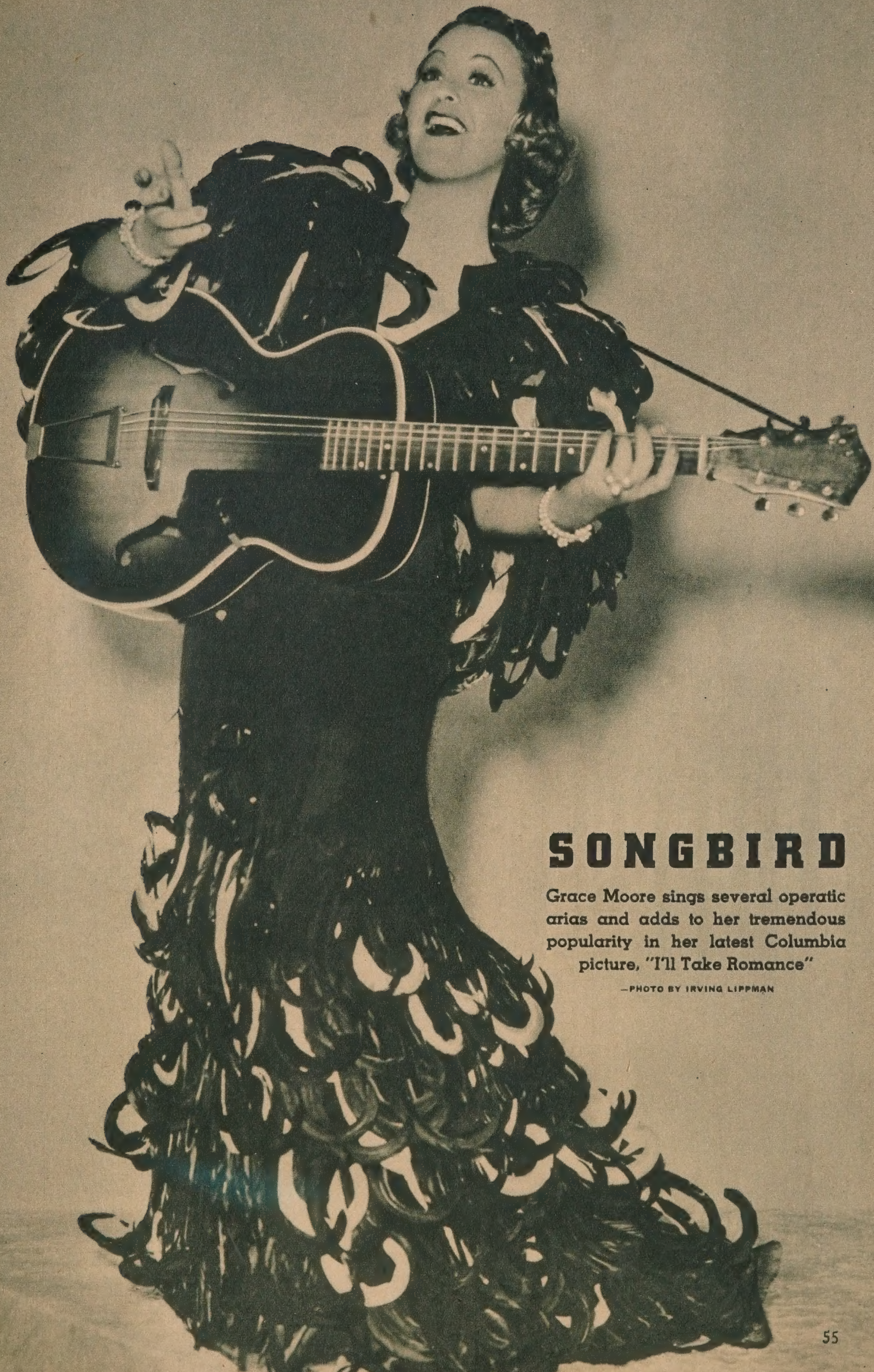
"It's perfectly simple, Miss Hutchins! All you do is kiss him!"

SPECTACULAR

One of the most exciting scenes ever filmed is the sequence shown here, from the 20th Century-Fox production, "In Old Chicago," starring Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche

—PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK WOODS





SONGBIRD

Grace Moore sings several operatic arias and adds to her tremendous popularity in her latest Columbia picture, "I'll Take Romance"

—PHOTO BY IRVING LIPPMAN

THEY CALL

Don't get wrong ideas about Gail. You may think she's a meanie, but she's acting. Her host of studio pals will testify that she is the most regular girl on the studio lot—and that, ladies and gentlemen, is praise indeed!

HER MENACE

By HELEN BUNCH

YOU may be getting Gail Patrick all wrong.

In fact, if you've been seeing her in many of her recent screen characterizations, you've probably a growing impression that she says "veddy, veddy" for very, very, lifts a lorgnette and kicks the common people around. She's been doing it before the cameras with startling regularity during the last five years but, thank heavens, the real Gail hasn't picked up any of these characteristics.

She's the most regular girl in Hollywood, as far as this writer is concerned.

It's all very amazing. For five years she has been the society dame extraordinary on the screen, acting like a heel in *My Man Godfrey* and *The White Hunter,* putting on airs in *John Meade's Woman* and *Death Takes a Holiday.*

What's more, for five years she's been the Grover Whalen of the Paramount studio because of that *savoir faire.* Let an ambassador, a socialite, an Indian maharajah or a representative of big business arrive in Hollywood to get a load of the glamour industry and Gail has been assigned to the task of guiding the inquisitive one.

In five years she has been characterized many, many times as "the perfect lady," and the net result is that she cuts a wider and wider path around the social circles of the town. Let a bigwig give a party and Gail will be on the list. She seldom misses.

Yet in real life she's a perfect contradiction.

An outstanding example of this is that the tall, willowy brunette, who looks at home with a Rolls Royce, a couple of sheep dogs on leashes and a country mansion in Virginia—who can wear clothes so well that society gasps and can out-ritz Park avenue and Mayfair—who has perfect poise even after someone has turned in a fire alarm—has a dozen nicknames.

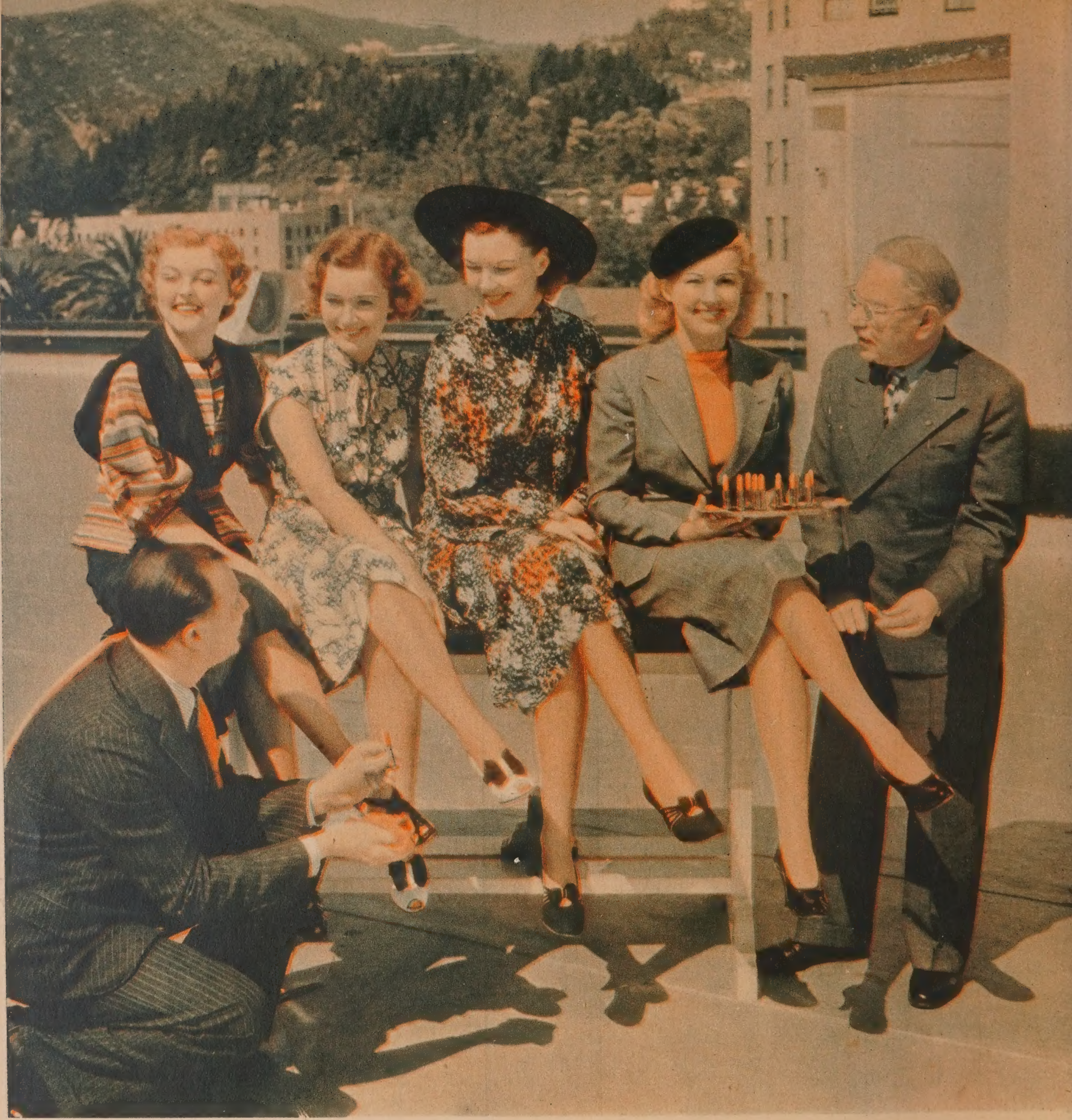
When it comes to nicknaming, the one who gets the tag has to have a sense of humor. Stuffed shirts never achieve them. It would be embarrassing to attach a nickname to one of Gail's screen characterizations. But as for the girl herself—

The boys and girls who toil with her have endowed her with "Alabam," "Black Beauty" "Irish" and half a dozen others.

Furthermore, if you have anything derogatory to say about the southern belle, don't sound off in front of a grip, a laborer, a hairdresser, a make-up [*Continued on page* 74]

Gail and Jack Benny do a Romeo and Juliet for Paramount's *Artists and Models*

Gail and her husband, Bob Cobb, attend a Hollywood premiere

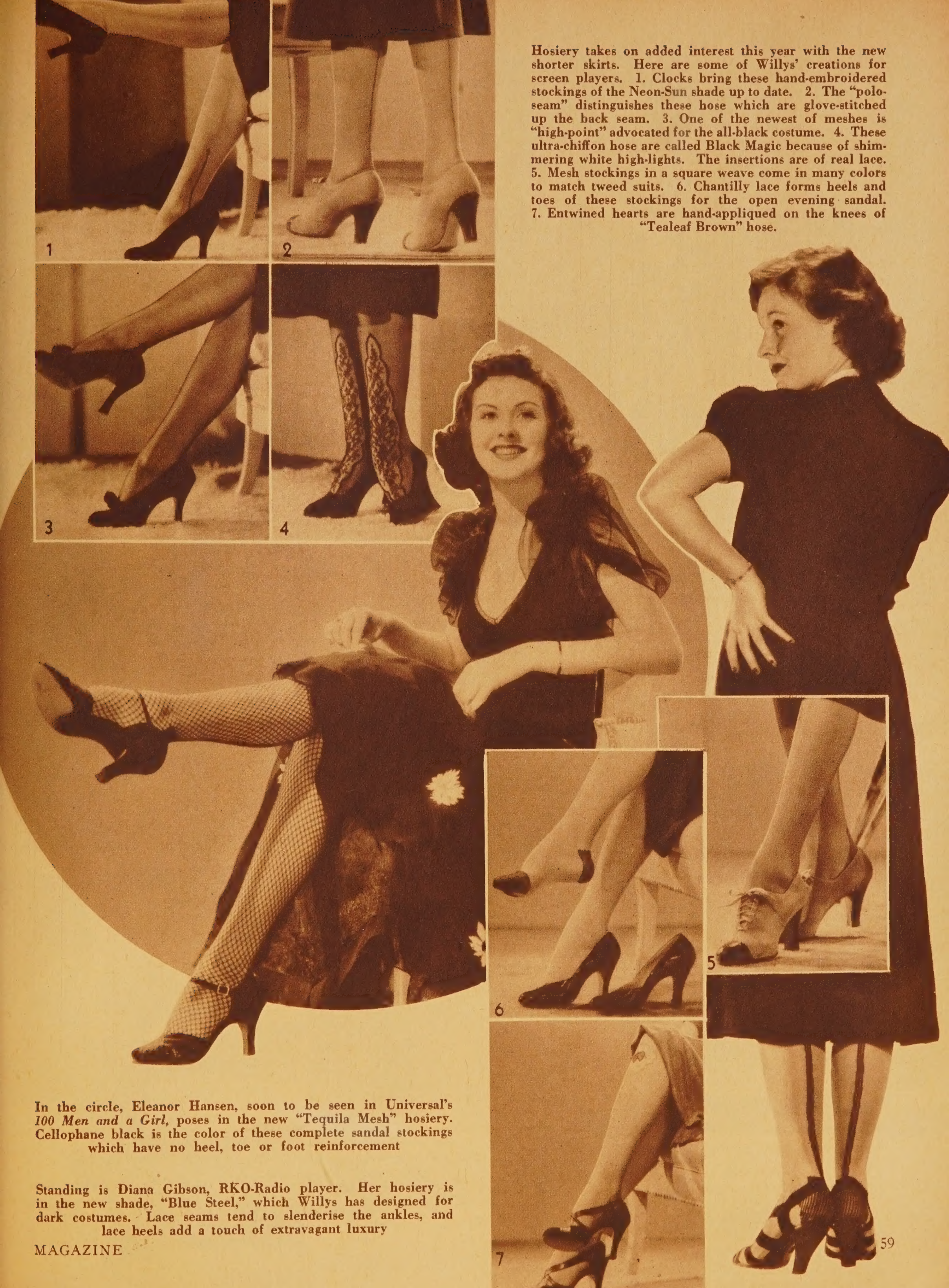


FROM LIP TO TOE

WITH this issue SCREEN BOOK presents several new ideas in milady's hosiery as created by Willys, acknowledged one of Hollywood's leading authorities on hosiery. Hollywood's latest innovation is the matching of hosiery with lipstick shades and with blouse and skirt colorings. Here photographed are four movie beauties, Mr. Willys, and Max Factor, cosmetic expert, making tests of various new hosiery shades.

Left to right, Willys holding lipstick and hose to show their harmonious matching; Jane Walsh in a Roman striped blouse and silk monkey jacket with vermillion lipstick hosiery to match the stripes of the blouse; Diana Gibson in a Persian print dress with harmonizing flame-colored hose; Maxine Jennings in a flowered print dress and crimson lipstick hosiery blending with her ensemble; Betty Grable in a smartly tailored suit and burnt orange sweater coordinates carmine hosiery shades with her outfit. Mr. Factor shows Miss Grable how the sweater and hosiery coloring match.

Hosiery takes on added interest this year with the new shorter skirts. Here are some of Willys' creations for screen players. 1. Clocks bring these hand-embroidered stockings of the Neon-Sun shade up to date. 2. The "polo-seam" distinguishes these hose which are glove-stitched up the back seam. 3. One of the newest of meshes is "high-point" advocated for the all-black costume. 4. These ultra-chiffon hose are called Black Magic because of shimmering white high-lights. The insertions are of real lace. 5. Mesh stockings in a square weave come in many colors to match tweed suits. 6. Chantilly lace forms heels and toes of these stockings for the open evening sandal. 7. Entwined hearts are hand-appliqued on the knees of "Tealeaf Brown" hose.

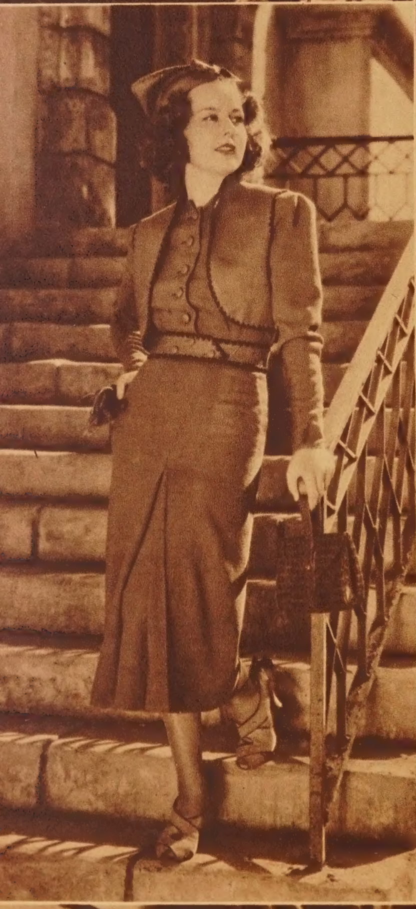


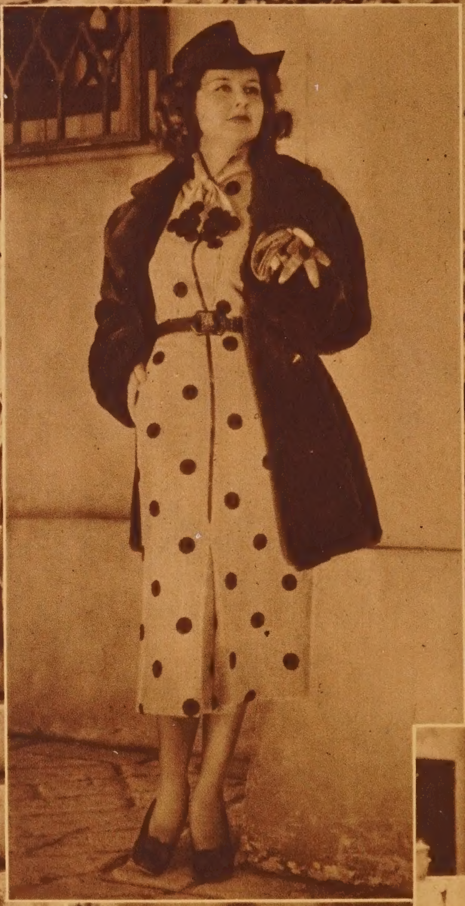
In the circle, Eleanor Hansen, soon to be seen in Universal's *100 Men and a Girl,* poses in the new "Tequila Mesh" hosiery. Cellophane black is the color of these complete sandal stockings which have no heel, toe or foot reinforcement

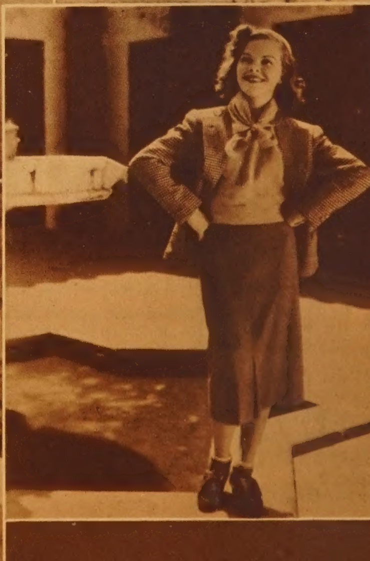
Standing is Diana Gibson, RKO-Radio player. Her hosiery is in the new shade, "Blue Steel," which Willys has designed for dark costumes. Lace seams tend to slenderise the ankles, and lace heels add a touch of extravagant luxury

Here is some first aid for that school wardrobe, so complete last September, but beginning to need a little stimulation here and there. Below, Barbara Read, Universal player, poses in a green wool dress, brightened by bolero, hat and belt of rust colored felt laced with green leather. Note the kidskin strap shoes. Center, Miss Read wears a costume ideal for the rooting section. The light grey wool dress has polka-dots embroidered in brown wool of the same shade as the lapin jacket in the new short length. Right, Dixie Dunbar wears this smart casual get-up in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Life Begins in College*. The jacket is of red, black and grey checks. The skirt is Oxford grey and the sweater is dove grey

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF
RUDOLPH VALENTINO
1895-1926
PRESENTED BY HIS FRIENDS AND
ADMIRERS FROM EVERY WALK OF
LIFE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD
PRECIATION OF THE HAPPI-
OUGHT TO THE





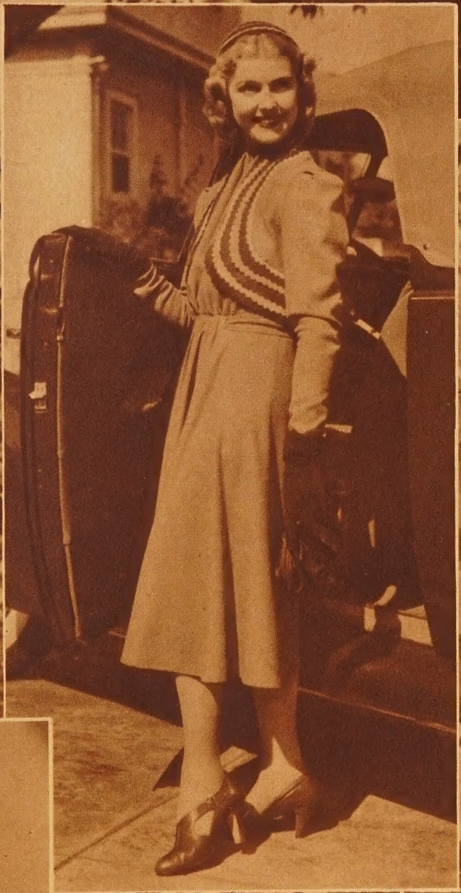


—PHOTOS OF MISS READ BY ED ESTABROOK

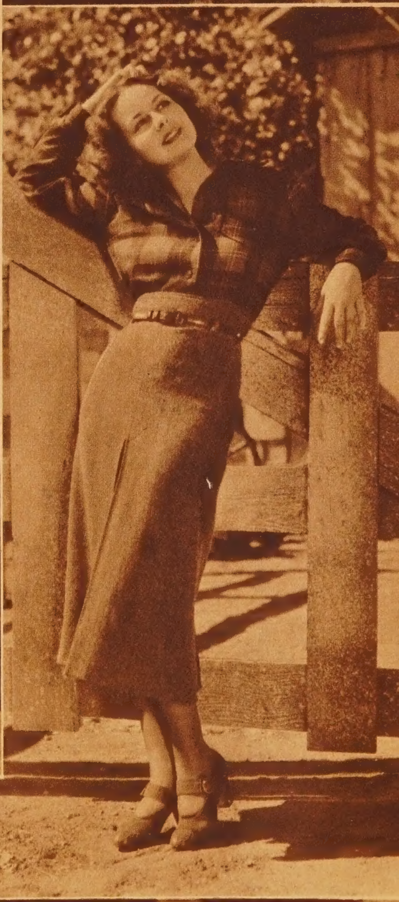
Background—de Longpre Park, Hollywood, with Valentino Memorial

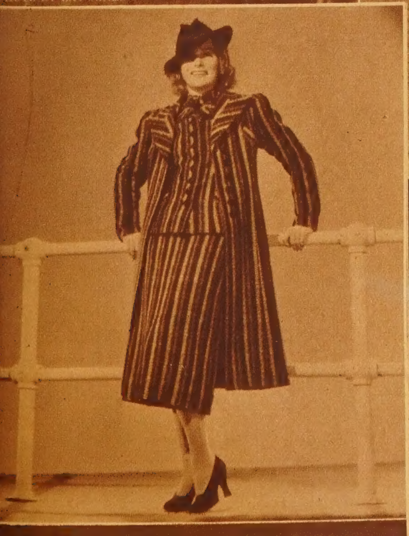
Below, left, Nan Grey, Universal player, keeps the striking pattern of her tweed ensemble under control with black kidskin accessories. This suit, adaptable to either town or country mornings, is black, red and grey, with a matching Ascot scarf. Center, take a long speculative look at the bolero of Anita Louise's gold wool dress. Over-lapping bands of felt in shades of brown and tan are a decoration easy to make and singularly effective. The fullness at waist and neck in front is something to remember. You will see the dress in action in Warners' *First Lady*. For crisp mornings out of doors, Barbara Read chooses a Gaucho blouse of flannel. It may be worn tucked inside a high belt, or swaggering loose

PHOTO BY RAY JONES



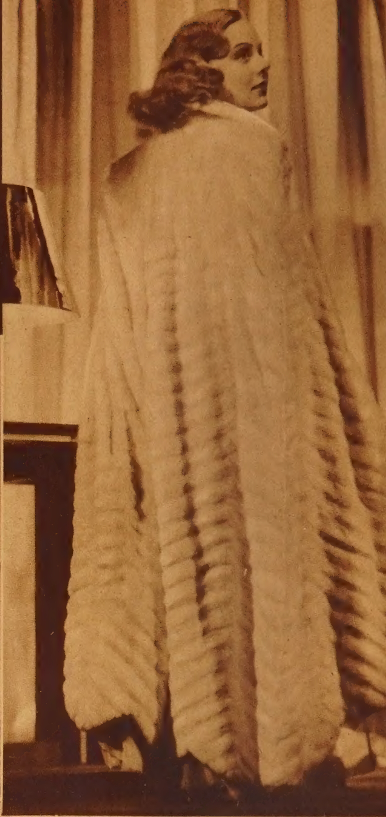
—PHOTO BY SCOTTY WELBOURNE

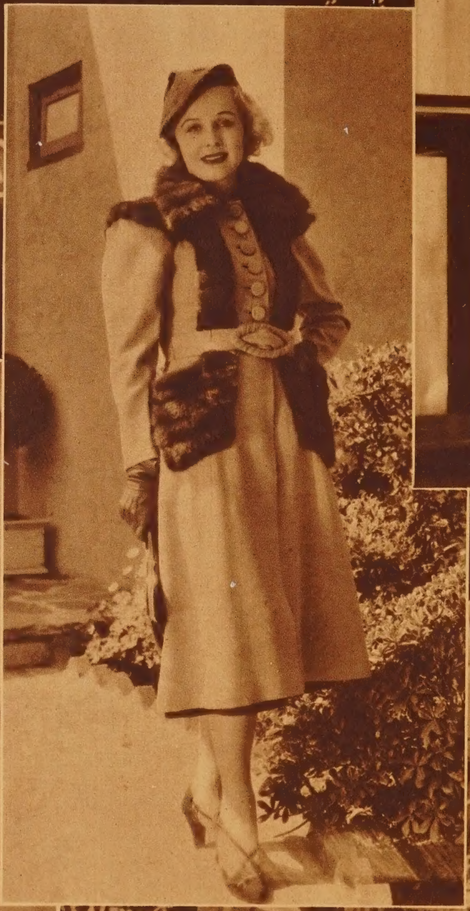


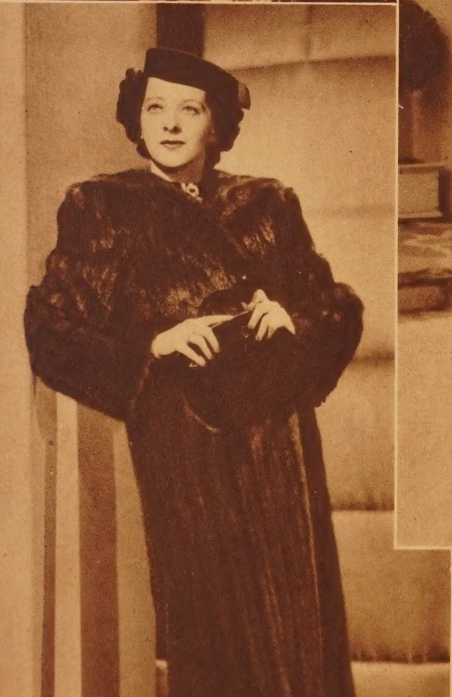


ROOSEVELT
HOTEL
ALLAH
VILLAS
the
BROWN
DERBY
THE KINGS

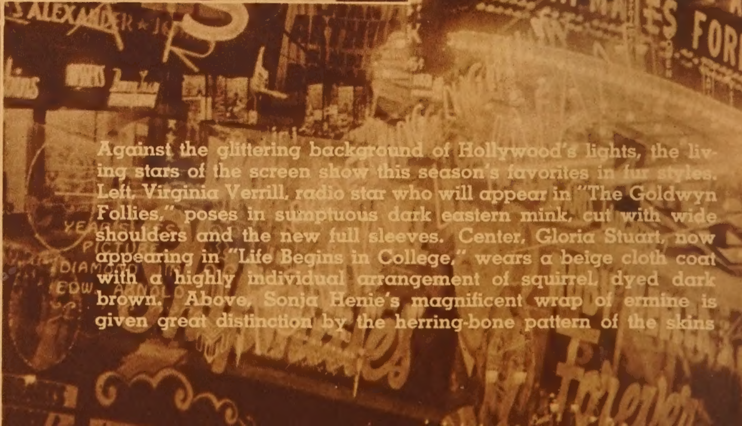
PHOTO BY COBURN



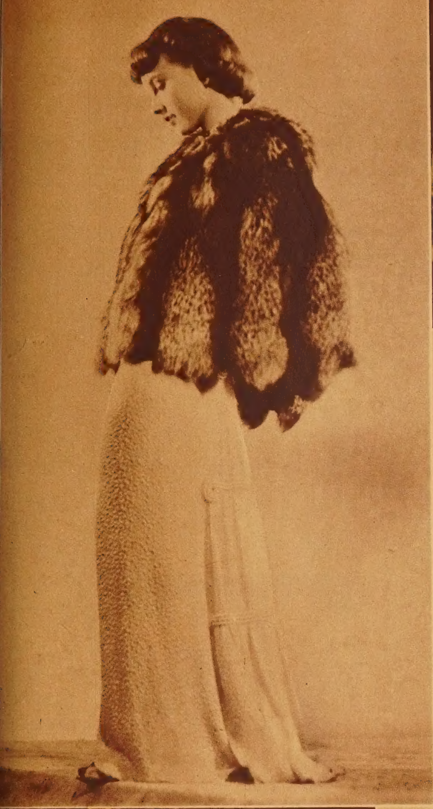




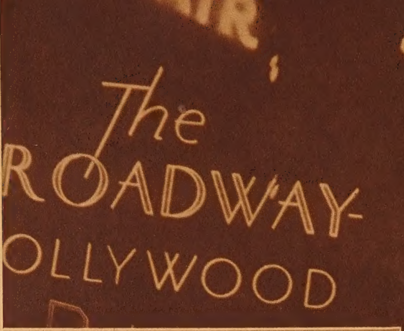
Cafe
DICK POWELL
SHIPMATES FOR



Against the glittering background of Hollywood's lights, the living stars of the screen show this season's favorites in fur styles. Left, Virginia Verrill, radio star who will appear in "The Goldwyn Follies," poses in sumptuous dark eastern mink, cut with wide shoulders and the new full sleeves. Center, Gloria Stuart, now appearing in "Life Begins in College," wears a beige cloth coat with a highly individual arrangement of squirrel, dyed dark brown. Above, Sonja Henie's magnificent wrap of ermine is given great distinction by the herring-bone pattern of the skins



PHOTOS OF MISS HAAS BY A. L. SCHAFER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ROADWAY-
OLLYWOOD

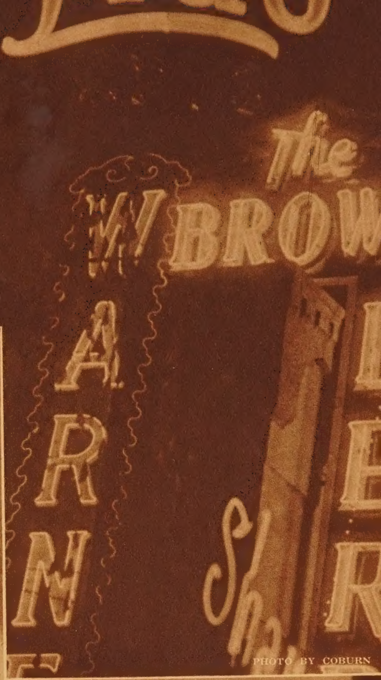
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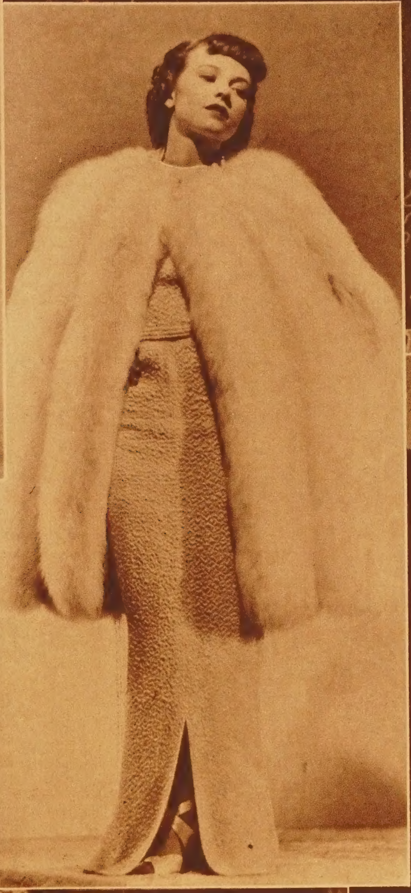
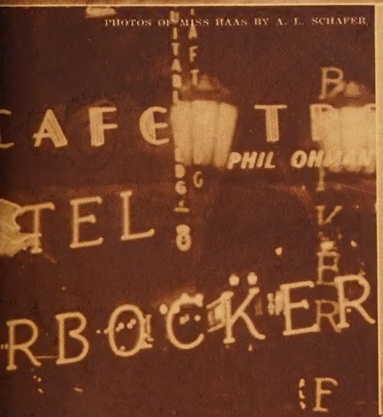
PHOTO BY COBURN

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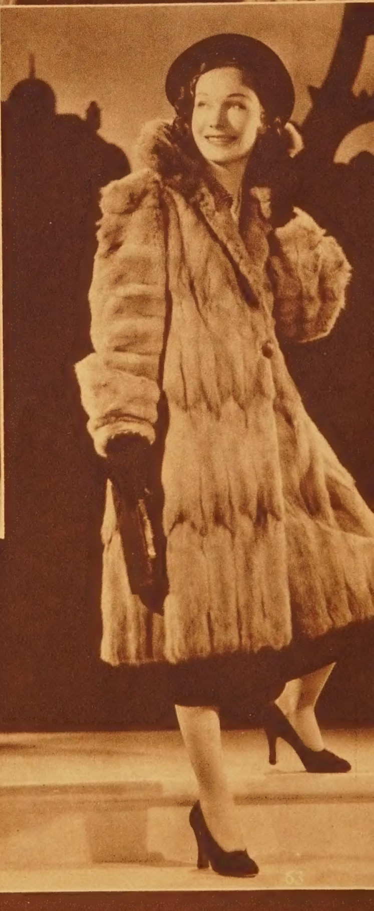
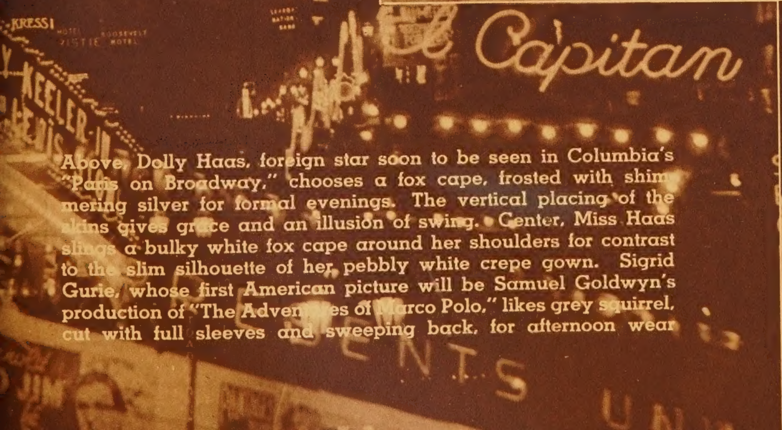
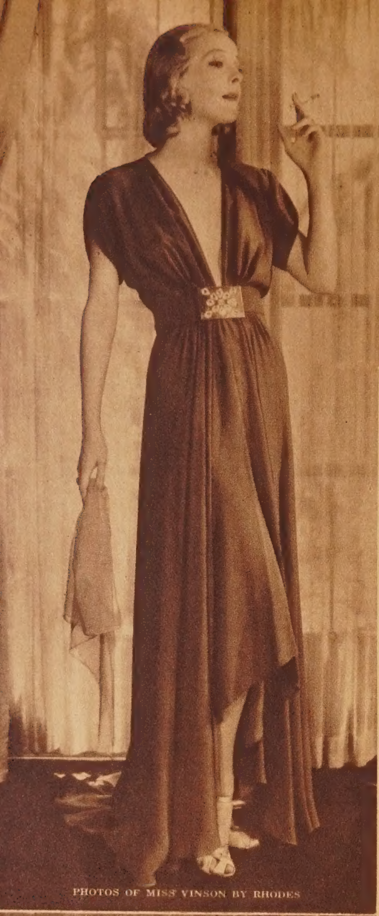
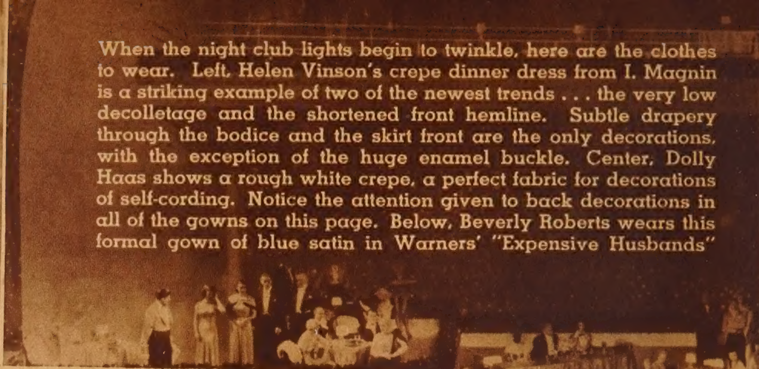



Capitan
KEELER

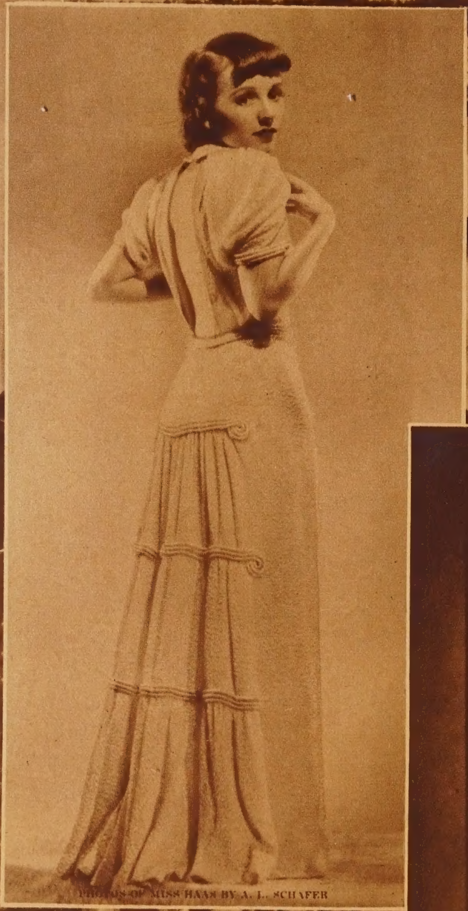
Above, Dolly Haas, foreign star soon to be seen in Columbia's "Paris on Broadway," chooses a fox cape, frosted with shimmering silver for formal evenings. The vertical placing of the skins gives grace and an illusion of swing. Center, Miss Haas slings a bulky white fox cape around her shoulders for contrast to the slim silhouette of her pebbly white crepe gown. Sigrid Gurie, whose first American picture will be Samuel Goldwyn's production of "The Adventures of Marco Polo," likes grey squirrel, cut with full sleeves and sweeping back, for afternoon wear



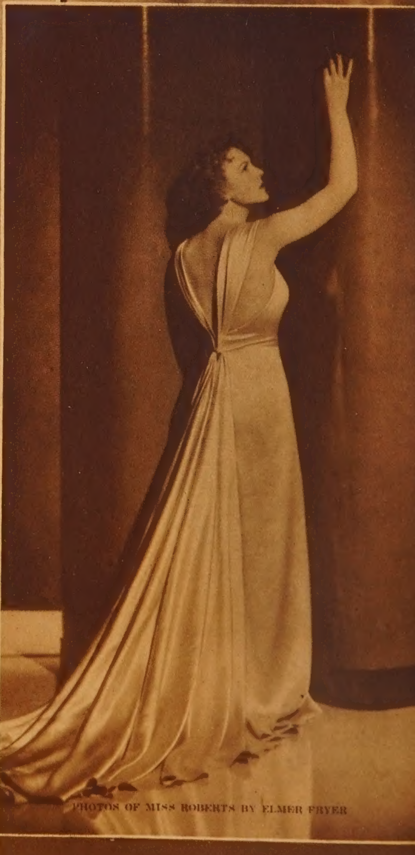
PHOTOS OF MISS VINSON BY RHODES



When the night club lights begin to twinkle, here are the clothes to wear. Left, Helen Vinson's crepe dinner dress from I. Magnin is a striking example of two of the newest trends . . . the very low decolletage and the shortened front hemline. Subtle drapery through the bodice and the skirt front are the only decorations, with the exception of the huge enamel buckle. Center, Dolly Haas shows a rough white crepe, a perfect fabric for decorations of self-cording. Notice the attention given to back decorations in all of the gowns on this page. Below, Beverly Roberts wears this formal gown of blue satin in Warners' "Expensive Husbands"



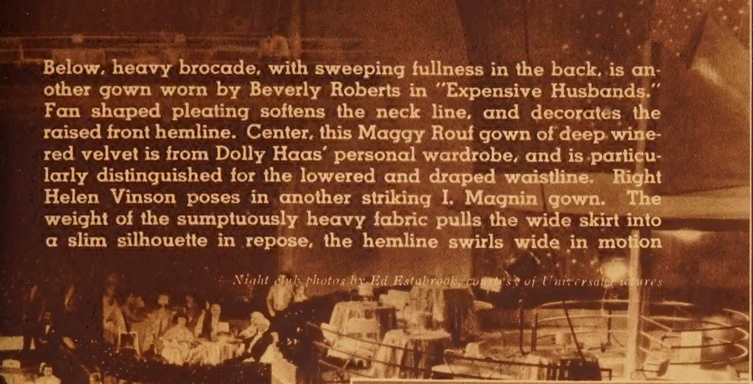
PHOTOS OF MISS HAAS BY A. L. SCHAFER

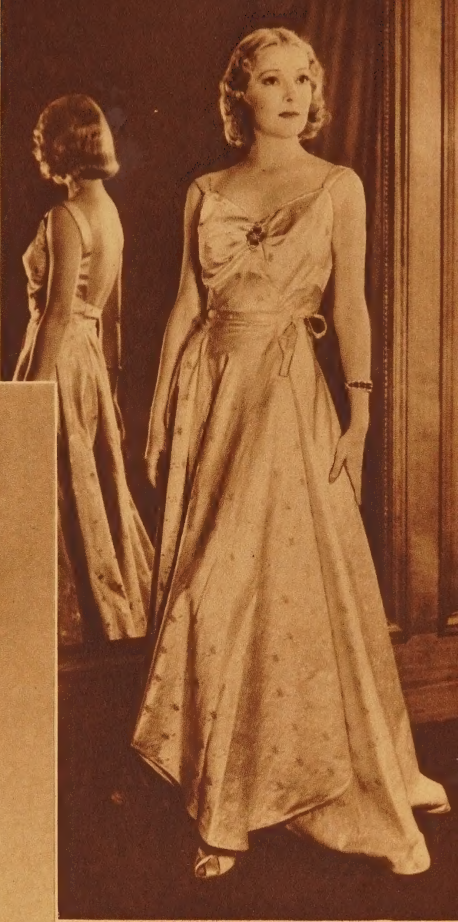


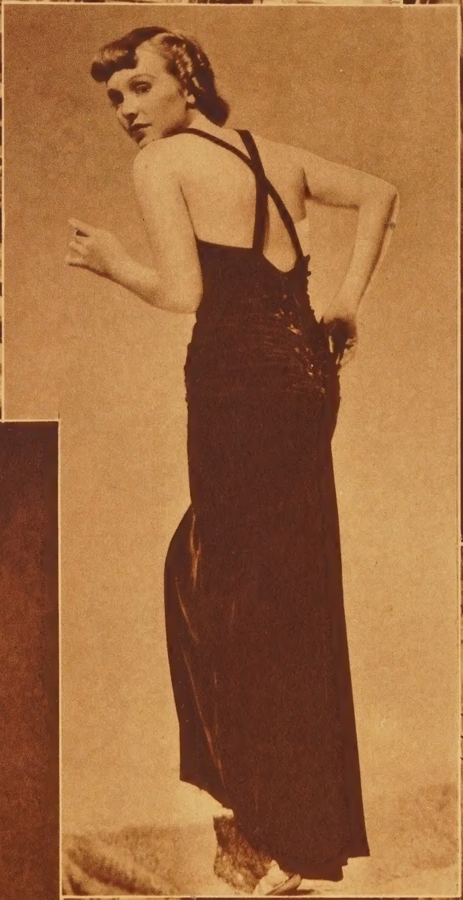
PHOTOS OF MISS ROBERTS BY ELMER FRYER

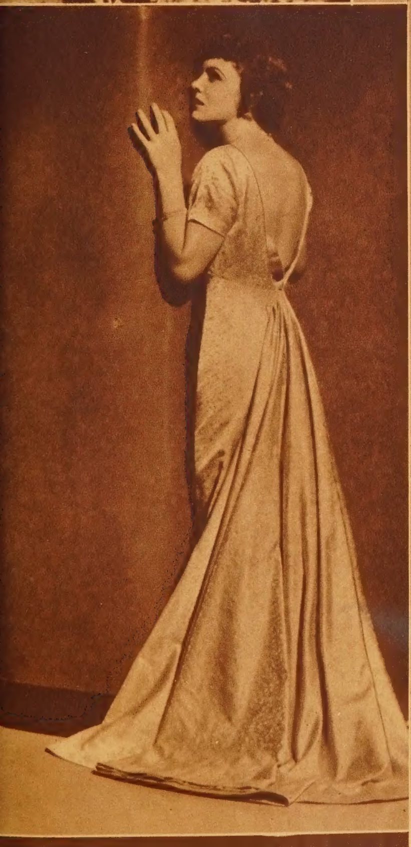
Below, heavy brocade, with sweeping fullness in the back, is another gown worn by Beverly Roberts in "Expensive Husbands." Fan shaped pleating softens the neck line, and decorates the raised front hemline. Center, this Maggy Rouf gown of deep winered velvet is from Dolly Haas' personal wardrobe, and is particularly distinguished for the lowered and draped waistline. Right Helen Vinson poses in another striking I. Magnin gown. The weight of the sumptuously heavy fabric pulls the wide skirt into a slim silhouette in repose, the hemline swirls wide in motion

Night club photos by Ed Estabrook, courtesy of Universal Pictures









VILLAINY PAYS!

By
HILARY
LYNN

WHEN Gale Sondergaard arrived in Hollywood she knew little about it—and less about its phobias.

No one warned her to beware of unsympathetic roles. Nobody told her that all the world loves a sweet girl graduate, or even a fallen woman with a heart of gold, but nobody loves a "meanie." Being quite a green horn about the strange codes and taboos of the film world, Gale went blithely to work on her first role in *Anthony Adverse.* Oh, she was wicked! A mysterious adventuress, her glittering eyes and barbarous earrings bobbing up at various points in the world just to disconcert Mr. Anthony Adverse (alias Fredric March) throughout the entire length of that somewhat tedious picture.

Those who knew shrugged their shoulders and raised their eyebrows meaningfully. "Too bad," said they. "Just another good actress ruined before she has a chance to show Hollywood!"

But Gale was blissfully innocent. Said she, "If I play this part viciously enough, the audiences will hate me and I shall be a success."

So she gave it every bit of meanness she knew how to express, and the audiences hated her with a good, round hate—and loved doing so.

This upset another Hollywood tradition. For the formula of a successful motion picture story used to follow the formula of all good fairy tales—the villain was foiled, the hero triumphant. If there happened to be any wicked witches, conniving mothers-in-law, nagging wives, or jealous girl friends standing in the way of the hero's final clinch with the heroine, they were promptly kicked out into the cold, cruel world. And nobody gave a hang if they ate worms or took in washing from then on.

Villainy didn't pay. Until Hollywood decided to pay its super-villains in Oscars.

An Oscar isn't anything like Donald Duck. An Oscar is the highest honor an actor or actress can receive in Hollywood. Also the best form of publicity. The Oscar—a gold statuette—for the outstanding performance by a supporting actress in 1936 was awarded for

[*Continued on page* 89]

Gale Sondergaard was very much the wicked woman in *Seventh Heaven,* as you will note in the above scene with James Stewart; at right, she graduates to a sympathetic role as Mrs. Drefus in *Life of Emile Zola*

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS

Billy House, Jimmy Savo, Mischa Auer, and Bert Lahr, Universal's "Four Horsemen of Hilarity" hit high speed in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"

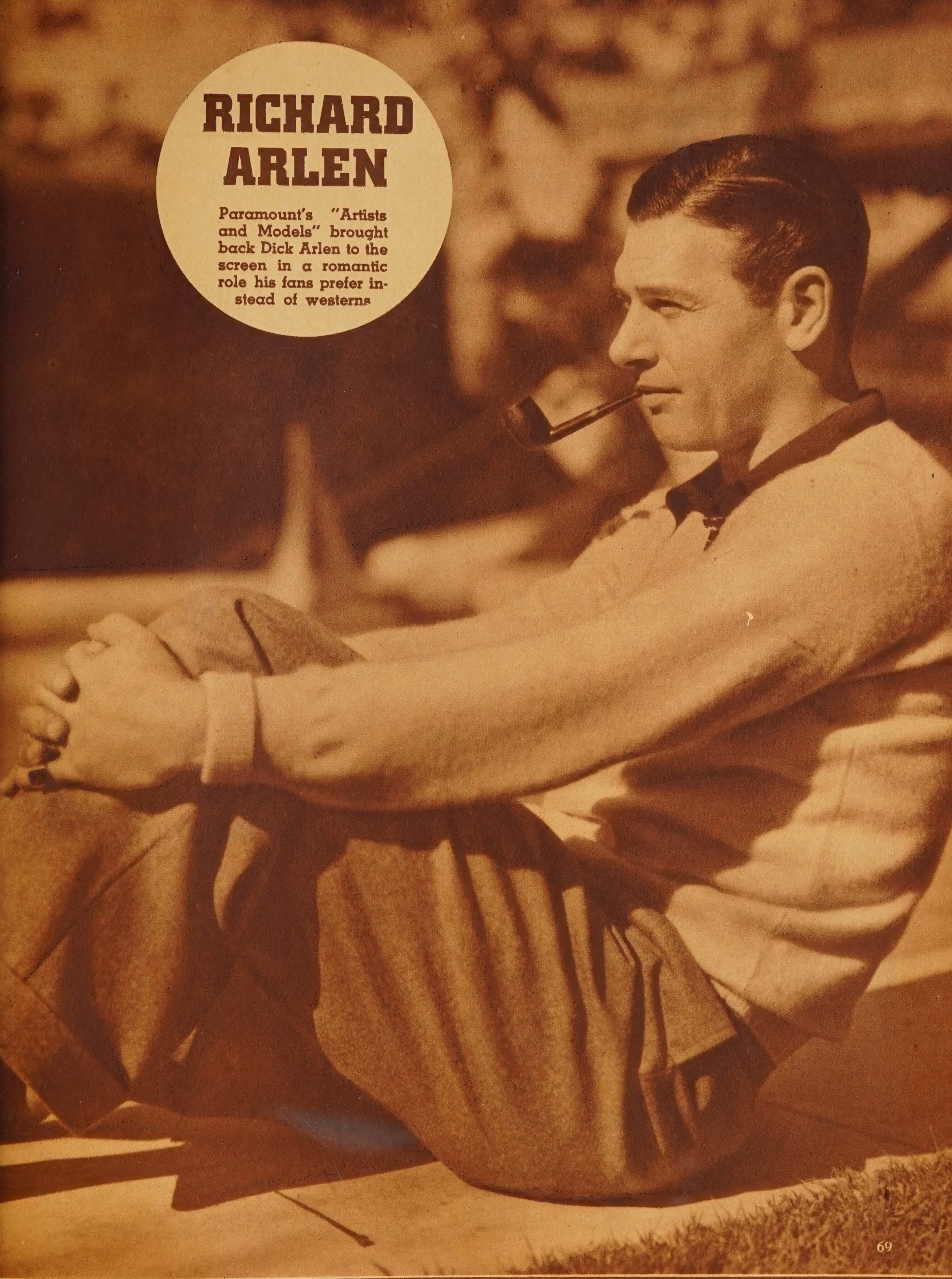
—PHOTO BY ED. ESTABROOK

ANNA STEN

Anna Sten returns to the American screen after an absence of two years to star in two Grand National pictures, "With Pleasure, Madame," and "Love Me Again"

RICHARD ARLEN

Paramount's "Artists and Models" brought back Dick Arlen to the screen in a romantic role his fans prefer instead of westerns



DRIED FRUITS to DELIGHT YOU

These delicious concoctions will not only satisfy your longing for "fresh" fruits, but will also supply you with added energy

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

THE last rose of summer has long since withered and harvest time too has passed away, but we do not cease to long for summer's so-satisfying array of fresh fruits.

However, we may trick summer far into icy winter by the clever plan of plentifully using dried fruits as if they were fresh.

For indeed, dried fruits *are* "fresh" fruits! Apricots, peaches, pears, prunes, raisins, figs and dates, must be perfectly fresh ripe fruits before they are subjected to sunlight or other heat for dehydrating.

All that is necessary to make dried fruits bloom again is to restore to them their original moisture. And here is where enters the cook, for it is up to her whether or not dried fruits shall be shapely, whole, good looking and delicious, or whether they come to the table a mashed, unsightly brown mass.

AS LADY MACBETH said, "If it must be done, let it be done quickly," and quick cooking is the secret of dried fruit delicacy. Quickly cooked fruits have better appearance, texture and flavor, besides the saving in handling. Indeed the most usual mistake in dried fruit preparation is: overcooking.

At the holiday season, remember that raisins and other dried fruits make delicious stuffings

A tempting array of confections, made of dried fruits, carry holiday cheer

Date Torte and similar delectable cakes are winter winners in the dessert class

TIME TABLE FOR PREPARING DRIED FRUITS

1. *Raisins*: Rinse. Allow 1 cup water for each cup raisins, boil 10 minutes, and add ½ tablespoon sugar for each cup fruit.
2. *Prunes*: Rinse, cover with water, and boil 45 minutes to 1 hour, depending on condition of fruit. Sugar is not needed, but 2 tablespoons for each cup of prunes may be added, if desired.
3. *Apricots*: Rinse, cover with water, and boil 40 minutes. Allow ¼ to ½ cup sugar for each cup fruit, to taste.
4. *Peaches*: Rinse, cover with water, boil 5 minutes, and remove skins. Cover with fresh water and boil 45 minutes. Allow ¼ cup sugar for each cup fruit.
5. *Figs*: Rinse, cover with water, and boil 20 to 30 minutes, depending on condition of fruit. Allow 1 tablespoon sugar for each cup fruit, and add for last 15 minutes' cooking.
6. *Pears*: Rinse, remove cores, cover with water, and boil 35 minutes. Allow ¼ cup sugar for each cup fruit.
7. *Apples*: Remove particles of core.

[*Continued on page* 101]

$500.00 — 43 CASH AWARDS

A FREE GIFT FOR EACH ENTRANT FROM BRILLO

Just Name This

MYSTERY RECIPE

NOTHING TO BUY—IT'S EASY TO WIN!

Here is fun! Adventure! Generous awards in CASH and SILVERWARE. You'll get a free, surprise gift from Brillo, anyway, just for entering. Supply a name for this mystery recipe. That's all. Do it now!

??? MYSTERY DISH ???

2 pounds veal steak	1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 pound ham slice	2 tablespoons parsley, minced
4 tablespoons shortening	1 tablespoon lemon juice
4 onions, sliced	2 cups tomato juice
2 teaspoons salt	2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon pepper	6 hard cooked eggs

Cut veal into 2-inch squares and ham into 2-inch strips. Saute in shortening, together with onion. Add all seasonings. Add tomato juice which has been heated. Cover, and simmer 30 minutes. Remove meats to greased round casserole. Thicken remaining gravy with flour, and pour over meat. Arrange hard eggs on top.

BISCUIT CRUST

Roll chilled biscuit dough ¼-inch thick, and of size to cover casserole, allowing 1 inch all around. Cut dough into 6 wedges and arrange on hot meat. Turn edges under and press on rim. Fashion a "rose" of left over pastry strips, and insert on top. Bake 20 minutes, very hot oven (450° F.). (Serves 6.)

CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur, appearing in the Paramount picture, "Easy Living," are judges with Christine Frederick, our Household Editor.

Mrs. Christine Frederick wants a name for her mystery recipe at the left. Think of a name like "Yum Yum Pie," "Delicioso," and send it in today. Make the dish for your own enjoyment, but whether you make the dish now or not, send in your entry today. Be sure and include the names of the nationally advertised products you would serve in addition to this dish to make a complete meal. Such products are advertised in this magazine, newspapers and in other magazines.

3RD PRIZE—this beautiful 61-piece chest of 1881 (R) Rogers (R) Silverware, made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd. A complete chest. Everything for serving eight persons. Graceful Palm Springs Pattern. Follow easy rules at right to win. Use coupon below.

A FREE GIFT FROM BRILLO FOR YOU!

FREE SAMPLE—Big BRILLO metal-fibre SOAP-FILLED PAD. Cleans, scours and polishes. Makes aluminum utensils and all pots and pans look like new. Cuts grease. Removes stains and grime. Saves time. Eliminates messy rags and brushes. Enter contest now and get your BRILLO SOAP PAD *FREE!*

BRILLO
SOAP PADS
HOUSEHOLD CLEANSER

KEEPS ALUMINUM BRILLIANT

RULES

1. Submit as many names as you like on separate sheets of paper. 2. All entries must contain names of at least *three* (3) nationally advertised products to be served with the MYSTERY RECIPE. 3. Contestant's name, address must appear clearly on entry coupon. 4. All entries become property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., and may be used in any way publishers wish. Coupons must be in mail before Midnight, November 1, 1937. Coupons will not be returned. 5. Judges' decisions final. Contest barred to employees and families of Fawcett Publications, Inc., or their agents. 6. Equal awards will be paid in case of ties.

AWARDS

$200.00 1st prize; $100.00 2nd prize; 61 Piece Chest of Rogers Silverware 3rd prize; $50.00 4th prize; 20 prizes of $5.00 each; 20 prizes of $2.50 each.

Mail to Christine Frederick, Household Editor, Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1503 Broadway, New York City.

For a complete meal with the above Mystery Recipe I recommend the following advertised products: (Give brand names)

1 Soup	2 Salad Dressing ....
3 Crackers	4 Dessert ....
5 Pickles	6 Coffee ....

MY NAME FOR THE MYSTERY RECIPE IS:

....

Send Brillo Soap Pad Sample to:

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell celebrated their first wedding anniversary in September, and plan to celebrate a good many more, in spite of the fact that gossips said their marriage couldn't last more than six months

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T LAST

The first year is notoriously the most difficult, but the Powells have confounded the gossips who predicted disaster for their marriage

By MARGO KENT

A FEW weeks ago—September 19—Joan Blondell and Dick Powell celebrated their first wedding anniversary.

Their scant months of marriage have tested their courage and their common sense—

Let me tell you an extraordinary story about these two.

"I'll give them a year!" At that moment Joan Blondell had promised to "love, honor and cherish" Dick Powell. And in that single instant's hush before congratulations deluged them, the whispered evil prophecy was as distinct as the sound of a bell on a frosty night.

Joan caught her lips between her teeth—then flashed her infectious smile in pretense that she had not heard.

It was far from an auspicious start for a honeymoon.

Joan and Dick came back to Hollywood from their honeymoon to face plenty of problems. Questions about their happiness deluged them. Were they getting along all right together? Had they had any quarrels as yet? Did they have any plan to guarantee their marital happiness?

It was then that Joan and Dick made a covenant of silence.

"We'll never discuss our life together," they pledged each other. "We'll never prescribe rules for happiness. We'll keep our love and our life together away from prying eyes."

But recently there has been such an avalanche of conjecture about them; so much unkind speculation in print, on the air and through gossip channels, that this story should be told.

From the very beginning both Joan and Dick knew the hazards which faced them: Hollywood and its skepticism towards marriage; the gold-fish existence of stars; the insidious danger to themselves in rumor.

"Maybe we could just sort of laugh about everything," they tentatively suggested to each other.

But it was easier to say than to do with a multitude of eyes upon them.

If they sat holding hands, in the morning it was paragraphed and in the afternoon it was told over the tea-tables that Joan and Dick were putting on the act of "perfectly devoted lovers."

If they were quiet and reserved under the public eye, then assuredly, according to rumor, they had "tiffed."

Whatever they did, no matter how minute, became grist to the mill of gossip.

THERE came a day when Joan looked at Dick, and Dick looked at Joan quietly. Dick had come from the studio and pretended not to see the sea of clippings in which Joan sat, nor her red-rimmed eyes.

"We've got to do something about this! We can't let lies spoil our happiness," Dick said.

"Let's make up our minds not to care what they say. We'll pretend it's a joke," replied Joan valiantly.

At first it was difficult! Joan would hide herself to cry in secret. Dick would walk off in anger, when new rumors and new untruths were given tongue.

Then there came the happy day when they discovered that they *were* indifferent.

Suddenly their life together became quite simple. If Joan wanted to kiss Dick when she met him on the studio lot, she did, without apology or hesitation. If they wanted to hold hands at the Trocadero, they did! And if they wanted to eat their dinner and dance in silence, this they did too. Let the gossip chips fall where they would!

With this new indifference to the world and to "what people will say" came content!

MARRIAGE has been good for both Dick and Joan.

For years Joan had been noted as "the glad girl"—the "good sport," the girl with not a worry in her life. She had dancing feet—her eyes were constantly ready for laughter.

But that was a surface happiness—a better piece of acting than Joan ever did on the screen then.

In reality, there has never been a day in Joan's life since childhood, that she did not have a heavy heart.

Fears and worries obsessed her. [*Continued on page* 100]

Now—*this new Cream brings to Women the Active* "Skin-Vitamin"

Applied right on the Skin—this special Vitamin helps the Skin more directly

"IT'S WONDERFUL," *says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.*

one of the first women to use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. "It's wonderful," she says. "My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond's—and to all women."

Badminton and horseback riding are Mrs. Mellon's favorite sports. Both of them mean the out-of-doors. And the out-of-doors dries your skin. Mrs. Mellon says: "The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' in it keeps my skin better than ever. It's never dry or rough now, in spite of sports."

THIS NEW CREAM does more for the skin than ever before! It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "*skin*-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. But when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women!

First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. Now everyone can have Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream!

Famous beauty cream now has "Something More"

Pond's Cold Cream has always been more than a cleanser. Patted into the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women say its use makes their pores less noticeable, softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond's Cold Cream now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby's!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! Pond's, Dept. 6-CL, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name__________________________

Street__________________________

City________________State__________

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No Waste! No Mess!
..with the
KLEENEX*
200 SHEET
Pull-Out Package
PULL A TISSUE
NEXT ONE POPS UP READY FOR USE

200-SHEET KLEENEX NOW 2 FOR 25¢

The handy size for every room

Why tolerate clumsy boxes or inferior tissues when Kleenex brings you *Double Economy?* Plus a world of convenience that others can't offer because *only Kleenex* has this patented Pull-Out Package.

Stop at your dealer's today and ask for 200-sheet Kleenex...now reduced to 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room and for the car!

KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

They Call Her Menace

[*Continued from page* 57]

artist or any other craftsman who has worked with her. If you do, you'll feel fingers entwining around your throat in a not graceful but firm manner.

GAIL, the screen player, has a way with her. When she turns on the film personality a very odd person emerges. Remember what a louse she was with Carole Lombard in *My Man Godfrey?* Just nasty. Undemocratic, snide, underhanded, lacking humor.

Contrary evidence is that Carole, who wouldn't let anyone with this list of social handicaps within five miles of her, is one of Gail's best friends.

Consider her now, in *Artists and Models.* She's very wealthy, sophisticated, very holier-than-thou in the role she plays. She has the manner of the manor, the touch of Midas, the finesse of finishing school. Really something.

And yet in *Wagon Wheels,* one of her first pictures, the sound crew got together and bought her a make-up box. They liked her that much. It's unusual when any technical group gives anything to a player, except raspberries. It's usually the other way around.

This strange celluloid air of hers—the ritzy glamour of glazed formality—got for her one of the oddest jobs in motion pictures. It was that greeting job. Figuratively, she has met all trains. For the studio she has helped to entertain more than a hundred personages, including Bing Crosby when he first arrived as a Paramount player; Tommy Hitchcock, the polo player; Virginia Sinclair, of the oil Sinclaires; Leopold Stokowsky; the Homer Harrises, prominent socially; the maharajah and Maharanee of Indore.

Stokowsky said on meeting her:

"I like your hat. I like you. In our language, one would say that you were perfectly orchestrated."

Gail liked that compliment.

In the case of the maharajah and maharanee a real friendship developed. Gail dismisses this with:

"Everybody was 'your highnessing' them. I just treated them as the swell, charming people that they are."

Gail's real, not reel, personality so influenced the royal couple that they took her to Honolulu and New York City, showered robes, flowers, bathing suits, perfumes, bracelets and many other gifts on her. While Gail won't talk about this successful sojourn of the famous Indians, who depended on her for everything from advice on what to see to what house to rent, others will.

EVERYBODY, liking Gail, goes out of his or her way to help her, and that's why she's been so successful. It was Adolph Zukor, who guides the destinies of Paramount, who introduced her to the Indian couple.

Carole Lombard, who with Clark Gable shares Gail's company a good bit of the time, has helped her with her work. Frankly and without compromise, Carole has criticized. Gail likes that sort of treatment.

When Gail first arrived in Hollywood she was worried because she thought she "didn't fit" in pictures. Dick Blaydon, studio executive, jarred her out of that worry with:

"Don't start worrying until you *do* fit. When you do, you've lost your individuality."

Melville Shauer, former talent scout, now a Paramount producer, has gone out of his way to give her advice. Mitchell Leisen, director, has counselled her about her clothes, her acting, even the decoration of her home. But the desire to help this unusual person doesn't stop with executives. It goes right on down the line. Edith Head, costume designer, thinks Gail can wear clothes better than most stars, gives her personal hints on her wardrobe. So does Dot Ponedel, of the make-up department.

When the time came to bob Gail's hair, the hairdressers pleaded:

"If you *must* have your hair cut, let us do it. We'll do it right."

Getting an interview with Gail is a tough job. Particularly in the studio commissary, where I've often talked to her. It's one interruption after another. Executives, other players, technicians, drift by, have a cheerful greeting. And Gail, among other attributes, never forgets a name or a face. It's always "Irish" or some other nickname with those who stop, and there's always the correct first name on Gail's lips.

When I talked to her last, she remarked about driving her car by another car in which there was a man from the property department. She hadn't seen him for three years. Both stopped their cars, turned around, parked and chatted. They laughed about Gail's first test. Gail at that time spoke pure, unadulterated Birmingham. In the test, she was supposed to say "Can't help it."

When she put the southern touch to the words, they were:

"Caint hep et."

So the property man, Marion Gering, the director, and Mary Flannery started calling her "Caint hep et," her first nickname.

Showing that you remember Gail and things about her, once you've met her.

"The reason I've gotten as far as I have," Gail confessed, in recalling that test, "is that from the very beginning, everyone has been so swell to me. That sounds banal, and very Pollyanna, but there's no other way to say it. Hollywood has forced me to be regular."

I asked her what she meant by that, and she explained:

"Ever since I was a youngster, I've been held up as an example. I don't know why. But people have always thought of me as nicer, brighter, more cheerful, than I am. They've credited me with a lot of attributes I haven't got. I've always been forced to live up to these opinions."

That's what happened when she got to Hollywood.

"People say I am things, just like Mr. Zukor said I'd be able to play the lead in *The Return of Sophie Lang.* People are always thinking I can do things I think I can't—so I'm forced to make good for them."

ARMED with all the evidence I'd gathered against Gail, I faced her with it. I pointed out that the reason people had this attitude toward her was that she herself had built it up. I mentioned other attributes that I knew she possessed, including that good nature of hers, and that sense of humor.

"It's all a mistake," she replied. "I'm ill-tempered at times. And moody, too."

If she is, more credit to her for never showing the fact. No one has ever seen her when she hasn't been gracious, hasn't been smiling, hasn't returned a cheerful greeting.

One thing I didn't mention to her. That was the matter of her gifts. She's famous for them. For years, she has not had a large salary. She has been forced to give small gifts rather than big ones. Facing the problem with intelligence and with an innate consideration for others, she has made a point of giving something the receiver wants. Once, a swing for the patio of a hairdresser—again, handkerchiefs with the person's name embroidered on them.

Gail, as she has advanced professionally, has advanced socially. At the same time, she has made no struggle for such recognition and has not forgotten friends who haven't any particular rating in the "going to town" circles. Among her intimates are Carole and Clark, Mitchell Leisen. She has been feted by Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Marion Davies and many others.

A property man who had just called Gail "Irish" on the *Artists and Models* set turned to me, cracked:

"So you're doing a story on her, eh? Well, you can say that she may be a heel on the screen. She may be high hat and put on airs for the audiences in the theatres. She may go around with a lot of society people I've never heard of, let alone met.

"But to the rest of the boys and to me she's just plain regular. If you know Hollywood, and you know the movies, you know that's what counts."

Judy Garland (the little girl with the big voice) attended the Fawcett Movieland Tour party at the Wilshire Bowl with her mother. They both seem to be enjoying the hilarious story Mischa Auer is telling the guests

● *"Now wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra What's your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your poor little colt—he's winded and all of a lather! You really shouldn't let a baby get so hot."*

● *"I'll fix him up, though. Just leave it to your Uncle Dudley. A good rub-down with gentle, cooling Johnson's Baby Powder and he'll be fit as a fiddle and rarin' to go again."*

● *"Imagine, Mother—Mrs. Zebra has been trying to raise a baby without Johnson's Baby Powder!...She'd no idea how to stop chafes, rashes and prickly heat. Seems odd in this day and age, doesn't it?"*

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Borated Talcum

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Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do *both* vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums*. It contains a special ingredient found in no other tooth paste. End *half-way* care. Buy a tube of Forhan's today!

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It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks FREE . . . each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

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CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

10¢ AND 20¢
AT LEADING
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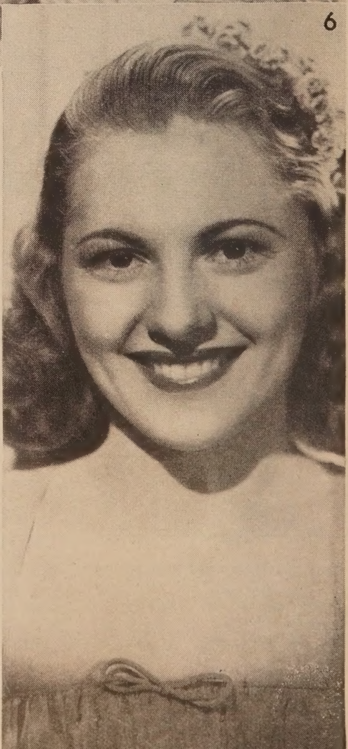
SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS

Tears came to Joan Fontaine, but she knew how to regain that sunny look. Read her advice on care of the eyes

2

1

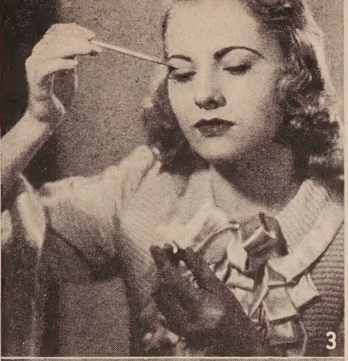

6

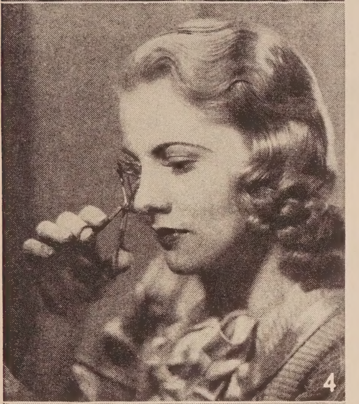
By JANET LYNN

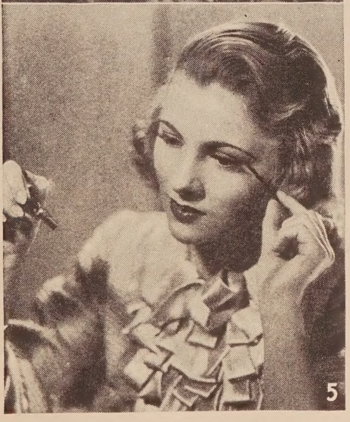
THE actress who can shed dainty but anguished tears—over nothing at all—is the envy of her co-workers and the joy of her audience. Traditionally, to weep at will is the stamp of the artist.

Joan Fontaine, lovely RKO starlet, is one of those gifted darlings who might easily drift to fame on a river of tears. Those she shed for SCREEN BOOK's exclusive portrait, shown here, immediately followed the announcement that she was to be cast as Fred Astaire's new leading lady and dancing partner. And if Joan could cry after news like *that,* she can cry anytime!

Unfortunately for most of us, tears come unbidden—and at the most luckless times. We cry when we are angry (just when we want most to be lofty and withering); we sniffle at the theatre (this always brings a patronizing grin from [*Continued on page* 82]







1. What—tears in those pretty eyes! Something must be done

2. The first step—resting with a pad of tonic on closed lids

3. Joan applies eye shadow with a long-handled brush

4. A special curling gadget is used to train lashes upward

5. A touch of mascara is applied according to special rules

6. It's all over now! Joan's smile is as bright as sunshine

—PHOTOS BY ERNEST A. BACHRACH

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BEAUTIFUL
YOUTHFUL
CONTOUR
CONTROL

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Lastex Foundations styled by HICKORY

"with that artful uplift"

Its slimming smoothness skillfully guides your figure to youthful firmness. You'll adore the artful uplift designed in lace on the all-in-one. Never an unrestrained curve or impudent tummy to mar your silhouette or break the flowing, clinging lines of your Autumn wardrobe. Two-way stretch Lastex urges your contour to greater grace and new comfort . . . delightfully disciplines and flatters your new Fall frocks!

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The first and worst signs of age or fatigue show their traces more definitely and quickly in the tender area around the eyes. Eye wrinkles, lined eyelids, crows-feet, puffiness and circles are apt to make their appearance early in this region. These tender and sensitive skin tissues lose their natural oils much more quickly than any other facial area.

Maybelline Eye Cream, unlike ordinary facial creams, is especially designed for the care and preservation of the youthful appearance of the skin around the eyes. The fine, rich, blended oils contained in this cream are highly beneficial to this area, and there is the added benefit of "sunshine" element in wonderful vitamin "D". Start giving your eyes this youthifying treatment *today* with Maybelline Eye Cream!

Introductory sizes obtainable at 10c stores.

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 417, Chicago.

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This is an average young woman . . . age 27 . . . she might be you. She probably has the same clothes problems you have . . . she wants smart, well-made clothes on a slender budget . . . how will she get them?

Let us solve this problem for all you 27-year-olds! In your spare time at home you can learn to express your individuality in clever styles. Mail this coupon for complete information — free.

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Name..*Age*..................
(Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)

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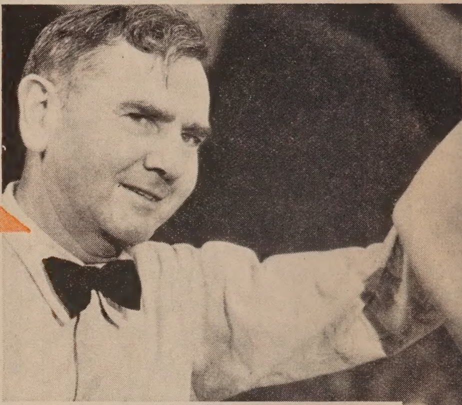
THE WINNAH AND THE NEW

You never saw a star rise so fast in Hollywood, coming from the ranks! Wayne Morris looks like a real bet as a film favorite

By GENE O'BRIEN

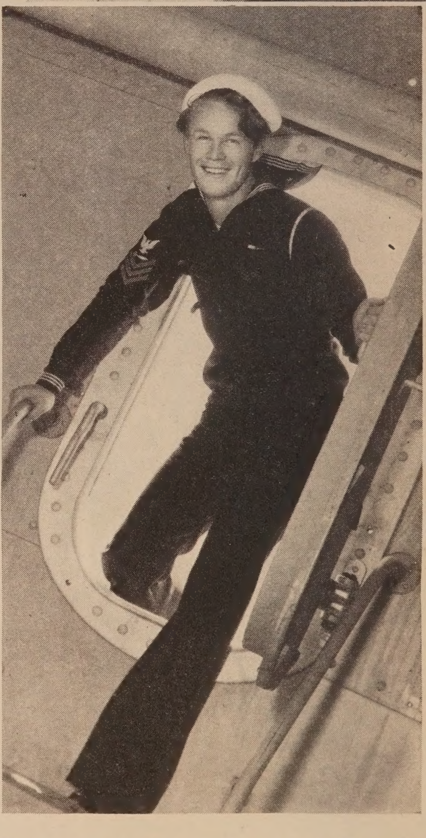


THE first rung of the mythical ladder to success has been negotiated by Wayne Morris, embryonic Warner Bros. star, and if the reception that was given to him throughout the country is any indication, the ladder this likeable youngster has to climb will be one of the shortest in motion picture history.

Mr. Morris' popularity locally and especially at the Warner Bros. Studios has been of much longer standing than his acclamation nationally. The latter was by virtue of his performance in *Kid Galahad,* which won for him the equivalent of "four star" recognition from practically every motion picture critic in the country.

At the studio he has been liked from the first day he made his appearance. It is said that he knows more employees by their first names than any other player on the lot and he is never too busy to stop for a moment and ask after their welfare.

Walking across the lot one day with him, a check was made on the number of employees, aside from actors, that he greeted. The total was twenty-two. It sounded like the Elk's Convention. "Hello, Bill, how are the kids? Hello Jim, you're looking fine. Say Mac, where did you get that nice sun tan? Oh, Bernie, I'll bring that autographed picture in for Mary tomorrow." On and on it goes. It's a slow process walking across the lot with Wayne Morris.

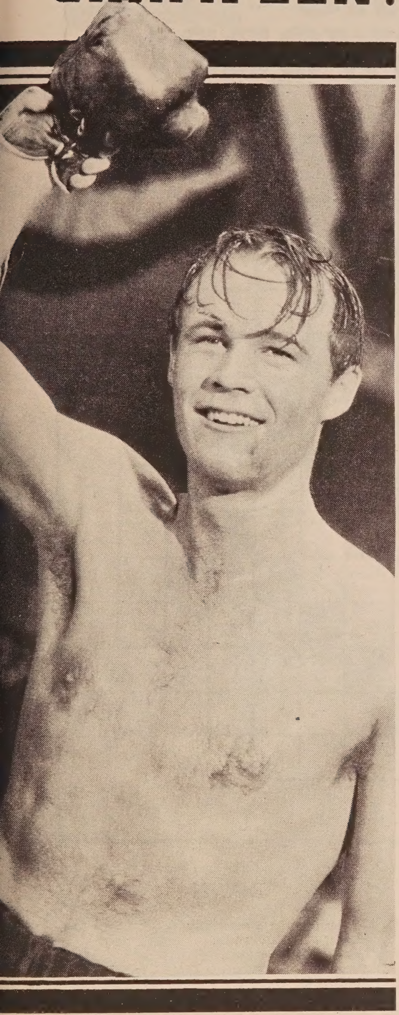


You'll see this promising lad as a sailor in Warner's *Submarine D-1*

The Dean of American columnists, O. O. McIntyre, recently paid Wayne Morris a great tribute when he said that *Kid Galahad* would make him as popular with the feminine fans as Robert Taylor.

This is just one of a great many flatteries that have been paid to this

CHAMPEEN!



As the champion in *Kid Galahad,* Wayne warmed the hearts of the brothers Warner

youngster since this picture and it takes a level head to maintain one's equilibrium with many writers throughout the country paying him compliments, one more honeyed than the other. Wayne has just that kind of a level head. He reads everything that is written about him and with a twinkle in his eye and tongue in cheek says, "oh, yeah?"

After four persons had sent him the clippings relative to his getting as popular with the fair film fans as Robert Taylor he said: "When Barbara Stanwyck admits that I'll believe it's so."

Wayne has made four pictures since becoming a motion picture actor and of these he has been an athlete in three. This is quite [*Continued on page* 84]

FREED

Woman's place was in the home!

Not many years ago, it was unthinkable that women would ever compete with men in business, in sport, in art! The ordeals of her sex made it apparently impossible.

Yet today, woman is freed. Everywhere, in every field, she competes on a basis of strict equality. Her's is a new life.

And the greatest contribution, perhaps, to this new freedom, was one woman's courage in defying tradition. She dared to say that women were not meant to suffer. She dared to claim that no wife or mother must spend one-quarter of her life wracked with pain. She dared to assert that the ordeal of motherhood could be eased.

We know now that Lydia Pinkham was right. And it is doubtful whether, throughout the entire world, any single aid to woman has won more eager gratitude than Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.*

We have received more than a million letters blessing Lydia Pinkham for enabling the writers to go "smiling through" the ordeals of a woman's life.

The bitter aches and pains, the terrific mental and nervous strain that so many women undergo, are often needless. As wife, mother, daughter, you owe it to those about you to test whether Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will not help you, also, to go "smiling through." Why not get a bottle today from your druggist?

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts (functional disorders) which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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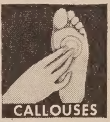
PAIN STOPS IN ONE MINUTE!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you relief in *one minute.* These soothing, healing pads *stop the cause* by lifting nagging shoe pressure off the irritated nerves. Result—no more pain, sore toes or blisters from new or tight shoes.

Remove Corns and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses when used with the separate *Medicated Disks* included for that purpose. Get this sure relief today. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Add color to your holiday season
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December—SCREEN BOOK
See the snapshots of
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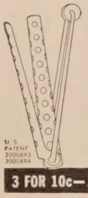
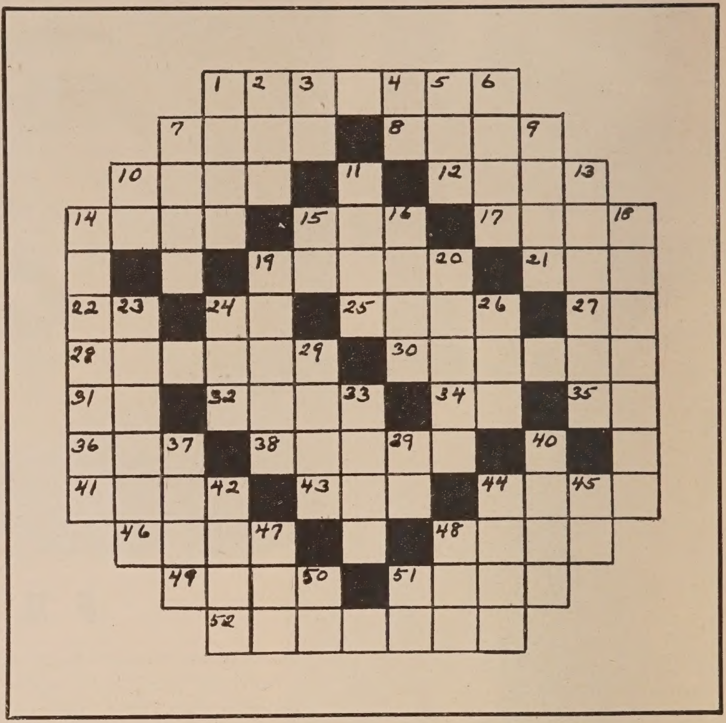
Columbia Player

When you *star* in your own romances, take a tip from the romantic stars of cinema town...look your loveliest and best with a flattering hairdress made with Hollywood Curlers! Whether many curls or just a few will frame your face most becomingly...you can have them quickly, easily ...right at home...with the "Curlers used by the Stars." Insist on *Hollywood* Curlers.



3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

TRY THIS CROSSWORD!



ACROSS

1 Boy actor in CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.
7. HER HUSBAND ———.
8. Paramount's newsreel is billed as "the eyes and ——— of the world."
10. Edward Everett Horton has lead in ——— MONEY.
12. Swedish actor once married to Vivian Duncan.
14. THE GIRL ——— SCOTLAND YARD.
15. A star of MOUNTAIN MUSIC.
17. Male lead in FIGHTING PLAYBOY.
19. ——— MAKES TROUBLE.
21. THREE ——— ON A HORSE.
22. Initials of Mrs. Errol Flynn.
24. His last name is Jenks.
25. JUDY in WOMAN CHASES MAN.
27. THE GIRL SAID ———.
28. Veteran stage and screen actress who passed away recently.
30. His first name is Smith.
31. RIDING ——— AIR.
32. Ex-wife of Bruce Cabot.
34. Margaret Sullavan's birthplace (abbr.).
35. Initials of one often co-starred with Oliver Hardy.
36. Karloff stars in ——— LORD.
38. Barbara Stanwyck had title role in ——— OAKLEY.
41. Coasting vehicle used in I MET HIM IN PARIS.
43 Relation of Broderick Crawford to Helen Broderick.
44. Elisabeth Bergner stars in DREAMING ———
46. Hero of SONG OF THE CITY.
48. Descriptive of racing cars in SPEED TO SPARE.
49. Bebe's husband.
51. The girl in WAIKIKI WEDDING.
52. CHICO in SEVENTH HEAVEN.

DOWN

1. Another name for a screen play.
2. Color of Dick Foran's hair.
3. Initials of Director Scott.
4. Katherine ——— Mille was CHATA in THE CALIFORNIAN.
5. COLONEL WISTER in ANOTHER DAWN.
6. ROSIE REDMOND in THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS.
7. It roars at M-G-M shows.
9. JUDGE HART in LOVE IS NEWS.
10. Initials of late Mr. Rogers.
11. Male lead in BETWEEN TWO WOMEN.
13. Divisions of a screen play.
14. Child actress in PENNIES FROM HEAVEN.
15. SING AND ——— HAPPY.
16. Something used to spell out stars' names in electric lights.
18 He was Errol Flynn's brother in CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.
19. Mrs. Rod LaRocque.
20. ——— SHIP.
23. PERRY MASON in CASE OF THE STUTTERING BISHOP.
24. KILLERS OF THE ———.
26. Dixie Dunbar's birthplace (abbr.).
29. Part of a movie camera.
33. 41 Across went swiftly on this.
37. Measure of film.
39. THE MAN ——— THE MIRROR.
40. WITH LOVE AND ——— (sing.).
42. CALL IT A ——— (pl.).
44. THE ——— TRAIN FROM MADRID.
45. Pinky Tomlin (init.).
47. MEN ARE ——— GODS.
48. TIME OUT ——— ROMANCE.
50. Initials of Mr. Eddy.
51. Star of DANGEROUS HOLIDAY.

[Solution on page 97]

The Man Who Plays With A Doll

[*Continued from page* 25]

drive other kids a bit goofy) "throwing his voice" from the back seat of a car. As a school chum drove him home Bergen would have strange voices coming to the driver's ears from all sorts of directions and the perplexed chauffeur would think he was "hearing things".

Later at Lakeview high in Chicago Bergen found that he could get his class room all upset in no time at all by providing strange answers to class questions apparently from the blank wall spaces, out of the windows and from the cloak room some feet away. Finding amusement in his unique pastime he tried to develop the gift. At Northwestern university he took a pre-medic course but his own ventriloquisms haunted him and he shifted to "speech and drama" graduating in 1927 with a B.L. degree.

By this time vaudeville had started to wane and ventriloquists were turning to other pursuits but Bergen saw something his predecessors had, either through ignorance, or carelessness, overlooked. He got the idea for his dummy from a red faced newsboy he saw on a Chicago street corner and carved his first dummy himself. But, instead of making his "doll" a tough, wisecracking kid Bergen made Charlie McCarthy a dignified but jolly gentleman of breeding with a full dress suit, a top hat and a monocle. After a short season in vaudeville he went into night clubs where audiences were more intimate, more discriminating and sophisticated. Then he went to London and Paris for a season. Returning to America Bergen found vaudeville rapidly failing so he played smart night clubs and Charlie McCarthy became the ultra-sophisticate among dummies.

A YEAR ago he played the Rainbow Room on the 70th floor of Rockefeller Center (New York) and attracted the interest of Rudy Vallee who signed him for radio.

When Vallee went abroad for the Coronation, Bergen brought Charlie to Hollywood and was immediately signed for the *Goldwyn Follies of 1938*. He was also immediately signed for the Chase and Sanborn radio hour on which Charlie immediately "got in Dutch" with W. C. Fields but he has been stealing show after show because Bergen personally wrote smart material and made the dummy sound like a seasoned radio veteran. After his fourth week on the radio Bergen began a long personal appearance engagement at Los Angeles' famous Cocoanut Grove creating another sensation.

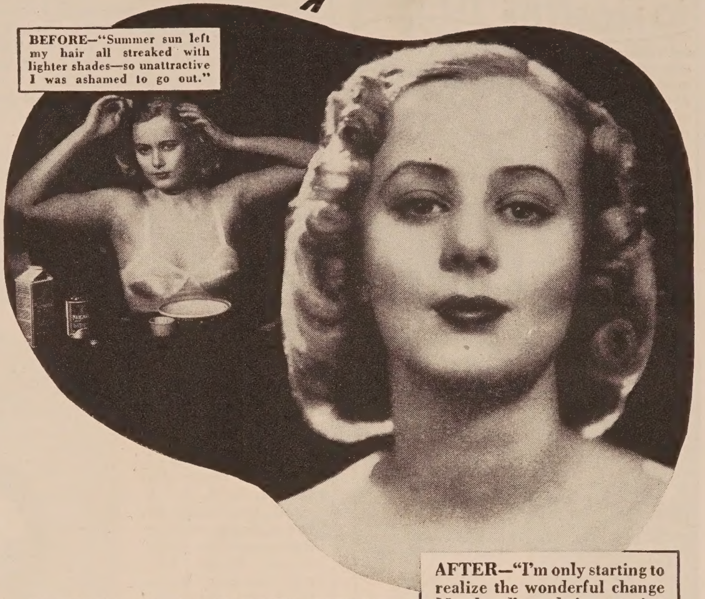
Now Bergen and Charlie are established in a big Beverly Hills home with their own swimming pool. Bergen has built a dummy "stand-in" for Charlie, has bought the dummy some smart Hollywood coats and berets and Charlie has really "gone Hollywood".

Charlie has, but not Bergen.

Bergen remains the same gracious, quiet, but delightfully witty man he was when he gave the Northwestern professor "double talk" in accepting his diploma.

Indeed Edgar Bergen is the most fascinating man in Hollywood today.

"TREAT YOURSELF TO BEAUTY—
the way I do!"



BEFORE—"Summer sun left my hair all streaked with lighter shades—so unattractive I was ashamed to go out."

AFTER—"I'm only starting to realize the wonderful change Marchand's made in restoring my hair to its *natural* shade."

FAMOUS N. Y. MODEL TELLS HER SECRET OF POPULARITY

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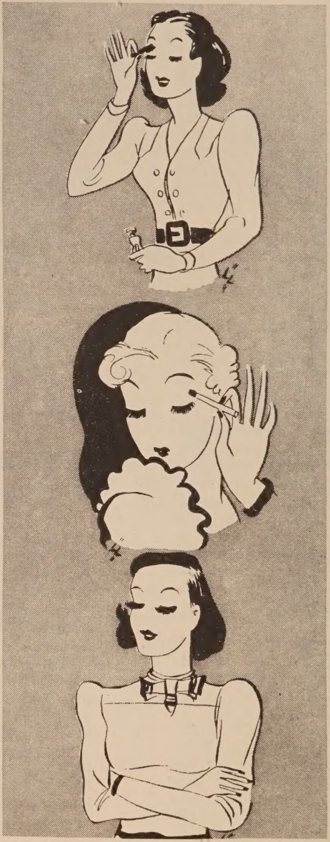
Sunshine and Showers

[*Continued from page 76*]

our escort); we burst into sudden showers when we are nervous or tired. Every girl at one time or another knows the humiliation of tears and the unlovely aftermath of swollen lids and flaming nose.

When Joan Fontaine weeps for a big scene, as she does in her current picture *Music for Madame*, she takes prompt care of her eyes. A tip for you when you've wept for a big scene in your own life.



Famous cream mascara comes in larger tube with swank slide-fastener case

A new beauty trick—applying shadow to upper lid with blue eye pencil

A curling gadget put that upward sweep in this pretty girl's straight lashes

The first step is to wash your eyes with a soothing lotion. Then time out—fifteen minutes or so—for resting with cotton pads, soaked in tonic, fitted across her lids. Joan says this not only calms tired, strained or "weepy" eyes, but relaxes the nerves, and is a good treatment at the end of any tiring day as well as after tears. When her eyes are once more fresh and clear, she applies new make-up.

Joan prefers to apply eye shadow with a long-handled, short-bristled brush. With such a brush, color can be applied evenly—and without smudging a fingertip.

Curling her eyelashes with a gadget especially designed for the purpose is Joan's next rite in the restoration of eye beauty. The gadget is completely harmless and does much to train straight lashes in that becoming upward curve. Curled lashes also have a trick of looking longer.

Mascara is the final touch and Joan follows four rules in its application: Brush upper lashes up, working from corner of eye outward; apply mascara to lower lashes with down strokes.

Don't apply too much at once. If mascara is not heavy enough, apply second coat.

Wait until lashes dry before applying second coat.

Brush lashes, when mascara is dry, to separate them. If lashes remain stuck together they look artificial. They also look thin.

For a "little cry" Joan's method of repair is sufficient to prove that it was only a sunshower and to give you back your eye allure. However, a prolonged sob session, which ravages your nose as well as your eyes, may require additional measures to wipe away traces of grief.

After using an eye lotion, bathe your face with alternate splashes of hot and cold water, ending with a splash of cold, to reduce puffiness. Then while you are resting with pads of tonic astringent on your lids, smear your nose with a layer of cold cream for as many minutes as possible. Before starting your make-up, apply a powder foundation (the variety which comes in skin tones is best for this) over your cheeks and nose and well up under your lower lashes. Pat on plenty of powder and brush off the excess to give your face an even tone and texture. Then proceed with your mascara and eye shadow which should be placed well down to the lashline to conceal the telltale pinkish tinge of the lids.

MOTION picture stars all know the beauty value of sparkling, healthy eyes. As a result they give their eyes excellent care. A few simple rules which every girl should follow are these:

Protect your eyes from strain by working and reading in a good light, stopping at frequent intervals to rest them by looking at some distant object. Keep your eyes free from dust and irritation by using an eyewash twice daily. Lubricate the thin sensitive skin around the eyes with an emollient cream to avoid dryness and its resulting crop of lines and wrinkles. Keep your lashes full and glossy by using oils and creams designed for this purpose. (Skimpy lashes *can* be helped if you are persevering).

An eye lotion which is found in the medicine cabinets and make-up kits of many Hollywood stars, both men and women, is one which comes with a handy dropper stopper, providing a convenient and sanitary means of transferring the lotion to the eyes. Pale amber in color, it is entirely harmless and may be used as frequently as you wish. A few drops are sufficient to cool and soothe inflamed, sensitive eyes and to give them a cleansing bath. Be sure to let me know if you would like the name of this fine product.

If you are interested, I'll also be glad to send you the trade name of the eyelash curler and eye beauty brush which Joan Fontaine is shown using. The curler has "rubber-tired" clamps so shaped that when they are pressed together over the lashes, the lashes curl upward in a devastating fashion and *stay* that way for hours and hours. Even the stubbiest variety when curled upward take on added length and attractiveness. There is nothing to apply in the way of lotion or chemicals. The little mechanical device does the whole trick, and in just about thirty seconds, while the rubber edges protect lashes and lids from injury. Handles come in an assortment of gay colors and the price is $1.

With the eye beauty brush which has a gold-painted handle and soft camel's hair bristles, the most delicate of shadows can be created to add depth and luminosity to the eyes. And isn't it logical to use a brush for this purpose just as an artist uses a fine-haired brush in painting the eyes of a portrait? The price is 50c and for all its delicate construction, the brush will last indefinitely.

Off screen, Joan Fontaine uses the eye shadow only in the evening. During the day she uses a touch of mascara on her lashes and an eyebrow pencil to lengthen her brows. Simple though it is, Joan considers the trick of lengthening her eyebrows the most important beauty secret she has learned from screen make-up artists for her own use.

ARE you a bit timid about using eye make-up? I know many girls who are—invariably as the result of some unhappy experience with poor materials and improper methods. The reason for eye make-up is to bring expression and color to eyes which lack these qualities, by giving them a proper frame. So much improvement *can* be made, and manufacturers are offering such fascinating new products for eye beauty, that it behooves the average girl to experiment until she is adept at making up her eyes to best advantage. There is very little allure in an expanse of pale lids and paler lashes. As an artist friend of mine recently said, "Shadows give wit to the eye."

In using eye shadow, remember to use it as the name implies, as a shadow and not as a layer of color. The tiniest bit on your brush tip is enough. A flattering effect can be obtained for evening wear by combining two shades of shadow, one color over the lid and a lighter one above it, carefully blended toward the brow. This gives the eyes unusual depth. Metallic shadows in gold and silver are exotically lovely when worn with the shimmery type of evening dress. They are also effective combined with a colored shadow.

For girls with deep-set eyes or for those who like to apply only a fine line of shadow at the base of the lashes, there is an eye pencil in dark blue, costing but 10c, which is ideal for this purpose. The pencil is easy to handle, harmless, and has soft marking qualities. To use, stretch the upper lid taut and from *underneath* draw a line right through the line of the lashes. Then blur the line a bit with the fingertips to remove any trace of harshness. This is a particularly good trick for daytime wear and is used in a famous Hollywood beauty salon when a street make-up is given. I'll be glad to supply the name of the pencil if you are interested.

Unless you are a very unusual type—and you can discover this only by experiment—don't use shadows or lines of any kind on your lower lids. Only one girl in a thousand can do so to advantage. Ordinarily, make-up below the eyes, with the exception of mascara on your lashes, has a tendency to give them a hard look.

The creamy type of mascara is now going into its second year of popularity and if you haven't tried it yet, it's time you gave yourself and your lashes this treat. It is applied with a dry brush and is just the thing for carrying in your purse since no water is needed. One firm which early developed an excellent creamy mascara is now offering a new large tube, complete with brush and slide-fastener pouch, for 50c. You squeeze a bit of mascara from its tube onto the brush and sweep up through your lashes to give them a soft luxuriance. Of uniform texture, it goes on smoothly and evenly and can be applied with grand effect even by an inexperienced hand. The little carrying pouch comes in three shades of silk to match the mascara—blue, black or brown. Let me know if you would like to have the name.

An admirable trait of many cosmetic manufacturers is that they are not content to rest on the merits of past accomplishment. Like Lord Kelvin, they "think of a better way" . . . to the tune of costly experiments and research. One firm, long famed for its face creams, has recently done just that by adding a new ingredient known as the "skin vitamin" to its already popular product. This vitamin has been proven in practice as well as in theory to be extremely beneficial in keeping the skin youthful and fresh. It is offered in a cold cream, a liquefying cream and a vanishing cream.

The cold cream is smooth and white, a thorough cleanser and effective in clearing and softening the skin. The liquefying cream serves the same purpose as the cold cream but is lighter bodied and melts more quickly. The vanishing cream disappears into the skin like magic to leave a soft smooth surface and is an excellent powder base or night cream. All come in familiar white jars in just about any size you might want.

While performing their prescribed duties, these creams will serve to protect the thin skin around the eyes from becoming dry or parched and should be used lavishly in the eye area. It's dry skin that shrivels into tiny lines and early precautions should be taken against this hazard. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you the name.

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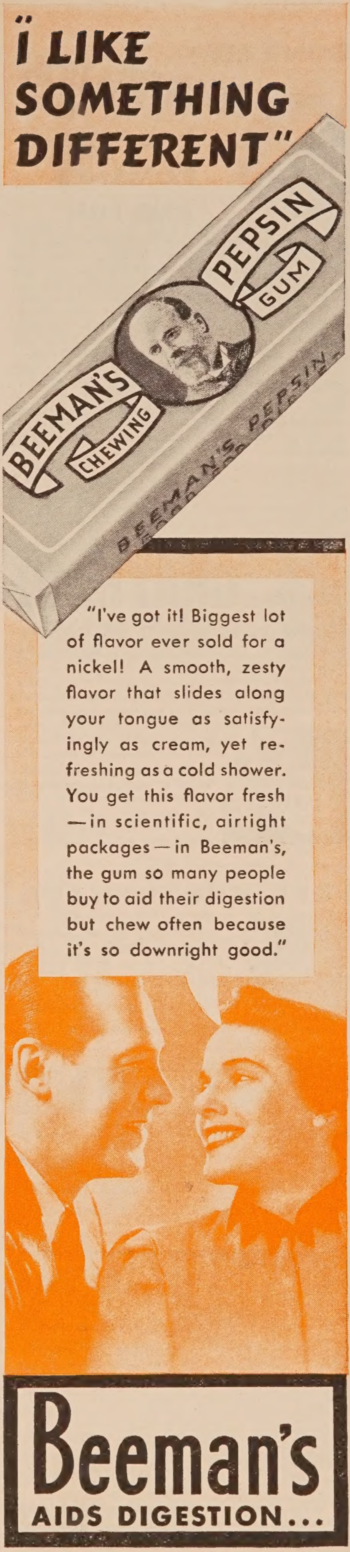
for her list of carefully selected items with which to enhance the beauty of your eyes? She will also answer any questions on eye make-up which you wish to ask. Remember Miss Lynn's beauty advice is FREE to all our readers. Write her freely and confidentially about your beauty problems, whether they pertain to your skin, hair, eyes or figure. We ask only that you enclose stamped (3c U. S. stamp) self-addressed envelope for her reply. Address: Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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The Winnah and the New Champeen!

[*Continued from page 79*]

natural because he represents in appearance the clean cut all-around athlete. In the fourth picture he portrayed the role of a transport pilot and again that is a group representative of American manhood.

HIGH up on Hollywood Knolls, Wayne lives in a comfortable California type home with his father, mother and brother. On a clear morning (and occasionally there is a clear morning in Hollywood) Wayne rises to look out across the Pacific Ocean some fifteen miles away. From his brother, Dick's, room on the other side of the house one sees the Warner Bros. Studio nestling at the foot of what has been appropriately named Mt. Warner, a scant mile down the valley.

Wayne has few likes and dislikes but formalities of any kind and particularly stiff shirt parties spoil his otherwise perfect disposition for days.

At the moment he is engaged in mastering the ancient and honorable sport of golf. Up to this writing he has yet to break a hundred. He attempts the Babe Ruth type slugging on his wood shots with dire results. His iron shots, for the most part, are disastrous—to the fairways. One thing is certain—he is serious about learning the game and when he masters it he is going to be a long hitter and a good steady putter.

Wayne has a girl. Oddly enough she's a Los Angeles girl and a graduate of Hollywood High School. Wayne is a graduate of Los Angeles High. Oh yes, her name is Lana Turner and she is under contract to Producer Mervyn LeRoy at Warner Bros. She made her film debut in *They Won't Forget* as the girl who gets killed. Her beau was unable to attend the preview of the picture because he was on location at San Diego making *Submarine D-1.* There was a very long phone conversation late that night, however, between San Diego and Hollywood.

RECENTLY Wayne was invited to be guest of honor at a Lions Club Luncheon in Los Angeles. The occasion was Education Appreciation Week and the Lions thought that the "local boy who is making good" would make an excellent honor guest for that occasion. Young Mr. Morris consulted his favorite publicity man and a rather informal speech was prepared.

The speech was rehearsed on the way to the luncheon with this same publicity man as the audience and appeared to be letter perfect. Wayne has acquired that faculty of learning his dialogue in practically one reading.

When he faced his audience from the dais, however, he promptly forgot everything that had been prepared for him but managed to "steal the show" by just being himself.

Since several of the Los Angeles school officials were present as honored guests he facetiously took them to task for not including public speaking in the high school curriculum.

"That is a form of acting," said Wayne on the way back, "that I would not care to go in for. I felt like Daniel must have felt in the Lion's Den."

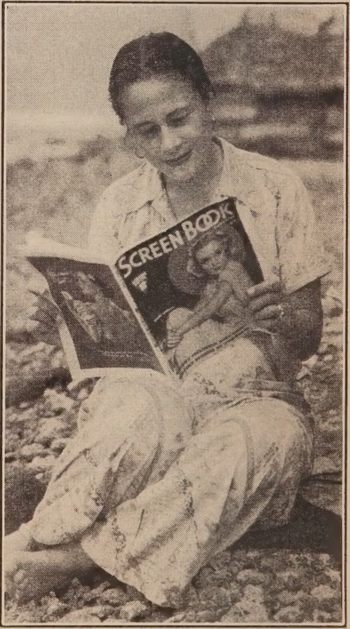
Wayne was born Bert DeWayne Morris in Los Angeles on February 17, 1914. He attended Grammar School in San Francisco and then came to Los Angeles where after graduating from high school he attended Los Angeles Junior College.

Perhaps because he descended from King Olaf of 10th Century Fame and because he's related (by complication he says) to Abraham Lincoln and Jeff Davis he chose to be a statesman while in his 'teens but when he received an opportunity to attend the Pasadena Community Playhouse he jumped at the chance.

Gilmor Brown and Thomas Browne Henry, directors of this famous institution, were responsible for altering the Morris name from Bert DeWayne by the simple expedient of amputating the Bert and the middle name prefix. "Bert sounds too abrupt," they said.

Since he has forsaken the early ambition of becoming a statesman his most ardent desire is to portray the role of some famous character from the pages of history and preferably one of his distinguished ancestors.

Wayne Morris is indeed well on his way up the mythical ladder of success.



Even in far off Samoa the native belles look to SCREEN BOOK, their favorite movie magazine, for beauty hints and the latest gossip on cinema idols. This Samoan beauty found a story on Goldwyn's *The Hurricane* a most interesting article. Those who see this picture may find this native girl equally interesting

Over the Waves to the Nuthouse

[*Continued from page* 52]

Certainly, we meant the Ritz Brothers.

"Anyway, if a gracious Providence is kind to me today," he said, "I hope to get some tough scenes in the box.

The set was quiet, except for a buzz of voices in a corner where we soon discovered the director surounded by the Ritz Brothers.

They were saying, "Get this, Norm, right where we left off with this mugg," —pointing at us,—"you know the place where you are going nuts—on the mike. Well, we now cut back to what drove you nuts."

The director nodded gravely. "That's a swell idea," he agreed. "Gives me a break."

"We cut back to this set showing you trying to make a picture. You're getting some swell love scenes with Alice and Don when the guy from the broadcasting company who is standing off-stage . . . pulls his stop-watch . . . and says, 'O. K. Don, time's up. It's three o'clock.' You say, 'Aw, come on, fella, be a good sport and give me a break. I can get this scene in five minutes.' But, he is a louse. 'Nothin' doin',' he retorts, 'it's three o'clock sharp. Come on, Ameche.' "

We began to like this Ritz' script immensely, and they were just getting warmed up. "That's a natural so far," agreed Taurog, "now what comes?"

"A-a-ah! Our friend, here is the real wallop. Alice is sitting telling you not to worry and you are thinking what a swell, beautiful girl she is and you say, 'O. K. boys, let's get set up for that scene with Alice alone in her boudoir. We can shoot it by six o'clock.' Now here comes the surprise. Alice stops petting you and says, 'Why, Mr. Taurog, you can't do that to me. You know I gotta be down to my broadcast at seven o'clock.' And she walks out on you."

We applauded. "That is great stuff," we said, "and it's all very sad, too."

"Oh, that ain't all," chorused the Ritzes. "When you get up off the floor, you think for a while and then you get excited. 'I got it, boys,' you yell to your stooges, 'we'll shoot that scene with Rubinoff and his violin.' The stooges look embarrassed. 'Sorry, we can't, Mr. Taurog.' You get mad. 'Why not, this isn't his big radio night.' 'No,' they say, 'but he is Eddie Cantor's guest tonight. He has gotta go!' Well, this is too much for you and you start going nuts again."

"Wait a minute," said Taurog. "Listen, Harry, boys, you fellows ought to be in this story, too."

" 'I am going to make some very funny scenes with you boys right now,' and here comes the topper, . . . and we say as one man, 'Oh, we're sorry, boss, but we can't do it, and you can't do it . . . you gotta go with us.'

" 'I have to go with you fellows,' you say, 'what—what—what for?'

"And we say, 'You're the GUEST STAR on OUR program tonight!' "

(Taurog fainted. BLACKOUT!)

And I said: "Boys as one writer to another, I think you got something there."

Jack Haley, Tommy Thomas and Warren Hull, microphonatics on the Show Boat radio program, go into their act

I HEAR SHE AIN'T DOING — SO WELL IN THE CITY
I JUST KNOW THAT'S WHAT THOSE GOSSIPS ARE SAYING —AND I WON'T GO BACK HOME WITH YOU AND LET THEM SNEER AT ME!
NONSENSE, AMY!
SUE, WE CAME TO NEW YORK TOGETHER. YOU'VE HAD THREE RAISES, BUT HERE I AM OUT OF A JOB AGAIN! WHY?
SOMETIMES IT'S BAD BREATH THAT HOLDS PEOPLE BACK, AMY. WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO DR. BROWN?
YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
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THREE MONTHS LATER— THANKS TO COLGATE'S
AND SUE, I'VE SAVED ENOUGH FROM MY RAISE TO BUY CLOTHES AND A ROUND-TRIP TICKET HOME, TOO!
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11 x 14 inches

Is Constance Bennett Becoming Human?

[*Continued from page* 39]

DESPITE enthusiastic reports from the *Topper* set that she is regular, "grand people," our attitude was decidedly cynical as we arrived at her home in Holmby Hills in response to an invitation to tea.

There we were greeted by a wild confusion. Wading over rumpled canvas, spread to protect the white carpeted floor, we went to the white reception hall where a cameraman and his assistant made fashion stills of "La Bennett." Maids, secretary, and workmen hurried about. Strong lights blazed from portable lamps.

"La Bennett," the only calm person present, shaded her eyes against the glare and peered at us over the camera.

"Did you ever see a madder house?" she shouted above the noise.

"Hold it, please," the cameraman ordered.

She "held it," then took another pose before continuing.

"You find me in a terrible mood. This has been going on for hours."

Was "La Bennett" apologizing—and for a mood? Her moods had been infamous for too long!

The picture making went on. A gold lame followed a heavy flesh crepe. The photographer requested a back view.

"Say," she called in humorous dissent, "I don't want to show my back. You can hang your hat and coat on it, it's so thin," she laughed.

This laughing at herself! It was refreshing, contagious, surprising. But might not this "sweetness and light" be assumed for effect?

Apparently we were to see her "sweet disposition" tested for upon retiring to make her thirteenth change she found her dressing room in an uproar. Under the supervision of her secretary, two workmen took measurements, a house maid cleaned, and her personal maid was about to collapse. Surely the famous Bennett temper would do a nip-up.

Instead, upon returning, she made a wry face at the lights and took her place beside a graceful chair. Then it began!

"It" was the loud, machine-gun roar from an electrical paint gun used in an adjoining room. The din filled the house with the persistence of an airplane motor. Accompanying it was an over-powering odor. This would be the pay-off. Now, we would witness a Bennett flare-up.

"What's that?" she yelled between sputtering coughs.

"It's lacquer," shouted the cameraman.

"Phew, what an odor!" This with emphasis but without anger.

"Hold it," shrilled the photographer.

Then the fuse blew out!

THE photographer whispered frantically to his assistant to find the fuse box, the maid ran to the back of the house. Silence—even the paint gun was stilled—and hushed, expectant tension!

"All I have to say is, these better be good." This quietly from Constance Bennett—and she laughed.

Surely this was control beyond a pose assumed for effect.

The camera was folded up, the room cleared while she went to remove her evening gown.

In a short time she was back.

"Let's go into the drawing room where we can have tea in peace," she said, leading the way to the gracious drawing room as a maid trailed with the tea tray.

"I'm starved." She stuffed a healthy sandwich into her mouth. "Have one."

She motioned us to sit on the eiderdown cushioned divan in front of the huge fireplace which dominated the room and grabbed a cookie.

This naturalness! She was hungry and she ate, disregarding formal etiquette as Judy O'Grady herself might have done.

Without thought or design the conversation flowed easily. There was talk of dogs, and *Topper*, which she had just finished for Hal Roach.

And such was the atmosphere of good fellowship as we sat together, that we talked frankly of many things. She told of the strict way in which she was reared, her years at school in France where there were twenty-one chaperons and where, when the pupils went for walks, two of these women walked in front, two behind and four on either side of the line.

She said she does not drink—and never has.

For years she has symbolized hard, smart modernity and this picture of her—of her girlhood—is breath taking in its difference from that symbol. Certainly there are unsuspected depths to her character.

A maid turned on the light in the darkening room bringing a realization of the time. Almost six o'clock!

"Good heavens! I didn't know it was so late, did you? And I had a five o'clock appointment!"

It had been a contrasting, significant afternoon, one by which we could prove or disprove the humanization story. During the first half she had been all star, surrounded by the trappings of fame, cameramen, efficient, deferring functionaries. During the latter half she had been hostess and friend. Her conduct had been simple, normal, without affectation.

AT ONE time Connie Bennett probably was all the things she is rumored to have been, superficial, given to tempers and tantrums, anything but warm, kind and human. But there must have been a day when she faced herself squarely. In retrospect she must have seen herself as others were seeing her. She must have admitted past mistakes and results of those mistakes. She must have realized that she had antagonized many people. She must have known that her very career was in jeopardy. That career was important.

Constance Bennett is a big person. It took a big person to carry on, head high in the air, challenging everyone by her changed manner.

WE had come, skeptical of a "changed" Connie Bennett. But to be fair we must judge her by her own actions, our impressions, and not by gossip.

We had found her a woman of character, charming, simple and humorous, with a very real refinement and gentleness. We cannot doubt her realness nor her sincerity in wanting to come back, to eradicate past impressions.

She showed us to the door, stood hanging on it and shouting goodbye, while we climbed in our car.

We like Constance Bennett. We think she is human.

One of the Fearless 5

[*Continued from page* 37]

radio broadcast and was in the midst of a rehearsal. A barking dog was needed for the scene, but the drummer, with his equipment of gadgets, had gone home.

"I can bark like a dog," announced Olivia. And it was so good an imitation, she did it in the actual broadcast.

Well, this started something. Pandemonium broke loose on the lot for several days thereafter. Assistant directors scoured sets, the studio manager sent scouts around the lot to remove the noisy animal that they were sure had wandered in. Finally, Olivia was discovered in the very act of disrupting a rehearsal, and the game was up.

There was the day in the photograph gallery when Patric Knowles and she were posing for portraits. Pat had startled her out of her wits by popping a balloon directly in back of her. "To get even," was Olivia's first impulse.

In the property department, she located a .32-calibre revolver. Loaded with a blank cartridge, the gun was carried back to the gallery. Tip-toeing in, Olivia took up her stand in back of the "drop" in front of which Pat was posing. But the darned thing wouldn't go off! However, in her effort to discharge the shot, she knocked over the "prop" wall against which Pat was leaning, scaring him half to death and thereby accomplishing her original purpose.

OLIVIA has had the most fun, though, with Errol Flynn. Working in as many pictures as they have together, Olivia has discovered Errol is particularly fond of practical jokes and in fact has been the butt of a good many herself. So she never misses an opportunity to pull one on him—first, if possible.

Arthur Treacher was among the screen celebrities who attended the Fawcett Publications Movieland Tour party at Edward Everett Horton's home

They were working on adjoining sets not long ago when the feud started in earnest. During every idle moment, one or the other of them would pop on stage and stand—making no comment—just staring.

Flynn went farther. He started calling Olivia on the set telephone half a dozen times a day. When she answered, however, he would have nothing to say beyond asking her how she was feeling, was she lunching in the commissary, or some trivial thing.

Recently, she had her revenge. Errol was working in a scene with May Robson in *The Perfect Specimen.* Olivia calmly walked on the set and took a chair directly underneath the camera. It was a very difficult scene, and she knew she was annoying him by just being there. To top it all, when he came over to speak to her upon the completion of the scene, she remarked, ever so sweetly:

"My, but I've enjoyed seeing you work, Mr. Flynn. I've admired your acting for years and I truthfully feel I've really learned something about acting, just from watching you!"

And there's been peace on the battlefront for quite a spell, now.

I've made up my mind to one thing, though. I'm not going to be taken in by that innocent smile and those big brown eyes. I'm going to watch Olivia like a hawk!

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Memoirs

[*Continued from page* 47]

among them the lamented John Gilbert, the beginning of the new era would mean the end of their careers. Of all its players Hollywood seemed to feel certain of only one, John Barrymore, who had come through silent pictures with Warner Brothers after leaving the stage and now was believed definitely to be coming into his own. Fortunately, a few others, myself among directors, had served apprenticeship on the stage and so were familiar with the art of expressing emotions in speech as well as in pantomime.

Happily, the violent change had come at an appropriate time, for the public was beginning to desert film theatres owing to the fact that most pictures were of the same pattern, their makers having run out of ideas for the silent screen.

Still, affairs were immensely disturbing and costly, causing great loss of both time and money. The majority of pictures then in production were halted pending introduction of sound effects or talking episodes. The result was that those films were finally issued as half-silent and half-sound pictures. But as soon as this makeshift process had worn off the rough edges of pioneering the public began to show its approval of a more varied and vital form of entertainment.

But actors generally were filled with awe and fear of the microphone. This dread was shared by directors, who hid the frightening object wherever it would not show on the screen. But Lionel Barrymore, then directing Ruth Chatterton in *Madame X,* was the first to move it anywhere he liked. Remonstrated with on technical grounds, he protested: "Don't try to explain it, just let me think of the danged thing as a tin ear!"

In one of her pictures Marion Davies sang a song into the "mike" after weeks of preparation with throat specialists, voice teachers, violinists and pianists. But nothing came out on the sound track, not even a murmur. An absent-minded electrician had forgotten to hook up the cable.

The Trial of Mary Dugan was the first completely successful talking picture. Norma Shearer came through it beautifully, though during its making she called to me, "Keep your fingers crossed, Bob, I'm trying to talk!"

Lon Chaney was doubtful of his ability to meet the new requirement, though admirably equipped by long stage training, and while still trying to make up his mind was stricken with his last illness. The difficulty with Garbo was to find something which would make her accent an asset, but finally this was met by giving her a part which naturally suited it, that of the Swedish girl in *Anna Christie.* Joan Crawford succeeded easily with her initial speaking part as the venturesome stenographer in *Grand Hotel,* thus sharing honors with Garbo, John and Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery.

New stars such as Robert Montgomery and others were created, while Helen Hayes was won to the screen in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet.* At the same time famous dramatic authors were drawn from all parts of the world.

But with sound there was also fury over conflicting noises. This was particularly true of outdoor scenes. Among other disturbances were airplanes. To warn them off, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent up a captive balloon, only to have it punctured by sportive pilots. Even more persistent was the wood-chopping of a man who lived across the street from the back lot. After vainly offering to buy his place the studio finally bought his silence by putting him on the payroll at $5 a day.

MUSICAL pictures marked the next step. In this class *Broadway Melody* was the first outstanding success. It paved the way for such gigantic musical spectacles as *The Great Ziegfeld,* which brought back the road show after five years. It was produced according to schedule except for the fact that Will Rogers did not play himself, as he had in the *Ziegfeld Follies,* because of his untimely end. But by strange chance we found his living prototype in A. A. Trimble, a Cleveland, Ohio, insurance agent.

From a big job of that kind it was a relief for me to turn to *Piccadilly Jim,* a light comedy which was a lot of fun to direct. At first Robert Montgomery balked at riding a horse nine hands high, but once we got him on that noble steed he liked it so well we could hardly get him off. There was one unexpected laugh. After Madge Evans had vehemently declared, "My aunt may forgive you, but I, never!" she slipped and sat down with such humorous effect that we left it in the picture. It just served to show that sometimes accidents make the best scenes.

Maytime, starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, meant getting back on a big job. Working with John Barrymore in it recalled my days as a "bit" player in the old Belasco Theatre stock company in Los Angeles when Barrymore came there as a visiting star in *The Man from Mexico.* On the set one day I was humming an air. "Where did you learn that tune?" asked Barrymore. I explained I had followed him on the road in his one musical comedy, *A Stubborn Cinderella.* "I suppose," drily remarked Jack, "your only reason for not following me in *Hamlet* is that you don't believe in ghosts."

IT WAS also a pleasure to do *The Firefly* if only for the reason that, to me, Jeanette MacDonald is tops. She could play any role without depending on singing, as she proved in *Maytime* by her beautiful portrayal of the old lady. Possibly falling in love is good for an actress. In any event, I believe Jeanette's romance with Gene Raymond enabled her to put more feeling into her work.

Maytime accomplished another change in pictures through a noteworthy composition by Herbert Stothart based on Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, the first time so ambitious a creation had ever been attempted. It went to prove what screen music means today and that it is bringing with it a new public.

But the greatest and most important change of all is to be found in the latest use of color, intimate yet never intrusive, as shown in *A Star is Born.* Because of it all pictures will within a year, I believe, be made in color.

Yet to me Hollywood itself will always have the one color it bore when first I saw it thirty years ago—that of a green lane.

Villainy Pays!

[*Continued from page 66*]

a villianous role. To a young woman who had never faced the cameras before. Which proves—with hasty apologies to Mother Goose, Mickey Mouse, and the Rover boys—that villainy *does* pay. If you're a good enough villainess!

GALE SONDERGAARD was. From that moment when, as a freshman in high school, Gale gave a recitation in the back of the schoolroom that made the teacher burst into tears, Gale Sondergaard knew that—whatever the odds—she must become an actress. She was asked to stay after class and urged to attend dramatic school.

When she had learned everything learnable in summer stock, she asked for a job in the Bonestell company. From bit player to character, from character to second lead, from second lead to leading lady—it was a gruelling grind of two new plays each week and one night Chautauqua stands in the summertime. And also there was marriage with the company's charming juvenile lead.

IT WAS a romance much like that one between Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda. Two lonely young people who had a mutual excitement about the theatre being constantly thrown together in artificial situations that were very stimulating to the emotions. No wonder they were eased into matrimony. And no wonder they were eased out of it when one of them graduated to maturity.

Gale was the one who graduated. She graduated from leading lady in the Bonestell and a charming juvenile husband—to a witch in the Theatre Guild's production of Goethe's *Faust*.

Gale didn't falter at the wicked character she was asked to play. That sort of villainy didn't terrify her. But what did terrify her and cause her to falter was her formidable young director. His presence had such a strange effect on her that she promptly lost her voice. Instead of those gutteral, subterranean rumblings required of all authentic witches, Gale's voice squeaked.

ONCE again she was asked to stay after class. Only this time it was a rehearsal.

"Lie down on your back on that bench," commanded the dominating young man, "and try to follow me in these voice exercises. If you can't learn to pitch your voice lower, we'll have to look for another witch."

"I beg your pardon," retorted the offended witch who had once been an important leading lady, "but to create the proper witch's voice, one should lie on the stomach." This was really too, too humiliating!

"Do as you're told and don't argue so much," replied that formidable young director. "If you do, the critics might give you a notice. If you don't—we might . . .!"

Any other leading lady would have gone temperamental on the spot. But not Gale. This was the Theatre Guild—and young directors like this one were one of the crosses an actress had to bear! So she made queer sounds lying on her back . . . and she crawled around on her hands and knees and made more queer sounds.

"I bet you five dollars the critics won't even mention my name," moaned Gale, still crawling.

"I bet you five dollars you lose your bet!" chuckled the young director—now strangely un-formidable!

Gale lost her bet. Villainy had triumphed once again. Villainy and witchery. The former won her critical raves which, in turn, won her such coveted Theatre Guild leads as *Nina* in *Strange Interlude* and (taking over after Lynn Fontanne)—the heroine in *Red Dust* and *American Dream*. The latter won her Herbert.

After all, it was no jump at all from witch to wife. But if you ask Gale if Herbert Biberman, now an important motion picture director, was also one of her determinations—like playing leads in the Theatre Guild—she smiles Mona Lisa-ishly.

"Herbert—like motion pictures—just happened for me. I didn't do anything about becoming Mrs. Biberman, and I didn't even think I would do for pictures!"

But you played the villainess magnificently, Miss Sondergaard!

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High-Lights on Martini

[*Continued from page* 41]

this decision the second surprise. Knowing that the boy had outgrown his teaching, the choirmaster went to Giovanni Zenatello and his wife, Maria Gay, famous opera singers who had established a school for voice in Verona, and asked them to hear the young Nino. Amazed at the boy's talent, the Zenatellos arranged to take him into their home—a generous gesture doubly welcome to the young student for his father had died a few years before and the small income was needed for the mother and three sisters.

THUS, at eighteen, Nino Martini began his vocal training in earnest.

Three years later, the Zenatellos announced their protege ready for his operatic debut. His first appearance was as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, and no one so surprised as Martini when his tremendous success won him a contract to star in *I Puritani*. It seems this opera hadn't been sung for fifty years in the original key, for one of the tenor arias calls for F above high C—a neat vocal feat and no pun intended. Martini's easy mastery of this high hurdle led to a concert tour of all the capitals of Europe and then his first trip to the United States—to star in the movies no less!

The alert Jesse Lasky had heard the young tenor and signed him for a series of five screen chorts. You probably didn't see them. They were in Italian. His one appearance in a production in English was *Paramount on Parade*. He played a gondolier and sang one song—in Italian.

Still a bit groggy from his abrupt introduction to pictures (this was in 1929 and pictures were still a bit groggy from their introduction to sound), Nino returned to Italy, only to be snatched back across the Atlantic the following year to appear with the Philadelphia Opera Company as their leading tenor.

And, though he didn't know it, there was lurking around the corner the biggest surprise of his life. A little gadget known as radio. Columbia Broadcasting system wanted to sign him for a series of regular nationwide concerts. Mr. Martini was surprised—and upset.

"But how can you tell how I will sound?" he protested reasonably. He got his answer to that some time later when he was awarded the Columbia medal for "distinguished contribution to radio art." Lindbergh has one of these medals. So has Leopold Stokowski and Andre Kostelanetz. There are only two others.

IF RADIO was willing to present Martini with a distinguished service medal, Martini was willing to present radio with a medal for distinguished service to his career. For he credits radio with winning for him his biggest "step up"—a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company. And his success on that famous stage brought him back to Hollywood—this time to star in feature length pictures, made in English. For Nino had since mastered (well, anyway you can understand him most of the time) the English language. *Music for Madame* is his third starring production.

Having been surprised by his outstanding success in opera, on the concert stage, over the air and on the screen—he's even had a fling at television—it looks as though Nino might be set for a fairly calm and unsurprising future. But you never can tell.

When not being surprised himself, Mr. Martini spends considerable time unintentionally surprising other people. Though slenderly built and weighing but 152 pounds, he can ride any horse to hellandgone, is a crack bicyclist and when turned loose in a gymnasium can make the man on the flying trapeze look like an earthworm. This combination of artist and athlete adds to the popularity of Martini, the man.

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Bartender Brown

[*Continued from page* 40]

only when he was lucky enough to find a stamp) he always assured her that he was well and happy. But, mother-like, she must have read between the lines for once she suggested that perhaps he had better leave the circus and come home. "Me come home!" Joe wrote indignantly, "and have the kids say I was a flop. Not on your tintype!"

Perhaps it is because there was so little joy and laughter in his own childhood that Joe E. Brown gets such a kick out of entertaining youngsters.

"To me, there is nothing quite so heart-warming as the natural, honest laughter of children," he says.

IT WAS only when he had amply provided for the future of his children that Joe allowed himself to indulge in a personal hobby: horses. That, too, is a hangover wish from childhood.

"When I was a kid I wanted a pony," he told me. "There was a pony with the circus that I was crazy about. I thought then that if I could just have a pony or a horse that was all my own I'd be sitting right on top of the world."

So now Joe has a racing stable. A lot of people go in for racing stables because it is the smart thing to do. Joe has a racing stable because he loves horses. They've cost him plenty of money but he's had a million dollars worth of fun out of it. He has three fillies, all named for his wife, whose maiden name was Kathryn McGraw. One is called Battling Kate, one Kitty McGraw, and another KMB. Then there is Pree—named for Mr. Prevost, his one time vaudeville partner.

"Pree is really a mean horse," explains Joe. "He bites and he kicks and he's stubborn—but I love him just as I loved my old partner."

His pet horse, however, is Barnsley. "One of the biggest thrills I've ever had," Joe told me, "was when Barnsley romped home a winner at Santa Anita. Before the race, one of the trainers gave me a rabbit's foot and told me to rub Barnsley's nose with it. I'm not superstitious about things like that but I rubbed the horse's nose with the rabbit's foot, and when I saw Barnsley coming down the stretch, ahead by a couple of lengths, I could scarcely believe my eyes. Next to the thrill of having my horse win the race, was the thrill of hearing the entire grandstand let out a mighty cheer when he crossed the line. At first I couldn't understand it. Then suddenly I realized that they were cheering for me, because at long last I had brought in a winner. They were calling my name and demanding the Joe Brown yell. Well, I tried to yell but I had such a lump in my throat that when I opened my mouth, for once, I couldn't even make a sound."

IN ORDER to have a true appreciation of anything in life you need to be able to make comparisons. Because of the poverty and hardship and deprivation that he experienced in his early days, Joe E. Brown gets far more out of the fruits of success than does the person whose success came via the silver platter. But in spite of the fact that he occupied a high position on this year's screen popularity poll, his pride is not in his professional accomplishments. It is his family.

"That's one job I'm really proud of," he told me. "My two boys are as fine a pair of boys as you'll find anywhere. They don't smoke and they don't drink. I've never preached against it, and have never forbidden them to do it. I don't believe in preaching at kids. They figured out for themselves that smoking and drinking wouldn't do them any particular good, so why do it? What they'll be when they grow up—well, that's up to them. I want them to do whatever will make them happy. Right now one of the boys thinks he wants to be a writer. The other one is interested in the technical side of pictures. The little girls are too young to know what they want to be when they grow up. But I can assure you that whatever it is, it'll be okay with me. Right now, I want them to have a happy childhood."

And when I asked Joe what he wanted for himself, his famous rubber mouth widened in the typical Brown grin.

"All I ask is that things keep on being just as wonderful as they are right now. That's enough to satisfy me. How about one of the Racetrack Special Sundaes?"

THE MEN RAN AWAY FROM HER SKINNY SHAPE!

–till she gained 20 lbs. Quick This New Easy Way

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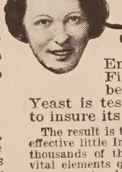
Why it builds up so quick

Doctors now say thousands of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now, by a new process, the vitamins from the special rich yeast used in making English ale are concentrated to *7 times* their strength in ordinary yeast. This 7-power vitamin concentrate is combined with 3 kinds of iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast is then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

"I used to be so thin that none of the fellows paid any attention to me. At last I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 20 pounds. Now I am told I have a very good figure and my skin is lovely and smooth, too. Now I have dates almost all the time and am very popular." —*Celia Slonaker, Hughsville, Pa.*



Celia Slonaker

The result is these new easy-to-take but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed these vital elements quickly to gain the normally attractive curves, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

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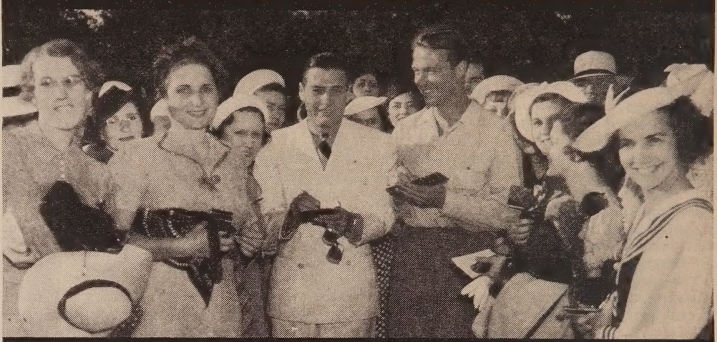
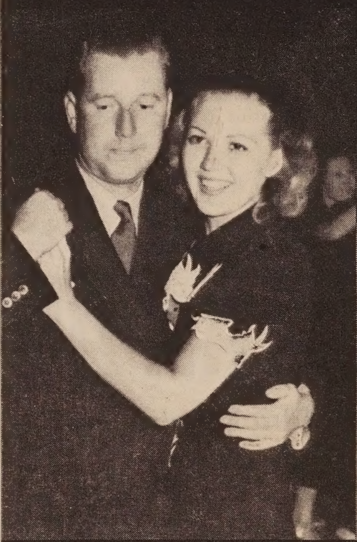
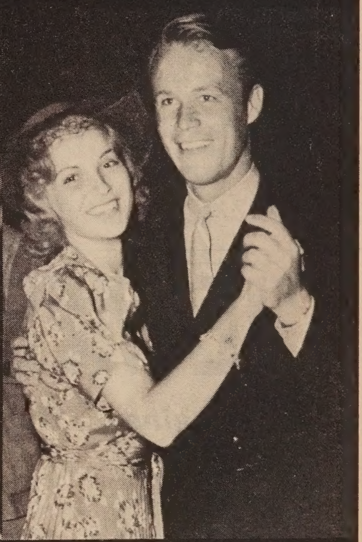


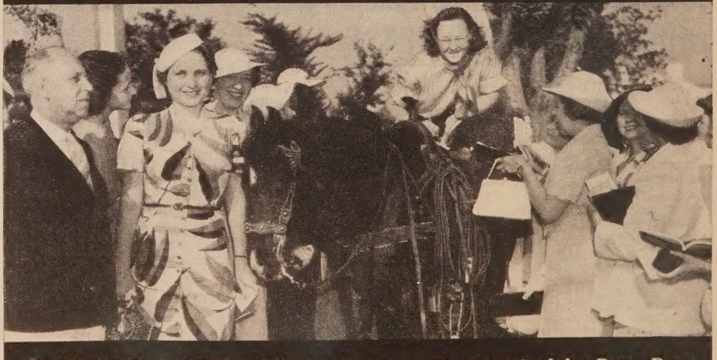
Richard Arlen and Wayne Morris are kept busy signing autograph books of the Tour guests present at Arlen's home



Jean Rogers, lovely Universal starlet, is pictured while dancing at the Wilshire with Jack Otterson



Wayne Morris and Nan Gray also "trip the light fantastic" at the Wilshire Bowl dinner dance



At Edward Everett Horton's home, the guests are entertained by Betsy Ross, famous child cowgirl, who appears in many of the screen's westerns

I Will Marry Again

[*Continued from page* 43]

making no hurried second trip to the altar. I enjoy freedom and I enjoy living, but I am convinced I will have only half lived until I marry again. The success of anything from baking a cake, launching a new fashion, or marrying the person you love depends definitely on accurate timing. A thing that might easily be successful can just as easily become a failure if it happens at the wrong time.

"Just now, marriage for me would be unwise. I am in the midst of building a new home where my father and mother and my little daughter, Susan Ann, will live. Were I to marry right now, the happiness of my daughter and parents probably would be upset and so I shall defer marriage for a while."

So far there are no eligibles on Virginia's horizon. When she marries she believes it will be in the profession; possibly to a man whose place in the cinema limelight will be brighter than hers.

"I think women can subordinate their own careers better than men," Virginia explained, "particularly where both the husband and wife are in the same profession. Were I to marry a business man, who had no contact with the screen, I can vision how I would make a success of the marriage and my career, but the man would have to have vision and understanding broad enough to comprehend the demands my work makes on my time."

For those who doubt that careers and marriage ever, or seldom mix successfully, Miss Bruce points to her close friends, Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, whom she sees as one of the ideal couples in her acquaintance; to Mervyn LeRoy and Doris Warner, to John Monk Saunders and Fay Wray; to Hope Loring and Louis Leighton; the Harold Lloyds and numerous others who have found happiness while blending careers with marriage. She thinks marriage between screen players has a better chance of succeeding because each is more likely to understand demands the other has to meet by reason of being an actor or an actress.

Virginia is so wrapped up in little Susan Ann Gilbert that one suspects another marriage appeals to her since it would make possible another child or two to renew the thrills of motherhood, which Virginia admits have meant much to her.

In Hollywood they say that Virginia Bruce has everything—beauty, admiration of many men, money that would represent a fortune in most parts of the world, a fine home, a baby, close family ties, high favor among filmgoers, and a weekly pay check that is more than many persons capture for their efforts in a whole year. While her life isn't exactly empty, still it lacks something—the loyalty, love and respect one rightfully expects from a husband.

Virginia offers as a recipe for marital success, which she insists is just as applicable to Judy O'Grady as the Captain's lady, this:

"Don't be too sure of each other; it robs romance of its charm. I think a man finds the girl of his choice more alluring if he thinks other men feel toward her the same as he does. The rule works both ways.

"Have a variety of interests—mutual interests. Nothing holds two people together more than common interests.

"Give ground and appreciate that your mate has rights as well as yourself.

"Follow your career, if you have one, but do not make it your entire life, or the day will come when you won't have anything because careers, particularly in pictures, have an aggravating habit of slipping out from under you once they have hit the high spots."

Virginia isn't shopping for a husband, but frankly admits she will marry again. Being independent, she is in no hurry. She loves freedom, but thinks marriage ties are such that one who wants to can blend them with a career, and that's just what she intends doing when the right man comes along.

Perhaps now that she has admitted her intentions, the line forming at the Bruce door will grow large and unwieldly, but Virginia will exercise the same good judgment in selecting her prospective mate that she has in shaping her film career and see to it that when she takes the next step the man she selects is as anxious to make marriage as lasting an institution as she is confident it can be.

What Two Things Happen When You Are Constipated?

GAS BLOATING HERE
STOMACH
NERVE PRESSURE HERE
INTESTINES

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy and miserable.

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FONTAINE THE YOUTHFUL

By JONAH M. RUDDY

Joan Fontaine is now filming a production with Nino Martini for RKO

It takes time to know this young lady—but when you do, you've really met somebody. Here an old friend gives you a thorough introduction to a grand personality

THIS seems to be the age of superlatives. Praise must be lavish. We indulge in all the colossal adjectives, especially when talking of Hollywood and its famous citizens. It is rather refreshing to know a member of the movie colony who prefers honest criticism and forthright comment to lush qualifications.

I speak of a new brilliance in the film firmament—Joan Fontaine a mere twenty years young, and quite one of the most sparkling girls I have ever met.

In her short span, she's gone from ham and eggs to orchids and chinchilla; and she'll continue to like ham and eggs. Streamlined Joan knows what she wants, means to get it, and works for it. For she knows there is no royal road to success and achievement, no matter what your ambitions are.

Her life has been full and venturesome. Late October, 1917, she was born in the De Havilland home, a house belonging to a Japanese prince, in the hills of Azabu, overlooking Tokio Bay. A garden, centuries old, with abundant cherry trees, camellias, masses of azaleas, and gardenias bordering cunningly devised pools of golden carp, was her first playground.

As a tiny infant, Joan was desperately ill due to a diet of goat's milk. Japanese specialists could do nothing with the dreadful eczema from which Joan suffered. Then a family friend suggested skim-milk and she was cured.

A change of climate was thought advisable for her and her sister. Joan was sixteen months old when she came to San Francisco. The family lived in San Jose and later in Saratoga . . . where Joan got over measles and added to her medical record by developing a streptococcus infection of the blood. For months the thin flame of life wavered in her frail body. Day after day she was kept alive by hypodermics. Five specialists did all they could, and by some miracle, the little girl pulled through.

When she was four, Joan passed the intelligence test of Professor Terman of Stanford, with a genius rating. Then that discovery was of little interest to her or her mother. All important was good health. She struggled through pneumonia, vanquished rheumatic fever, and, finally, despite school sessions interrupted by illness, graduated from Saratoga Grammar School to Los Gatos High.

And the girl who had "no right to be alive" began to show a talent for fine arts and acting. Still shy with boys and girls of her own age—a shyness born of illness and frailty, she absorbed herself completely in work and study. Joan showed an uncanny sense of design and color. Rhythm she began to express in dancing, gradually developing her physique and gaining health and strength.

AFTER spending a school year at the American school in Tokio and benefiting from the sea journeying, Joan returned to San Francisco and studied design and art fundamentals. Her teachers were astonished by her fertile imagination—and the delicacy of her work.

Her mother and sister Olivia were by this time established in Hollywood. She joined them, mind made up that she was going to get into movies or bust. Her sister's success was a challenge. Acquiring an agent, she began the attack on the studio citadels without any thought of failure. Brains, beauty, personality to the fore.

Joan's experience was typical of the newcomer. Nothing happened. In Los Angeles,

[*Continued on page* 98]

Preston Foster is Joan's leading man in *You Can't Beat Love*

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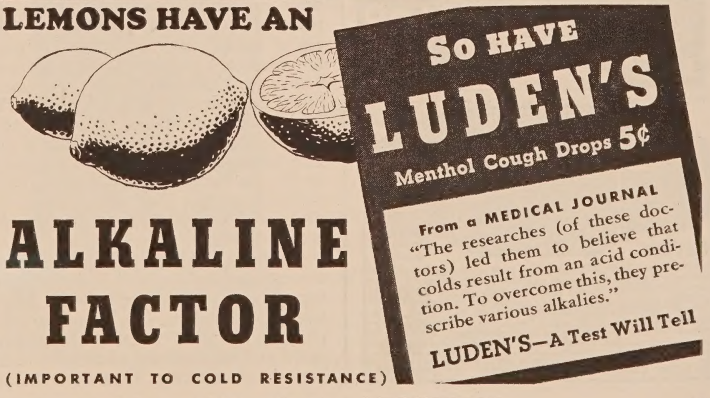
Joan Fontaine tells you the proper steps to follow when erasing tears from your eyes. Read this interesting and revealing article by the RKO starlet on page 76.



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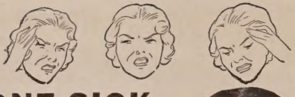

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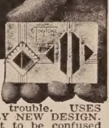

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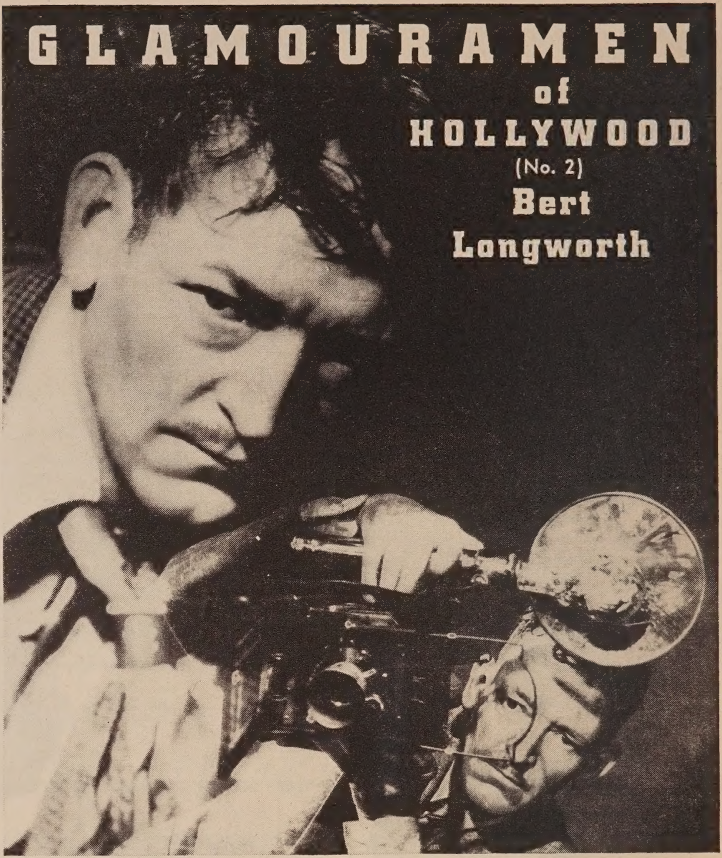
GLAMOURAMEN of HOLLYWOOD

(No. 2)

Bert Longworth



Bert (Buddy) Longworth is as famous for composite and montage shots as he is for striking portraits of beautiful stars

CONTINUING its series of Glamouramen of Hollywood, SCREEN BOOK this month pays tribute to Bert (Buddy) Longworth of Warner Brothers studios, whose pictures of cinema celebrities number in the tens of thousands, and whose creation of the still photo montage and first use of "off-angle" action pictures did much to revolutionize still photography in filmland. (Born in Richmond, Virginia, a cousin of the celebrated Congressman, Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, young Buddy Longworth was for three years a cut-rate (three-for-a quarter) photographer on the viaduct near the Columbus, Ohio railroad station, but even then he dreamed of more important photographic accomplishments.

Buddy wanted to photograph glamourous personalities and make his photographs play an important part in the lives of his subjects. He wanted to make photographs that virtually lived and spoke and attracted the admiration of the most discriminating. Then came the war and after being thrice rejected for military service because chemicals had ruined the sight in one of his eyes, Buddy headed for Hollywood with high hopes and more than ordinary ambition.

Longworth was one of three still men employed on Universal's memorable "*Hunchback of Notre Dame.*" His were the unusual low angle, high angle stills of Chaney of which thousands of copies were made. After three years more with Universal he joined Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and made the first portraits and production stills of the Glamorous Garbo. Buddy contributed considerable to her glamour by his unusual stills for *The Temptress* and *Flesh and the Devil.* Many of his "angles" were too extreme and many of his pictures were tossed back at him with rather sharp criticism, but Longworth smiled and multiplied his number of "crazy" shots.

In 1929 he made his first photo montage (projecting several negatives at various angles on the photo-enlarging machine onto one single print) the idea interested the Warner Brothers' studio and Buddy got a new berth and unlimited support. Within a few months his "montage layouts" were much in demand by magazines and newspapers, and for theatre advertising, six poses of Al Jolson were put on one print, copied onto another negative and then reproduced by the thousand. Buddy really "went to town" on *Forty-Second Street, The Gold Diggers, Black Fury* and his pictures in which one subject blended into another became known all over the world.

IN 1930 Longworth began his unending series of "off angle" pictures. Instead of setting his lens at the customary height of 65 inches from the ground he fixed his tripod so that one leg was shorter than the other two, the camera leaned to one side, leaned backward and shot upward, or downward. He stood actors on pedestals and pointed his camera up at them. Finished prints made the actor appear toppling over backward, or taller—always distorted, but (as Longworth knew before his critics) always more attractive and interesting than the stiffly posed still pictures of the time.

More than one camera artist now famous, Bruehl, Cecil Beaton and others—learned much from their contact with Buddy Longworth.

Longworth's pictures of Cab Calloway —(three figures of the famous negro bandman apparently grown together) became world famous, and he had more requests for his art than he could supply. The demand for "off-angle" or "distorted" still pictures has now died down somewhat, and Buddy is turning his attention to action, candid pictures and is a master of this new medium of photographic expression. Besides he has just published a book—an album of his unusual photographic studies "Hold Still-Hollywood!" (Ivan Deach) and put into it 130 of his favorite pictures.

Hollywood stars owe much to this busy and inventive cameraman for he has given added glamour and interest to many of them and his still pictures have made some of them world famous before their movies came along.

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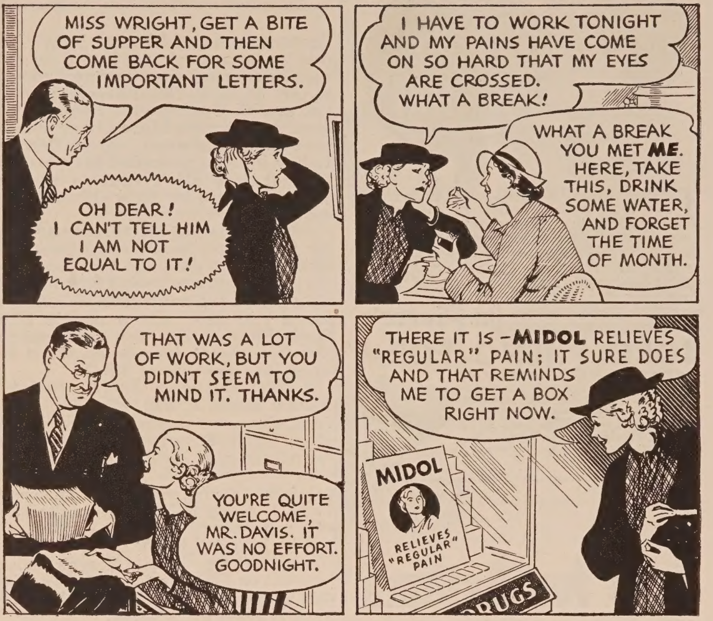

MISS WRIGHT, GET A BITE OF SUPPER AND THEN COME BACK FOR SOME IMPORTANT LETTERS.
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I HAVE TO WORK TONIGHT AND MY PAINS HAVE COME ON SO HARD THAT MY EYES ARE CROSSED. WHAT A BREAK!
WHAT A BREAK YOU MET **ME**. HERE, TAKE THIS, DRINK SOME WATER, AND FORGET THE TIME OF MONTH.
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Fontaine the Youthful

[*Continued from page* 95]

Curran was casting for *Kind Lady*. Joan read the ingenue role, and landed the part. Casting directors were interested enough to give her tests. Most hopeful was her test at 20th Century-Fox. However, she seemed to resemble Claire Trevor so there were no developments. Astute Mervyn LeRoy keenly appreciated her possibilities but Joan didn't want to work at Warner's where her sister Olivia was on contract.

Call It A Day was a significant stage play for Joan, who played the girl from next door—the part taken by Anita Louise in the film. Producer Jesse Lasky immediately placed her under personal contract just a year ago. A few months later, Radio Pictures took over that contract and slim, blonde Joan de Havilland became Joan Fontaine of RKO.

A "bit" in *Quality Street* earned her marked attention, and, what she prizes most, Katharine Hepburn's warm friendship. Joan's breezy personality and earnest co-operation have made her popular with her co-workers. One of her best pals is Mel Berns, studio make-up expert. From him and his colleagues, she likes criticism and praise.

With John Beal in *The Man Who Found Himself* and then Preston Foster's leading lady in *You Can't Beat Love* brings us to date with her as Nino Martini's heart interest in *Music For Madame*.

IT TAKES time to know Joan. Occasionally you are flummoxed by the flip wise-crack and the naughty smile dancing in her big, hazel eyes. Her abundant enthusiasm, based on an indomitable courage and a firm tenacity of purpose, sometimes bowls you over.

So far she has avoided romances like the plague. "Men! They interfere with work and mess up the wheels of my progress." she snapped one day when we discussed the situation. A sunny smile played midst the golden freckles on her cheeks. "But, of course, you are different." She said consolingly.

She loves to walk in the hills near her home and feel the warm sun beating into her. Solitude is one of her pleasures. She is still shy and sensitive with strangers.

She delights to read in bed. Biographies and history are her meat.

Her capacity for work is enormous. Fred Astaire wants an actress who can dance for *A Damsel in Distress*. Ambitious Joan has been studying ballet and lately tap, every night after work, each Sunday as well, with Ruby Keeler's brother. At home, carpets are rolled, music, and Joan goes to town, with *Damsel* in view.

I'll say she's a splendid ball-room dancer, with an extraordinary sense of rhythm, balance, and tempo.

Joan lives in a homey hillside cottage in the Los Feliz district with her mother, Mrs. Fontaine, an intelligent, understanding lady, and sister, Olivia. Each have separate suites. Each enjoys individuality while preserving the family entity. And Mrs. Fontaine is justly proud of her talented daughters.

Watch Joan. She has the necessary qualities for screen success and if hard work means anything, she's going to town!

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SAMPLE 10c For Trial, Send 10c (15c Stamps) to
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Errol Flynn's Greatest Enemy

[*Continued from page* 49]

too, the situation appealed to my sense of humor. When I got the Hollywood offer, you see, I was in my first London play, *A Man's House*, and it was a flop. Why Hollywood could possibly want me after that failure was a riddle, so I thought I'd go and find the answer—if there was one. But more than that, stronger than anything else, was the thought, 'America—a new country—I must see that!' I've always been like that about a country strange to me. It's an obsession. Once I get to thinking about it, nothing can keep me from going there.

"Naturally, I'd no idea how I would get along in the movies, and of course it's a very unusual experience to become fairly successful and of some importance. But it has left me with only the desire of diving back into careless, carefree obscurity. This is a very sad thing, a regrettable way to feel, but there it is!"

No, this was not an actor "putting on an act." Quiet of voice and reserved in manner—that fork might have toned him down—there was nothing "actorish" about him, no airs, no "side."

"You can trace it all down to what I've told you—inhibitions," he flung off. "They're bound to show if you're sensitive to those things, and I must confess they have affected my work. I can't hide them in front of the camera, for it gets inside me and gives me dead away. It would be a terrific relief to be in front of an audience again because it can't get at you.

"Not that I want to go back to the stage. But, after being in Hollywood for two years, I'm likely to be all washed up any day now. Overnight they can throw you out on your ear. For that matter, I'd quit this minute if I thought I could make a living at writing."

I FELT sure he could, for in his book *Beam Ends*, he had proved himself a good two-fisted writing man. He not only had the bug but the gift. At hearing this he stammered his thanks and, once again, blushed!

"Anyway," he granted, "sitting down and trying to work out something is real relaxation. It's tranquil. There's the opportunity to follow out an idea, which you never can do in a picture, where it's all shouts and noise."

With the reticence of the Englishman was the twinkle of the Irishman. He sounded like the first and looked like the second. This strange contradiction could only be explained by the fact that Errol Flynn had been educated in England. But unlike most Irishmen he evidently did not feel at home in America.

"It isn't that I think the foreign actor is at a disadvantage here," he hastened to say. "That is, if he's not too bloody British to adapt his speech to this country. But a lot of them won't make any concessions. The outstanding example of rightness in this matter is Ronnie Colman. He has done it perfectly. In hearing him on the screen you are never conscious of his being an Englishman, only aware that he speaks good English. In Shakespearian pictures the pronounced accent is, of course, acceptable. It really doesn't matter, for the one thing you thing of is Shakespeare.

"I remember one day," and the twinkle was there again, "when some twenty of us were thinking of him deeply. We had been called in for a conference on *Midsummer Night's Dream* with Mr. Jack Warner. Hushed into reverence of the immortal poet, Professor Reinhardt and the others of us waited for an audience. In due time a door was noiselessly opened by a breathless secretary who whispered we now might enter the sanctum sanctorum. Treading softly, we found ourselves in a vast chamber one hundred feet long at the farther end of which, behind an imposing desk, sat Mr. Warner. 'My God!' he yelled, 'are all you guys on my payroll?' "

FROM this I took it that Mr. Flynn had not been altogether without his happy moments in Hollywood.

"Hollywood's amusing from time to time," he allowed, "but it is not exciting. At least I haven't found it so, though I'm quite aware the fault's my own. I've not felt the thrills that, I'm sure, others experience here. I looked for adventure in Hollywood, but did not find it."

Yet he came vibrantly responsive to my innocent suggestion it might lie hidden in the feminine charms of this glamorous community and made the incredible announcement:

"I learned about women from Hollywood."

"But surely you must have—!"

"No, really, I didn't," he hurried on. "You see, I was off in the wilds for six years, and from eighteen to twenty-four—that essential period in which a fellow ordinarily looks about a bit for that sort of thing—I hardly saw a white woman. For two years at a stretch I didn't even set eyes on one. Then on getting back to England I was so busy working in a provincial repertory company for two years that I had no time for what may graciously be called the tender side of life. And no sooner had I got to the West End in London than I packed off for Hollywood. That left me still at the impressionable age, if I make myself clear.

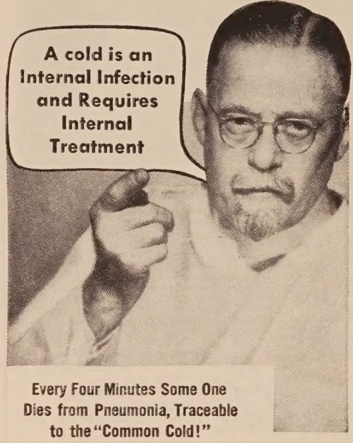
"In that somewhat retarded emotional state I found Hollywood women scared me quite a bit—they still do. They are far more sophisticated than other women, though for most part extremely interesting, perhaps because of their background of experience. But it only makes me feel inexperienced. Standing by and hearing a clever fellow say clever things to them, I say, 'He's a witty so-and-so! I wish the hell I'd said that!' But I never rise to the occasion. It may be that my dull mind is dazzled by all the show in this town, where everyone is making a living at it. Whatever the case, I must say as regards women that I grew up here."

Having said as much to my further astonishment, the backward Mr. Flynn cast a sharp glance towards the front of the restaurant, then got up. As we hurried out I remarked that Mr. Hays and Mr. Knox had already left.

"I hadn't noticed," he blandly said.

No?

Don't Fool Around with a COLD!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They Said It Couldn't Last

[*Continued from page* 72]

Many a time she would reach for her phone in the middle of the night to call some member of her family or some close friend to reassure herself that all was well. She did it so frequently, it became a standing joke.

Joan couldn't explain to them that some dreadful, un-named fear haunted her mind. That constant clouds hid her horizons.

But now—here is another Joan. A gracious, quiet, poised girl—with the same enthusiasm, but enthusiasm which is the product of a peaceful soul.

Outwardly Joan has changed too. Before her marriage she never cared much how she looked, or what she wore.

Today nothing delights her more than finding a new way to do her hair, than buying a particularly becoming dress and wearing it home for Dick to see.

One other person shares in Joan's and Dick's happiness—and that is Joan's baby—to whom Dick is "Daddy."

Every morning there is a regular rite while Dick is dressing. The baby comes into Dick's bedroom and puckers up his eyes. "Daddy," he asks, "see my 'sings?' "

Dick drops everything. Of course, he will see the "sings." So the baby marches them in—teddy-bears and stuffed elephants and electric cars and mechanical toys, until the spot where Dick is standing is the only oasis in the room.

Then Dick drops down on the floor and to each member of the baby's zoo he has a greeting. He inquires after the teddy-bear's health. Asks if the elephant had a nice night. Marches the soldiers around. And finally emerges from the litter, with the baby victoriously perched on his shoulder.

THE problems which arise are never discussed in excitement—but casually, while Dick and Joan are dancing, or playing badminton or during an interlude of reading.

When either of them comes home, obsessed with the idea of going instantly into the garden to plant a new bed of nasturtiums, the other knows with certainty that something is in the air.

Strangely enough, by the time the nasturtiums are planted the worry is dissipated.

Only very recently one of the ten top stars on the screen said to me—"I'm in love and I'd like to marry the man I love. But it would break my heart if a month or two months after we were married, I'd start hearing gossip about estrangement and separation. I don't think I could take it. So until I am ready to retire from picture-making, until I can be just a wife and not a star as well, I'm going to remain single."

Joan and Dick, from the instant of their marriage, were wise enough to face incidents and situations honestly and unemotionally, to analyze gossip as they heard it and to laugh about it.

The perfect marriage is neither love's long dream, nor an accident. It is the product of subtle and infinitely delicate architecture—the labor of two minds, as well as two hearts.

It is as true in Hollywood—as it is in Podunkville.

Only in Hollywood it takes a little extra doing!

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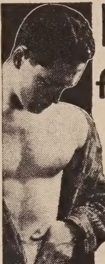

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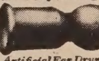

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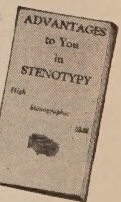

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Dried Fruits to Delight You

[*Continued from page* 70]

Rinse, cover with water, and boil 40 minutes. For fresh apple flavor, omit sugar; or, if desired, allow ¼ cup sugar for each cup fruit. Added flavor may be obtained with few grains salt.

Don't Pity the Poor Prune! Prunes don't need anyone's pity, for they are rich and important—rich in food minerals, and important because they fill so many high posts on the dining table. From cocktails to cake, prunes are IT! If you don't believe it, there is a whole cook book devoted to prune cookery. Prunes, raisins and apricots make simply delectable sauces: Drain off the excess fat from the partially cooked meat, lay on your dried fruit sauce, and keep basting the meat with it.

Prune Sauce for Meats: 1 cup cooked prunes, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon allspice, ¼ teaspoon cloves, ¼ cup cider vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt. Combine ingredients, bring to a boil, and simmer 5 minutes until sugar is melted. Remove excess fat from meat, pour over sauce, and bake 30 minutes or longer. (Try this on pot-roast!)

BEFORE I forget it, let me tell you that the free leaflet I want to send you contains two prize recipes for *stuffings* made with dried fruits—ravishing with meats and poultry during the holidays.

If prunes are only plums, dried in the sun, then apricots are just a near-peach also dried in the sun, which makes the dried apricot about ten times as flavorful as the fresh nectarine. Follow careful cooking directions. Do not boil hard, but simmer gently. Add lemon rind, cardamon seeds or anise for flavor. Or use second quality fruits for making purees and the many delicious kinds of frozen desserts available with the automatic refrigerator. One of the old familiar standby desserts for this time of year is an Upside Down Cake. Made with apricots, it is satisfying and flavorful and most inexpensive. Here is the recipe:

APRICOT SKILLET CAKE

Bottom of Pan:

½	**cup brown sugar**
¼	**cup butter**
½	**teaspoon cinnamon**
3	**tablespoons water**
2	**cups cooked sweetened dried apricots**

Batter:

1	**cup sugar**
½	**cup melted shortening**
2	**eggs, well beaten**
½	**cup milk**
1¾	**cups flour, sifted**
½	**teaspoon salt**
2½	**teaspoons baking powder**
1	**teaspoon vanilla**

Whipped cream

Combine brown sugar, butter, cinnamon and water in bottom of 10-inch skillet, and spread mixture evenly over bottom. Place apricots, cut sides down, on syrup. Make batter of ingredients and pour evenly over fruit. Bake 45 minutes, moderate oven (375°F). Run spatula around pan to remove, invert, and serve hot with chilled whipped cream. (May also be baked like a Fruit Betty, entirely in the oven, if preferred.)

RAISINS deserve an article all to themselves, for they are such a happy food and do so much to really "make" any holiday season. Can you imagine fruit cakes without raisins, or a raisinless Thanksgiving or Christmas? The two most popular kinds are the seedless (Thomson), very sweet and golden brown in color with a bluish tinge, and the seeded (Muscat), which is the large purplish grape-raisin. To use them in cookery, first wash them, then dry on paper towels. The large seeded raisin is usually best cut in half or thirds with scissors. Again, it is a clever trick to "plump" the raisins by letting them steep in grape or orange juice, or other flavored liquid, until they swell and become plump.

Here is one recipe for delicious chewy spice strips for your tea table or holiday entertainment:

RAISIN SPICE STRIPS

1	**cup seedless raisins**
1	**cup butter**
1½	**cups sugar**
3	**eggs, well beaten**
3½	**cups flour, sifted**
½	**teaspoon salt**
1	**teaspoon cloves**
2	**teaspoons cinnamon**
1	**cup walnuts, chopped**

Topping:

½	**cup sugar**
½	**teaspoon cloves**
2	**tablespoons cream**

RINSE raisins, dry, and chop. Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add eggs, and beat well. Add flour twice-sifted with salt and spices. Add raisins and nuts, and stir until blended. Spread ¾-inch thick in greased shallow pan. Mix topping ingredients, and spread evenly over top of dough mixture. Bake about 30 minutes, moderate oven (350°F). Cut into strips. (Makes about 50 1 x 3-inch strips.)

One more use of dried fruits must be mentioned, for it is important and far too little known and practiced. And that is the use of dried fruits in making up winter jams and conserves, most economically.

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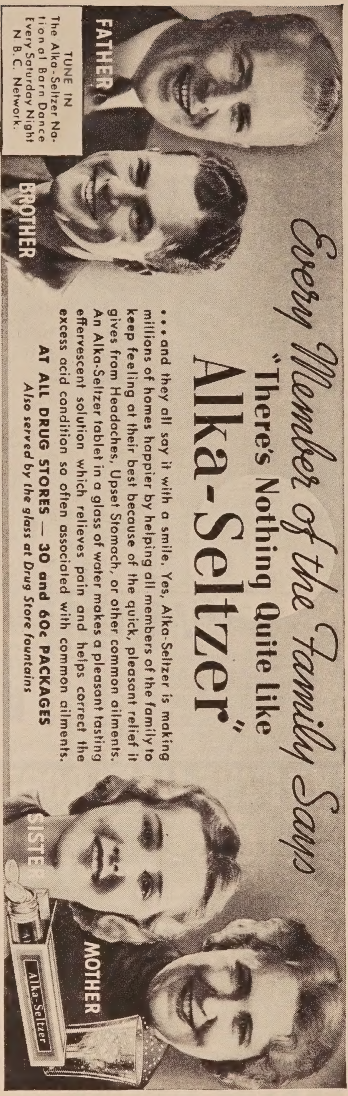

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Our Critic Goes to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 17]

vided a fine musical score; music with a real swing to it. Most of the action takes place in a boys' camp where Herbert Rawlinson comes into the picture briefly. Henry Armetta and Leon Errol are wasted in their parts for Donald Meek has the best comedy role. The story is simple. The son of a former opera star at the boys' camp helps inspire a composer to write an operetta. Later the composer and the boy get the mother to resume her career in the operetta much against the will of the singer's fiance. True happiness comes when Ralph Forbes as the objector steps out of the picture, the operetta temporarily held up, opens as a hit and mother, son and composer are united.

FIRST LADY
Warner Brothers

Kay Francis, smartly dressed but rather caustic in her role of wife and political boss of a cabinet officer, is the star of this picture which seems best classified as "the season's smartest satire." One of the talkiest talkies in years the characters seldom move from one or two interior sets but the way the women behind the politicians scheme and plot and stab each other with cutting remarks is really something. Smartly written dialog rather than acting makes this picture entertaining. Walter Connolly does well with a thankless role as does also Verree Teasdale. Preston Foster, as the romantic lead, is really an accidental hero with little to do. Louise Fazenda, Grant Mitchell, Marjorie Rambeau and Marjorie Gateson are excellent support with Victor Jory and Anita Louise doing their best with characters that get them practically nowhere. The folks in Washington, D. C., may not like it but it is an entertaining show.

BIG CITY
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Spencer Tracy crashes through with another of his superb performances in this thrill-producing drama which is packed with action, romance and laughs. Teamed opposite Luise Rainer, who gives a delicate portrayal of a French immigrant married to Tracy—Spencer, together with Luise Rainer's brother, Victor Varconi, are partners in an Independent Taxi concern. The ensuing battle-royal between the Independents and organized taxi companies form the basis for the exciting plot. The finale is a grand melee of muscle-men, which includes an imposing array of famous fighters, wrestlers and jiu-jitsu artists. A supporting cast composed of Charley Grapewin, Janet Beecher, Eddie Quillan, Guinn Williams, Regis Toomey and others turns in notable characterizations.

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Friendship! Courtship!! Marriage!!!

[*Continued from page* 44]

Johnny—and he laughed and assured me he would, but I wouldn't take the chance."

Anne and John have such fun together. Both of them love sports and when they are playing tennis or badminton they always play against each other . . . because they say they both like to be spectacular and it doesn't work out so well with two such players on the same side.

The thing that they have that's so important is honesty. You couldn't get one to lie to the other about anything, no matter how trivial. When they go to see each others pictures—if they like it they say so . . . and if they don't, they say that too. You might not think a thing like that could make a difference but it does—it's caused a split in many a Hollywood marriage. Some people can't stand criticism—especially from a person they love, but they can and they want the other's true opinion, not a fib.

THEY have their future all planned—this year they want to go to New York—be there on New Year's eve . . . and then sail for Bermuda. They will, too, providing picture schedules permit.

They are both very even tempered—and neither have gotten mad at the same time—with the exception of once . . . and then they weren't mad at each other.

On Sunday, August 22nd, they were married. John had not yet completed his work in *Love On Toast* in which he was starred. One day during the filming he had a day off so they decided to drive quietly down to Santa Barbara, a nearby resort, and apply for their marriage license. They filled out the application, and handed it to the clerk . . . then their fun began. The clerk looked at Anne and said, "You're not eighteen." Anne assured him she was. "All right," he said, "What's your last name?" "Shirley." "Shirley isn't a last name," the clerk informed her. "Well, it's mine." "Then why do you say here that your father's name was Paris — were you adopted?" "No, my name was changed by the studio." "Well, then put down your real name." "That is my real name—it was legalized by the court." "That isn't possible." By this time Anne was becoming exasperated, "Well it is! Look, did you ever hear of Carole Lombard?" "Yes." "Well, her name was Jane Peters . . . and she had it changed by the court to Carole Lombard . . . and now that's her legal name." "No it isn't, that's just an idea!" John and Anne were getting madder and madder, but they were afraid to talk back for fear he might not give them the much needed slip of paper. "If you'll call the Los Angeles court and verify our statements—we'll pay for the call"—they said in their nicest voices. "Nope! I don't want to talk to them, we don't do that sort of thing." Finally John couldn't stand it any longer. "All right we'll sign it and let the court decide whether it's legal or not." So the man finally let them—but under great protest.

DESPITE their difficulty in getting their license in Santa Barbara they applied for another one in Los Angeles—just in case John might have to start another picture immediately and they wouldn't have time to drive back down to the resort town.

Their wedding ceremony was a simple one, performed by a Justice of the Peace at the Santa Barbara Biltmore Hotel. The only witnesses were Anne's mother, Paula Stone and her fiance, George Mason, and Walter Batchelor.

I was supposed to be Anne's maid-of-honor but I took a trip to Canada and missed having that thrill. Anne wore a blue taffeta dress with a white lace yoke. With it she wore a blue velvet eton jacket and matching hat with a dainty veil.

They both admitted later, that they had never been so scared in their lives—or so happy!

You will hear more of this talented couple as they are both well on their way to success.

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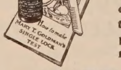

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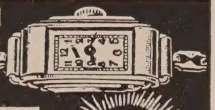

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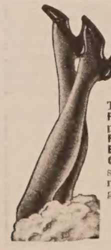

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I Won't Marry Again

[*Continued from page* 42]

punishment but she is subordinating her marriage and his love to her career. He sees her at her worst.

"She is thinking only of herself and forgetting not only the cute little redheads but the countless cute little blondes and brunettes her husband sees every day—the girls who also are devoting all their energies toward their careers.

"No man is going to cherish a spoiled peach when any number of perfect ones are awaiting his selection. And so, soon the Hollywood wife is finding that her husband is developing more and more interests to take him away from her each evening—and to keep him from spending lonely evenings at home awaiting her return when she works late at the studio.

"I'm not trying to put the blame for all unhappy Hollywood marriages on the wives for I know that very often the fault rests more with the husbands, or that the guilt is shared evenly. But I am old-fashioned enough in thought to believe that the responsibility for keeping a home together rests largely with the wife.

"And that, if love is combined with intelligence, is not such a task as it might seem. Man is by nature predatory but he won't go hunting if he is kept happy and contented at home.

"THE trouble with Hollywood is that love is expected to play second fiddle to a career and love will seldom do that. True love is too precious to be sacrificed for selfish gain and that is why I shall never marry until I am sure of what I am going to do."

At the moment Glenda lives happily in her San Fernando Valley home with her son, Tommy—the memory of her late husband and his father tenderly cherished after a number of years.

It is open house at that Monterey colonial house every Sunday but when Anita Louise, Anne Nagel, the director, Frank McDonalds, and countless others of Glenda's intimates arrive, the chances are that the glamorous Glenda will be in bed, attired in an ornate bed jacket.

That's Glenda's idea of an ideal Sunday—to spend most of the day in bed. Her friends don't mind—they gather in her bedroom, make free use of the house, the playroom and the grounds. When the guests get hungry a messenger is sent down to the corner to get a plentiful supply of hamburgers for everybody.

Glenda has a yen for interior decorating and reconditioning of homes. She reconditioned this old home and added on rooms until now it roams all over the lot. It is one of several homes she owns and leases out in the neighborhood.

Her playroom always evokes gasps of admiration from visiting sisters who exclaim over the brown and white linoleum, the zebra striped leather cushions, the matching drapes of unbleached muslin. Throughout the house she has managed to maintain a surprising formality, but that formality radiates hospitality and hominess.

"Now don't say that I never will marry while I am in pictures," Glenda warned with a smile, "because you never know what may happen. But I hope that if I do get married I will be smart enough to be the wife that the little girl in Oshkosh or Little Rock is!"

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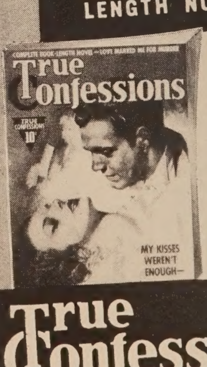

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True Confessions

An Actress Must Live Dangerously

[*Continued from page* 33]

or forty. The reason for it, in my mind, is that daily they meet a challenge. Daily they are trying something new—experimenting, thinking, feeling. *Staying alive.*

"Beauty as such, fades. The adventurous, self-reliant spirit replaces it with something far more lasting and far more compelling."

When Madeleine came to Hollywood, to a new environment, laden with the laurels won in England, she again tested her precept "live dangerously." In London glasses were raised high when her name was mentioned. "Madeleine Carroll" on a theatre marquee was guarantee of a play's or a picture's success.

HERE her fame was vague. Another English film actress? Could she do anything? She made *The World Moves*—and she says wryly today—"The only trouble with it was that it didn't move fast enough!"

It wasn't a marked success. It was tacitly agreed that Madeleine Carroll was a gloriously beautiful woman, charming, of good family. But Hollywood, skeptical at its best, doubted that she would make her way on the American screen.

She went back to England to fulfill contracts there, and then returned to Hollywood. She left her conquered world and its peace, to conquer anew!

In successive pictures Madeleine Carroll revealed that past glories weren't necessary to make her stature. That she could achieve newer and greater glories.

She is, notably, a woman unafraid. Perhaps a recent incident will give you another key to the personality and character of this girl.

On The Avenue had just been released. Madeleine Carroll was garnering rhapsodies from enthralled audiences everywhere. Her loveliness was creating a new measure of beauty. And her abilities were a cause of wonder—for here was a girl not only with distinguished beauty, but with distinguished talent. A rare combination, indeed!

WE WERE speaking of her sensational success in a quickly dimming room before a comforting log fire.

"I've been offered the part opposite Ronald Colman in *The Prisoner of Zenda,*" she said. "I am wondering if I should take it. It might and might not be good for me!"

We discussed it for a few moments—considered the benefits and the possible drawbacks of such a role. And then, after a moment of silence, she made her decision. "I'll take it. Everything is worth while."

For mistakes never count with this girl. She profits by them. But she's willing to make them—for invariably they have given her a finer perspective—resulted in a blooming and a development of her personality.

Equally venturesome was her just-completed Columbia production—*It's All Yours,* in which she co-stars with Francis Lederer.

THIS was a comedy—something new. Stars have frequently fallen by the wayside, suffered not only in their morale but in their prestige, by departing from the tried and true roles which brought them importance. It's always a chance.

Carroll knew it was a chance and took it!

She was being true to her guiding rule! This girl asks only one thing of the future—that she will never be afraid—that her spirit will never fade—that she will always be willing to "live dangerously."

"Even when I'm an old, old woman, quite properly dozing in the sun!"

Mr. Fields Wins By a Nose

[*Continued from page* 35]

after I was out of the hospital I was on the radio. To my amazement, everything came fast. I had doubted whether anyone would want me. But I had no sooner got home than offers began coming in. Although I was under contract to Paramount another producer offered me more than once and a half what I'd been getting. But of course I couldn't take it, even if I'd wanted to. Then a radio impresario came to see me and asked how much I wanted. I hadn't the faintest idea what to say. So I looked out of the window—I didn't dare look him in the face—and said ten thousand dollars. He never batted an eye—money doesn't mean anything to those fellows. He said he would pay me ten thousand, but in that case I'd have to take over the whole show. That would mean a lot of responsibility. He also pointed out that I'd be worse off financially because of the income tax, so he advised me to take five thousand. 'Oh, very well,' I casually remarked, meanwhile nearly choking to death, 'we'll let it go at five.' To relieve me of any further mental strain, he said I could work with a dummy. That's how I happened to get squared off with that blockhead, Charlie McCarthy."

Mr. Fields snatched up a cigarette, but didn't light it—he bit it.

"Funny thing, yeah, comical," he burbled, "how all that dough came along at a time when I wasn't expecting any. In those three days I was offered more money for pictures and radio than I'd made in my whole life. I was afraid I was going nutty again."

In order that Mr. Fields might return to his study and finish writing his Sunday radio sermon, I rose to leave his hospitable roof.

"Our scientific-sociological-financial discussion has interested me intensely," he was moved to say, "and I trust we may continue it at an early date. I want you to come to dinner some night soon and join me in a rousing bumper—of mince pie."

SKIN APPEAL

KAY HUGHES, Republic featured player in "A Man Betrayed"

● The real basis of complexion beauty is a thoroughly clean skin. For best results, removal of all pore and surface dirt use

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Unusually Soft ★ Melts when it touches the skin; penetrates with little rubbing. Removes instantly all pore clogs as well as surface dust and make-up.

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Unusually Economical ★ Lasts longer than heavier, stiffer creams—costs much less.

Unusually Popular ★ Used by thousands of lovely women and beautiful girls everywhere. Only 50c at drug and department stores, or send the coupon today for a liberal test jar. You'll just love it!

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I enclose 10c for postage and packing. Send Test Jar of Mystery Cleansing Cream.
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December Screen Book offers the most news for the least money.

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Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

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Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

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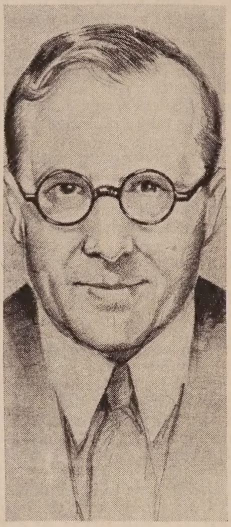
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

MUSICAL pictures that were but dreams a few months ago will come to the screen at the rate of two each month throughout the fall and winter. Back from her honeymoon Jeanette Macdonald is at work on *Girl of the Golden West*; Nelson Eddy is making *Rosalie*; Helen Jepson of the "Met" is in *The Goldwyn Follies*, as is radio's vivacious Virginia Verrill; *Hollywood Hotel* at Warners has a number of tune-twisters and at RKO Lily Pons is making her second song-film *It Never Happened Before*. At Paramount Gladys Swarthout has returned to do *Carmen* with Frank Forrest and Kirsten Flagstad will contribute an operatic novelty to *The Big Broadcast*. As this issue of SCREEN BOOK comes off the press Universal will release *100 Men and a Girl* starring that phenomenal 14-year-old songbird, Deanna Durbin, supported by a full symphony under the direction of the masterful Stokowski, and Columbia will present Grace Moore in *I'll Take Romance*. Almost all of these productions have operatic numbers and with the leaders of American and European opera now bidding for greater recognition as picture stars, it appears that the movies have acquired a "corner" on another entertainment institution once thought far too superior for mere "fillums." A few seasons back folks who gossip and worry for others were fearful that Hollywood would "fold up." Today it is obvious that the film city is the show-shoppe and the art-shoppe of the world with the opera, radio and the stage all seeking the advantages of the studios and their talent.

●

Goldwyn's picture, *Dead End*, which many thought would be more interesting to New York than any other community, is breaking records throughout the country—a sensational hit much after the pattern of *Tobacco Road*. Rather depressing, this city-life-in-the-raw story, said many critics, but the movie-going public has shown a different feeling. *Dead End* is well made and forcefully honest in depicting the lives and minds of the younger generation barely existing in back alleys. Obviously the movie audience is growing up and appreciating realism in its screenfare; not expecting every picture to be a happy ending romance. This film comes closer to "mature movie entertainment" than any we have seen since *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, and theatre audiences have accepted it with enthusiasm, which is encouraging to those who want to give the screen something besides saccharine and slap-stick.



The prize for the hard luck trouper of the year should go to Raymond Massey, that very competent British character man. Hearing that his actress-wife expected the arrival of the stork in late July Massey rushed from *The Prisoner of Zenda* into *The Hurricane* and kept in constant touch with London by phone. Advised by a physician that he would reach Mrs. Massey in time if his picture work finished by a certain date, he appealed to his director who completely rearranged a filming schedule to accommodate him. With everything working out perfectly Massey finished his picture a day early and planned to fly East to catch a faster boat to London. En route from the studio to the airplane ticket office Massey fell, wrenching his ankle and went to the hospital in Hollywood just as his wife went to a hospital in London. A full month later Massey was taken from the hospital to a plane to make a quick trip to see his new baby daughter, but even en route East his plane had bad luck and he missed one boat and had to take another.

●

Someone should give a medal to Douglas Dumbrille for one of the finest voices ever heard on screen, stage or radio. His possesses power, masculinity and extraordinary clarity.

●

Boake Carter's comprehensive analysis of our rapidly changing world is making his radio chats a deserved favorite among men who want to keep in tune with the times.

●

More people attend the movies in September and October than in other months, but the average daily attendance throughout the year totals more than 11,000,000 patrons. This assures any screen player a greater audience for a single picture than the greatest stage and operatic stars usually have in an entire lifetime. It also should make movie players appreciate their obligations to their public.

●

One thing you can say about W. C. Fields' radio jokes is that they give your memory a good test.

W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher.

"I wouldn't be in Bob's arms tonight if---"
YOUR 14% BETTER CHANCE FOR SUCCESS

"We're so *happy*—and we've been married almost a year! I often sit by our big window after breakfast, and think back how it all started...how we worked out our problem of getting married without much income. Bob was making only $21 a week, then, and I had just finished high school and was working as a stenographer in an office. We were terribly in love, but everything seemed so hopeless as we looked into the future—*our* future!

"Bob often had to work until 8 or 8:30 at night, and I'd sit around waiting for him—wishing there was something I could do in that extra time to help out the finances. And then one night the idea struck me! Why not *work* during those lonely hours? I didn't say a word to Bob about it at first. I bought a Royal Portable Typewriter—paid just a few pennies a day—and went into 'business.' I typed restaurant menus, bills for a drug store, typed two medical papers for our family doctor—you'd be surprised how things mounted up. I'll never forget the night I showed Bob the savings book with my 'extra' earnings in it! We were on our way!

"Bob got interested, too. Soon he was typing as much as I was...only his was in connection with his regular job. He typed all his reports, and sent in typed suggestions to the boss about ideas he had for the business. It was this extra work that showed the company what *I* knew Bob had—and he got a raise—and another in three months.

After marriage, too

"We've called that Royal Portable our 'Golden Chariot' ever since—and I honestly believe I wouldn't be in Bob's arms tonight if we hadn't had it two years ago. I still make all our 'dancing' and entertainment money on the Royal—and have swell fun doing it! I should think every married woman, too, could profit by my experience. It's so easy to make 'pin-money'—and there's nothing like a Royal Portable to help her husband get ahead—I know!"

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ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY buys a ROYAL PORTABLE

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FREE CARRYING CASE. Mail the coupon for complete information on how to buy a brand-new Royal Portable for only a few pennies a day. Also how to get a beautiful CARRYING CASE FREE and the famous Tangora Touch Typing Course FREE. Send the coupon.

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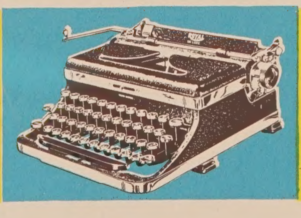

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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20

Her Singing Coach Advised A Light Smoke

CAROLE LOMBARD* PREFERS LUCKIES BECAUSE THEY'RE EASIER ON HER THROAT

"WHEN I had to sing in a recent picture," says Carole Lombard, "I considered giving up smoking. But my voice teacher said I needn't if I'd select a light smoke—Luckies.

"I soon found that even when singing and acting 12 hours a day, I can smoke as many Luckies as I like . . . without the slightest throat irritation."

The reason Luckies are easy on Miss Lombard's throat is because the process "It's Toasted" takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

In the honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco...with men who know tobacco best . . . it's Luckies—2 to 1.

***Star of the new Paramount production "True Confession"**

A Light Smoke

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"

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WITH TOBACCO EXPERTS...
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST
It's Luckies 2 to 1

FULL PAGE PHOTOS IN NATURAL COLOR

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
NSC

COMBINED WITH
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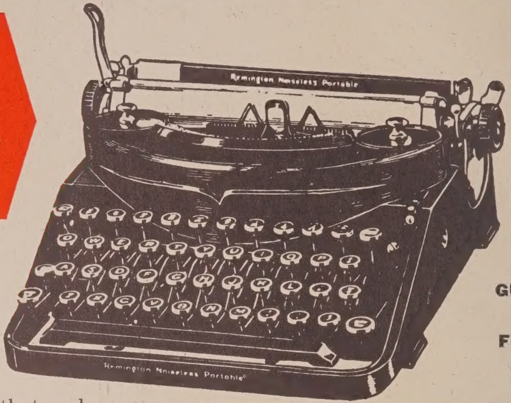

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REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

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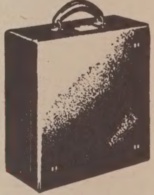
FREE → CARRYING CASE



Also under this new Purchase Plan we will send you FREE with every Remington Noiseless Portable a special carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. This handsome case is covered with heavy Du Pont fabric. The top is removed by one motion, leaving the machine firmly attached to the base. This makes it easy to use your Remington anywhere—on knees, in chairs, on trains. Don't delay . . . send in the coupon for complete details!

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES OPEN. Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps you put your ideas on paper in logical, impressive form...helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

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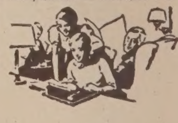
A GIFT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas or graduation . . . one Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come . . . give a Remington Noiseless Portable. We will send a Remington Noiseless Portable to anyone you name, and you can still pay for it at only 10¢ a day. Few gifts are so universally pleasing as a New Remington Noiseless Portable. Write today.



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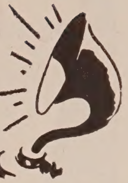
FILMLAND WHISPERS



THE most interesting event of the month was the birth of an heiress to the Gary Coopers on September 15th. Over eight hundred telegrams were received on the first day and the little lady's nursery was so filled with gifts it was necessary to move the bassinet into the living room.

The gift perhaps most highly prized by Mrs. Cooper is a beautiful hand made afghan from none other than Mrs. Cracker Henderson, wife of Gary's man Friday. It took seven months to make and was completed only two days before the birth.

This event finally completes the happiness of the celebrated pair.

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Gene Raymond do not wait for the arrival of anniversaries to celebrate the date of their recent union—not even do they wait for the monthly anniversary—they celebrate each week. The only difficulty is that Gene is running out of ideas.

Last week he gave Jeanette an exact replica of the original wedding cake complete even to the little bride and groom and the week preceding that he presented her with a gold key to their new home.

SPENCER TRACY has sold his boat, the *Kelly D*, not because he no longer wished a boat, but because he was offered a price for it that would net a small profit and since never in his life has he been able to realize profit in a business transaction he could not pass up the temptation.

The profit realized was the tremendous sum of $12.97.

ON HER return from location in Utah, Virginia Bruce discovered she had depleted her supply of snake bite lotion. She told Wallace Beery about it and he replied, "What do you mean, snake bite lotion? We weren't within miles of a snake up there."

"I used the lotion for mosquito bites," she replied.

ROBERT TAYLOR was given a bath last week by none other than Rose Stradner, even though he's in England and she's in Hollywood!

It was discovered by frantic reporters on reading this item that Robert Taylor is a seven month's old baby who is playing a part in her current picture. He's the son of a studio carpenter.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON held up production on his current picture, *The Last Gangster*, at M-G-M for three hours last week when he insisted upon having the time off to personally accompany his young son Manny to his first kindergarten class at a Beverly Hills school.

THE weather has been so warm in the vicinity of Hollywood the past few weeks that Sophie Tucker spent a very uncomfortable day at the Santa Anita race track where a scene for her current picture was being filmed.

She was required to sit out in the boiling sun and perched on her head was an old-fashioned hat with a bird glued on the front. Every few moments the intense heat would melt the glue and the bird would tumble down in her lap.

OVER forty telegrams were received one day recently by Carole Lombard on the set of *True Confession* to say nothing of 'phone calls which came into the studio for her, as a result of an item in the paper to the effect that she planned

[*Continued on page* 6]

SCREEN BOOK SCOOP!

First exclusive photo of Robert Taylor and leading lady Maureen O'Sullivan as they appear in Metro-Goldwyn's English-made film, *A Yank At Oxford*

—Wide World

Something to stand up and cheer about!

M-G-M'S HAPPY FALL HITS

"FIREFLY"...Now at POPULAR PRICES...M-G-M's roadshow sensation—direct from its triumphant New York run at $2 admission. Gigantic spectacle, romance, drama, and melodies by Rudolf Friml. Starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Allan Jones, Warren William and a cast of thousands...

"THE LAST GANGSTER"...The season's melodramatic hit!...Starring Edward G. Robinson ("Little Caesar" himself)...A grand cast including beautiful Rose Stradner (the new star-discovery who provides thrilling, romantic moments), James Stewart, Louise Beavers and others...

"BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE"...Starring Wallace Beery in his greatest role since "Viva Villa"...Not since "The Covered Wagon" such a glorious epic of the West. With Virginia Bruce, Dennis O'Keefe (new star find), Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot.

"THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY"...What a cast!...Sophie Tucker, Mickey Rooney, Douglas Scott, and Judy Garland, the girl you loved in "Broadway Melody" ...Introducing Ronnie St. Clair, a grand youngster you'll take to your heart...A wildly exciting story of loyalty and love.

"NAVY BLUE AND GOLD"...A rousing romance at Uncle Sam's Naval Academy! Football—love—and drama —with a top-notch cast of your favorite stars including Robert Young, James Stewart, Florence Rice, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke in the leading roles—and a cast of thousands...

"MANNEQUIN"...Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model...with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"...It's Katharine Brush's famous story. Wait till you see those gorgeous gowns!

"ROSALIE"...starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy with Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others...Ziegfeld's greatest triumph becomes M-G-M's mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself...Beautiful girls...new song hits by Cole Porter... Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II...WOW!

SCREEN BOOK *for December*

Combined with SCREEN PLAY

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

DECEMBER, 1937
Volume XIX, No. 5

TED MAGEE
Editor

EDITED AT 6331 Hollywood Blvd. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

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AL ALLARD, Art Director **CHARLES RHODES, Photographer** **JOHN GRANDJEAN, Art Editor**

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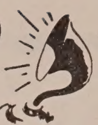


[*Continued from page 3*]

"Miss Typical America" (Eleanor Fisher) of the Fawcett Publications, won a role in Paramount's *True Confession* and a chance to chat with popular Fred MacMurray

to build on the acreage she owns in the San Fernando Valley. The calls and messages were from contractors and architects outlining deals they could make in line with building the property she planned.

As a matter of fact, Carole will not build but plans to sell the land she owns just as soon as she can make a suitable deal.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S sister-in-law, Kasha LeSeur, has had her first song published and it was recently presented over the air by Wayne King's orchestra.

WE FIND Myrna Loy encourages her huge freckles because they serve as a perfect disguise at public gatherings, previews and such, where concealing one's identity adds to enjoyment of the affair.

ONE of the saddest stories to come out of Hollywood in a long time is that of the separation of Martha Raye and Buddy Westmore. On the surface the marriage and its subsequent failure seems a hopeless jumble of mistakes, but it's true that without interference of supposedly interested parties these two would have made a go of it. During her entire personal appearance tour throughout the East when Buddy visited with her she was not allowed to see him alone once.

They're still in love but the divorce will reach the courts in a few days.

THAT yen of Frances Farmer's to do a Broadway play will be fulfilled when she takes the lead in *The Manly Art*, by Clifford Odets (Luise Rainer's playwright husband).... Everybody expected fireworks when Sonja Henie returned to Hollywood from Europe, on acc't boy friend Tyrone Power has been stepping out with Janet Gaynor, but nothing's happened—yet. . . . Hollywood stars with anti-Fascist leanings were on a spot during visit of Il Duce's son Vittorio.

—*Photo by Paul Ivano*

Picture making is fun, decided aviation ace Dick Merrill and his co-pilot, Jack Lambie, during the filming of Monogram's *Atlantic Flight*. Left to right, Weldon Heyburn and Paula Stone, of the cast, Merrill and Lambie

MARY CARLISLE and Johnny Downs were noted lunching in a drive-in on Sunset Boulevard the other day while Eleanore Whitney and Abe Lyman were noted in an adjoining car.

JOHN BARRYMORE, working now with Carole Lombard in Paramount's *True Confession*, is making rapid strides forward to regain the fortune dissipated the last few years.

He is working seriously and it's quite evident Mrs. Barrymore has been a great inspiration to him. He says they were reunited after a period in which they discovered they couldn't live without each other.

LYNNE OVERMAN, trying to fool autograph seekers at the Paramount gate by wearing his right arm in a sling, but he couldn't fool the professional gate-parkers. They know he's left-handed!

PAMARA GEVA, the musical comedy sensation, is a bit international. She was born in Petrograd, Russia, on St. Patrick's Day of a Swedish mother and a Tartar father.

NICEST gesture of the month was made by Anita Louise.

It came to her attention that a recently hired switchboard operator at the apartment house of a friend was unable to execute her duties properly because she was underfed. The girl had been out of work for months, her wardrobe had become shabby and she had a rather whipped attitude. The management was about to discharge the girl but Anita persuaded them to keep her on, gave them a check to buy her clothing and a personality course.

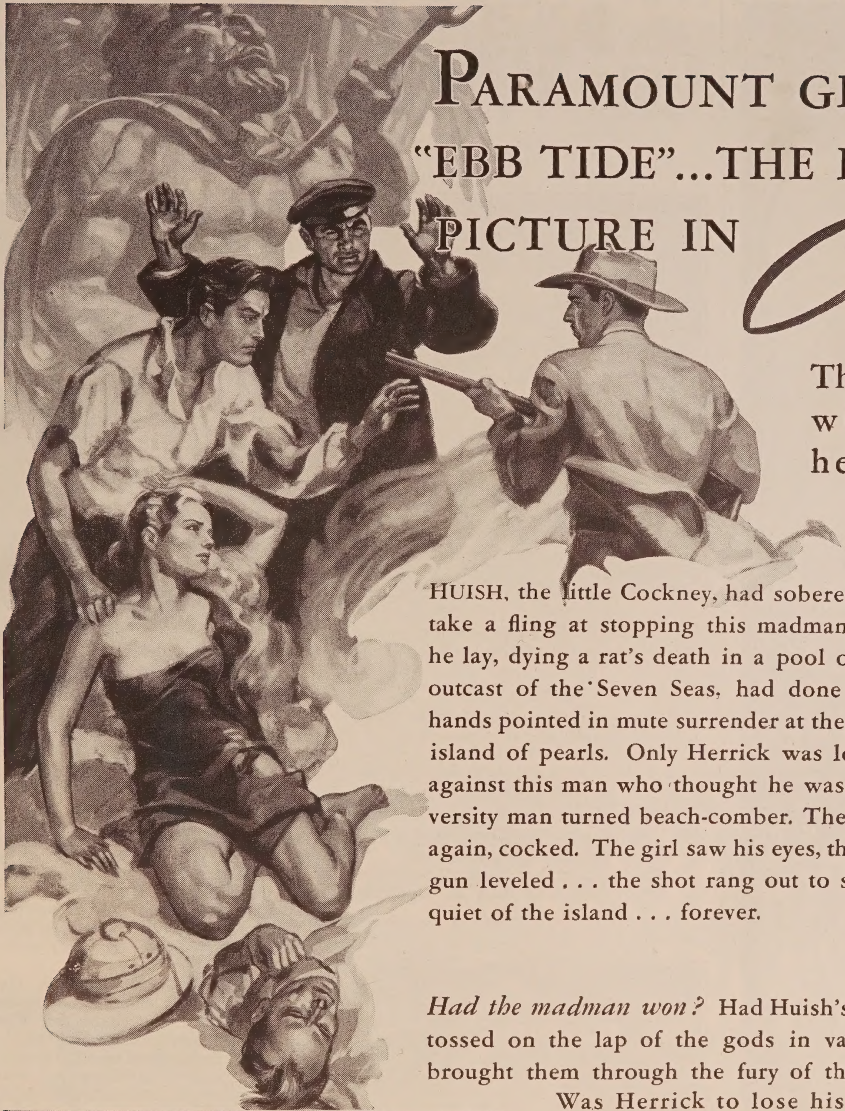
The girl does not know who her benefactress is, the management having told her the check was the result of a collection from the guests in the house.

INLANDERS, take notice!

Carl Randall, dance director, says Hollywood's ideal dancing girl comes from the Middle West, is 21 years of age, 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has ash-blond hair and hazel eyes.

[*Continued on page* 8]

PARAMOUNT GIVES YOU "EBB TIDE"...THE FIRST SEA PICTURE IN *Color*



The story of a man who thought he was God!...

HUISH, the little Cockney, had sobered up long enough to take a fling at stopping this madman with the rifle. Now he lay, dying a rat's death in a pool of vitriol. Thorbecke, outcast of the Seven Seas, had done the same. Now his hands pointed in mute surrender at the cobalt heaven of this island of pearls. Only Herrick was left to defend the girl against this man who thought he was God. Herrick! University man turned beach-comber. The madman's gun lifted again, cocked. The girl saw his eyes, the eyes of a devil. The gun leveled . . . the shot rang out to shatter the somnolent quiet of the island . . . forever.

Had the madman won? Had Huish's pitiful little life been tossed on the lap of the gods in vain? Had Thorbecke brought them through the fury of the hurricane for this? Was Herrick to lose his one last chance to prove himself a man? Was this beautiful white girl to descend into the pit of a madman's private hell forever?

Adolph Zukor presents
OSCAR HOMOLKA
(By arrangement with Gaumont British
Picture Corporation Limited)
FRANCES FARMER
RAY MILLAND
"EBB TIDE"
A Lucien Hubbard Production with
Lloyd Nolan • Barry Fitzgerald
Based on the story by
Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne
Directed by JAMES HOGAN
Photographed in Technicolor
A Paramount Picture

The South Seas... Robert Louis Stevenson's South Seas, with all their haunting beauty... with all their primitive, soul-searing adventure . . . with all the vicious fury of their mighty ship-destroying typhoons . . . now at last brought to the screen as Stevenson himself saw them in this greatest of all adventure-pictures, produced in natural color... Another thundering triumph for the company which gave you the first natural color adventure-picture, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"... PARAMOUNT!

TWO HITS of the Season

BINNIE BARNES
NEW UNIVERSAL FEATURE PLAYER
and the
PALM SPRINGS Chest

There's a very special reason why you should choose your silverware service now... With the $4.75 Quantity Saving, your dealer is offering the PALM SPRINGS CHEST—a 60-piece Service for 8, at only $29.75. And you receive a $2.50 Pierced Pastry Server, *plus* a tarnish-proof Wood Chest worth $5.00, *Free.* Visit your dealer—see the PALM SPRINGS CHEST at once.

1881
ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.
THE SERVICE OF THE STARS

Copyright 1937 Oneida Ltd.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 6*]

Youthful Phyllis Frazer is one of SCREEN BOOK's most popular writers, and she happily shows one of her stories to luncheon companions Anne Shirley and Isabel Jewel (left)

THE current interest of Billy and Bobby Mauch is a tree house built at the lodge of a friend near Lake Arrowhead. Mrs. Mauch has had difficulty in keeping them from sleeping in their elevated quarters overnight.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT claims the record for something or other.

In looking over her fan mail recently she discovered she's had 64 children named after her during her years in pictures. The latest is a Bronx parent who has named her daughter Claudette Colbert Lapidus. The funniest namesake is one in China, Claudette Wun Sing.

The baseball fever hit Carole Lombard during the filming of *Nothing Sacred*—and here she is pitching a wicked curve

THE recent news stories about the "broken-engagement" of Edgar Bergen and Judy Canova were a bit more embarrassing to the parties concerned than realized.

It just happens that Judy is married and she and Edgar have been very good friends—and that is all—for many years.

JOAN CRAWFORD recently discovered a candid camera fan photographing her swimming pool and after observing his departure from the grounds, discovered he had entered through a small hole in the back fence which was put there by Joan herself to accommodate stray dogs who would crawl through to find food and shelter.

She has had the fence boarded up.

BECAUSE he believes in the theory that kidnapers strike after the first excitement has waned following threats, Wallace Beery is keeping a stronger guard than ever about his Bel Air home to protect little Carol Ann.

CARY GRANT is being seen about with Phyllis Brooks despite the fact that he gave Ginger Rogers a beautiful watch for a birthday gift. He has also escorted Ginger to numerous Hollywood affairs during the past few months.

STU ERWIN conducted a dog census at his home recently only to discover he has eighteen four-legged friends of both pedigreed and mongrel breeds. He's had as many as forty-five dogs at one

[*Continued on page* 10]

THE MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT OF ALL TIME!

The favorite play of America is

THE SCREEN HIT OF THE YEAR!

A year of preparation—3 months before the cameras—production costs breaking all studio records—and now the-love-and-laughter show that enthralled New York and London stage audiences for two seasons is ready to flash its glories on the nation's screens.

*"Tonight's our night
—there may never
be a tomorrow."*

WARNER BROS. present:

Claudette COLBERT

Charles BOYER

in the most lovable, laughable comedy of a decade!

"TOVARICH"

supported by a huge cast of famous stars including

BASIL RATHBONE

☆ ANITA LOUISE ☆

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • Directed by Anatole Litvak • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

Rochelle Hudson
20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR
Featured in "LOOK OUT MR MOTO"
has a ROYAL VACUUM CLEANER in her Hollywood Home
Hollywood goes ROYAL
THE P. A. GEIER CO., CLEVELAND, O.
CONTINENTAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, LTD.
Toronto, Ont., Canada

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 8]

That deservedly-popular comedy team, Helen Broderick and Victor Moore, were among the happy fun-makers at a recent film city party at the famous Biltmore Bowl

time, once having made the resolution never to part with a dog.

PAULA STONE is receiving frantic requests from fans to please have an elaborate wedding so they can read about it!

She's always had her heart set on a simple ceremony without any fuss. She hasn't committed herself yet as to her plans.

THE day W. C. Fields started work on his new picture was one of the hottest of the year. Fields finished a scene and turned to his chauffeur.

"Harold," he said, "it is exceedingly warm, I have labored and I require that liquid refreshment."

The chauffeur went to the car and returned with a beautiful silver contraption which was manifestly a thermos but had a pump on it. Director Mitchell Leisen spotted it and moved over expectantly.

"Mitch," announced Fields, "I now will bless you with one of the greatest drinks in the history of mankind. Allow me."

As Fields bent over to work the pump, Leisen licked his lips in anticipation. Fields pressed the pump. A stream of clear sparkling ice water came forth.

PEOPLE would be surprised if they knew the inscription on Margot Grahame's anklet! Risque to say the least.

She also has five wedding rings, one given her by her husband and the other four purchased by her. She says they're not maternity rings, but eternity rings.

WONDER how many fans are getting bored to death with this eternal discussion of who's to play *Scarlett* in *Gone With the Wind*? Every time someone comes out with a flat statement that So-and-so is definitely going to do the role, David Selznick just as definitely denies it the next day. Latest of the off-again on-again contenders is Paulette Goddard, who might be a very happy choice indeed. But the newest actress to be tested for the role (in New York) is lovely Linda Watkins, who had a Fox contract several years ago and has since become one of Broadway's leading young actresses.

M-G-M is wisely not over-publicizing their new continental find, Ilona Massey, preferring to let the lass make her *Rosalie* screen debut on her own. They figure, and logically, that she'll attract more attention if the public discovers her for itself! . . . And giving the lie to those whispers that the Sonja

[*Continued on page* 85]

Joan Crawford, with hubby Franchot Tone, happily attends the preview of her new film, *The Bride Wore Red*

A KING'S RANSOM TO MAKE AMERICA LAUGH!

Not since the days of Chaplin and Harold Lloyd has so much money, talent and creative effort been devoted to pure comedy — zestfully spiced with music, youthful allure and romance.

BILLY HOUSE

MISCHA AUER

JIMMY SAVO

BERT LAHR

THE 4 HORSEMEN OF HILARITY

THE NEW UNIVERSAL presents

MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938

A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC

with BERT LAHR · JIMMY SAVO · BILLY HOUSE ALICE BRADY · MISCHA AUER · JOY HODGES LOUISE FAZENDA · JOHN KING · BARBARA READ · DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra

Screenplay by Monte Brice and A. Dorian Otvos
Directed by Irving Cummings
Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers

Produced by **B. G. DeSYLVA**
CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production

HIT SONGS! "I'm In My Glory", "More Power To You", "You're My Dish", by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON who gave you "Where Are You?"

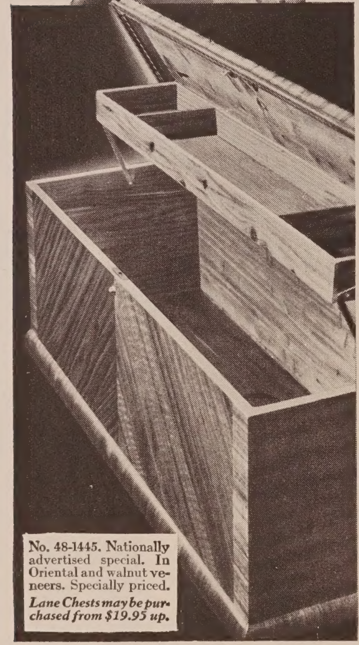
JOY HODGES and JOHN KING

ALICE BRADY

BARBARA READ

LOUISE FAZENDA

DAVE APOLLON



"I'm in love WITH MY LANE HOPE CHEST" says Rochelle Hudson
20th Century-Fox Star

No. 48-1445. Nationally advertised special. In Oriental and walnut veneers. Specially priced.
Lane Chests may be purchased from $19.95 up.

Give This TRUE Love Gift

WHEN you select this romantic gift in which your future home will start, be sure it is a genuine LANE—the glorified modern Hope Chest, with exclusive features that give absolute moth protection—backed by a free moth insurance policy. Your Lane dealer is now showing a glorious array of the latest Lane models at surprisingly modest prices. See these ideal gifts for sweetheart, daughter, sister, or mother before you make up your gift list. The LANE COMPANY, Inc., Dept. G, Altavista, Virginia. Canadian Distributor: Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

LANE
CEDAR CHESTS
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

INFORMATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

***Editor's Note*: We have received so many requests for information regarding Phyllis Fraser, one of our youngest mag story contributors, that we are publishing herewith a brief biography of her life.**

Miss Fraser was born on Friday, the 13th, 1916, in Kansas City, Mo. She attended the Oklahoma University but decided in the middle of her first term that she should come to Hollywood and go into the movies. During the first few months of her stay here, she resided with her famous cousin, Ginger Rogers. Later she moved in with Anne Shirley and lived with her until Anne and John Howard Payne's recent marriage. At present she is having fun "batching" while she makes a business of telling you readers about the activities of her filmland friends. She has appeared in several pictures, in one of which, *Talent Scout*, she did a nice bit of crooning.

Phyllis Fraser, charming cousin of Ginger Rogers and playmate of Hollywood's "fun" crowd of young-stars, is busy carving out a career for herself

Who is the man who played the harmonica in the Warner Brothers' picture, *Singing Marine*, and where can I write to him?—H. K.

This clever musician is Larry Adler who has his own harmonica band, and often does a "bit" part in pictures. He can be reached at the Warners' Studio, Burbank, Calif.

I should like to know a few facts about my favorite actress, Rosalind Russell.—K. K.

Miss Russell was born in Waterbury, Conn. Her father was a lawyer and her mother was editor of *Vogue*. She played in stock for some time before coming to Hollywood for a very successful start in pictures. She has just become an honest-to-goodness star at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, with her first assignment being a co-starring role with Myrna Loy and Franchot Tone in *The Four Marys*. Mail addressed to M-G-M Studio, Culver City, will reach her.

Please tell me the title of the German song Virginia Bruce sang in *When Love is Young*.—NICK.

The title of the song you mention is *Muss I Denn* which was taken from an old collection of German folk songs. The composer's name is unknown and the music is unavailable to the public. Sorry.

Please print the age, height and weight of Jon Hall. Also please give me his address, either studio or home.—D. F.

Jon Hall was born February 27, 1914. He is 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighs about 190 lbs. He has brown hair, hazel eyes, and a marvelous physique, which is partially due to his unusual prowess as a swimmer. In 1926 he won the swimming championship of the Tahiti Islands over the best of native competition, which is really a record to be proud of. At present he is appearing in the Goldwyn production, *Hurricane*, opposite the alluring Dorothy Lamour. We cannot give out home addresses but mail addressed to Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa, Hollywood, Calif., will reach him.

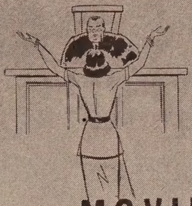
What is the name of the man who did the hilarious imitation of the woman taking a bath in the RKO picture, *New Faces*?—J. N. H.

His name is Eddie Rio. If you are interested and would like to receive more information about him, you can write to RKO Studios at 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif., and they will be happy to give you whatever facts you wish.

How old is Anita Louise? Is that her real name, and has she ever been married or divorced?—P. O. C.

Anita was born in New York City, as Anita Louise Fremault, on Jan. 9, 1917 (which makes her [*Continued on page* 84]

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.



FROM THE PAGES OF *Faith Baldwin's* GREATEST STORY COMES THIS TENSE, MOVING DRAMA OF A WOMAN WHO FACED THE WORLD, ALONE, FOR *Love* ....

The picture with the perfect cast!

REPUBLIC PICTURES presents

FAITH BALDWIN'S

"PORTIA ON TRIAL"

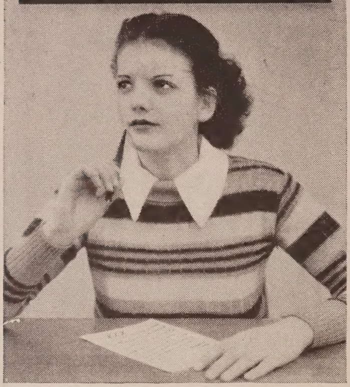
with

WALTER ABEL
FRIEDA INESCORT
NEIL HAMILTON
HEATHER ANGEL
RUTH DONNELLY
BARBARA PEPPER

A *Republic* PICTURE

Directed by GEORGE NICHOLLS, JR.
Original story by Faith Baldwin
Associate producer ALBERT E. LEVOY

Why
DO XXX'S
SIGNIFY KISSES?



• When people could not write, they used to "make a cross"—and often kissed it as a sign of good faith. Hence the cross (on paper) came to represent a kiss.*

Today, Campana's label on a bottle of Italian Balm is a "mark of good faith" with you. Close inspection has safeguarded your confidence in Italian Balm from the moment the "raw materials" enter the Campana laboratories until the bottled product has been shipped to a store in your community.

Many physicians, dentists, nurses and other professional people will tell you that with Campana's equipment for making a skin protector —plus scientific analysis and control of manufacture—there's no doubt that Italian Balm is a superior skin preparation. Why not try it—FREE? Get a Vanity Bottle—use Italian Balm for several days. Compare results.

Campana's
Italian
Balm

(*Authority: "Nuggets of Knowledge" —Geo. W. Stimpson, Pub., Blue Ribbon Books.)

Campana's
Italian Balm
An Exclusive Formula—A Secret Process

FREE
CAMPANA SALES CO.
192 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name________________________

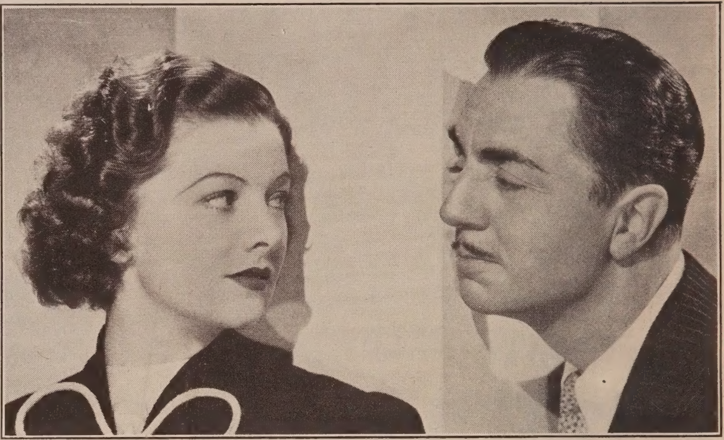
Address________________________

City____________ State____________

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F-192 Caledonia Rd., Toronto

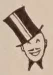
OUR CRITIC GOES TO THE MOVIES

READ THE RATINGS IN THE TOPPER'S FACE!



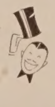
Hollywood movies have been particularly goofy this month, and William Powell, with Myrna Loy, are a hilarious team in M-G-M's *Double Wedding*

BREAKFAST FOR TWO
RKO-Radio



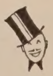
If Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall are your dish, you'll like the gay and fanciful *Breakfast for Two.* More critical fans may resent the spectacle of two admittedly fine dramatic stars engaging in a rough-and-tumble, knock-down-and-drag-out fight. But it's all in fun, and the co-stars seemed to be enjoying themselves. Barbara is a wealthy western heiress who meets a rumpot playboy and decides to reform him. It's a losing battle at first, especially since Marshall is in the toils of a blonde gold digger (Glenda Farrell). But we don't have to tell you—Barbara does succeed, with the befuddled air of Marshall's valet (droll Eric Blore). Real star of the picture (we hope no one minds) is a mammoth Great Dane named Pee-Wee, of all things. There's a dog with personality!

STAGE DOOR
RKO-Radio



Here, fans, is a picture that you'll rave about—not only for the brilliant work of the co-stars, Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn and an amazing newcomer named Andrea Leeds, but for the brisk, fast-moving direction of Gregory La Cava. *Stage Door* is bound to be one of the biggest grossers in the history of RKO-Radio; it reestablishes Miss Hepburn as a sincere and moving performer and proves that Miss Rogers can stand on her own twinkling toes without the aid of Fred Astaire. Miss Leeds, as you've probably heard, will doubtless become an important film personality after audiences see her dramatic suicide scene, one of the most spine-chilling moments in movie annals. All the others in the cast, Adolphe Menjou, Gail Patrick, Constance Collier and a bevy of beautiful and talented girls headed by Lucille Ball (a pert wise-cracking comedienne) and Ann Miller, are grand. Don't miss *Stage Door* for a real treat.

MERRY-GO-ROUND OF 1938
Universal



A surefire hit is this new Universal musical, which not only presents many familiar and popular screen comics, but several new ones from the legitimate stage. In the first group are Mischa Auer, Alice Brady and Louise Fazenda, and the new faces are Bert Lahr, Jimmy Savo and Billy House, all of whom you'll be seeing again and again. There's nothing very novel about the story, which tells of a kind-hearted vaudeville foursome who promise a dying actress to take care of her infant daughter, but the individual comedy styles of the comedians in the cast more than makes up for it. John King and Joy Hodges, newcomers both, are likeable newcomers, and you'll like Miss Hodges' singing. Another individual hit is scored by Dave Apollon and his band, familiar to vaudeville audiences, but new to the screen. And there are several big potential song hits. We think you'll have an agreeable evening when you see *Merry-Go-Round of 1938*.

DANGER—LOVE AT WORK
20th Century-Fox

This giddy comedy might better be titled *Danger—Laughter at Work*—for laughter reaches a new high due to the efforts of Ann Sothern, Jack Haley, Edward Everett Horton, Mary Boland and a superb supporting cast. It's a tale of a *My Man Godfrey* family gone several steps further along the road to complete insanity. The story doesn't matter, but it has to do with Jack Haley's efforts to get the screwball family to sign papers which will give them a hundred thousand dollars—and what a time he has doing it! This is one of those pictures that might have gone completely sour if it hadn't come out completely right. But luckily for audiences who love fun, it turned out to be a grand job. You'll be more impressed than ever with Ann Sothern's tongue-in-cheek comedy and Jack Haley's engaging charm.

A grand new co-starring combination is that of Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall in RKO-Radio's *Breakfast For Two*

THE PERFECT SPECIMEN
Warner Bros.

Another bit of tomfoolery in a month distinguished for high-grade comedy is *The Perfect Specimen*, with Errol Flynn doffing his frills and furbelows to play a straight modern comedy role—and playing it well, too. It has a grand plot and the laughs begin early and continue late. Errol plays the role of heir to an immense fortune,

POPULAR MODEL GIVES TIP ON SAVING STOCKINGS!

I cut my stocking bills IN HALF by using Ivory Flakes one minute each night!

Here's the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs — lovely Evelyn Kelly. "I furnish my own stockings," she says, "and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with *pure suds* wear twice as long."

ACTION! DEMANDS PHOTOGRAPHER. Look at the strain on Evelyn's sheer stockings! They can take it, because they're kept fresh and strong by Ivory care!

ONE MINUTE PLEASE! Evelyn Kelly, popular photographers' model, takes one minute at bedtime to dash her stockings through Ivory Flakes suds. "Now they wear *twice as long.*"

Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

"Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings," say fine stores. "That's why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap—the soap that protects even a baby's young skin."

Don't pile up stockings you've worn—*don't* use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes—*don't* let your stockings get *stale*. All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear—Ivory Flakes are pure economy!

IVORY FLAKES
99 44/100% pure
TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE Happiest Beginning
FOR THAT
HAPPY ENDING!
YOUR CHOICE OF AN
American Beauty
PERFECT DIAMOND RING
Marquise Duette $55
Minerva Duette $75
Princess Duette $100
Mayfair Duette $150

Be assured of happiness everafter by choosing an American Beauty *guaranteed perfect* diamond ring in the beginning — for beauty as well as perfection, and as a source of everlasting pride and satisfaction. In smart new 14k, 18k and platinum settings. Priced from $25 to $1000 *. . . AT THE BETTER JEWELERS EVERYWHERE . . .*

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who is dominated by his dowager grandmother, May Robson, who demands that he be superior to all his fellows in intelligence, physical development and general knowledge. But blonde Joan Blondell crashes into his life, out of curiosity, and from then on things begin to happen. She gets him to run away from grandma, who decides that he has been kidnaped. Joan teaches Errol to live and he returns to tell his aged relative where to head in. You'll like the entire cast, which includes Hugh Herbert in his customary daffy role; Miss Robson, Edward Everett Horton, Beverly Roberts, Allen Jenkins and Dennie Moore.

FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY

RKO-Radio

Excellent fooling by a high powered cast headed by John Boles, Jack Oakie, Ida Lupino and Margot Grahame makes this one of the more delightful current movies. It sparkles with brand new gags delivered expertly by the cast. The story is a satire on the custom of duelling on the field of honor but takes a hefty crack at American wrestling. You will like Eric Rhodes' broad performance as Ida Lupino's titled admirer, the best swordsman in Europe, who challenges John Boles to a duel. The supporting cast is headed by the sputtering Billy Gilbert, Paul Guilfoyle and Maud Eburne.

THE WESTLAND CASE

Universal

A brand new series of crime pictures that are bound to win popular favor are begun with the Westland case, which murder story addicts will remember as *Headed for a Hearse,* by Jonathan Latimer. Preston Foster heads the cast as the hard drinking, smart cracking detective who proves himself a nemesis to murderers, while Frank Jenks adds to the comedy. As leading lady Carol Hughes is a promising newcomer, and Astrid Allwyn is a lovely eyeful. Audiences will be delighted with the performance of Barbara Pepper who gives a sort of juvenile Mae West characterization that clicks in grand style. Recommended to all fans who like mystery melodramas.

LIFE BEGINS WITH LOVE

Columbia

The more gullible fans may like this whimsy-poor tale of a schoolteacher who reforms a rich man's playboy son, but more sophisticated moviegoers will find it definitely on the dull side. It isn't the fault of the cast, however; Jean Parker makes the young girl schoolteacher an entirely believable person—and she's mighty beautiful as well. Douglass Montgomery plays opposite, and his performance makes us wonder why he has never really hit his stride in the movies. He's an excellent performer. Excellent, too, is Edith Fellowes in her mischief-making role.

CHARLIE IS A WOODCHUCKLE NOW

Radio's bright and shining star gets new cognomen from SCREEN BOOK reader . . .

CHARLIE McCARTHY'S plaintive cry for help in a recent issue of SCREEN BOOK did not go unheeded and as the result of a contest to find a more fitting cognomen for Edgar Bergen's little top-hatted friend may finally be recognized as something more than a mere "dummy."

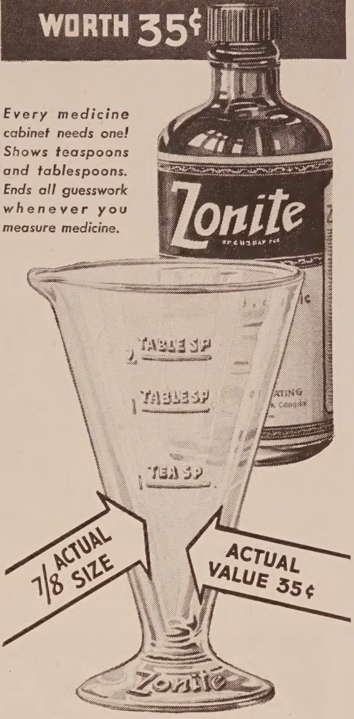
For weeks W. C. Fields has been engaged in a wordy battle with Charlie on the Sunday Chase & Sanborn radio show. Once W. C. called Charlie a "termite's flophouse" and on another occasion "a woodpecker's paradise." Now a young gent of some world distinction through his radio and movie work and soon to be featured in two million dollar movies, Charlie has figured the need for some distinction beyond being just a "dummy" was necessary.

Offering a new Crosley Super 8 radio receiving set for the best suggestion, Edgar Bergen, through SCREEN BOOK, has tried to help his tiny pal.

For weeks the suggestions have been coming into the SCREEN BOOK editorial offices, and after carefully considering each entrant the suggestion of Harry M. Bridwell, The Georgian Apartments, 537 Deming Place, Chicago, has been adjudged the prize winner. Mr. Bridwell calls Charlie McCarthy a "woodchuckle" and since the name fits little Charlie to a "t" it is likely that it will remain with him for many months to come. So, as this issue rolls off the press Mr. Bridwell is in possession of a handsome new Crosley radio and the thanks of both Mr. Bergen and little Charlie.

Free
MEASURING GLASS
WORTH 35¢

Every medicine cabinet needs one! Shows teaspoons and tablespoons. Ends all guesswork whenever you measure medicine.



Offer limited. Get yours while they last—at your druggist!

FREE WITH 6 OUNCE BOTTLE OF ZONITE

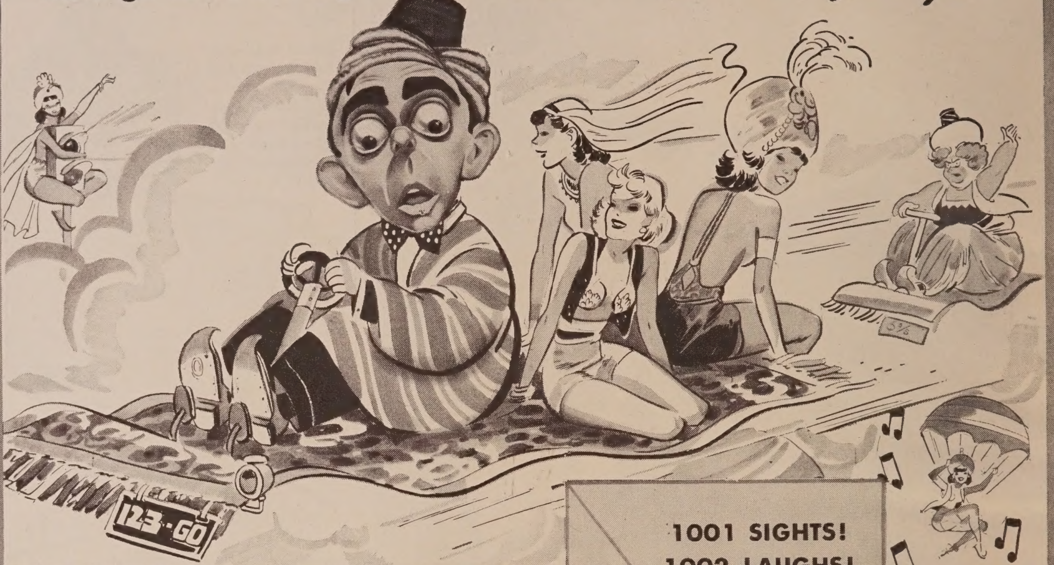
Use Zonite For—

1. **BAD BREATH**—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills tobacco breath, even onion breath!
2. **DANDRUFF**—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—*at contact!* Ends nasty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.
3. **CUTS AND WOUNDS**—Zonite kills many kinds of dangerous germs, not just one or two. Then tissues heal in *less time!* Apply Zonite wet dressing *at once.*
4. **SORE THROAT**—Zonite kills "cold bugs" at start! At first sign of irritation, gargle every 2 hrs. with Zonite dilution.
5. **"ATHLETE'S FOOT"**—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

Zonite

Hold on to your Turbans, folks!

Fun-making Eddie Cantor and hit-making 20th Century-Fox now go to town together! *And it's a Cantornado of laughs!*



Eddie CANTOR

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN

WITH ALL THESE MERRY-MAKING ENTERTAINERS

TONY MARTIN • ROLAND YOUNG
JUNE LANG • LOUISE HOVICK

JOHN CARRADINE DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
VIRGINIA FIELD RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
ALAN DINEHART PETERS SISTERS • JENI LE GON

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • Based on a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler

1001 SIGHTS!
1002 LAUGHS!

..as Eddie turns Bagdad into gag-dad and streamlines the Sultan's swingdom!

Hundreds of dancing harem darlings! (*Whoopsie doops!*)

About a million wild-riding Arab horsemen (*all after Eddie!*)

The Raymond Scott Quintet (*putting the heat in swing!*)

Countless kisses under the desert moon (*as Tony sings to June!*)

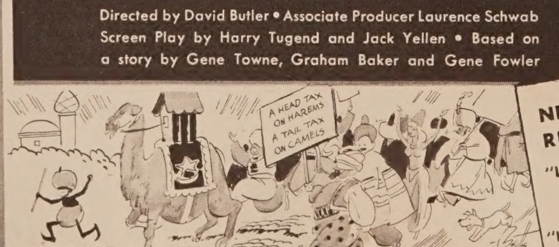
1938-model Magic Carpets (*with floating power!*)

A hundred or so other hi-de-highlights!

Gorgeous, spectacular, tuneful, surpriseful Cantortainment!

Yes! You've got something here!

WE WANT CANTOR
WE WANT CANTOR

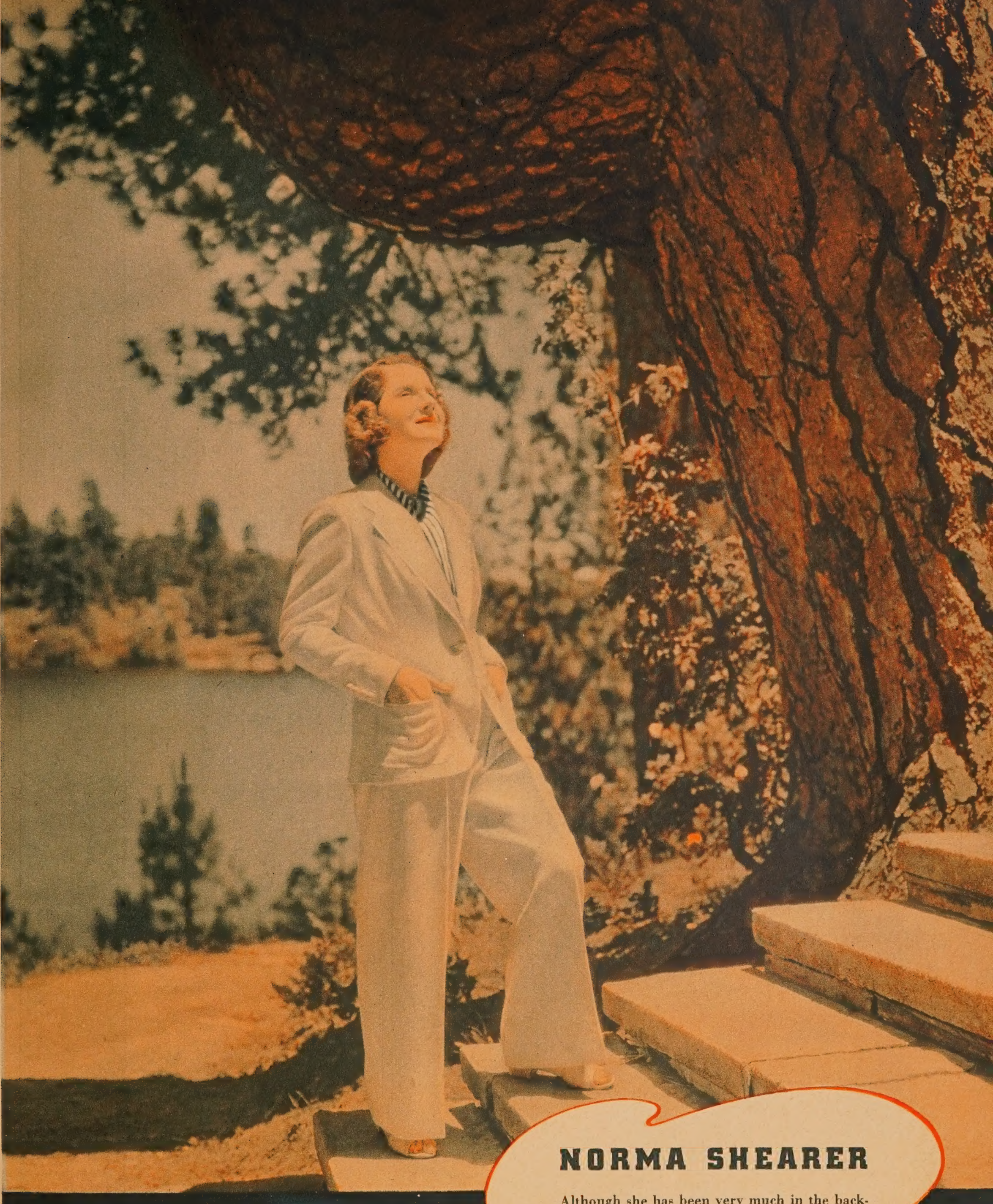

A HEAD TAX ON HAREMS
A TAIL TAX ON CAMELS

NEW GORDON and REVEL SONG HITS!

"Laugh Your Way Thru Life"
"Vote For Honest Abe"
"Swing Is Here To Sway"
"I've Got My Heart Set On You"

20th Century Fox

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production



NORMA SHEARER

Although she has been very much in the background since the death of her husband, Irving Thalberg, lovely Norma Shearer has not been a recluse. This photo, taken in natural color by William Grimes, shows the actress on vacation. She will shortly return to M-G-M to make *Marie Antoinette*

SHIRLEY TEMPLE JEAN HERSHOLT

The popular moppet star is a perfect choice for the story-book role of Heidi, which Twentieth Century-Fox will release around Christmas. Jean Hersholt plays her old grandfather

A Hunting THEY Go!

Gaming season beckons film players to woods and marshes far from studio lights, cameras and make-up kits. . . . Movie folk get thrills from roughing it in search of sport

Paul Kelly and Evalyn Knapp are off on a deer hunt, red shirts and all. They're among Filmland's most ardent sports enthusiasts

—DUFAYCOLOR BY X. MARTIN-SMITH

Jane Bryan, young Warner Brothers actress, finds relaxation and adventure in gunning for wild ducks even though her decoy doesn't seem to want to leave her alone

He-man Wayne Morris, finished with submarine fighting at Warners, comes to the surface to fire a broadside at an armada of wild geese

Clark Gable, enjoying a vacation, polishes up his trusty shotgun before leaving for the big game country

THE CANDID CAMERAMAN MAKES HIS ROUNDS

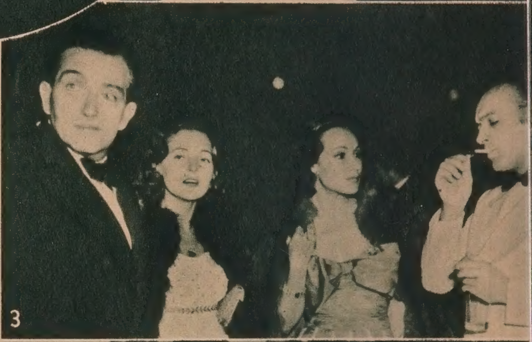
1

2

1 Newlyweds Tony Martin and Alice Faye tried to sneak away for a quiet dinner together but the cameraman was waiting for them

2 Heather Thatcher (looking like a feminine George Arliss in her monocle) and Paul Muni arrive for a second helping at a recent after-preview party

3 An international foursome. Director Fritz Lang, Pat Paterson, Dolores Del Rio and Charles Boyer snapped while chatting


3

6

4

5

4 Fred Keating tells a funny joke to Gale Sondergaard and Lloyd Nolan at a Biltmore dinner-dance

5 Backstage at the Gershwin Memorial Concert at Hollywood Bowl a famous quartet get together. Conductor Victor Young, Al Jolson, Fred Astaire, and Master of Ceremonies George Jessel

6 Glenda Farrell is one of filmland's finest needlewomen and sews or knits constantly between *Hollywood Hotel* scenes

7 Humphrey Bogart prosecuted Mayo Methot in their last film together but was her proud escort to the *Zola* premiere

8 Delmar Daves and Kay Francis join Cesar Romero and Mrs. Lewis Milestone in a "breathing spell" between dances at a recent Hollywood party

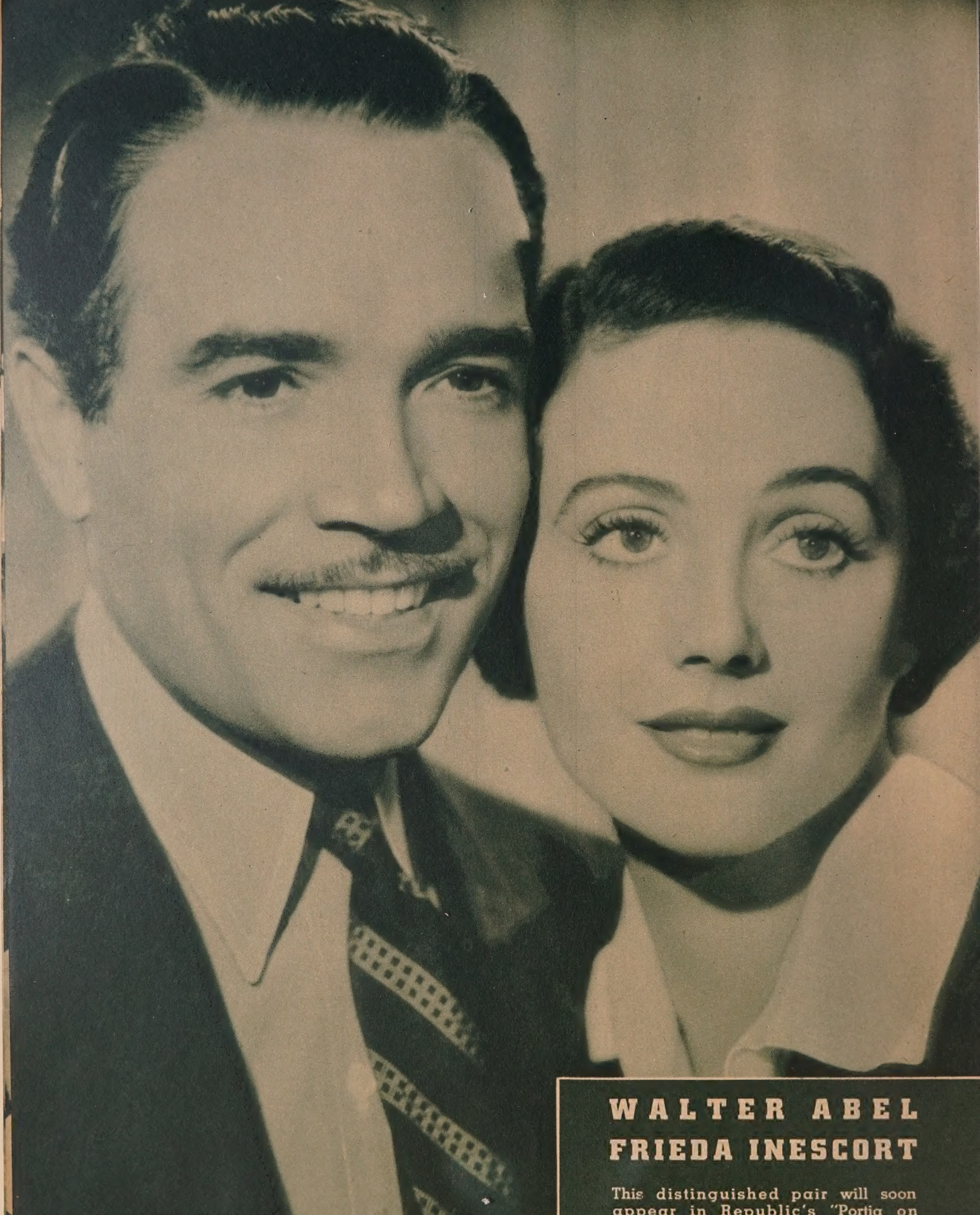
9 Tyrone Power, Jr. of 20th Century-Fox is Janet Gaynor's top ranking boy friend these days. Here they are as they looked at the *Zenda* premiere

10 Ginger Rogers and fast-talking radio player Florence Lake are good friends. Here they are at Hollywood Bowl together

11 Famous dad and famous daughter. Richard and Constance Bennett attend a preview

12 Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone (Joan Crawford) try to look at ease in crowded lobby prior to the *Zenda* preview

13 Claudette Colbert awaits, offstage, her call to emote in *Tovarich*

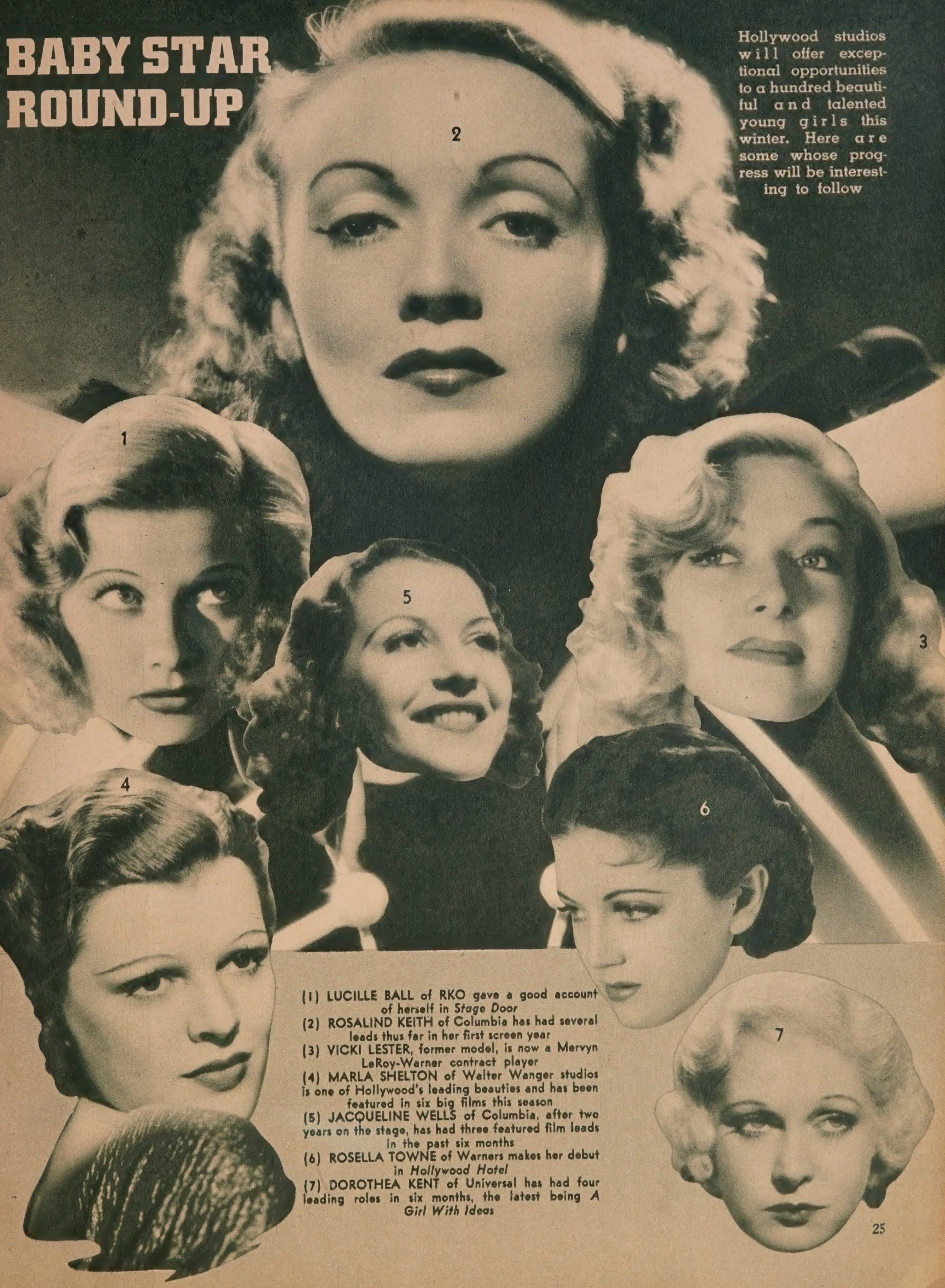


WALTER ABEL
FRIEDA INESCORT

This distinguished pair will soon appear in Republic's "Portia on Trial," Faith Baldwin's famous magazine story of a woman attorney and a district attorney who loves her

BABY STAR ROUND-UP

Hollywood studios will offer exceptional opportunities to a hundred beautiful and talented young girls this winter. Here are some whose progress will be interesting to follow



(1) **LUCILLE BALL** of RKO gave a good account of herself in *Stage Door*

(2) **ROSALIND KEITH** of Columbia has had several leads thus far in her first screen year

(3) **VICKI LESTER**, former model, is now a Mervyn LeRoy-Warner contract player

(4) **MARLA SHELTON** of Walter Wanger studios is one of Hollywood's leading beauties and has been featured in six big films this season

(5) **JACQUELINE WELLS** of Columbia, after two years on the stage, has had three featured film leads in the past six months

(6) **ROSELLA TOWNE** of Warners makes her debut in *Hollywood Hotel*

(7) **DOROTHEA KENT** of Universal has had four leading roles in six months, the latest being *A Girl With Ideas*

JEAN ROGERS

lovely Universal player, who recently completed "Reported Missing," is slated for one of the featured roles in "Youth Marches On"

LANA TURNER

Six months ago this vivacious young lady arrived in Hollywood from Idaho to attend school. Four weeks later, on her 17th birthday, Mervyn LeRoy, Warner Brothers producer, saw her at lunch and signed her to a contract. Her appearance in *They Won't Forget* convinced Warners that here is a major personality for the future

—DUFAYCOLOR BY MARIGOLD

The JOKE'S

This is strictly off-the-record stuff—more than an interview. For the author is Ginger's cousin, and the whole story came out during a tennis match!

By PHYLLIS FRASER

THE scene takes place on the tennis court adjoining Ginger Rogers' newly completed house. You see two figures playing tennis—well at least you see one figure, that one is Ginger and the other one—with the little extra weight, is me.

As the scene opens we hear, "Ping"—that's the bouncing of the ball, and "Pong"—that's the bounce on the other side of the court, and a "Whizz"—that denotes the ball passing through the air.

Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong—(if this dialogue is too fast, stop me!) Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong . . . . . . Whizz . . . Ping . . . (this could go on forever, but my editor would object, and besides I'm not that good a tennis player).

Ginger—(winning a point): That's my game! *(If I hadn't been out of breath I'm sure this would never have happened.)* Shall we play another? It's your service. Oh, say, Phyl' have you seen that copy of "Ballyhoo"?

Phyllis—(serving): Ping . . . Welllll . . . yes, I have . . . did you? *(She had me rattled bringing that up—I wasn't sure what attitude I should take . . . indignant . . . or funny—so I lost the point.)* . . . It was funny . . . (questionly)—wasn't it? . . . Ha. Ha. (A forced laugh.)

Ginger: Yes, I thought it was wonderful! Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong. . . .

Phyllis—(more confused): If possible. You're talking about the one with the picture all penciled up with spectacles and whiskers, and the eyebrows and the sign under it that said, "Labor saving device . . . a pretty girl's face already marked up," aren't you? (I admit I was dubious.)

GINGER: Certainly. Did you know that the girl was a picture of me? Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong. (The game was really faster than it sounds.)

Phyllis: Well, yes. That is . . . I thought it might be you underneath all that beard and stuff. Ha. Ha. (Forced.)

Ginger: Why every one else knew it was me.

Phyllis: Did they? Well . . . a . . . what are you going to do about it—are you going to sue or anything? Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong. . . .

Ginger: Of course not, silly; I think it's marvelous . . . Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong . . . You know something? I always mark magazine covers like that.

Phyllis: Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong . . . That's swell . . . you know people are beginning to pay you back for all the practical pranks you've pulled on them . . . Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong. . . .

Ginger: I know it. But I don't mind in the least. Did you know about the joke Al Fisher, the assistant director on our last picture, pulled on me?

Phyllis: Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong . . . No!

Informal: here's how Ginger looked during this "confession"

Formal: the studio caught this natural color photograph of Ginger while making *Stage Door*

On GINGER

Ginger: Oh, that was grand. . . . Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha. *(She missed the ball—and I got an idea about how I could win.)* Well, one morning I was late; I rushed like mad too. I rushed so fast as a matter of fact that when I was coming out of my garage I bent the fender on mother's car until it looked like it was saluting . . . and when I finally arrived at the studio . . . ha . . . ha. . . . *(She missed another ball . . . this was wonderful!)* Al had six worn out looking alarm clocks all different sizes and [*Continued on page* 68]

HOLLYWOOD
a Newcomer

RKO introduced lovely Ann Miller to the film world in "New Faces." She made an instantaneous hit with studio executives and the public alike, so now you will see her in an important role in "Stage Door." SCREEN BOOK devotes these pages to her in the belief that RKO has a new and important dancing personality in this young lady.

Miss Miller got her lucky break a few months ago. She is young (18), vivacious. Physical attributes include brown hair, hazel eyes, 114 pounds of delightful figure reaching five feet five in the air.

Houston, Texas, is her home town. She came to the west coast, won first prize at a guest night in a Los Angeles theatre, then began appearing at a Hollywood night club. Film moguls passed her up. Later, when she reluctantly left Hollywood for an engagement in a San Francisco club, she met funnyman Benny Rubin, who arranged a screen test for her. This brief path brought her to RKO and what, we suspect, may be ultimate big fame.

SALUTES

YOU CAN

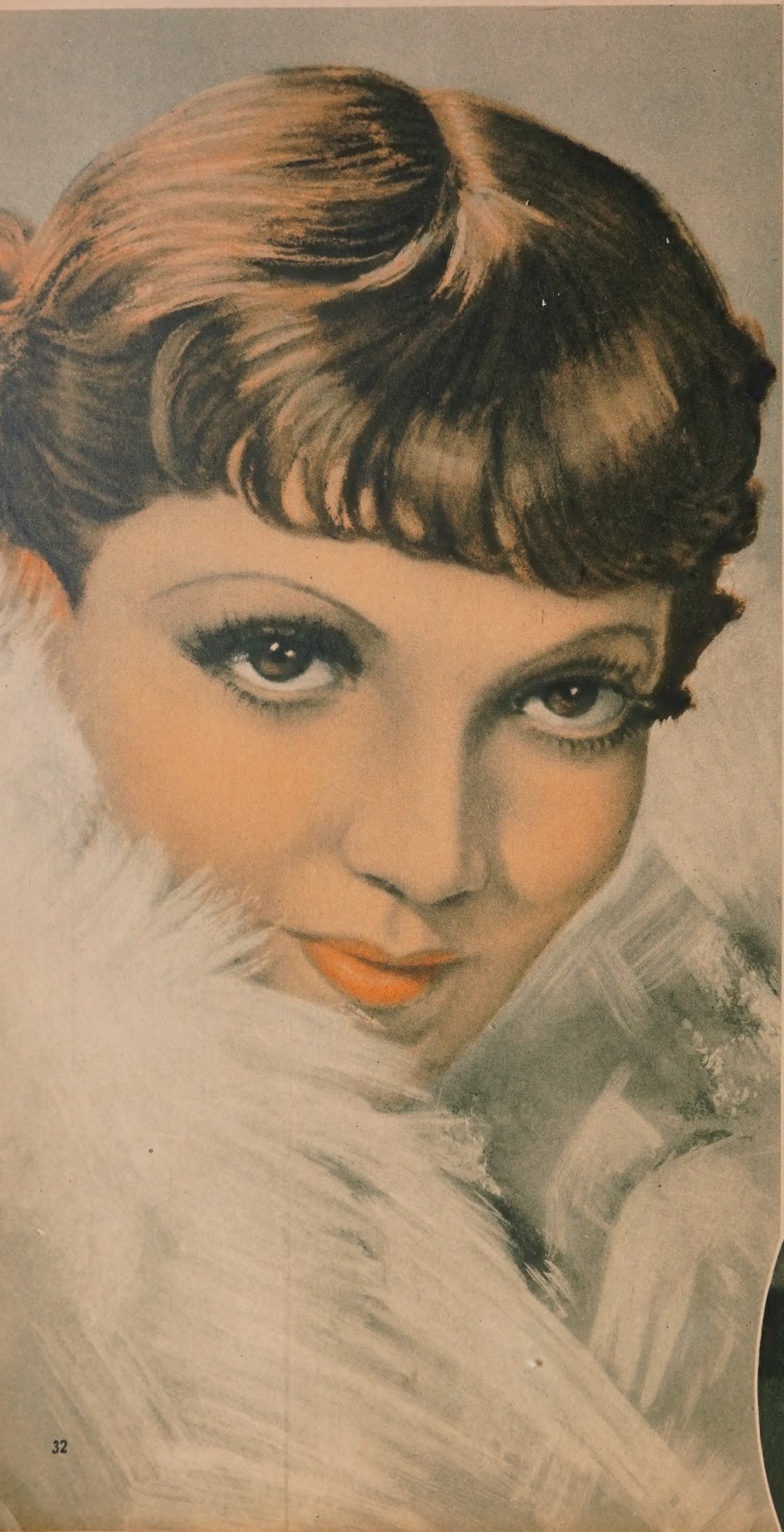
By GRACE WILCOX

WHAT do you mean, "You Can't Have Everything?" Why can't you? Must there be a "fly in the ointment?" Who's going to stop you from making "a silk purse out of a sow's ear," if you have the ear and put your mind to it?

But, I hear you say: "Into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary." Hooey! Imagine what would happen if it never rained and we had 365 days of continuous sunshine! We should be jolly well parched, poetry or no poetry.

There was a Golden Age before they began selling the Apples of Hesperides at fabulous prices. Why can't we return to it and consult a Delphian Oracle instead of an income tax expert?

These moderns, of whom we hear so much, are tearing up the sturdy vegetation by the roots and planting seeds of the lotus flower. They are knocking the props out from under adages which have stood the wear and tear of countless tight-lipped generations. They jeer at banquet speakers and pompous Babbits who tell how they achieved success by hard work and right thinking or by grabbing opportunity by the scruff of the neck.



—PASTEL DRAWING BY MOZERT

HAVE EVERYTHING

"You Can't Have Everything" may be a popular song, but its lyrics are not in harmony with this star's philosophy of life

Only the gods on high Olympus sympathize with the modern viewpoint. They remember a time when the earth was richly peopled with a gay company, who lived for beauty, art and truth and never paid a gas or telephone bill. The gods are homesick for the Golden Age and are all for bringing it back.

And, just where is all this leading us?

Straight to Claudette Colbert, my favorite example of a thoroughly modern young woman, who knows of no earthly reason why she can't have practically everything she wants, without having to pay a martyr's price for it.

HERE is no lovely screen star with a bitter twist to her tongue or a "give-it-to-me-or-I'll-kick-and-scream" temperament. She remains calm when the whole set breaks into a million bits and pieces. While an irate director sneers and snorts in the best DeMillian tradition, while tempestuous Thespians blow up in their own faces, while sound men swear softly and a new prop boy drops a vase worth $150.00 on the marble floor, Claudette looks on quietly, with arms folded.

After the storm has subsided and the man behind the megaphone sulks with exhaustion in his corner, she smiles brightly and pats her bangs.

"Well, that's that; now what do we do?"

"Quiet, please," barks Herr Director, whose feet have been hurting him all afternoon, but whose raging, triumphant spirit carries him gamely, defiantly through a tricky scene to a brilliant finish—he hopes.

Claudette Colbert's paternal grandmother, Madame Chauchoin, never heard of Freud and his inferiority complex.

If her granddaughter had not learned how to pluck Freud's thorn of inferiority from her timid nature, she would not be making more money each year than the president of the United States or the top executive of a national insurance company. More important, she would never have bucked up enough courage to attempt the scaling of the dizzy heights of a theatrical and screen career, thus to find happiness and soul-satisfaction beyond her dearest dreams.

Sometime or other most of us meet our own personal Simon Legree. Fortunately, Claudette met hers early in life. He was to prove the touchstone which sent her on her way to fame and fortune.

Legree, in the person of the New York manager of Sorel of Paris employed her to design clothes, but he decided she would be more serviceable as a cleaner-upper of odds and ends around the shop. After a few months of this, iron entered the Colbert corpuscles and she snapped a recalcitrant finger in the teeth of Legree, as she journeyed forth to take Broadway by storm. Broadway had been taken by storm several times before she got to it, but she had a lot of fun haunting the offices of casting directors, managers and booking agents.

A choice lot of fibs about her past experience on the stage finally got her an audience and eventually a three-line part in *The Wild Wescotts*, her first play.

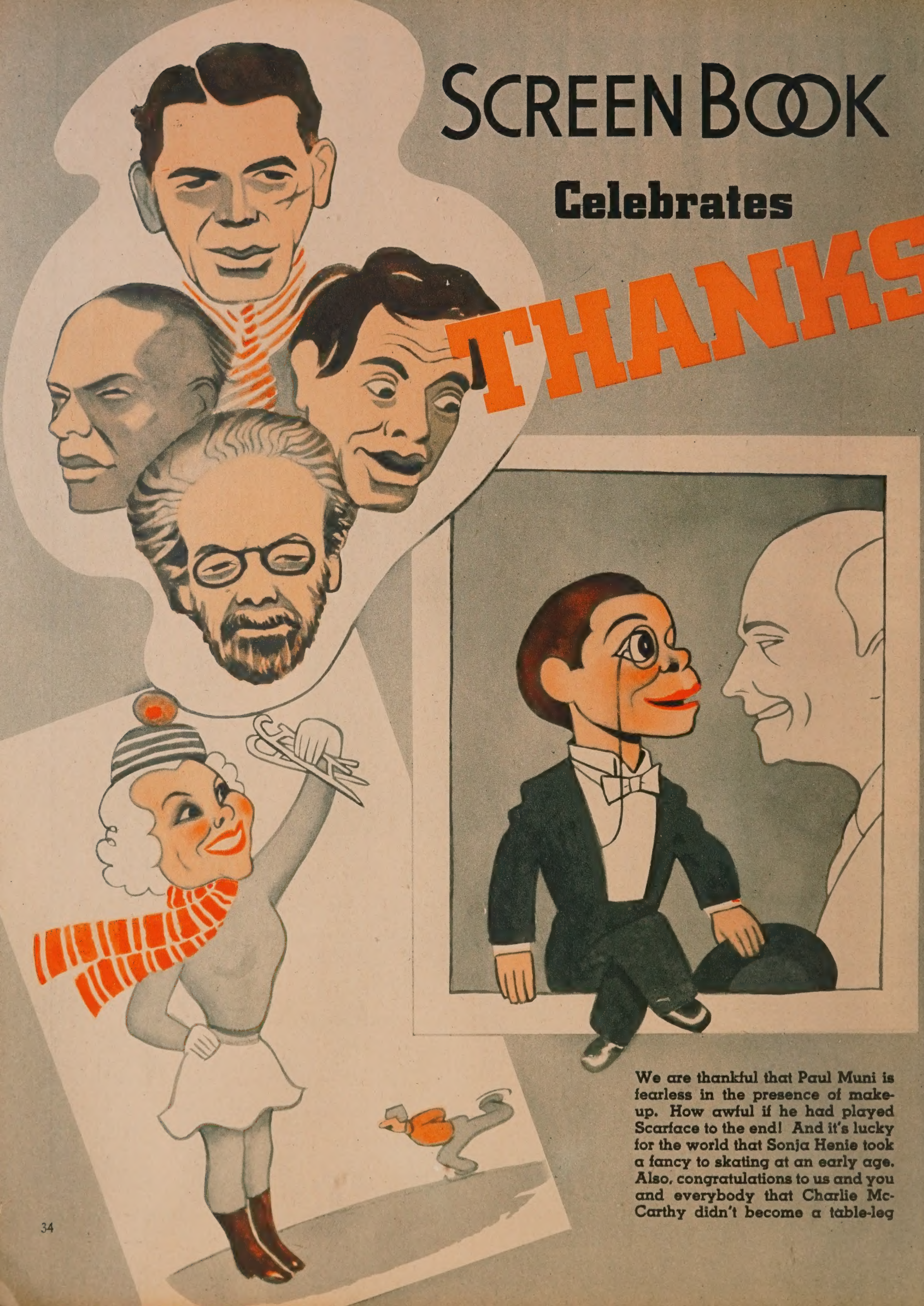
As Tatiana in the Warner Brothers' picture, *Tovarich*, Claudette Colbert (above) does her nightly wash before slipping out to the roof-top for her meeting left, with Mikail (Charles Boyer)

IT WAS after critics had given her a sound panning as the lead in *The Marionette Man*, one of Brock Pemberton's few flops, that Claudette Colbert took herself in hand and began to work seriously on that inferiority complex, which had betrayed her once too often.

It was about this time she adopted a slogan, which she has kept warm for years: "What others can do, I can do." She went about systematically in an effort to prevent the wolf from biting the only hand that fed her—her own. She had acquired the modern concept; everything she wanted belonged to her, if she could claim it—and why not?

When she met Leslie Howard, she didn't [*Continued on page* 74]

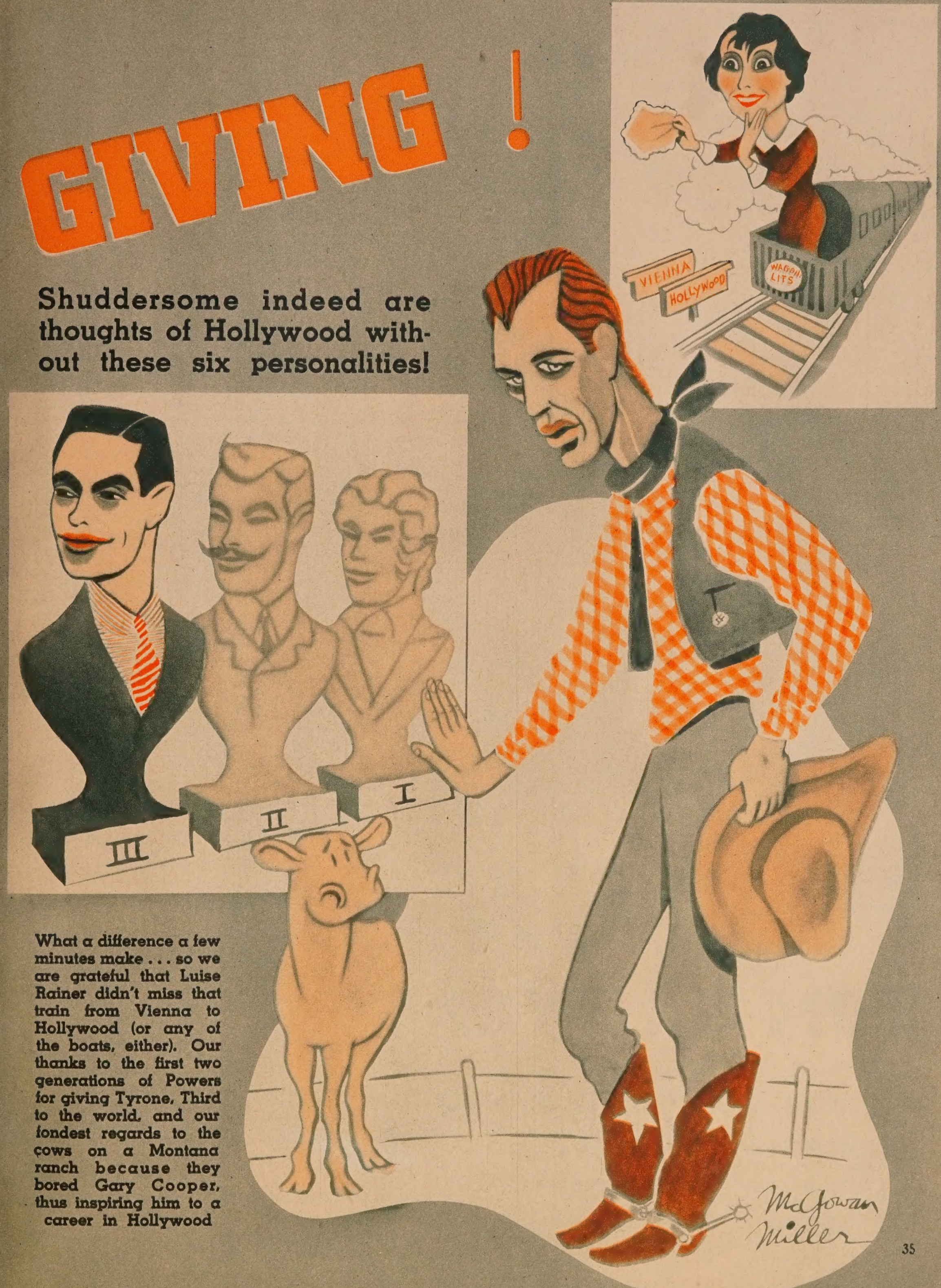
SCREEN BOOK Celebrates THANKS



We are thankful that Paul Muni is fearless in the presence of make-up. How awful if he had played Scarface to the end! And it's lucky for the world that Sonja Henie took a fancy to skating at an early age. Also, congratulations to us and you and everybody that Charlie McCarthy didn't become a table-leg

GIVING !

Shuddersome indeed are thoughts of Hollywood without these six personalities!


VIENNA
HOLLYWOOD
WAGON-LITS
III
II
I
McGowan Miller

What a difference a few minutes make . . . so we are grateful that Luise Rainer didn't miss that train from Vienna to Hollywood (or any of the boats, either). Our thanks to the first two generations of Powers for giving Tyrone, Third to the world, and our fondest regards to the cows on a Montana ranch because they bored Gary Cooper, thus inspiring him to a career in Hollywood

MEET TOM SAWYER

Freckle-faced Tom Kelly—formerly of the Bronx—now of Hollywood! That's the history of the lad chosen as America's most typical Tom Sawyer

By NEVILLE W. REAY

THE TYPICAL American boy—he doesn't sing, he doesn't dance, he's nobody's prodigy, and he doesn't suffer—comes to the screen at last.

He is Tommy Kelly, the 12-year-old from the Bronx, who wholly unknown, totally inexperienced, was selected from among more than 25,000 American boys as an ideal Tom Sawyer for the technicolor production of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

David O. Selznick, the producer who discovered Freddie Bartholomew, is also the discoverer of Tommy Kelly, a poor boy who never had any especial advantages, whose father, head of a family of seven living in a $28-a-month flat, had been on WPA relief for two years when the finger of fortune pointed out his son.

Like the typical American boy that he is, Tommy had never given any thought to an acting career. His mind was on baseball; he dreamed of the day when he would wear the uniform of the New York Giants; Hollywood was an unimportant place 3,000 miles away with a baseball team in the minor leagues.

Unknown to himself, his associates or even his family, Tommy possessed that elusive quality known as "screen personality," indefinable, intangible, but immediately recognizable. It had only to be seen by a person capable of recognizing it and the boy's course of destiny would be altered. Selznick, the inveterate hunter of new screen personalities, was that person.

For nine long months Selznick combed the highways and byways of the United States for, as he said, "Tom Sawyer in the flesh, an untouched real boy," whom everyone would immediately recognize as the counterpart of the immortal character created by Mark Twain.

He was not looking for an actor, and during the making of the picture the studio's intent was to prevent him from acting. Norman Taurog, the director, who won an Academy award for his transfer of "Skippy" to the screen, saw to it that Tommy Kelly throughout the making of "Tom Sawyer" was a natural, unaffected boy, just himself, which after all is the epitome of acting. Taurog was a child actor himself once and he knows how to handle children probably better than any director in Hollywood.

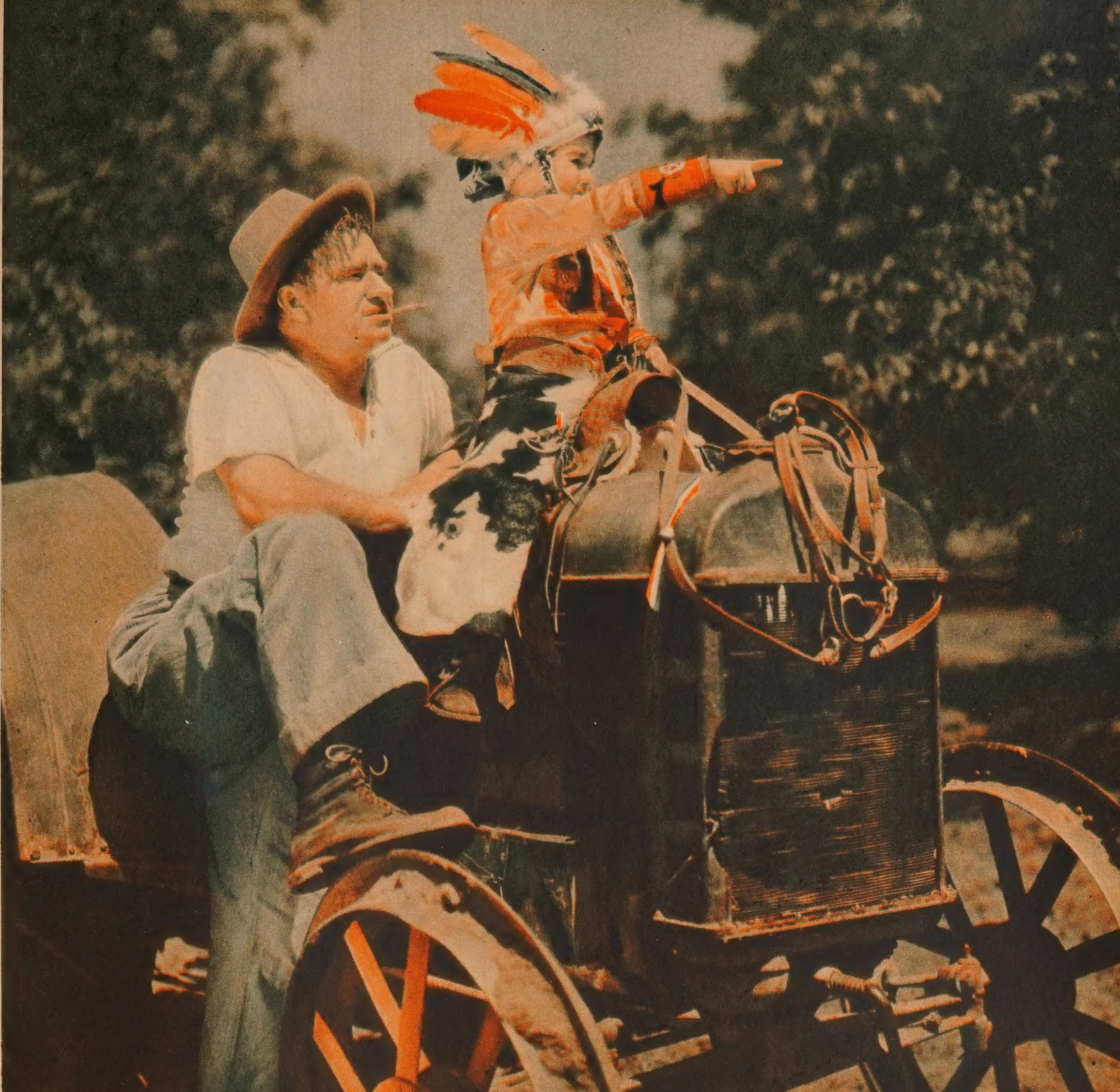
Discovery of Tommy was just a breathing spell for Selznick in his unrelenting hunt for new talent, a hunt which recently has yielded Alan Marshal, Margaret Tallichet, Tilly Losch and many other film luminaries.

Now Selznick is on the trail of the unknowns who will play Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind*, the book which has swept the country like hysteria.

"There are greater stars, undiscovered, in the small towns of the United States and in Hollywood itself, than have ever graced the screen," declares Selznick, and he is determined to find them.

Selznick's sincerity in declaring that fresh talent is the industry's most pressing need was proved by his Tommy Kelly discovery. He twice postponed production of the picture, while he pressed the Tom Sawyer talent hunt from coast to coast.

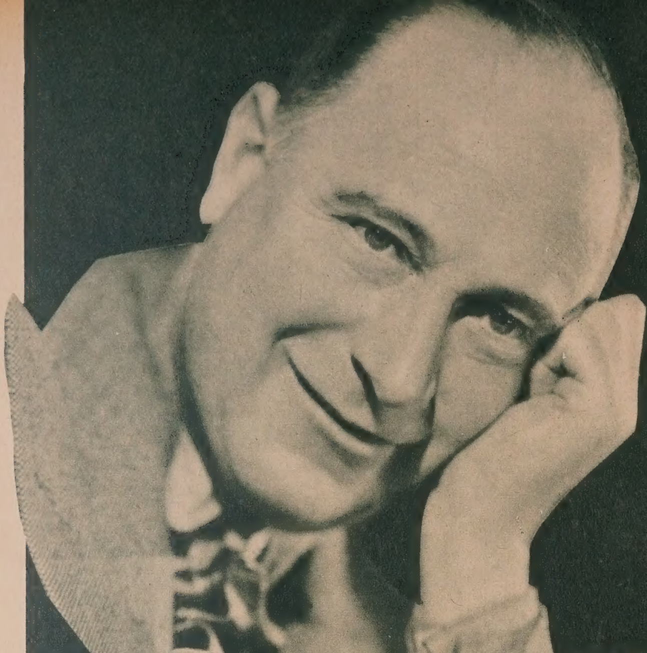
[*Continued on page* 80]



WALLY BEERY CAROL ANN

Ride 'em injun—daddy's right back of you! Wallace Beery is a real pal to his daughter. He and all Hollywood were greatly concerned over recent threats against the child from a writer demanding a cash sum. Beery is starring in a new M-G-M film, *Bad Man of Brimstone*, in which brother Noah Beery also appears

—DUFAYCOLOR BY GRAYBIEL



BLORE'S A FUNNY BLOKE!

Eric Blore blithely continues to steal picture after picture with his hysterical portrayals of rattle-brained Englishmen

By FREDERIC McFEE

IT ALL started when a hitherto-unknown, comically-appearing, thickly-accented, slightly bald-headed English actor panicked stage audiences with his priceless waiter characterization in *The Gay Divorcee.*

"Who," everybody shrieked to his neighbor, between spasms of mirth, "is that riot?"

And so Eric Blore insinuated himself upon public consciousness—sensationally, spectacularly, hysterically.

Ever since, through almost a score of humorous interpretations, he has been one of filmdom's two favorite "slow-burn" comedians, being rivalled only by Edgar Kennedy.

To watch Eric Blore today, as he goes about slaying audiences with his peculiar speech, his fierce facial expressions and his often-insane mannerisms, you'd never suspect that once he was booed off the stage. It happened early in his career, when he followed Harry Lauder in a London music hall one night.

The crowd resented his keeping them from hearing their idol do another encore, resented it [*Continued on page* 63]

Eric Blore is again a "gentleman's gentleman"—this time to Leslie Howard—in *It's Love I'm After*

A MELODY FOR TWO

By **WHITNEY WILLIAMS**

Tony Martin may be a blues singer but he doesn't believe in "singing the blues"

TONY MARTIN is riding the crest of the wave!

He's one of 20th Century-Fox's brightest young men—just ask Mr. Darryl Zanuck what he thinks of him as a potential star!—and . . . he's just married Alice Faye!

There's a combination of luck hard to beat. . .and Tony knows it. But don't go calling him Mister Alice Faye, just because he isn't as well known as his more famous wife. I'm warning you. Tony stands on his own two feet. . .and whatever heights he ascends he'll achieve by himself.

We were chatting a few days before his elopement to Yuma. . . .

"I'm the luckiest guy in the world," he confided, as we lounged on the *Life Begins In College* set where but a moment before he had enacted the part of a collegiate orchestra leader. He spoke eagerly, his whole being electric. "You see, I didn't start my picture career at the top. . .and for that I shall be eternally grateful."

What's that, you're probably asking. . .how come anybody is glad he didn't start right out as a star, with a bang? Is the guy nuts?

Well, mebbe, at first glance. But you haven't heard how Tony feels about it. Which immediately sets him apart from the usual run-of-the-mill actors, and indicates clearly that our young Mr. Martin has an extraordinary level head on his broad shoulders.

"I contend," he continued, waving to a couple of blonde cuties who smiled at him as they passed—he's a regular one-man popularity contest, all winners — "those who don't begin their careers at the bottom have nothing to look back to, no values by which they can reckon their advantages when finally they do make the grade and taste success.

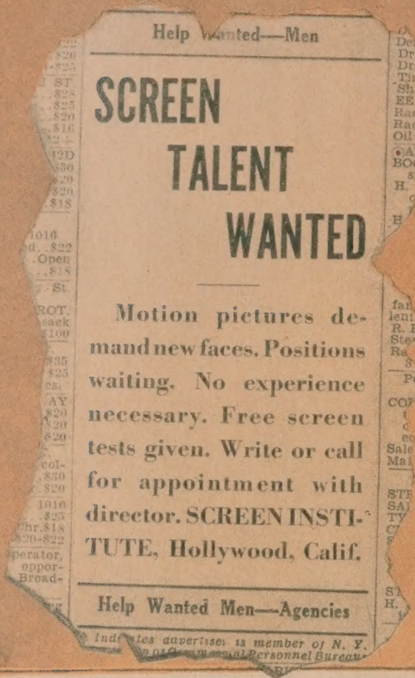
"Take myself, for instance. I'm a long way from being a big success, of course, but still I'm beginning to get some pretty good breaks.

"DURING the time I've been in Hollywood I've had some tough knocks. A dozen times I thought I was all set, about to click; then something happened, on each occasion, to put me right back where I started from.

"There was the time—for one—that I was scheduled to sing one of the important songs in *Follow the Fleet.* This was several years ago. I had learned the song, and rehearsed it, ready to go, when it was decided that because I wasn't known someone else would be better. So, out I went. And I had been promised the part, too.

[*Continued on page* 76]

MALICE IN



Help Wanted—Men

SCREEN TALENT WANTED

Motion pictures demand new faces. Positions waiting. No experience necessary. Free screen tests given. Write or call for appointment with director. SCREEN INSTITUTE, Hollywood, Calif.

Help Wanted Men—Agencies

Ind tes advertiser is member of N. Y.
n of Commercial Personnel Bureau

EVERY word in the accompanying ad, the like of which, with slight variations, is apt to appear in newspapers most anywhere, is true. Yes, it is all true. But after working in and around motion pictures for the past 20 years, I would say: Don't believe it! That is, don't believe what it seems to imply and what you are likely to infer from it.

Seldom does a day go by that I am not approached at least once by some one inquiring the way to a movie career. The majority of my inquisitors seem to have the idea that because I was lucky enough to have been one of the kid stars some years back, I should be able to hand them a non-skid, failure-proof formula.

I know of no cut-and-dried way to break into pictures. There are perhaps as many different ways as there are people in the industry.

I can, however, and do, point out one way which is doomed to certain failure from the start, and that is to take any stock in ads like the one shown—ads which, while free from actual misrepresentation, are unquestionably intended to mislead.

Hollywood is the home of many schools which offer varied courses of instruction to men, women and children seeking screen careers. Some of these schools are reputable, square-dealing institutions where the making of statements designed to create false impressions, promises impossible of fulfillment, and running equivocal advertisements are scrupulously avoided. Then, there are others, the disreputable, fraudulent group, where all of those nefarious methods, in addition to various other kinds of trickery and deception are practiced. It is the latter type, the swindle schools, with which this article deals.

Cunning advertising is one of the distinguishing marks of the swindle school. In the first place, there is nothing in their ads indicating that it is a school. They know that the idea of a school is unwelcome to a lot of people. Schools mean time and money and most people want to enter pictures without the expenditure of either. Consequently, the ads are written to lead as many as possible to suppose that the advertiser can immediately supply a magic carpet upon which one may ride to fame and glory.

In stating that screen talent is wanted, that motion pictures demand new faces, that positions are waiting, and experience (in many instances) is not necessary, these ads state only

SCREEN INSTITUTE

MOVIELAND

by
WESLEY BARRY
AS TOLD TO
RAYMOND CARDWELL

the truth. But they fail to state the whole truth, and it is the truth *not* stated that sends you to the cleaners.

"If ads like that told the whole truth, they would include the fact that while talent and new faces are wanted for the screen, fake movie schools can in no way under the sun do anything about it for you. They would inform you also, that if you do business with them, you will be wheedled out of your money, receiving absolutely nothing in return, unless you count the unhappy experience, and that there isn't much you can do about it after it is all over."

Those were the words of Lieutenant M. B. Swan, attached to the Bunco Detail of the Los Angeles Detectives, during a conversation I had with him recently. It has been Lieutenant Swan's happy duty to close any number of phoney movie schools and jail their unscrupulous operators. He ought to know.

Operators of fraudulent movie schools are way ahead of you right from the start and the matter of securing sufficient incriminating evidence against them for the purpose of prosecution, is not easy. From the time you read their ad until later, when, after shaking your fist in their faces and telling them to prepare for a law-suit, you stalk out with empty pockets while they stand there and laugh, they are way ahead of you.

Their ad, you will notice, is very carefully worded. While it seems to imply a very great deal, it actually promises nothing. Not that swindle schools entertain any scruples where promises are concerned. Oh, no. They will promise you plenty. They will promise you everything, but only verbally—never in writing. And never will they give you even verbal promises in the presence of anyone else. There must be no witnesses. It must be simply your word against theirs, if it comes to a show down. That is the secret of their existence.

IN HOLLYWOOD there are swindle schools to fit any pocket-book. As low as $10 will suffice as a first payment in the cheaper grade. From that price-class, they graduate up to those deluxe establishments where the president sits behind his carved desk in the Gold Room; where, to whet your appetite, you are made to wait two or three days for an interview; where not a penny less than $500 cash (checks are never accepted) is required as a starter.

A favorite and particularly effective trick of the higher-priced schools, whenever possible, is to locate in offices with windows overlooking an independent studio where space is rented to independent producers for the production of their pictures. Then, to point out of the window to the companies at work below and refer to them as "our own producing units, using our clients exclusively," seldom fails as a means to getting another signature on the dotted line of an enrollment blank.

While it so happens that 80 per cent of the people victimized by these schools are women, gender is of no interest to a swindle school. Nor is the fact that you may, or may not, have screen potentialties. Money is their only interest. If you have some money—and they will find out during the first few minutes of your first interview—you may be more lacking in whatever it takes to become a star than anyone else in the world, but you will be made to believe that every studio in town has been waiting for just you. If, on the other hand, you possess in unlimited quantities all the known qualities essential to screen success, but are short on the money, you will arouse no interest whatsoever.

The case of Mary illustrates how an unsuspecting person is used by a swindle school.

A few months ago, Mary, a childhood chum of my wife, left her home in the east to go to Honolulu. Having completed her studies at a business college, she had received from a benevolent aunt the sum of $1500 to pay for a vacation trip before taking a job and settling down to work. So Mary took the $1500 and started west.

But she never got to Honolulu.

While perusing a newspaper one day during the train journey to the coast, Mary saw an ad substantially the same as the one at the beginning of this article. Now, Mary is no dumb-bell, but neither is she different from most other 20-year-old girls to whom a movie career seems the most romantic of all professions. That ad did things to her. [*Continued on page* 82]

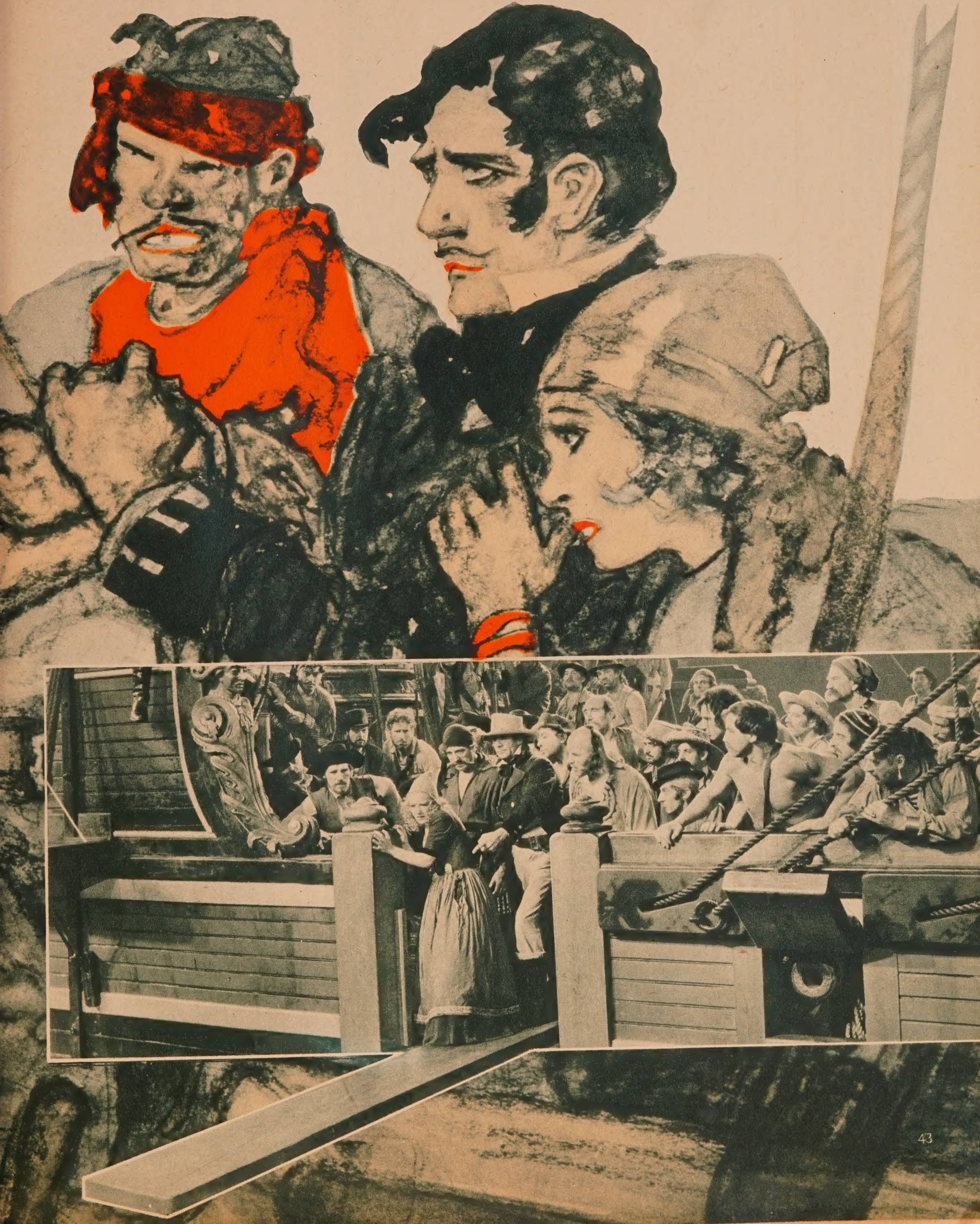
ILLUSTRATION BY GREGOR DUNCAN

YO-HO-HO

Dashing Jean Lafitte and his merry marauders live again in all their gay glory

Fredric March, as the famous Lafitte, with Akim Tamiroff and Anthony Quinn (left) gaze across the expanse of sea from one pirate ship to another as they watch Walter Brennan and the others force Franciska Gaal to walk the plank

BUCCANEERS!!



The TRUE

By SONIA LEE

An informal portrait of the young tenor who shot suddenly to film fame as co-star with Jeanette MacDonald in *The Firefly*. (Left) as he appeared eight years ago in the English operetta *Hugh, The Drover*

NOTHING has come easily to Allan Jones. His fame has been earned by the labor of his hands and the work of his mind. He has never sought the easy way. Even as a child he knew that nothing worth while was gained without discipline.

He has burrowed in the dark, dank corridors of coal mines; he has been carpenter's assistant and truck driver; he has sold his blood to hospitals for food!

The tale of this boy with the opulent voice and ample dramatic endowment—a new candidate for screen stardom since his appearance with Jeanette MacDonald in *The Firefly*—has all the amazing elements of a modern Horatio Alger fable.

His baby days were tuned to song. His father possessed a rich and bountiful voice, and almost before Allan could talk, his baby jibberings had a musical inflection.

Allan had a happy and a busy childhood. From the time he was nine, the fortunes of the Jones family thrived. When his father was made foreman of the Diamond colliery, a spacious, charming house, surrounded by acres of ground, went with the position.

The boy's most formative years were spent here.

FROM the time Allan Jones was eight, there was no question in his mind about his future. He was going to be a singer!

His first songs, the elementary rudiments of singing, were taught him by his father. Later, when at eight, he became the boy soloist of St. Luke's Episcopal Church at Scranton, the choir director taught him routine, a bit of the tradition of music; fanned the boy's idealism by telling him tales of the famous personalities of the operatic and concert stage.

Even at eleven, Allan, amazingly enough, sensed the difficulties in his path. One thing he realized fully—that a musical education required a great deal of money. And so while he was still in the sixth grade, he found himself a job as delivery boy for a clothing store.

He saved his money scrupulously. Each week's pay envelope went intact to his mother for his singing fund.

In the next few years Allan worked at many things. At fifteen, he was a bank messenger.

One summer he was an apprentice to a mine carpenter, earning fifty-eight cents an hour.

LIFE STORY OF ALLAN JONES

The story of Allan Jones, golden-voiced star of radio, stage and screen, is the amazing story of an honor graduate in the school of hard knocks—and here it is!

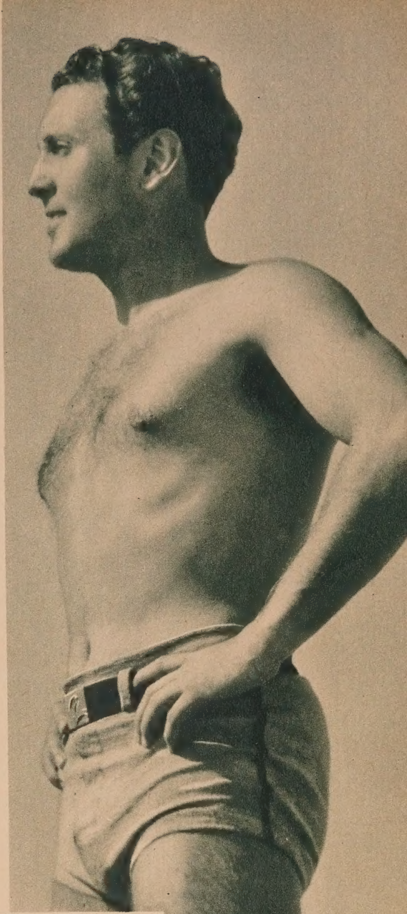
In the winter of his junior year in high school, he chauffered for a wealthy widow! Allan hung on to his job—it paid well and made the drawbacks worth bearing. During that summer he had not only chauffered for the lady, but cut the lawn, ran the power-plant of her lake home, overhauled the launch, kept the cars immaculate and in perfect mechanical condition.

ALLAN was seventeen when on his next vacation greener fields beckoned him. He wanted to stand on his own feet, without the solace of the family hearthside. He wanted his independence to thrive against that day of discouragement and disappointment, inevitable in the life of a struggling concert artist.

He and a schoolmate chose Asbury Park, New Jersey, for their greener fields. On the second day, Allan was established as a baker's assistant, who saw in Allan an answer to his own disinclination to labor.

The boy worked from ten at night until six in the morning without cessation. Towards the end of his first shift Allan had mastered the trick of moulding the loaves, of shoving them into the oven, of regulating the heat. The three following nights Allan worked while [*Continued on page 72*]

(Circle) Allan's lovely and talented wife, Irene Hervey. (Right) Allan and his wife on board their schooner, the *Alrene*. (Panel) Sunshine helps to keep a voice healthy so Allan spends as much time as possible on the beach



LEARN ACTING ON THE STAGE

—SAYS FRANCES FARMER

"I'M GOING native," said a low musical voice in tune with a contralto smile, and a long white coat dropped off to reveal a violently flowered print dress flung like a flag across her imprisoned breasts, white shoulders above it, bare legs below it, in all the scantiness of the jungle girl of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Ebb Tide*.

But Frances Farmer, I was to learn, was not going Hollywood. Instead, as soon as the picture ended, she was going to Westport, Conn., there to join a summer stock company. And she went. This seemed all the more surprising for the reason she had just passed her second film mile-post with flying colors. What, I wondered, had those two straight-moving years meant to her?

"Work," was her simple answer.

She had always worked—"we never had any money." No doubt the waitress in the Paramount commissary little realized that the young star whose order she was taking had herself once been a waitress, working her way through college.

You must admire her for it. There now were further unmistakable signs of admiration. First, her table was the magnet which drew all eyes. Then, one after another, people stopped to pay their respects. Finally, the head of the studio, Adolph Zukor, brought over the congratulatory Mary Pickford.

All this was like nothing so much as an impromptu levee. Yet even to so dull an observer as myself it was quite apparent that Miss Farmer was the last person in the world to read into the moment its real meaning, its true significance. For, let alone going to her head, success had not turned so much as a hair of her tawny mane.

"Everything in Hollywood is overrated," she pointed out. "This is especially true of actors who, having gained passing notice for certain work they have done, fondly believe they never will be forgotten. They forget all the people outside who don't give a damn."

That she herself didn't give one of the tinker's variety was implied as she fell silent over her salad. But her fork paused with:

"I'm not saying that popularity doesn't last from one part to another. It sometimes endures beyond them. Gloria Swanson has not been in pictures for years, yet she is still crushed by mobs when she goes out. This sort of adoration is bound to create, in some actors, a godlike feeling. [*Continued on page* 78]

LET HOLLYWOOD TEACH YOU

—SAYS ALICE BRADY

SEEING was believing Alice Brady. It happened I saw this thoroughly equipped actress actually doing her work before talking about it. She was playing a scene with five other people. It was an exceedingly tricky scene—swift changeful, intricate. Again and again the exacting though considerate director called a halt. But never because of Miss Brady. Each time she came through perfectly, every word given its full value, every mood vividly expressed.

She *knew.*

But I didn't know, couldn't guess, what she might say as to whether screen acting needs stage training, a need so many of Hollywood's younger actresses seem to feel. Miss Brady herself had gained it in abundance, ranging from the gay and light Gilbert and Sullivan operettas to the morbid and tragic "Mourning Becomes Electra." It was all the more surprising, then, to hear her say with characteristic vigor:

"I don't know what all the kicking and yelping is about. I can't understand what these kids are complaining about. And it's not only the youngsters. There are lots of people who come to Hollywood from the stage only to keep whining they want to go back to it. All right, let 'em go! Broadway is waiting for them with hooks and axes. All they have to do is make up their minds. But I don't think they will in that direction. I 'knew 'em when'—when they were getting fifty dollars a week and darned glad to get it. Yet now, when they're pulling down more money than they ever dreamed of getting their hands on, sporting fine cars, and living in grand mansions with expensive swimming pools, they yearn —or tell you they do—for the stage where they were always hard-up. What in blazes is the matter with them?"

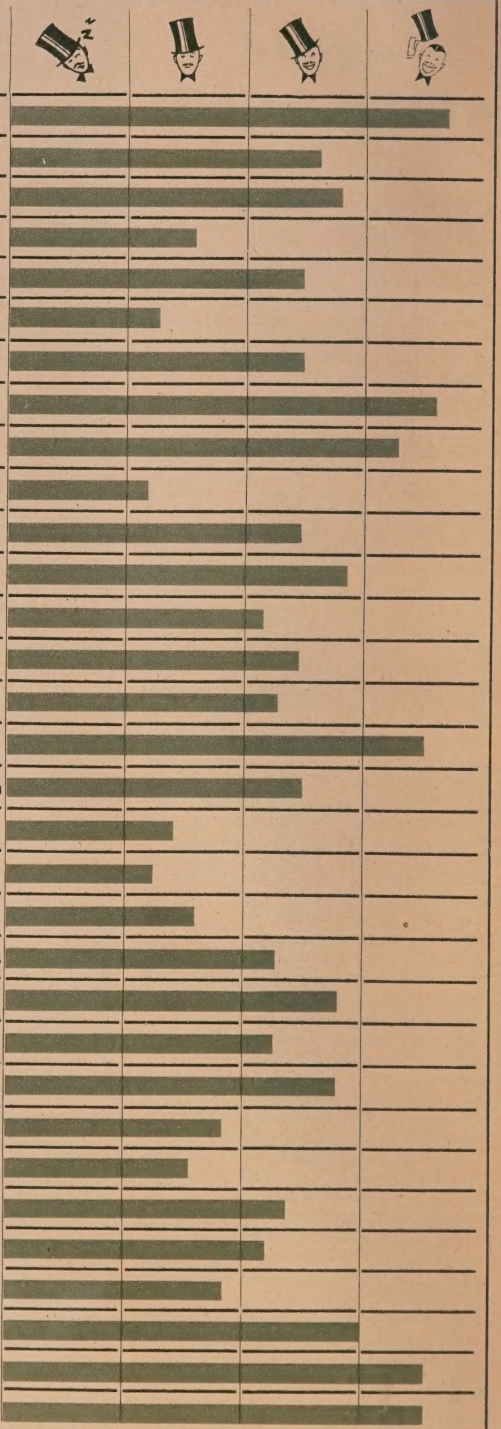
WHEN sulphur had been added to the burning question with a match for her cigarette Miss Brady flared:

"Heaven help these stage-struck kids, the stage won't! If I were in pictures for the first time I certainly wouldn't go into any bum stock company and learn its tricks. Hollywood is the place to learn screen acting. It can't be learned on the stage. If you're going to be a shoemaker you don't start in making pants. First of all, a stock company is bad, it's devastating. Whatever you do you have only a week to do it in. You just have time to learn your lines, not time enough to know your part. A complete characterization is impossible. [*Continued on page 79*]

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face!)

Picture Title	Who's In It
STELLA DALLAS	Stanwyck-Boles-Shirley
IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER	Davis-Howard
WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE	Baxter-Young-Bruce
THIS WAY, PLEASE	Buddy Rogers-Grable
FIREFLY	MacDonald-Allan Jones
ANGEL	Dietrich-Marshall
DOUBLE WEDDING	Powell-Loy
100 MEN AND A GIRL	Durbin-Stokowski
STAGE DOOR	Hepburn-Rogers
MUSIC FOR MADAME	Martini-Fontaine
EBB TIDE	Farmer-Milland
THE PERFECT SPECIMEN	Errol Flynn-Blondell
LIFE BEGINS AT COLLEGE	The Ritz Brothers
THE GREAT GARRICK	Aherne-De Havilland
FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY	John Boles-Lupino
LIFE OF ZOLA	Paul Muni
THERE GOES THE GROOM	Burgess Meredith-Sothern
BIG CITY	Spencer Tracy-Rainer
DANGEROUSLY YOURS	Cesar Romero-P. Brooks
ATLANTIC FLIGHT	Dick Merrill-Paula Stone
FLIGHT FROM GLORY	Whitney Bourne-C. Morris
VICTORIA THE GREAT	Anna Neagle
THE BRIDE WORE RED	Joan Crawford-F. Tone
THEY WON'T FORGET	Claude Rains
FIT FOR A KING	Joe E. Brown
THE LANCER SPY	Del Rio-George Saunders
DANGER—LOVE AT WORK	Ann Sothern-Jack Haley
MADAME X	Gladys George-John Beal
52ND STREET	Kenny Baker-Pat Paterson
CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS	Barrymore-Tracy-Bartholomew
LOST HORIZON	Colman-Wyatt
GOOD EARTH	Muni-Rainer



HE'S AN "INSIDE" ACTOR

By HARRY LANG

Put Peter Lorre in a role and—presto! He's the living image of the man. That's because this unusual fellow does more than a surface imitation of the man he pretends to be

THEY used to call Karloff "Lon Chaney's successor." I offer a better nomination: I propose Peter Lorre, that little 5-foot-3 Hungarian who can be anything at all on the screen! Lorre goes even the legendary Chaney one better—where Chaney only put on his characters *outside*, Lorre puts 'em on *inside* . . . !

That's why he *convinces* you he's a Japanese, in 20th-Fox's *Mister Moto* series. That's why you believed he was a curly-haired Mexican bandit in the British-made *Secret Agent*. That's why he made your skin creep and your innards turn flip-flops as the Russian killer Roskolnikov in Columbia's *Crime and Punishment*. Russian—Japanese—Mexican—whatever he plays, you believe him.

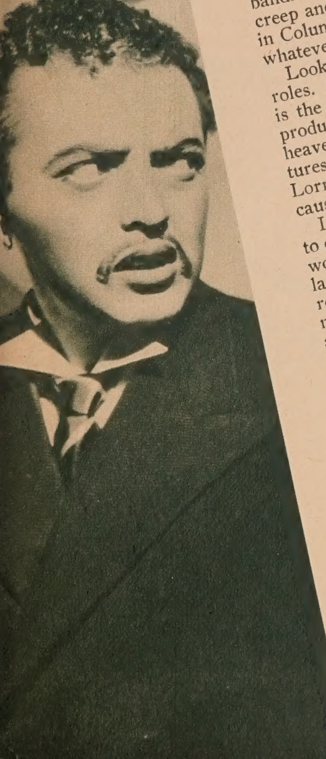
Look at the pictures here. Pictures of Lorre in his so-differing roles. Amazing versatility, you say? Yes—but more. Behind this is the secret of an actor who *never* stops acting. When he's in production, he acts the character he's playing, 24 hours a day—and heaven help his poor wife; his friends! When he's between pictures, he's even *acting* Peter Lorre . . . ! ! "I've never seen Peter Lorre absolutely—er—normal," a friend of his once told me, "because he never is!"

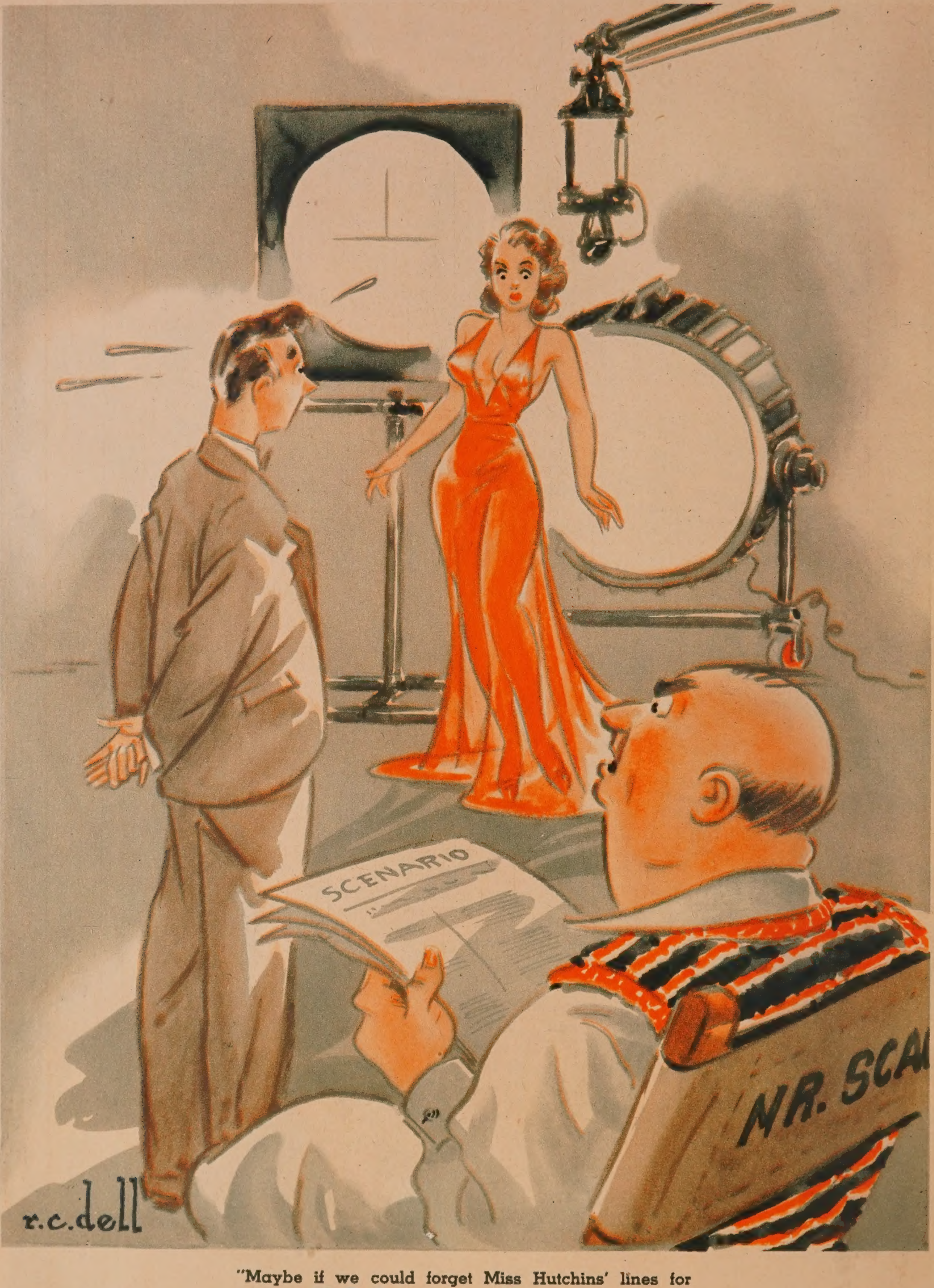
I can't tell you better how he does it than by asking you to come with me, watch him come to the studio for a day's work. Unlike other actors, Peter doesn't arrive at the last minute; he comes hours early, pops into his dressing room, begins putting on his makeup. He's studied that makeup in advance, and it's tops—look at these pictures again.

But beyond that—he's studied the character. Lorre reads scripts weeks before production; studies the *psychology* of the man he's to play.

"An actor, to be good, *must* be a psychologist," he told me. "He must outstrip the professional psychologists, who concern themselves only with a few phases of a subject's mind. An actor must be a *hundred percent psychologist*—for he takes his character apart and reconstructs ALL his emotions. Then he takes those emotions into himself, becomes that character, be the character mad or not. The actor must be the character, utterly."

And so, watch him as he puts on his greasepaint and his effects and his props, there in his dressing room. And you see a Jekyll-Hydish thing. You see not [*Continued on page* 77]




SCENARIO
MR. SCA
r.c.dell

"Maybe if we could forget Miss Hutchins' lines for a minute, Mr. De Rave . . . we could remember our own!"

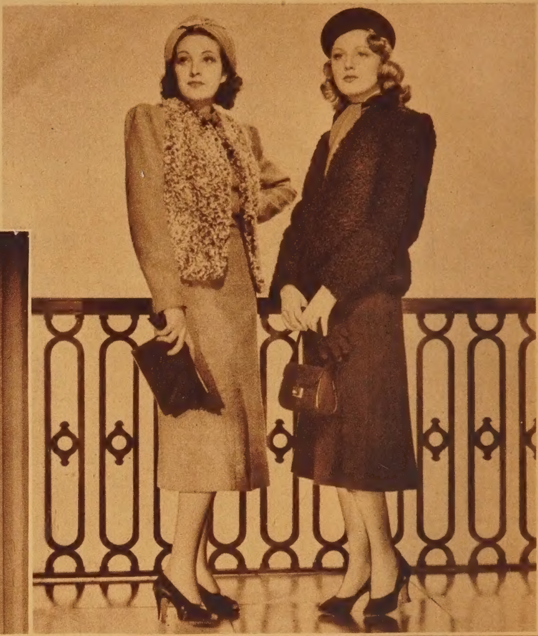
FLYING HIGH

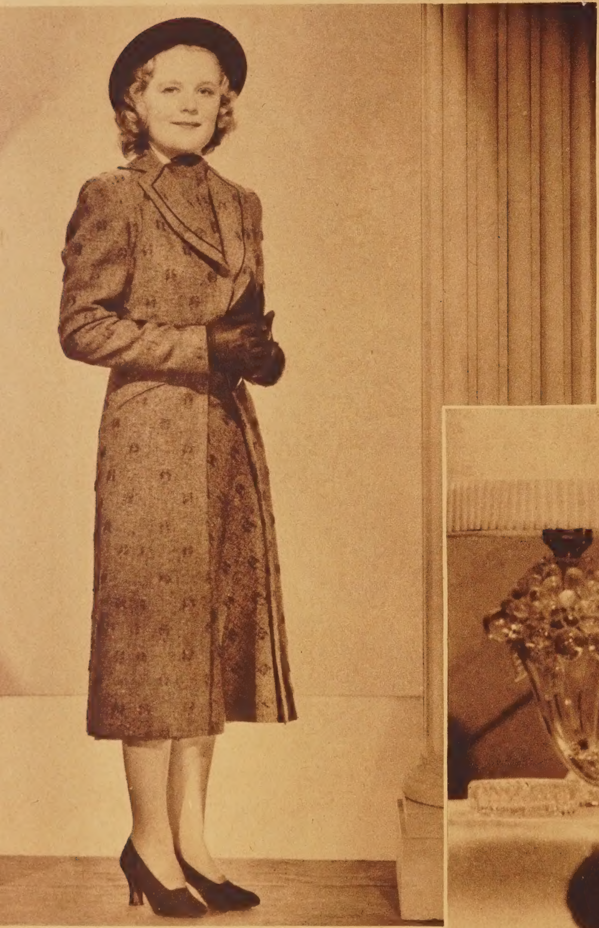
Betty Grable, right, is shown waving goodbye while stewardess Evelyn Burns checks in the passengers, as she takes time out of her current Paramount picture, *Thrill of a Lifetime*, to fly east for a football week-end. Leaving Hollywood on Friday, she takes in the first game of the season at Princeton, enjoys a gala Saturday evening and returns on Sunday

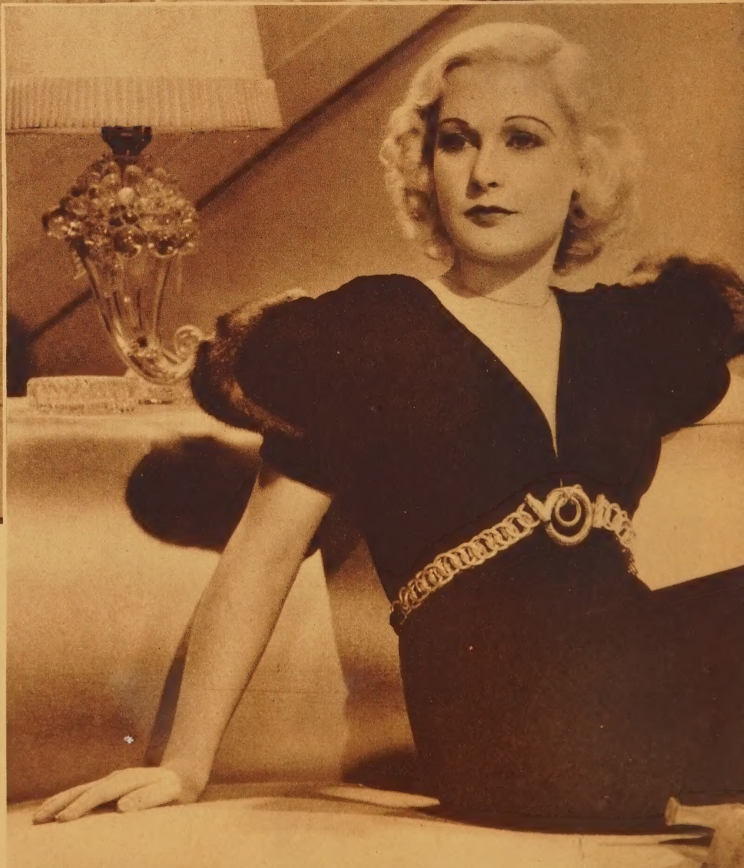
The beauty rest aboard the Skysleeper is one of the chief reasons for Betty's flying football week-end. No sleep is lost and she arrives fresh and rested for her day's work at the studio. (Right) A copy of SCREEN BOOK helps her pass the hours while in flight

SCREEN BOOK'S FASHION PARADE

For suit smartness Priscilla Lawson, now appearing in *Double Wedding* for M-G-M, selects a grey wool with caracul "vest" trim; while Virginia Grey, who has the feminine lead in M-G-M's *Bad Guy* chooses a black knit material with a box coat of persian
—PHOTO BY CLARENCE BULL

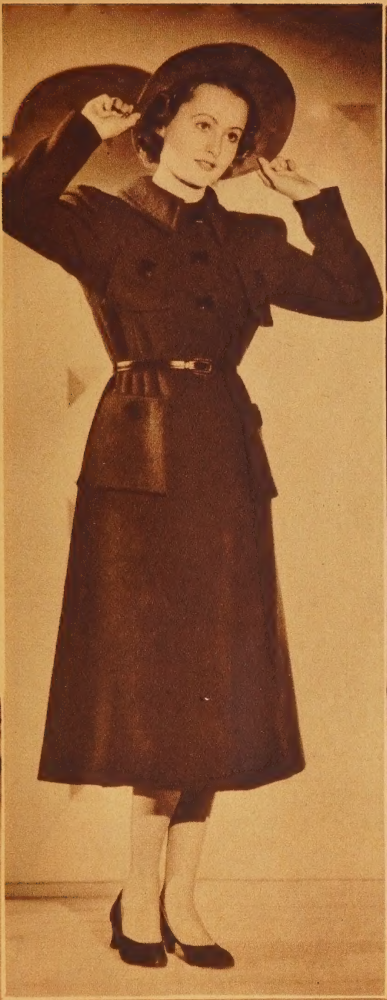


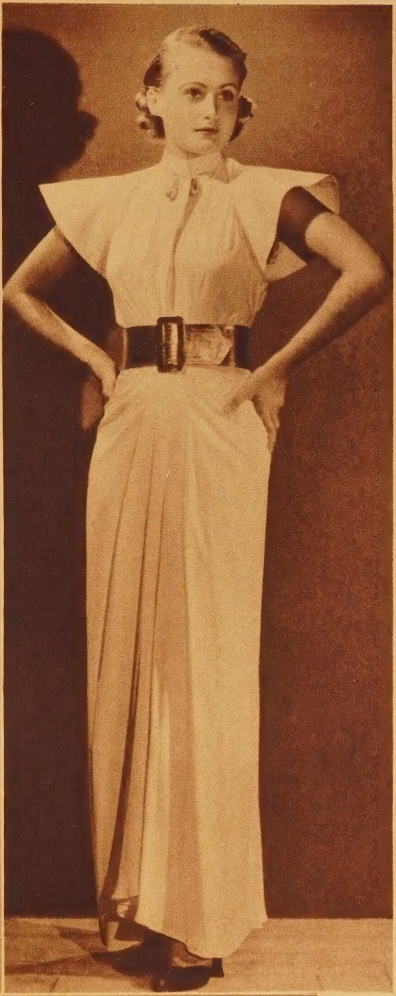


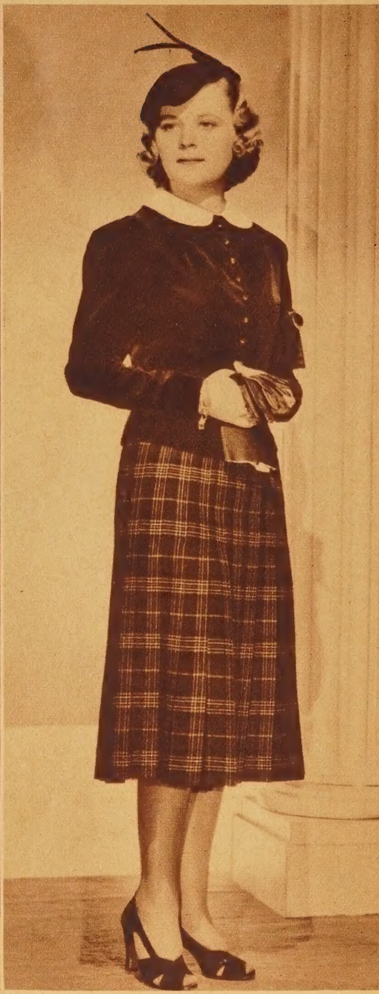


Betty Jaynes, above, youthful M-G-M actress prefers smart simplicity for winter wear. Her grey wool ensemble features an unusual neck treatment with coat collar and lapels piped in green suede. Her accessories are Hunters green sueded kidskin
—PHOTO BY CLARENCE BULL

Blonde Dynamite is an excellent title for Universal's latest starlet, Dorothea Kent, who appears in the picture thus titled. Her enticing black velvet lounging pajamas with gold link belt effect feature puffed sleeves banded with rich sable. The bodice is cut high in back but extremely low in front
—PHOTO BY ED ESTABROOK







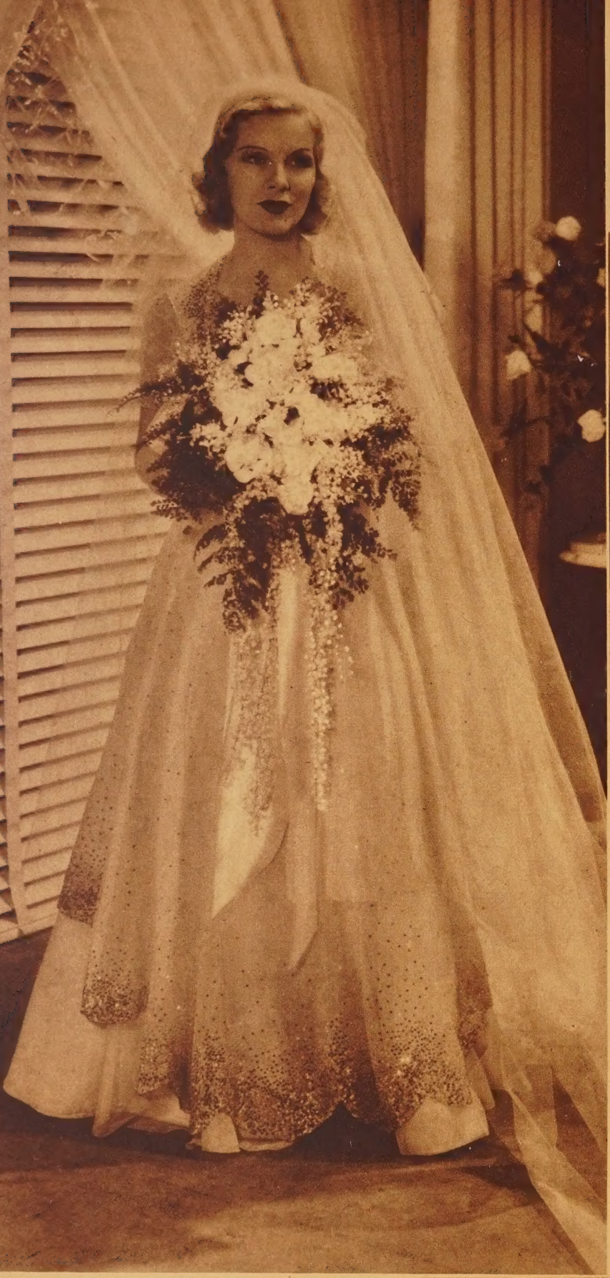
Miss Carver is especially attractive as a "Bonnie lassie" attired in her smart street outfit, with bright plaid wool skirt, plain velvet jacket which is buttoned with tiny buttons and collared in Peter Pan style. She tops this with a perky beret with feather trim. Her accessories are black kidskin

Lynne Carver, above left, appearing in *Madame X* for M-G-M dons a colorful coat of purple wool and lavender suede. The four interesting patch pockets have an unusual button trim. The small collar does not meet in the center, but features buttons placed in streamline fashion

—PHOTO BY CLARENCE BULL

For glamourous evening wear, Miss Carver, above center, models a draped evening gown of heavy white crepe with butterfly sleeves, uneven hemline and full draped skirt front. A wide stitched-gold belt and two gold ornaments at the throat serve as highlights to this unusual design

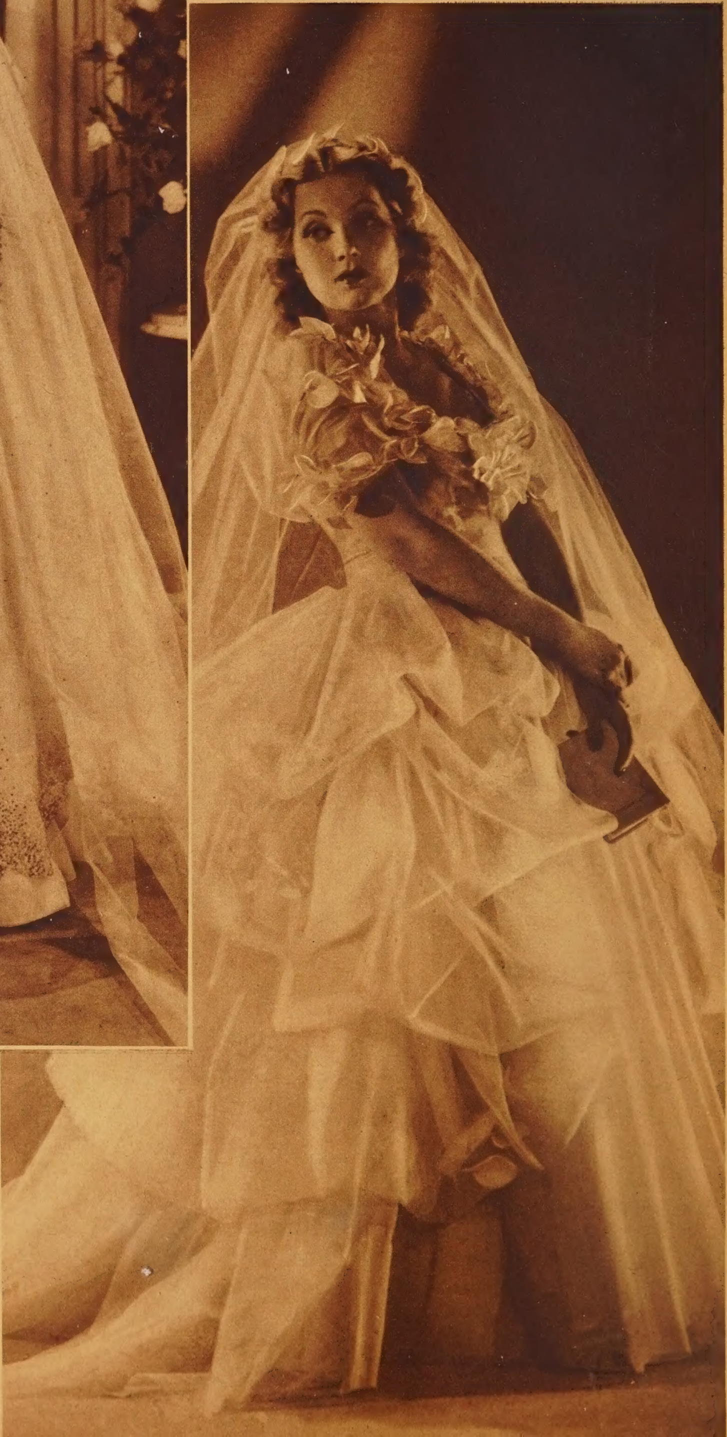
—PHOTO BY CLARENCE BULL



—PHOTO BY FRED HENDRICKSON

December Brides

—PHOTO BY ERNEST BACHRACH



Above, Glenda Farrell wears a romantic pink mousseline bridal gown. The very full skirt is topped by an overskirt powdered with gold sequins. It is scalloped in the front, and falls into a train in the back. Right, another wedding gown from Radio Studios is worn by Ann Sothern in "Don't Forget to Remember." White mousseline is looped in a quaint pannier effect

Now this New Cream with "*Skin-Vitamin*"

Helps Women's Skin More Directly

"It keeps skin faults away more surely"
—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin!

It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin."

When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." Treatment with Pond's new "skin-vitamin" cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for daytime and nightly cleansing, for freshening-ups before powder.

Every jar of Pond's Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue. Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.

Eleanor K. Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says: "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother."

Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N. Y.

(*Right*) Sailing with a friend on the lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 6-CM, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name________________________

Street________________________

City______________State__________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

DINNER
IN A NUT SHELL

Try our new "nutty" dishes for your holiday dinners . . . for this tasty morsel adds texture and flavor to even the simplest of dishes

By
CHRISTINE FREDERICK

"FROM soup to nuts" is the accepted phrase to describe a complete menu with all the trimmings. But a still happier slogan to take for the entire holiday season is "Your dinner in a nut shell," because for every course from soup to dessert, nuts add their wholesome deliciousness in sauces, stuffings, salads and baked foods. So, whether or not it's nuts to you, let's start cracking nuts for dinners in December.

Walnuts are just about tops as the Nut of the Month. They improve other foods in several ways: their golden kernels stimulate appetite, as any nut-muncher will admit; their crunchy crispness adds texture and body to otherwise soft foods; and their distinctive "nutty" flavor dresses up the plainest dish.

So sprinkle a few chopped nuts over a salad or appetizer, add them to baked fruits, use them on custard, sponge and ice cream desserts, and don't forget to be generous with them when you make holiday cakes, cookies or puddings. A few whole kernels on top of a cookie or frosting is a natural garnish.

A special holiday use of walnuts (and other nuts too, may be substituted) will be found in the following recipe. Cake, cookies and bread with walnuts added are not new, but a walnut stuffing for holiday poultry is not only new, but "news:"

WALNUT POULTRY STUFFING

	Giblets, chicken or turkey
2	cups water
2	onions, minced
½	bayleaf
1	tablespoon salt
½	teaspoon pepper
2	tablespoons poultry seasoning
¼	cup butter, melted
8	cups soft bread crumbs
2	cups walnuts, minced

Simmer giblets in water with onions and bayleaf. Chop giblets; remove bayleaf. Combine with salt, pepper, poultry-seasoning and butter, and mix well. Add to breadcrumbs, together with nuts, and mix thoroughly. Stuff into fowl. (Makes a soft, moist dressing sufficient for a 10-pound turkey.)

Another holiday use of nuts is the return of the dear old-fashioned nut bowl, everyone cracking his own, while chatting in leisure around the dinner table. Really, cracking nuts does seem to make for a mood of jollity, so the new, old-fashioned nut bowl may be called a "conversation piece."

In silver, copper or pottery, this smart vogue in table service

The nut-bowl sets a smart vogue in table service as a conversation piece

Brazil nuts are sweetly rich when added to fruit and cream pie fillings

Your guests will enthuse over Brazil-Nut Stuffed Mushrooms

Walnuts are a natural garnish while their crunchy crispness adds pleasing texture has been revived by important movie stars.

Brazil nuts are among the richest and smoothest of all nuts in the holiday nut bowl. Their sweet, oily quality lends itself admirably to use as a chopped garnish for vegetables, sauces, etc. Next time the hostess seeks a novel entree dish with which to elicit admiration from guests, let her try this tidbit, different enough to get talked about, but quite, quite inexpensive:

BRAZIL NUT STUFFED MUSHROOMS

1½ pounds large cap mushrooms
¼ cup butter
1 small onion, minced
1 cup soft bread
1 cup Brazil nuts, minced
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon tomato catsup
1 tablespoon lemon juice
6 thin strips bacon
2 tablespoons parsley, minced
½ cup cream

Carefully remove stems from mushrooms and chop stems fine. Melt butter, add minced onions and stems, and cook together 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add nuts and crumbs, and cook 2 minutes longer. Remove from heat, add seasonings and blend thoroughly. Stuff upturned mushroom caps with mixture, heaping it up roundly. Cut bacon into short, narrow strips and lay 2 strips crosswise over top of each mushroom. Arrange on well greased shallow glass baking platter. Sprinkle tops with minced parsley, and pour cream around. Bake about 25 minutes, hot oven (400°F).

THE almond has long held its own as one of the most important nuts, and its meat-equivalent value ranks it high in favor. Its concentrated protein contains less oil than many other nuts. Ground as paste and combined with powdered sugar we have "marzipan," that delectable confectionery, inseparable from Old-World Christmas celebrations. Shaped into small carrots, fruits, etc., and colored appropriately, it makes a most decorative candy.

Almonds to be used in candy, cakes or variously prepared for holiday candy baskets or small nut cups should first be blanched. Just cover them with boiling water and let them stand 10 minutes, so that the outer papery skin may be easily slipped off between the fingers; then dry nuts with towels.

A question frequently asked of the household editor is "Please tell me how to salt, glace or spice nuts." Here is the answer:

Salted Almonds: Blanch ½ pound shelled almonds, and dry. Arrange in shallow baking dish and pour over 2 tablespoons cooking oil. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons salt, and place in moderate oven (375°F). Shake pan frequently. Drain on paper.

Spiced Almonds: In saucepan mix together 1 cup granulated sugar, ½ teaspoon powdered cinnamon, and ⅓ cup evaporated milk. Boil to 236°F. or "soft ball" stage, stirring constantly, then remove from heat. Add 1½ cup blanched almonds with ½ teaspoon vanilla. Stir until mixture can no longer be stirred. Turn out on waxed paper, and quickly separate into small pieces. Cool. (Makes about 1 pound.)

Glace Nuts: In a saucepan put 1 cup granulated sugar, juice of 1 lemon, and

[*Continued on page* 70]

Romance never came her way

... UNTIL SHE LEARNED THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING . . . FRAGRANT BATHS WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

WHY RISK OFFENDING?

Don't forget that nothing gets you "in wrong" with a man so surely as just the slightest taint of perspiration odor! So don't start "going places" until you've bathed with Cashmere Bouquet! This lovely perfumed soap keeps you so safe from fear of offending—*ever!*

BE FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

That's the way you feel after your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its rich, luxurious lather is so deep-cleansing! It removes so completely every trace of body odor. You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so *fragrantly* dainty!

HOW GLAMOROUS YOU ARE!

And how much more *alluring*—when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way! For Cashmere Bouquet's subtle perfume lingers for hours . . . gives your skin a delicate, flower-like fragrance men adore! And this wonderful soap costs only 10¢ a cake!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for both your face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets down into each pore—removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Your skin grows clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap Colgate

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

MAJORING IN MAKE-UP

Having your picture taken? Attending an important evening gala? Appearing in amateur theatricals? Then do as the stars do—wear screen and stage make-up

By JANET LYNN

Madge Evans is one of the many Hollywood beauties who often uses light screen makeup for evening functions

THE majority of motion picture actresses (all reports to the contrary) not only enjoy *being* motion picture actresses but they enjoy *looking* like motion picture actresses. That means looking delightfully different off screen as well as on!

It is that "different" look which makes screen personalities stand out from the crowd at first-nights and premieres. Likewise it is that "different" look which makes other girls gnash their teeth with envy and ask, "How *do* they do it?"

The answer is not half so obscure as might be imagined. It is simply a formula of make-up which occurs quite naturally to the actress but might never occur to the girl unfamiliar with camera technique.

For street and informal wear, most actresses use the same type of make-up as you or you. On their dressing tables can be found the same brands of powder, rouge and lipstick which are popular with thousands of girls everywhere.

But for gala evening occasions when they must appear before throngs and enthusiastic fans and face batteries of clicking news cameras, some of the most glamorous stars of Hollywood quite naturally rely on screen make-up (the same type as worn before the cameras at the studio) to emphasize their personality. And it is the screen make-up that accounts for that subtle difference in their appearance.

Hollywood long ago discovered the value of make-up before the cameras. Even the most beautiful face possesses tiny flaws not visible to the naked eye but which are relentlessly picked up by the camera lens (*faces are enlarged some two hundred times in a screen close-up!*). And since motion picture film cannot be retouched, these tiny flaws must be eliminated *before* photographing. Screen make-up does this preliminary "retouching" by giving the skin an exquisite texture and imparting a symmetry of contour without in any way changing the actual likeness of the subject.

MADGE EVANS is one of Hollywood's true beauties who prefers to use screen make-up in light tones for special evening functions. When I talked with her recently at her home (where the accompanying photo was taken exclusively for SCREEN BOOK) she proudly displayed a brand new kit of screen make-up that had been designed for convenient home use.

The kit contained a tube of foundation cream (the modern version of grease paint), large box of face powder, small box of liner (used as eye shadow), box of moist rouge for the lips, a lip brush and an eyebrow pencil. In the lid of the leatherette case was a good-sized adjustable mirror. The foundation cream, which is the basis of screen or stage make-up, comes in a variety of shades ranging from the coppery brown used before the cameras to light skin tones preferable for evening wear.

If you are interested in the possibilities which screen make-up holds for a more glamorous *you*, I'll be glad to furnish you with the address of the manufacturer of the kit used by Madge Evans. Prices range from $2.50 to $15 for various assortments of make-up and brushes.

If you are planning to have Christmas pictures taken, such a kit would be an excellent investment. You wouldn't believe the difference that screen make-up makes in a photograph! Or if you are appearing in school plays or amateur theatricals, you will feel and look like a "professional" with this authentic make-up.

The manufacturer, a famous house of cosmetics, will also supply you with explicit information on making up for portrait sittings, for stage appearances, or for look-

[*Continued on page* 66]

LATEST NEWS!

MAE CLARKE, who started in show business as a chorus girl with **Barbara Stanwyck** and won considerable success in talking pictures, has turned her back on Hollywood. Recently married to **Stephen Bancroft,** Pan-American Airways pilot, **Miss Clarke** will live in Rio de Janeiro.

When **Madeleine Carroll** arrived in London on her recent English vacation she was presented with a cabin cruiser by hubby **Captain Ashley,** and together the two left immediately for a cruise in the troubled Mediterranean waters and up the rivers of Southern France.

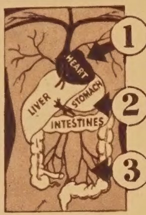
Beatrice (Bee) Lillie cut short a visit to her native England to rush back to Hollywood for a forthcoming Paramount picture with **Bing Crosby.** She cancelled a series of personal appearances in the United States to be with her young son for three weeks during his vacation in Northern England. **Bee** hasn't appeared in a Hollywood-made picture in three years and is eager to be in California during the winter months.

When **Sonja Henie** stepped off the *Queen Mary's* gangplank in Liverpool recently she received a big box of orchids and a cablegram from **Tyrone Power. Sonja** scored quite a hit with British film fans on her visit en route to her native Scandinavia. She'll be back in Hollywood before December first.

They shake a mean tambourine. Robert Woolsey, planning to make his current RKO comedy one of his final movie appearances has determined to "give it everything" and reports from the set indicate that he has. With him in his hilarity is the dynamic Lupe Velez, back on the American screen after several seasons on the stage in England. *High Flyers* is the title of this new comedy

"OKAY OFFICER...HERE'S A TICKET FOR YOU!"
THEN SHE MAKES THAT CRACK ABOUT MY BREATH AND HANDS ME THIS DENTIST'S ADDRESS! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, JOE?
I'D TAKE THE TIP, DAN—BETTER GO SEE THAT DENTIST!
...THAT'S THE STORY, SO I CAME TO SEE YOU.
WELL, DAN, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"
BAD BREATH, HUH? MAYBE THAT'S WHY MARY'S BEEN GIVING ME THE RUNAROUND. WELL, ME FOR COLGATE'S FROM NOW ON!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
WHAT! ANOTHER TICKET, OFFICER?
TICKET? NO MA'AM! I'M JUST WANTING TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIP. IT SURE FIXED THINGS UP BETWEEN ME AND MY GIRL
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his Sparkling Smile!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Good Housekeeping Bureau
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

THIS NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT HAS PUT ON SOLID POUNDS FOR THOUSANDS OF SKINNY PEOPLE



1 Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this element.

3 Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth calls for adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.

QUICK GAINS OF 10 TO 25 LBS. REPORTED WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

NOW thousands of skinny, rundown men and women can say good-bye to bony angles and unsightly hollows that rob them of natural attractiveness. For with this new easy 3-way treatment, hosts of people who never could gain an ounce before have put on pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh *—in just a few weeks!*

Why it builds

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and rundown simply because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. Without these elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. One of the richest sources of Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale.

Now by a new process, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron); also pasteurized English ale yeast. Finally, for your protection, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed these vital elements quickly to gain normally attractive flesh and peppy health.

Posed by professional models

Make this money-back test

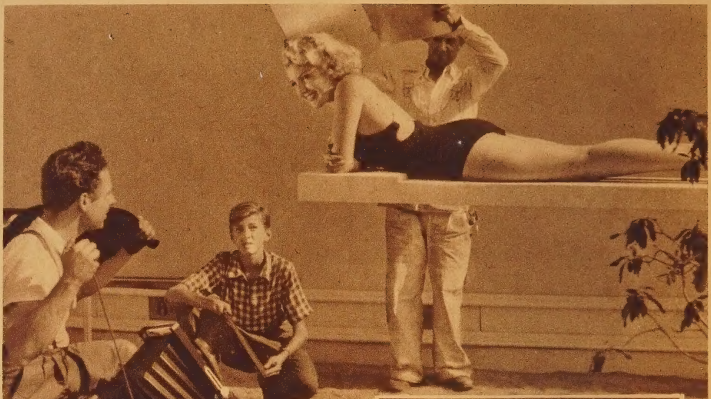
If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2812, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of cheap substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.

AROUND THE RADIO DIAL



Here's the answer as to whether the radio is "going Hollywood". Pretty young performers, of which there are an increasing number, now are being dragged out to the beach for typical movie publicity stills in scanty attire such as Marlyn Stuart is wearing here

By DAN THOMAS

AFTER several very dull months, Hollywood's radio activities again are going forward at a terrific pace. As a matter of fact, there's so much radio activity going on here now that it no longer seems complete to refer to Hollywood as the movie capital of the world. Somebody should coin a new word such as "radifilm" or "cinair" that would combine both movies and radio. This has now become the radio capital of the world just as surely as it became the movie capital 15 years ago.

After being away from the "mike" all summer, Deanna Durbin seems happy over getting back. She's shown here with "Uncle" Eddie Cantor, on whose show she will be heard this winter

Dancing really doesn't have much place on a radio show but Parkyakarkus and Martha Raye are practicing a new step just the same—just in case they might have a chance to use it

He isn't saying anything about it, but **Nelson Eddy's** heart really has the flip-flops. And the reason is pretty **Ann Franklin,** ex-wife of **Sidney Franklin,** prominent film director. **Ann** not only accompanies **Nelson** to all of his radio rehearsals and broadcasts but also is frequently seen with him in the more popular night spots.

For the first time in more than a year, **Deanna Durbin** had a month's complete vacation before returning to the **Eddie Cantor** show recently. But it took the Los Angeles Board of Education to get it for her. This body, which supervises the work of all minors in the city, informed Universal studio execs they would have to postpone the starting date of Deanna's new picture a few weeks in order to give the child a complete rest. They felt even her high salary wasn't sufficient compensation for making a wreck out of her.

W. C. Fields' most treasured possession is an ordinary eight by ten photograph of himself with **Will Rogers** and **Wiley Post**, taken just before they took off on their ill fated flight. This picture, which is framed and hangs just above **Fields'** desk in his library, is the only picture in the entire room.

There's going to be a blow-up in the "Hollywood Hotel" show that will be heard for miles if the writers don't stop referring to **Anne Jamison** as **"Ginny."** The nickname is the outgrowth of the time that **Dick Powell** was master of ceremonies on this program. The sponsors thought a "radio romance" should be worked into the show so **Anne** was cast in the role under the name of **Virginia Dale.** The nickname sprouted from that. The writers still use it, however, despite **Anne's** protests and the fact that she has been using only her own name on the show for many months. And **Anne** doesn't like it a little bit. Neither do a lot of her fans who think the name doesn't fit her type of singing—which it doesn't.

Radio listeners who believe that the eleven members of the "One Man's Family" program actually comprise one big happy family may be surprised to learn that they come from eleven different families. None of them are related in any manner to any of the others.

Although she recently was voted the number one feminine singer on the air and is also a popular screen star, **Frances Langford** has managed to keep her private life under a much tighter cover than any other Hollywood personality. Even the newshawks, with which this city is overrun, can answer very few questions about her other than that she is a great singer and fine actress. The answer is that **Frances** seldom goes where film people are found. When not working, she stays home a great deal—puttering around her garden, reading or playing the piano. Her favorite amusement is to go to the movies, which she does three or four nights a week, always picking a double feature and sitting through the entire show. She rarely ever visits a night club. But on the other hand she is frequently found at the University of Southern California fraternity dances. That's really the place to learn the lowdown on **Frances.** The college crowd knows her as Hollywood never will.

Jack Oakie is in a quandary. He was asked to be the judge of a Jamaica beauty contest and in a weak moment accepted. Now he's wondering just how he's going to judge the merits of the native girls, their standards being somewhat different than Hollywood's.

Marion Talley has brought her entire family here from Kansas and made them comfortable in the beautiful new mansion she recently purchased. But she's living at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. However, she doesn't say whether it's because she likes the excitement of the hotel or because there weren't enough rooms in the house to go around. **Irene Rich**, on the other hand, is more frank about her residence in the same hotel. Although she owns three homes here, **Irene** stays at the hotel through choice because "I always have liked hotels much better than my own home."

Delving into the heartache department again for a moment, we find that **Florence Heller,** New York society girl friend of **Ken Murray's,** has returned east without even mentioning their expected engagement. When she followed **Ken** west several months ago, everyone expected at least an engagement if not an actual marriage before the summer was over. But nothing happened. And if you want to know why it's blonde **Marlyn Stuart**, the young beauty who heckles **Ken** on his radio show with "Mama, here's that man again." She is the real thorn in **Ken's** heart right now.

Although her dressing table is adorned with fully a hundred bottles of perfume, **Martha Raye** uses only one kind. It's a special blend made for her by a friend in the business and not sold to anyone else.

Radio fans who occasionally have a little trouble understanding some of **Parkyakarkus's** wise cracks on the **Al Jolson** show would be much better off if they could attend the rehearsals. **"Parky"** rehearses all of his lines in straight English, never using his dialect until he is actually on the air.

[*Continued on page* 71]

New Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

BETTER THAN EVER FOR SKIN
says
MRS. W. FORBES MORGAN OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

DOCTORS have known for some time that a certain vitamin is particularly beneficial to the skin. When we eat foods that contain it, this vitamin helps to keep skin healthy.

Then doctors applied this vitamin right to skin in cases of wounds and burns—and found it healed the skin more quickly! This is the "skin-vitamin" that you now get in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Always grand for flaky skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream has always been especially good for a powder base and overnight softener.

But now, this cream is even better for the skin. Use it for helping your skin in every way. Its use makes the skin smoother, softer, softens lines; best of all, gives the whole skin a livelier, glowing look!

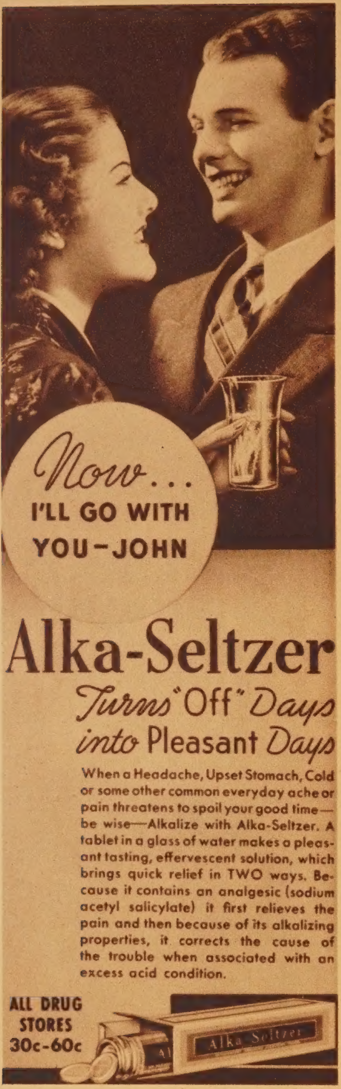
The same jars, same labels, same price
The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is on sale everywhere.

Remember—it now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin health.

SMOOTHS ROUGHNESS AWAY

"I have always depended on Pond's Vanishing Cream," Mrs. Morgan says, "for smoothing little rough places. It's a grand powder base and overnight softener. But now with the new 'skin-vitamin' in it, it is better than ever for my skin."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!
Try it in 9 Treatments
Pond's, Dept. 6VM, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.
Name__________
Street__________
City__________ State__________
Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



Now... I'LL GO WITH YOU—JOHN

Alka-Seltzer

Turns "Off" Days into Pleasant Days

When a Headache, Upset Stomach, Cold or some other common everyday ache or pain threatens to spoil your good time—be wise—Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer. A tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant tasting, effervescent solution, which brings quick relief in TWO ways. Because it contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) it first relieves the pain and then because of its alkalizing properties, it corrects the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

ALL DRUG STORES 30c-60c

Alka Seltzer

RELIEF for FEET

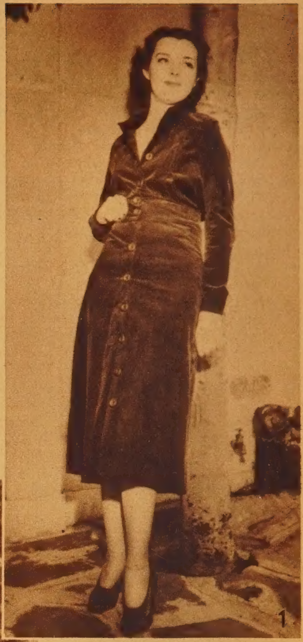
Same as Chiropodists Use

Apply Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX on corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions or tender spots on feet or toes caused by new or tight shoes—pain stops! Removes the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Cut this velvety-soft, cushioning foot plaster in any desired size or shape and apply it. Economical. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. Sample and FOOT Booklet free. Write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 54, Chicago.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX FOOT PLASTER

STRIDING ALONG

Get in stride by wearing one of the new and popular "striders." Gaily printed matched ascots and handkerchiefs lend to its smartness, while its conservative simplicity is applicable to your favorite games and exercises. They are modeled by four attractive young Hollywood players: (1) Eleanor Fisher, "Miss Typical America" of the recent Fawcett beauty contest; (2) Muriel Evans, M-G-M player; (3) Shirley Ross, of Paramount; (4) Ruth Mix, new western star



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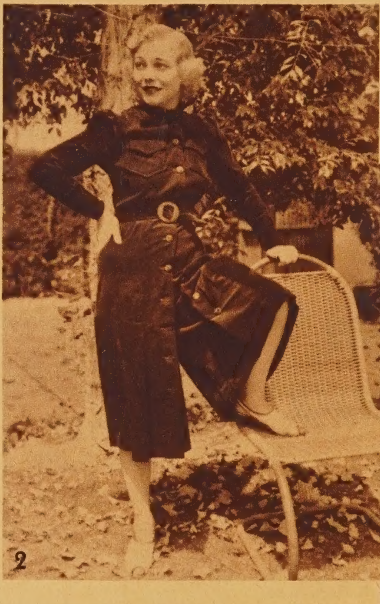

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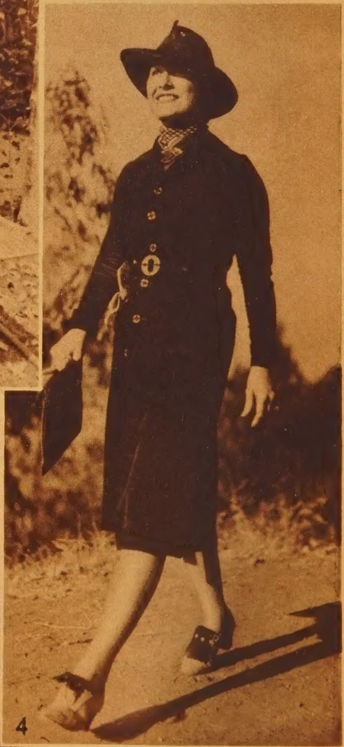

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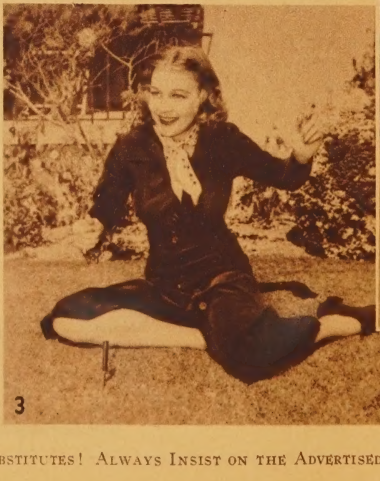


3

Blore's a Funny Bloke!

[*Continued from page* 38]

bitterly. But with true British valor, Blore continued to sing his piece.

Finally, a man in the gallery leaned over the railing, and bellowed: "Are you going to get out of there or shall I have to come down and throw you out?" The young singer's engagement was terminated abruptly.

SINCE coming to the films, Eric Blore has developed into something of an institution. His butler roles are famous. The moment his name is flashed upon the screen, audiences prepare themselves for an entertainment-fest.

Probably the highlight of his fun-making was his memorable "Susquehanna Street Jail" scene in *Shall We Dance?* Many believe, and rightfully, too, this bit to be the outstanding feature of the entire picture. Certainly, it rates favorably with anything of an amusing nature ever pictured on the screen in the past.

Blore started his comedy in what is known in England as "concert parties." These "parties" consist of a small troupe of players touring about the country, and appearing on the stage of music halls, pavilions, beach resorts and the like. Without stage properties or sets of any kind, they individually get up and go through their routines. Blore was one of the comedians in such a company, the "March Hares," no less, and from this he gained his start in the theatre, which later took him to Australia, the London stage and, finally, New York and Hollywood.

It's a far cry from entertaining on the stage to reporting the results of British artillery fire on the German lines, from a balloon, but during the World War Blore made this transition. He joined the Royal Flying Corps and was detailed to the extremely-hazardous position of balloon observer. In the comedian's own words, he was "fed up with marching in the infantry," so applied for the transfer. Later, he was assigned to the entertainment unit of the army, and proved a boon to thousands of weary soldiers.

Blore was appearing in the London company of *The Gay Divorcee,* with Fred Astaire, when RKO-Radio hailed him to Hollywood to re-enact the same role in the film version of this rollicking musical comedy. Once before, this English comedian appeared in a Hollywood film, in a small part in *Flying Down to Rio. The Gay Divorcee,* however, embarked Blore upon the career that since made him a favorite with millions.

Off the screen, the comedian is a solemn-faced but unusually-witty individual. Quite, nevertheless he keeps whatever company he may be working with in stitches of laughter. Watch for him particularly in *It's Love I'm After,* with Leslie Howard. He takes the part of a bird imitator, of all things, who fancies himself a fine actor. He should wow audiences more than ever in this.

Deservedly popular in Hollywood social circles are Pat O'Brien and his charming wife, glimpsed here at a recent big premiere

STAR OF RADIO AND STAGE...

Benay Venuta says

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE *Color of Your Eyes*"

"YOU'RE LOVELIER...when you wear this makeup, keyed to the color of your eyes," says attractive Benay Venuta. "It's Marvelous, the new Eye-Matched Makeup—and it *really works!"*

IT'S MAKEUP THAT MATCHES ... face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, in scientific color harmony. It's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES YOU ...for it's all keyed to your own personality color, *the color of your eyes.* And it's a...

SHORT CUT TO GLAMOUR, beauty editors, artists, and makeup men agree.

Your own drug or department store recommends Marvelous *Dresden* type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara if your eyes are blue. Wear *Parisian* type if your eyes are brown; *Patrician* type if they're gray; *Continental* type for hazel. Full size packages each item only 55¢ (Canada 65¢).

ASK YOUR MIRROR... your own leading man. They'll *like* you in Eye-Matched Makeup!

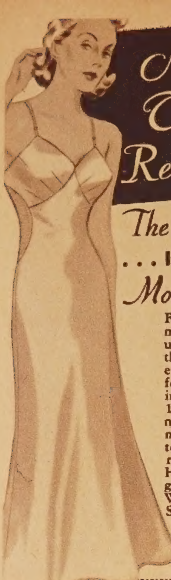
Harmonizing ROUGE · LIPSTICK · FACE POWDER · MASCARA · EYE SHADOW

55¢ each

COPYRIGHT 1937, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS *Eye-Matched* MAKEUP
by RICHARD HUDNUT

Paris . . London . . . New York . . Toronto . . Buenos Aires . . . Berlin



New! Thrilling! Revolutionary!

The KURFORM SLIP

. . . IT GIVES YOU A Movie Star FIGURE

Features galore! A diamond shaped lastex gore under each arm makes the slip conform to your every movement, fit perfectly and prevent hiking or riding up. The 16 dart double top gives new uplift effect and makes your dress fit better. Beautifully tailored of rayon fabric with Mount Hope finish. Money back guarantee with each slip. White or Tea Rose. Sizes 32 to 44.

1.25

Postage Prepaid

KOPP MERCHANDISE CO.
1385 Broadway, N.Y.C.

I am enclosing check or money order for $........

Please send me........ Kurform Slips. Size........

Color: ☐ White ☐ Tea Rose

Check color desired.

Name ....

Address ....

City.................. State..................

Lovely
TO LOOK AT
Delightful
TO WEAR

ROSALIND KEITH, appearing in the Columbia picture "A Fight to the Finish"

Glamorous Hollywood, personified here by lovely Rosalind Keith, has discovered how to relax in style. SCOTTY Slipperettes lend her lounging ensemble a smart footing. And they're as comfortable as they are handsome! SCOTTYS relax tired muscles... and keep your feet warm in bed . . . for they won't come off during the night! They're washable... and stretchable. One size fits every foot... so you may safely present them as gifts, without first inquiring about size.

COLORS: Black, Rust, White, Royal Blue, Sky Blue, Blush Pink, Dark Green, Dawn Green. At your department store.

SCOTTY Slipperette

Trade Mark Reg. No. 296702
Pat. No. 1841518; Design Pat. No. 86152
© 1937 THE SLIPPERETTE CO.
5216 IRVING PARK BLVD., CHICAGO

THE POSTMAN RINGS

Beverly Ann Welch, four-year-old prodigy on the trap drums, has become the darling of the entire cast of Universal's musical, *Merry-go-round of 1938*, because of her sweet disposition and remarkable talent. Her specialty number promises to be a hit of the show

$15.00 Prize Letter

Small-Town Stigma Extinct

GENTLEMEN:

The realization of just how important a part motion pictures play in the lives of both men and women came to me recently. I had occasion to leave the city of Chicago—travel across the country—and settle down in a small Texas town. In my conceited big-city smugness, I don't know what I expected to see—not country hicks, of course, but certainly not the socially aware, fashion-conscious style rightness of the men and women as a group, and as individuals also!

All mediums of contact have brought us much closer these days. Newspapers have their eye appeal—Radio has its definite ear appeal, but the motion pictures are responsible for the biggest change—the removing of the "small-town-stuff" stigma.

In every small cranny of the globe the movies make it possible for someone to learn to live—share—carry on—to face real life and to recognize true love. Stupid prejudices have been broken—splendid, new outlets have been presented. True there is that exaggeration, pretense, false emphasis on glamour, and stimulating unrest of the movies—BUT—all are minor evils—not to be compared to the major good of the motion pictures for the majority.—*(Miss) Dorothy D. Hopper, 1216 S. Fillmore Street, Amarillo, Texas.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Preserved For Posterity

DEAR EDITOR:

A good picture is a good picture always. It stands from first to last as a triumph of motion picture skill and neither age nor change will destroy it. Truly it can be said of *Maytime*, *Captains Courageous*, *Lost Horizon*, or *The Good Earth*, that they will be just as fine years from now as they are today; just as fine until the common material upon which they depend, celluloid, shall perish. The beauty and the quality of such pictures shall last should even the movie industry crumble. And we, who are permitted to see such undying works of craftsmanship, should be, indeed, humbly grateful, for we have seen something that is more than plain photography—we have seen Art.—*Nathaniel Rutherford, 2642 Stanton Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

International Art

DEAR EDITOR:

Being a rabid movie fan, and a constant reader of movie magazines, I am amazed at the arrogance displayed by a part of the public towards foreign actors and actresses. They protest, saying that the parts should be given to American boys and girls.

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!

This is as ridiculous as saying that the operas of the old masters should not be shown here any more and the orchestras should play only American music. If a foreign actor is a good one, by all means he should get coveted roles. Art, like music, is international and knows no language.—*Mrs. O. Bondy, 383 Glenmore Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

$1.00 Prize Letter
Miscasting Martha?

DEAR EDITOR:
Comedienne? I wonder. I used to think so, but after seeing *Artists and Models* I have my doubts. I'm referring to Martha Raye.

Of all the unnecessary, ridiculous, and—shall I use "unfunny" for lack of a better word—she gets the bladeless knife without a handle. I believe that I am as broadminded and have as good a sense of humor as the average person, but when someone insists on inserting a plain, unvarnished bit of burlesque into an otherwise excellent movie, my funnybone doesn't seem to respond and my better nature rebels.

One more break like that and I'm afraid that whenever I see Martha Raye's name in the cast, I'm going to steer clear of that theatre.—*E. L. Pavel, 1410 Glenarm, Denver, Colo.*

The Lux Theatre of the Air begins its third season with a brilliant cast playing *A Star Is Born.* Lionel Stander, Mae Robson, Robert Montgomery, Janet Gaynor and Producer Cecil B. DeMille snapped while gathering at the "mike" for their 1937-38 radio debut

$1.00 Prize Letter
Lookie! Lookie!

DEAR EDITOR:
I fully realize that fans are an indication of a star's popularity and that it is only natural for a fan to show his admiration for his favorites. He may show his admiration by writing fan letters, collecting pictures or autographs, or trying to get a look at his favorites; *but* when it comes to mobbing a star and tearing at his clothing and hair and literally wrecking the star—well, that is going too far. Why not be a little more considerate?

Another thing that is very unreasonable is some of the articles that have been in newspapers recently. What the writers of these articles are thinking about I don't know. They seem to take delight in tearing down the glamour that surrounds a star and making the public see them as something to look down on rather than to look up to.—*Evelyn Ghirardi, Yountville, California.*

How Constipation Causes Gas, Nerve Pressure

Many Doctors Now Say It's Nerves, Not Poisons That So Often Cause Headaches, Dizzy Spells, Coated Tongue

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (acid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy and miserable.

To get the complete relief you seek you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve the GAS. 2. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.

ADLERIKA is one of the few products on the market that gives you the DOUBLE ACTION you need. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that awful GAS almost at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and both bowels. Laxatives usually act on the lower bowel only.

Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years. No griping, no after effects. Just QUICK results. Try Adlerika today. We believe you'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.

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All REPUTABLE DRUGGISTS know that Adlerika has no substitute. Always DEMAND the genuine.

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Boyer's works like magic—gives a cool appearing, satin-smooth finish to skin and imparts a delicate, lingering fragrance.

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Made in 7 lovely, harmonizing Paris shades for business, sports or evening wear. Try Boyer's today. 50c at your druggist or send the coupon for liberal purse size box. Specify shade desired.

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I will pay **CASH** *for* **OLD COINS, BILLS *and* STAMPS**

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid $400.00 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J.D. Martin of Virginia $200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, $2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices or all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY $100.00 FOR A DIME!

1894 S. Mint; $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

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GRAY HAIR
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YEARS YOUNGER

Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable.

If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair alluring, rich, youthful-appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.

Majoring in Make-up

[*Continued from page* 58]

ing especially scrumptuous on evening parties.

To assist in a perfect make-up routine you are going to need plenty of cleansing tissues—first to prepare your face for make-up, then to remove excess liner and to blot your lip rouge, and finally to remove your make-up when cleansing your face for bed.

Good news is the fact that you can now get two boxes of a popular cleansing tissue, each box containing 200 sheets, for 25c! This tissue which is both soft and strong, comes in a variety of pastel shades to satisfy your every color mood, and the container has one of those handy slotted tops fixed so that when you pull one tissue, the next one pops out, ready for use. The tissues also come in enormous double and triple size sheets, and until you've used these extra size tissues, you simply don't know what make-up luxury is! I'll be delighted to give you the name so that you can take immediate advantage of the reduction in price.

The best of make-up loses some of its effectiveness when it is applied on sallow, lifeless skin. Stimulating facial circulation is usually the answer to the problem of the sallow complexion, and for this purpose, a facial mask cannot be improved upon.

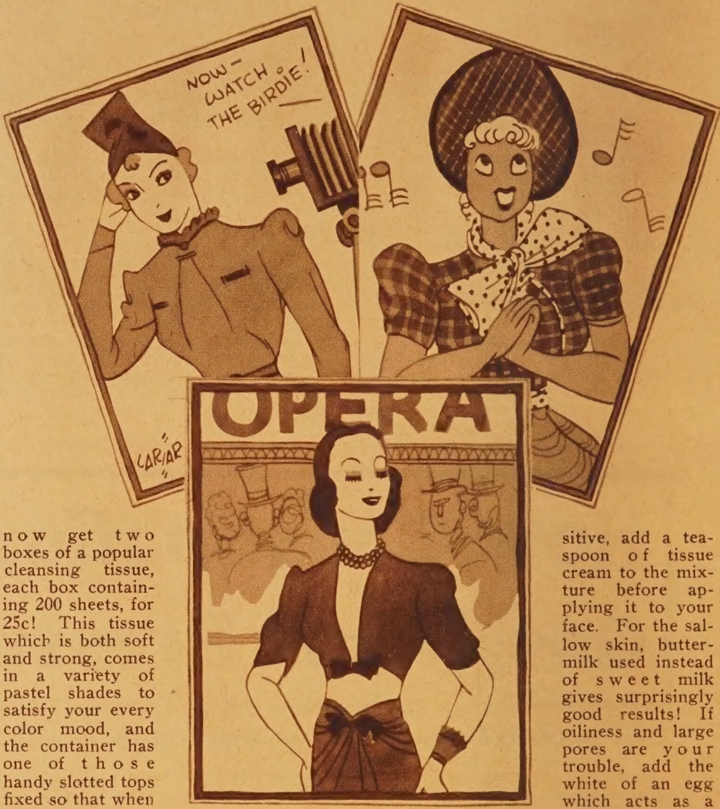
A quick acting facial mask which not only stimulates circulation, but clears the skin of waste materials can be compounded at a very small cost! The base of this mask is a silky powder, usually used by fastidious ladies in their bath water to make it soft and soothing. This powder is mixed with milk to form a thin paste which is applied to the cleansed face and neck, and allowed to dry. (It usually takes about fifteen minutes, and beauty-wise girls employ that time for complete relaxation). Then the face is rinsed with clear cold water, patted dry, and behold . . . a radiant skin!

If your skin is dry, or unusually sensitive, add a teaspoon of tissue cream to the mixture before applying it to your face. For the sallow skin, buttermilk used instead of sweet milk gives surprisingly good results! If oiliness and large pores are your trouble, add the white of an egg which acts as a mild astringent.

Last, but certainly not least, the cost of this silky powder is only a few cents. Let me know if you want the name.

Nail polishes are so much a part of smart make-up, that they cannot be overlooked in a make-up discussion. The newest shades this season have a muted quality, whether they are soft smoky shades or the dramatic vivid ones, which do wonders to harmonize polishes with both gown and make-up.

An innovation introduced by one manufacturer is a color selector which eliminates any possibility of going astray in choosing a polish for definite effect. There is a transparent nail-shaped tab attached to each bottle which is coated with the identical polish contained therein. You slip your fingertip under this tab to determine the appearance of the polish on your nails, and select the shades most



For such events—use screen make-up

suited to your needs. The polish itself is smooth and even flowing and it dries with a hard brilliance that stays and stays! Moreover, it will not thicken in the bottle and is "good to the last drop!" I'd be glad to let you have the trade name so you can try it for your next manicure.

Just as you need a clear, smooth complexion to enhance the effect of your make-up, you need soft, smooth hands to give your beautifully polished nails a setting worthy of them. Keeping the hands free from roughness in winter months is an important beauty consideration, and I'd like to have you try a brand new "vanishing lotion" which does wonders in improving the texture and appearance of your hands. It comes in a bottle with a handy dispenser which ejects just enough lotion for one application, and lives up to its name by vanishing completely without stickiness. It quickly relieves rough, dry, or chapped skin . . . but the thing to do, of course, is to use it *before* chapping, to keep your hands smooth and soft right through the winter. This is really an excellent product, and one that the whole family can use to advantage. The bottle with dispenser costs 59 cents and the name is yours for the asking.

HAVING YOUR PICTURE TAKEN?

. . . . . Then why not write Janet Lynn, Screen Book's beauty expert, for her advice on the proper make-up for the photographer? She will also be glad to help you with any other beauty problems which are troubling you, whether they pertain to hair, skin, nails or figure. There is no charge for this service, the only requirement being that you enclose stamped (3c U. S. stamp) self-addressed envelope for Miss Lynn's confidential reply. Address your letter to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Don Hulbert, ten year accordionist, will have an important role in *Penrod and His Brothers,* with Billy and Bobby Mauch

PEARLS
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LOVE'S WITCHERY lives, and keeps on living, in the softly exquisite moon-glow of *Heller Certified Cultured Pearls.* Whether you pay $19.95 or $1000, you enjoy in them the precious heirloom quality and beauty of *genuine oyster-grown gems,* carefully matched and graduated, hand-knotted, and graced by diamond-set clasps of genuine solid-gold.

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CULTURED PEARLS
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The Joke's On Ginger

[*Continued from page 29*]

makes, ringing like a fire alarm in my dressing room with their hands pointing to the time I should have been there . . .

Phyllis: Well, it's my serve and that last game was mine . . . (*Everything was working out.*) Didn't some one else play another joke on you during the filming of that picture? (*I was hitting in the dark!*)

Ginger (unsuspecting): Yes! Our other assistant Rudy Rosenberg. I asked him for the morning papers on our first day of the picture . . . and everyday after that he brought me the Los Angeles papers . . . and stood over me while I read them. It was very nice of him . . . then—one morning I was late . . . yes, *again*, and he brought me my morning papers and I thought I'd have to read them—despite my hurry, for fear of hurting Rudy's feelings . . . when suddenly I looked up and saw Rudy over in a corner doubled over with laughter . . . Then I realized the joke was on me . . . the papers were a year old and this was the morning he'd been waiting for. Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong.

PHYLLIS: Say, what about that famous Hepburn "rib" . . . Hepburn pouring a bucket of water on you—or something . . . Whizz . . . Ping . . . Whizz . . . Pong . . .

Ginger: Despite the fact that that incident is famous . . . it's never been printed as it actually happened . . . Whizz . . . Ping . . . Pong . . . I was walking along the studio street with Eddie Ruben, Bennie's brother, when all of a sudden John Ford, the director, and Katharine Hepburn yelled to us from out of a second story window and threatened to throw things at us . . . we kidded back and forth and John suddenly yelled, "Look out below," and threw a glass of water at us . . . it missed us . . . with the exception of a few drops that fell on my newly purchased mink coat. I didn't mind at all, though the papers said I was furious . . . because it proved my coat was good . . . it didn't shrink!

Phyllis: Ha. Ha. (*I was covering up by laughing.*) The games are now three to five . . . my favor! (*—and notice I hurried on to more conversation.*) Say, Ging'. Whizz . . . Ping . . . Pong . . . what about the time Pan Berman asked you if you'd like to come in and see the final cut of one the dances all musically scored and everything?

Ginger: Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha . . . I'd forgotten about that . . . It was so funny! Pan asked if I'd like to look at the dance routines and I'd said I'd love to because I hadn't seen any of the daily rushes. I went into a projection room . . . I thought by myself, but soon after learned how wrong I was . . . when every one started laughing. The picture was flashed on the screen . . . and suddenly in the middle of one of the dance routines a voice . . . supposed to be mine . . . came out of the sound track . . . where nothing had actually been said, you know . . . rather like *Strange Interlude*, moaning and saying, "Oh my feet!—Oh! Oh! My back! Oh! I'm so tired!"—which they had dubbed in . . . Then the lights went up and I realized Rogers had been tricked . . . How does the score stand now? . . .

Phyllis: Oh, the score? (*Trying my best to act nonchalant*) . . . Well, that's my game . . . and my set.

Ginger: It is . . . what have I been doing? . . . Oh—now I catch on! You started me talking about jokes that had been pulled on me . . . I fell right in with your plan . . . and while I was telling jokes on myself you won the tennis match . . . thereby duping me again. Well, I admit defeat . . . and challenge you to a rematch . . . and this time you can't say a word . . . or should I say I won't let you talk me into saying anything?

The score of the next game is irrevelant. . . I think I was a little tired from the other game I played, or I'm sure she couldn't have beaten me—so badly! Oh, well!

—SCREEN BOOK STAFF PHOTO

The "It" Girl has come back to Hollywood after several years of quiet home life on a huge Nevada ranch and looking like a bright new golden million. Clara Bow, and husband Rex Bell, Western film star, here shown with her, is managing the new "It" Club cafe in Hollywood. Oh, yes, Clara has several movie offers tempting her to return to the screen again. And, why not?

DON'T USE A KNIFE!

Corns come back BIGGER UGLIER unless removed Root* and all

● A knife is always dangerous, and paring corns leaves the root imbedded in the toe to grow back bigger—more painful. Why risk infection? Use the new, safe, double-action Blue-Jay method that stops pain instantly, by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use—invisible. 25c for 6. Same price in Canada. Get Blue-Jay today.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

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Brand New FEATHERWEIGHT—Latest Model Portable—up-to-date streamline features—now offered at amazing low price. Fully Guaranteed—10 day trial—only 10c a day. Full details sent free!

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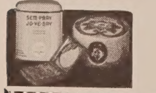

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Send purse size Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay Creme. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing. Include introductory packages Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay Face Powder and Rouge FREE.

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PRETTY "POSIES" Hollywood CROWNS!

Flowers are crowns for Hollywood's prettiest coiffures these days and here are a few of them. Orien Hayward, B. P. Schulberg's budding starlet wears six white carnations; Lois January chooses Transvaal daisies with blue-black centers; Pat Paterson of the Wanger studio wears a huge gardenia for her "living crown."

FOR FLAVOR, FUN AND MOUTH-FRESH FEELING

CHEW WITH A PURPOSE

1. ORALGENE is a firmer, "chewier" gum. It gives your mouth, teeth and gums needed exercise.

2. ORALGENE contains milk of magnesia (dehydrated). It helps to mouth freshness.

3. ORALGENE helps keep teeth clean — and fresh-looking throughout the day. Chew it after every meal.

Beech-Nut Brand Chewing Gum
Beech-Nut
ORALGENE
Chewing Gum
FOR THE TEETH
ORALGENE FOR ORAL HYGIENE 5¢

Each piece individually wrapped

ORALGENE

pronounced oral gene (mouth health)

A DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT PRODUCT

SOLD WHERE BEECH-NUT GUM IS DISPLAYED

Bette Davis fearlessly and frankly discusses the problem of "Dangerous Loves" in the January issue of SCREEN BOOK. You won't want to miss this revealing article, expertly written by one of Hollywood's ace writers, Sonia Lee

SAY "LUDEN'S"

LUDEN'S
NET WEIGHT 1¾ OZ.
Menthol COUGH DROPS
Now
WITH ALKALINE FACTOR ADDED
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5¢
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OPEN THIS END

From a MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

BECAUSE . . . THEY ACT 3 ways

① Soothe inflamed membranes.

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HI-LIGHTS in the STARS MENUS

WARREN WILLIAM appearing in "FIREFLY" a MGM Production

BREAST-O'-CHICKEN BRAND Tuna Fish

SAVES MONEY ON MEALS

Keep the *cost* of meal planning down and *nourishment* value up. Warm, healthful, economy meals made with BREAST-O'-CHICKEN tuna fish have real appetite appeal.

Hollywood deep dish tuna pie

Boil together 3 or 4 small potatoes, 2 carrots, 2 medium onions. When nearly done, dice, and add 1 can of peas. Make white sauce and season with salt, pepper and paprika. Shred one tin BREAST-O'-CHICKEN tuna. Line baking dish with plain pastry and fill with layers of tuna and vegetables. Cover with crust and bake until brown.

Ask your grocer for BREAST-O'-CHICKEN brand, the *far better tuna* with the *Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval* on every tin.

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BUY THIS BRAND

BREAST-O'-CHICKEN BRAND Tuna Fish FANCY SOLID PACK
Tested and Approved 4451 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

THEY CAN NEVER FORGET, one of the leading articles in the January issue of **SCREEN BOOK**, will offer new and delightful glimpses of three reigning favorites—Madeleine Carroll, Janet Gaynor and Dick Powell. **DON'T MISS IT!**

Save that wave

IRIS ADRIAN in "Our Relations" A Hal Roach Production

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FITS BETTER
- is made better
- lasts longer
- is more comfortable

The Patented Don-a-Cap has been imitated, but never equalled. For complete satisfaction, insist on the *original.*

At stores and beauty shops everywhere. If not obtainable, write . . .

A special model at Ten-Cent Stores only.

DONA MANUFACTURING CO SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Dinner In a Nut Shell

[*Continued from page* 57]

½ cup water. Cover until it has boiled 1 minute. Boil until it "threads" and becomes brittle when dropped into cold water. Dip nutmeats carefully in hot syrup, and remove to waxed paper. (Use fine wire or skewer for holding nuts.) Cool until hard. (Nuts may be dipped several times to increase thickness of glace.)

PECANS are another nutritious nut whose sweet-meated kernel is also high in meat-equivalent value. It is delicious with fruit salads, in frostings, and chopped-in pie filling and cake mixtures. Since it's holiday time and candies are to the fore as well as cookies, we have included both a candy and a cookie recipe using pecans in the free leaflet we hope you'll send for.

The cashew is a comparative newcomer to the nut family, but it is fast winning its way to a wide favoritism. It resembles a double-jointed peanut, and is a little sweeter and more delicate in flavor. Surprising though it may seem, the cashew is fine when added to cream sauces, and makes a most pleasing cream soup. Speaking of nut soups, is a reminder that one of the most wholesome and delicious soups a mother can give her school-age children is Peanut Butter Soup. And do they love it—served with whole wheat wafers and followed by a baked apple, for an entire health meal! This recipe is also included in the free leaflet of nut recipes, so don't put off sending for the set.

Probably the peanut is, after all, still America's sweetheart when it comes to nuts. Cheapest of all, packed solid with protein value, and of a mouth-watering flavor, the peanut is loved by all the boys from Tommy to Grandpa, to say nothing of the girls. Chopped peanuts may be added to many vegetarian dishes and to sauces, as well as to meat loaf, or even lettuce salad which greatly benefits in food value thereby. And the Peanut Brittle Ice Cream recipe you'll get with the others you send for, is a novelty which will keep your holiday guests guessing though it's made quite simply in the automatic refrigerator tray.

So friends, what about *your* Dinner in a Nutshell? Buy the best grades of new pack nuts, and treat them as genuine foods as well as using them for garnish.

Let me send you the set of 8 recipes for nuts, including Peanut Butter Soup, Savory Sweet Potatoes, and Butterscotch Pecan Patties. Just paste this coupon on a penny postcard, and send it to me.

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
c/o Screen Book
1501 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the December leaflet of the 8 Nut Recipes.
(This offer expires December 31, 1937)

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Back in Hollywood after more than two years in British studios, Neil Hamilton goes to the Brown Derby to check up on "Who's Who in Hollywood." The famous Derby has cartoons of almost every important man in Hollywood on its walls

Around the Radio Dial

[*Continued from page* 61]

Incidentally, there's a very funny story going the rounds about "Parky" which proves he's anything but the dumb guy he represents on the ether waves. After completely furnishing his new house recently, the comedian decided there were some articles he didn't like. So he started exchanging them for others, continuing this until the store owed him three hundred and ninety dollars.

Alice Faye must be getting even more popular with her radio fans than she is with her film followers. At least on the night of her broadcast last week someone stole the life size picture of her that adorned the front of the theatre from which she goes on the air.

Hollywood is a strange place where influence is all important but sometimes a bit cockeyed. For instance **Jerry Cooper,** who warbles weekly on the Hollywood Hotel show, had absolutely no trouble pulling the right strings to get a spot for his girl friend, **Joan Mitchell,** in the M-G-M picture, *Rosalie*. But he has been trying for months, without success, to grab a good movie job for himself.

Radio execs are going to watch with considerable interest the ratings of **Jack Benny's** and **Jeanette MacDonald's** programs now that these stars are on the air in direct opposition to each other in the eastern half of the United States. **Benny** had things pretty much his own way as the ace air star last year. However, it is expected that **Jeanette,** who is filmdom's number one songstress, will give him considerable competition.

There will be a **Charlie McCarthy** in every home by Christmas, if **Edgar Bergen's** hopes are realized. **Charlie,** who has annexed thousands of fans since his advent on the radio a few months ago, is about to have thousands of miniature brothers and sisters. **Bergen** is putting them on the market and they will look exactly like **Charlie,** complete with full dress suits and top hats. They even will have strings in back which, when pulled, will open their mouths. However, there will be one thing lacking. They won't have **Bergen** to do their talking for them.

Don Ameche has joined the clan of film and radio folk who have deserted Hollywood and Beverly Hills for the more spacious ranches of San Fernando Valley about ten miles from here. Deciding that he needed more room for his two youngsters, **Donnie** (4) and **Ronnie** (2), **Don** has become a gentleman rancher. And they will soon be joined by another child, making it even more important to have lots of room.

While this town is overrun with amateur photography addicts, few of them take the hobby as seriously as **Andy** of the **Amos 'n' Andy** team. **Andy** has gone so crazy about the subject that when he and his bride flew to Del Monte for their honeymoon, he had a friend make movies of them taking off. Then the friend hopped into another plane and made more movies of the couple en route and landed at Del Monte just enough ahead of them to shoot their landing. That really is a good start on a pictorial record of their honeymoon.

According to a letter we just received, a "Showboat Club" has been organized in Columbus, Ohio, for the sole purpose of meeting every Thursday night to listen to the Showboat program and drink coffee. At least that's what the letter said they drank.

Margaret Sullavan admits she "hates" cameras but she made no attempt to dodge SCREEN BOOK's candid cameraman when he photographed her with husband Leland Hayward (left) and two friends at the Brown Derby. Miss Sullavan, who recently became a mother after retiring from the cast of the Broadway stage-play *Stage Door*, is slated for a movie return in Hal Roach's *Road Show*

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"

NO DATE AGAIN TONIGHT-AND NO WONDER!

"Then I read how your tablets helped others. I tried them, and soon began to see results."

MAYBE THEY WILL HELP!

"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim—if not more"

SHE'S A KNOCK-OUT! WHAT A CHANGE!

ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then heed this story! It's the actual experience of a grateful user of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

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"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, *Couldn't even Lie Down!*

WHAT a terrible affliction, Piles! What they do to pull you down physically and mentally! The worst part of it is that Piles are such an embarrassing subject, that many people hesitate to seek relief. Yet there's nothing more serious than Piles, for they can develop into something malignant.

There is no more satisfactory treatment of Piles than Pazo Ointment. Pazo supplies the needed effects. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves pain, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

RESULTS!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

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Try a VEGETABLE LAXATIVE
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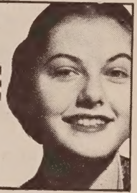

IF you think all laxatives act alike . . . just try the ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) . . . so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating. **Dependable relief** for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week; if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it — NR Tonight — Tomorrow Alright.

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SAFEST
BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

The True Life Story Of Allan Jones

[*Continued from page* 45]

the husky sat around and relaxed.

"I'm doing all the work," Allan finally complained. "I'm not the baker—I'm the helper, getting a helper's wages!"

His complaint proved a challenge to battle. It was a heroic fight, and when they were through, the bakery was a shambles. The owner put an end to the engagement by firing both of them!

Allan's next job ended as eventfully. He saw an advertisement for a truck driver for a laundry. He looked strong enough to wrestle with large hampers of wet-wash, and was hired. But the next day, he parked the truck on a hill, became a bit too enthusiastic in lifting down an extra heavy basket, the brake on the car slipped and before Allan knew it, the truck was merrily leaning against a tree at the bottom of the hill, quite the worse for wear. Young Mr. Jones, with cuts and abrasions, reported the mishap to the office, and was promptly informed that he didn't work there any more.

"It sort of worried me," Allan recalls today. "Here I was, fired from two jobs all in one week. However, the next week I got a chauffeur's job with some people by the name of Butler. They were marvelous to me and within a week were treating me like a member of the family. They made me discard my uniform; I sat at table with them and the following year, when I was in New York studying voice, I invariably spent all my Sundays with them.

"I WENT back to school in the fall. I picked up a little money being student manager of the cafeteria; operating the bleacher concession for all games; singing in church and various clubs.

"With high school over, I had only one thought in mind—to make as much money as I could, for now, at last, I was to begin my serious study of music.

"Fortunately for me, there was a coal strike on, and the man who dealt in salvage coal was making a fortune. I was bossing his trucks and men for him, and best of all, earning seventy-five dollars a week.

"Later on I went back to the mines. My father's instructions to my boss were: 'Give him a lot of jobs so he learns everything—don't spare him—work him hard!'

"That satisfied me. He let me work double shifts, for only by doing that could I even approach that seventy-five dollars each and every week I *had* been getting. Sixteen hours—a long day's work. There wasn't an odd or a tough job around that mine, which wasn't doled out to me at one time or another."

During the seven years of after-school work, Allan had saved fifteen hundred dollars. And that fall he enrolled in the music school of Syracuse University.

The fates moved rapidly now in his behalf. He had been matriculated less than two weeks at college, when he received a telegram from LeRoy Ettringham, curate of St. Luke's Episcopal Church to come to New York immediately.

This old friend who had lived in Scranton for years, had watched Allan's ambitions grow, encouraged his training and his hopes, had arranged for half a dozen interviews and auditions with famous voice instructors. The boy immediately packed, hopped the train for the metropolis.

THEN the weary round began. Teacher after teacher listened carefully, approved mildly and damned him with faint praise.

A famous operatic star and coach was more ruthless in expressing his beliefs. He didn't evade. "Singing is a hard way to make a living," he told Allan, "and you haven't the voice. Go back to the mines where you belong. You'll never amount to anything as a singer."

Allan was white and tired with tension as he sat waiting for Claude Warford—the last coach on the list. It seemed so utterly hopeless, so completely useless. He had sung his heart out that day.

He sang Handel's *Every Valley* from the *Messiah* for Warford. The man, listening intently, sat silent for a moment, and then he looked searchingly at the boy.

Then he said: "You have a great voice and a great future. I am willing to stake my reputation on that. And my time. I'll give you three lessons a week—free. Can you manage to come to New York, and pay your living expenses for a year at least?"

Allan was aflame with enthusiasm. He wired his resignation from Syracuse and remained.

Eventually a scholarship was arranged for him at New York University. In exchange for tuition, he was soloist of the University Glee Club.

AS IS frequently the case with creative individuals, mathematics proved to be a Jonah for Allan. Wisely he asked permission to become a special student, concentrating on German, French, Italian—languages he would need as a concert singer.

Under Warford's coaching, Allan's voice improved rapidly. It took on color and beauty and depth, and there was no question that Warford's judgment was being justified.

The winter was drawing to a close. Warford, as was his custom, was taking a group of students to Europe for an intensive course under Continental coaches and teachers. Allan desperately wanted to go with him. The advantages of such training was incalculable.

Whatever money he had when he first came to New York was practically exhausted, but somehow, some way, he must find the means.

Then a thought occurred to him. Why not go back to Scranton and give a concert—a "son-come-home" idea? After all, everyone there had known him from childhood, had witnessed his progress, wished him well.

He wrote his father—did he think it could be done? The answer came promptly. A one word telegram—"Certainly."

The story of Allan's success, his meeting with Dame Melba, his Hollywood experiences is told in the final installment of his fascinating biography, appearing in the January issue of SCREEN BOOK.

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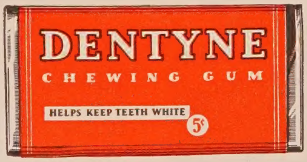

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY

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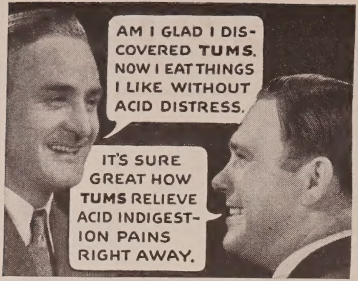
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM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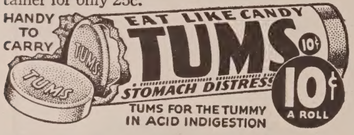

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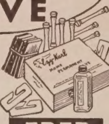

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You Can Have Everything

[*Continued from page 33*]

hide herself in a corner, over-awed by the popular and rising young actor. She asked him for pointers and he gave them to her on all sorts of things connected with the theatre—agents, managers, tours and what not. She began a new form of haunting; a haunting with a knowledge of how to haunt back of it. Broadway succumbed and after a part in Mrs. Fiske's old vehicle, *Leah Kleschna,* she went ahead by leaps and bounds. In the cast were William Faversham, Lowell Sherman and Arnold Bailey. From them she learned more about acting than she has ever learned before or since.

Gone the inferiority complex; gone her inexperience with the technicalities of her profession. Claudette Colbert was on her way. *A Kiss in the Taxi* clinched her popularity and sent her soaring off in a whirl of Broadway plays, which eventually landed her in a picture, because of her cleverness in *The Barker,* opposite Walter Huston.

THE first time I met her, a maid was painting her toe-nails for *Cleopatra.* She was wearing a few beads, feathers, a length of chiffon and a heavenly head-dress. Despite this get-up, she was thoroughly convincing. She had the poise and assurance of one who has arrived. She spoke with the authority of established success, brightened with a dash of pure French wit.

She was at the moment reaping the rewards of her role opposite Clark Gable in Frank Capra's *It Happened One Night,* a picture as modern as an American Airlines Skysleeper. By the neat display of a trim ankle and calf, she not only stopped traffic, according to the script, but "upped" her box office appeal about 1000% and her salary accordingly.

Here was her first conclusive proof that it pays to go modern. For her excellent performance in this picture, the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences awarded her the Academy statuette.

Cleopatra was DeMille at his best and Claudette was as luscious in it as a ripe pomegranate, but it wasn't *Cleopatra* that packed them in at the box office. Oh, no. It was such films as *Imitation of Life, The Gilded Lily, Private Worlds, She Married Her Boss* and *The Bride Comes Home.* To be sure, she distinguished herself in the role of *Cigarette* in *Under Two Flags,* and as the demure *Maid of Salem,* but *I Met Him In Paris,* as brittle in treatment as Schiaperelli's spun glass gown, brought long queues waiting in line at picture theatres all over the country.

HAVING picked on Claudette Colbert to typify my idea that it pays to go modern, I rushed out to Warner Bros. to see how she felt about it. She was discovered in her portable dressing room struggling with a coronet braid and a knot of back hair for her part opposite Charles Boyer in *Tovarich.*

Two artichokes were also causing her a lot of trouble; they had to be shoved inside her blouse and that's no mean feat, what with their stickers and general awkwardness of contour.

"Perhaps you'd better come back tomorrow," she suggested, as a wardrobe woman, hair-dresser and make-up man added to the cramped condition of her tiny quarters. She knew and I knew that it was today or never, but we smiled pleasantly anyhow. Tomorrow isn't in her creed or mine.

"It has paid me to go modern," she said, "but I have a real yen to wear an ante-bellum or Colonial costume in just one picture. I see them hanging in Paramount's wardrobe, designed by Travis Banton for Irene Dunne or Frances Dee and I want to climb right into them. When I go costume, I go so far back, I wear beads and brass or a Quaker dress; I'd like to go into bustles and crinolines once anyway."

She took down the carefully arranged head-dress and did it over. "These braids are about as easy to manage as a lariat in the hands of a tenderfoot," she remarked with a typical Colbert smile. "I don't know why I think I want to go in for bustles, when I'm out of my depths with an extra braid and a couple of artichokes."

THEN she explained, as I have done for you earlier, about her inferiority complex and what became of it. "It is so easy to understand why some people succeed and others fail, if you have the key," she observed.

"It isn't always just hard work, although that has a lot to do with it. Hitting on something that has universal appeal is probably the most important item in a spectacular success. After all, it is impossible to work until one has a job. Faith, hope and a supreme confidence in oneself are the psychological tenets of the present generation. We moderns are born exhibitionists and why not? Of what good is the possession of the most valuable diamond in the world, if no one ever sees it?"

Claudette Colbert smiled radiantly, as she plunged the last hairpin into the bun at the back of her neck, before continuing:

"If people were not too tied up in self-consciousness, we should probably have a great many more expressions of talent on the stage, screen, in writing, composing or painting. Violent fans, who will take any risk in order to see their stage or screen idols, are often examples of those who are frustrated in their own desires to become famous. Some of them have gifts in this direction; more often than not, it is only a wish, backed by neither talent or technique. I often wonder what will happen when everyone overcomes his inferiority complex. We shall either return to the Golden Age or we shall live in an age far more wonderful."

Before she was called to go on with her role as the Russian Princess in *Tovarich,* Claudette hastened to assure me that she is not a convert to the ultra-modern.

"I have many 18th Century English pieces in my French Colonial house," she said. "I don't like chairs, tables or beds too close to the floor, nor paintings from the Sur-realist school. I don't approve of the modern methods of 'conditioning' people to make them all conform to a standard; I am a fierce believer in 'rugged individualism;' I am old fashioned enough still to believe that happiness must spring from thinking of others as well as ourselves. I am also enough of the French woman, despite my American life and education, to insist that contentment must derive from a family life. Surely there is no security for a woman like that of a good home, owned, not rented." She picked up the artichokes and slid into her jacket. She was going.

"When I am asked why I go on working, when I have everything already, I can only reply that nobody has everything and that I go on because I must. Half my happiness comes from work and the economic freedom it gives me; the other half comes from my home life. The two never conflict."

Anatole Litvak, the director, a sound man and the script girl appeared. It was time to get away from there.

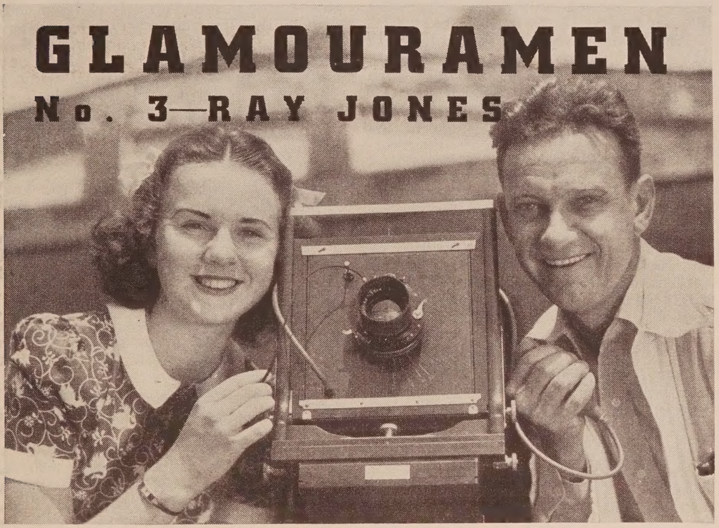
As we said adieu, I was again impressed with Claudette Colbert, exponent of the modern on the screen as well as in real life, when she said:

"It pays to go modern in 1937-1938, but Helen of Troy was modern and so was Aphrodite and Adonis. Maybe the Greeks had another word for it."

And maybe it isn't such a bad idea to pay a fabulous price for an apple of Hesperides, after all.

GLAMOURAMEN

No. 3—RAY JONES



Deanna Durbin, whom the glamouraman has helped make world famous with his photographs, helps Ray Jones make a portrait in his Universal City portrait studio

CONTINUING its series of stories about photographers who become the "glamouramen" of Movieland, SCREEN BOOK this month presents Ray Jones of Universal, whose pictures have been reproduced by the thousand in all sections of the world and who, in the past year, has enjoyed a vogue few others in his craft have surpassed.

Eight years of making baby portraits in the Drysdale-Perry studios of Superior, Wisconsin, gave young Jones ideas—lots of ideas and so, like many another small town photographer with dreams, he came to Hollywood, in 1922. In nine weeks he moved up from a helper in the dark room of Keystone Photo Service to manager and after a year joined George F. Cannon in the Mack Sennett portrait studios specializing on bathing beauty pictures. 1924 found him at Universal where he became still man, publicity photographer and, for a time, manager of the still department.

In 1933 he went to Fox studios as manager of the still room and portrait photographer and followed this experience with special "still" photography for Samuel Goldwyn, Cecil B. De Mille and Columbia.

Three years later he returned to Universal as contract portrait photographer and head of a new still studio. Since then he has made more than 20,000 portraits and special action pictures himself and supervised the making of 100,000 others. Besides he has perfected a formula for making Dufaycolor portraits that is remarkably accurate and his experiments with a special three plate color process and Kodachrome portraits have been notable indeed.

Jones is short, wiry and possessed of an unusual sense of humor which helps him accomplish the making of nearly 100 portrait still picture negatives each day. His portraits of Deanna Durbin, Doris Nolan, Wendy Barrie, John King, Danielle Darrieux, Jean Rogers, Nan Grey, Gertrude Niesen, Leopold Stokowski at Universal; his work with Claudette Colbert in *Cleopatra;* Anna Sten, Eddie Cantor and Sally Eilers at Samuel Goldwyn; with Irene Dunne at Columbia and his free lance portraiture have won him well earned recognition as a "glamouraman par excellence."

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Curb It Before It Gets Going!

A cold once settled is a hard thing to dislodge. You want to treat it quickly. You want to treat it seriously.

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Secondly, they are internal medication. A cold is an internal infection and should be treated as such.

4 Important Effects!

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets do four important things in the treatment of a cold.

1. They open the bowels.
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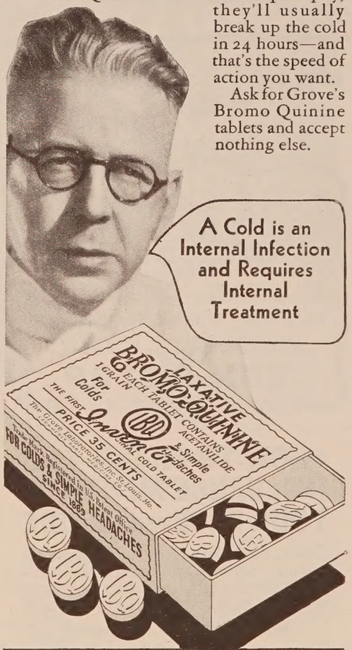
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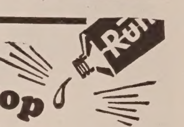

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A Melody for Two

[*Continued from page* 39]

"I've had any number of such experiences. Always when things began to look up there was an immediate let-down that shook the daylights out of me.

"With all that to look back upon, now that I seem to be getting along first-rate in my career, I'm better able to appreciate the present. I find those past experiences help me to sidestep pits into which every player is likely to fall. When my big break does arrive, then, I figure that I'll be able to fulfill whatever is expected of me in a manner far better than though I hadn't known those bumps."

And he's sincere about it, this lad with the soft brown eyes that Alice Faye found so irresistible . . . to him, his career, with all its ramifications, is all-absorbing. Despite the multitude of disheartening experiences he's undergone, deep in his heart there's been a feeling of accomplishment, and of success certain to come. That hardship and discouragement often were his lot but added to the zest and the fascination of the road he elected to tread. Best of all, there's always been that beckoning beacon toward which he has directed his stride. Yes, to Tony, his career has spelled Romance, very definitely, as absolute and as complete as his love for blonde Alice.

ALL his life, Tony has striven toward a clearly defined goal. As a small boy in San Francisco—where he was born one windy Christmas Day some twenty-odd years ago—he became interested in music, and nothing would do, later, in his high school years, but that he organize what he now calls a "little old orchestra," a band of youngsters like himself, who were so good that they started making professional appearances in various San Francisco theatres.

Thrilling though it was to appear in public, and engage in the music that thrummed through his being, it didn't help with the daily stint of algebra and other studies. Due to late hours and necessary rehearsals, Tony finally abandoned this career, temporarily, to devote his entire attention to school.

However, rhythm was in his blood, and could not, would not, be stilled. He went to St. Mary's College, but the good fathers there did not fully appreciate his playing popular tunes on the chapel organ, so he left school in his junior year to join an orchestra.

"For nearly four years, then, I either managed or played with some of the better dance orchestras," he says. "We played at the World's Fair, in Chicago, and later I was attached to N. B. C. program in San Francisco. It was during this later period that I began to sing with the orchestra, for the first time in public, although I had always warbled for my own personal satisfaction.

"My first chance at pictures arrived one night while I was singing over the air. A friend of mine happened to be visiting Louis B. Mayer, the producer, in his home, and when my voice came on my friend told Mr. Mayer he should give me a test.

"'Okay,' Mr. Mayer said, 'tell your friend to come down to Hollywood and we'll test him.' Nothing came of this test, but later RKO saw it and gave me a contract."

IT WAS while at RKO that Tony was cast with Fred Astaire in *Follow the Fleet*, and the incident which he recounted above occurred. It was a sad blow, for he had been told that the singing of that song would probably establish him on the screen.

Feeling he was getting nowhere quite rapidly at RKO, Tony asked to be released from his contract. This became formally effective March 10th. On March 11th—before midnight of the very next day—he was signed to a long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox by no less personage than Darryl Zanuck, head of the studio, himself, who tucked Tony under his personal professional wing.

"My agent called me in the morning," Tony recalls, "and told me to get ready to go on that night at the Trocadero with a show that included a number of well-known professionals. I was scared stiff. Most of my singing previously had been done in front of my own orchestra, and not as an individual artist.

"But there are times, you know, when you know you've got to be good . . . so I got together with the piano player and we settled on the songs I was to sing Mr. Zanuck was there that night, heard me, and as soon as I had finished, without even waiting for a screen test, signed me to a contract on the spot. I tell you, that was a happy moment."

WHEN Tony uttered his first notes that night at the Troc, Zanuck, canny showman that he is, realized that here was a voice with untold possibilities. But not alone did the singer possess a voice . . . he had a dark handsomeness, poise, an engaging personality, ease so difficult to find in the newcomer to the screen. All these qualities Zanuck weighed in his mind . . . and held a contract ready when Tony stepped off the floor.

"Mr. Zanuck told me it might be months before I would work in a picture," Tony relates. "He wanted to get just the right part for me, he said. Apparently, though, he found that role, for within a very few months I was cast in *Sing, Baby, Sing,* with Alice Faye."

In this picture, Tony played the part of an unknown singer who makes good overnight by way of a radio appearance. Substantially, he was re-enacting his own life story, for his appearance in that picture brought him to the attention of thousands, who immediately flooded the studio with requests that he be allowed to sing again . . . and SOON. Overnight he gained wide recognition.

But . . . that wasn't all. He met Alice Faye . . .

Their runaway marriage tells more graphically than words the story of their romance. Both fell in love at first-sight.

Not alone, though, has Tony scored on the screen and with Cupid. (His picture appearances since his film debut have been in such features as *Educating Father, The Holy Terror, Banjo on My Knee* and *You Can't Have Everything.*) He rapidly is becoming a national favorite on the radio, singing regularly on the Burns and Allen hour. His is a voice that promises much, for it carries right into the heart of every listener.

He's an "Inside" Actor

[*Continued from page* 49]

only the outer man changing, but the inner man as well. Bit by bit, as the minutes go by, Lorre vanishes and the character appears. He stops talking in his slightly-accented Hungarian-English, for instance, begins more and more to talk in the hissing, halting, stilted Japanese-English of Mr. Moto. His gestures become un-Lorre, become those of a Japanese shrewdster. It takes him two, three hours, to put on a make-up that another actor'd put on in ten or fifteen minutes. But the difference is that when the other actor has it on, he looks like Moto; when Lorre has it on, he *is* Moto.

He carries it out of the studio, too. So deeply has he studied the character he's to play, so fiercely has he assimilated it, that even in off-work hours he can't utterly chuck it. These days, Mrs. Peter Lorre is living with a Japanese, and that's all there is to it. She's lived with a Mexican bandit, a psychopathic murderer, a mad Russian, a crackpotted scientist. They've all been named Peter Lorre, but they've been as different at home as they were on the screen. She's a wonderful woman. She has to be.

Not easy is all this on Lorre, either. No man can be many people and not feel it. Today, I can tell you honestly and without a tinge of hooey, that Lorre is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. It's from strain. He's thirty-odd pounds lighter than he was when he first hit screen eminence in the unforgettable *M.* His intimates, his wife, his doctor fear he'll crack badly unless he rests. But, he says he cannot rest. He must act, always —and yet:

"An actor is the meanest, most contemptible sort of creature alive," he wails. "So debased that he throws away his own self, his own individuality, and takes on the personality someone else wants him to be—for what?—for money, or maybe for fame. Bah! BAH!"

"But you," one reminds him, "are an actor."

"Yes," he shoulder-shrugs, wearily, "I can't help it."

Personally, the man is strange to know. People who meet him often shudder, often say they feel uncomfortable in his presence. Unprepossessing at his best—tiny, pudgy, pop-eyed, with a face like something behind an aquarium glass—he has a manner that disconcerts folk. Yet they find him not only interest-challenging, but lovable.

Madeleine Carroll, lovely blonde who knows her men, told me in all seriousness once that, "Peter Lorre is the most *fascinating* man I ever met." I think she meant fascinating in the sense that a snake is fascinating. Yet she meant, too, that he was somehow lovable. He challenges, in women, not the sex angle, but the mother angle. There is, underneath all the oddness and the strangeness and the horror of him, a naive childishness, an air of a little boy who wants desperately to have you like him, but who knows he doesn't look and act very likable. And so because you feel he wants you to like him, you find yourself liking him—despite everything else.

But then, I told you he's an actor always. I told you that even when he's just being Peter Lorre, he's acting the role of Peter Lorre.

Glamorous Virginia Bruce, with Walter Wardeman as escort, was one of the cinema notables at the recent championship tennis matches

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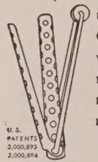

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Learn Acting on the Stage

[*Continued from page* 46]

But I believe its effect is greatly overestimated. What's more, it's a bad influence. It gives actors a wrong impression of their importance. This, in turn, is likely to give people a wrong impression of their work, the one thing that really counts."

FRANCES FARMER wasn't afraid to speak her mind—and she had something in it. Her sculptural face—good bones there—flooded with the clear light of intelligence. There was honesty, too, in:

"I have a definite reason for being in Hollywood—I want to be an actress. I'm just beginning, still trying to learn how to act. But, as I've said, there's the danger of overrating anyone's work. This exaggeration comes principally from the publicity departments of the various studios. If a man does good work he is immediately proclaimed a great actor. If a girl looks well and remembers her lines she is heralded as a great actress. This can't possibly bring the satisfied feeling of accomplishment. The worst sufferers from it are the very ones who have been over-praised and over-exploited. There is still another Hollywood evil. I think it arrogance on the part of any actor to believe he has learned his art. He should remember there is always something more to learn. If he doesn't, and is content to sit too easily in the place he has found, he runs the fatal risk of becoming specialized, 'typed.' That's where an actor goes dead."

It wasn't my funeral, but for the life of me, not to mention the imperiled actor's, I couldn't help asking Miss Farmer if she considered Hollywood a good place to learn acting.

"Up to a certain point," was her judicious opinion. "But doing a part bit by bit you can't put it together into a sustained performance. Another trouble is that you never get the chance to step back and look at yourself. What you do in Hollywood isn't really acting at all, it's just sketching. You should get your groundwork on the stage, then apply it to pictures. I think that's the smart way to do it. And that is why, the moment I finish this picture, I am going to Westport and work in the summer stock company there just for the experience. I shouldn't want to attempt a starring vehicle there. All I want is the chance to get my feet on the ground before I plunge off. I wouldn't come back to Hollywood if it weren't that I have a contract. Later I might like a combination of the two, stage and screen. Meanwhile I want to become facile, bring variety to my work. Otherwise you have nothing to rely on but your own straight qualities, which soon get dull. Even to keep them fresh for any length of time you need the stage for a change."

WHAT Miss Farmer had in view, I assumed, was the New York stage.

"Not necessarily, certainly not now," she insisted. "At present a lot of it seems slipshod to me. It differs from the stage of other cities. In Moscow I saw efficiency and sensed a feeling for the theater, a reverence of it. The London stage I found competent. In New York the Group theaters have done good and interesting work, though it seems to be about over. With its Welfare theaters the government has given people jobs, but nothing else. Young actors need help of another kind. There has to be another beginning in the American theater, with everyone working for the sake of the work, not only for commercialization.

"I came from the dramatic society of a college where the standard was, perhaps, too high. But this is a forgivable fault. What is most important is the right spirit. This spirit is lacking in New York. But I do think definitely that one should stay in his own country. If it is not the place it should be for acting it should be made such a place. Generally, the attitude toward the stage in New York is disappointing. It is indifferent and cynical, and naturally this does not make for good performances."

With a little sparring on my side, Miss Farmer hit closer home.

"There is one thing about Hollywood I don't like," she declared, "and it is this same cynicism toward pictures. Famous writers are brought here only to shake their heads and say, 'Oh, anything's good enough for pictures!'

"Producers have a standard formula—money. Actors are inclined to be wholly personal in their point of view. One will admit, 'I know I was bad in my last part, but my name will get me another at a good salary, so what the hell?' That's all Hollywood means to him. But to me it's the place where I work, and I want to do my work well. Naturally, any place is interesting and exciting if you're on the upgrade. But even then it is made difficult by the sheer physical effort it demands. It is much harder, simply as a matter of labor, than people in other lines of work can possibly realize.

"Lately, I've been working here at Paramount till seven at night, then chasing over to RKO and making retakes for another picture till ten or after. You can't do that kind of thing without its affecting your work. It leaves you dazed and strained, numbing every instinct that should be alive and active. I'm so dead tired when I get home that I tumble right into bed. People who are established don't have to work so steadily and so rapidly. But when you're just starting, as I am, and happen to click in a small way you are kept everlastingly at it. This is one reason for my wanting to get away. I must, if only to keep in good physical shape. But acting requires far more than physical fitness. So far this has kept me going. If I were standing still I'd go mad in this town. As it is, I am getting out of Hollywood now, and will continue to get out of it at every opportunity, because what I need is not action but acting."

Full page pictures, in beautiful lifelike color, are presented monthly in SCREEN BOOK. Next month, in the January issue, you'll find a dramatic picture of Fredric March, as he appears in *The Buccaneer*, as well as a glamorous new pose of Bette Davis.

Let Hollywood Teach You

[*Continued from page* 47]

On the other hand, the only thing that screen actors don't get is the opportunity to sustain a scene. But even if they do get it on the stage they won't need it for pictures because it isn't done in them. And, in spite of their claim, there's no advantage in playing to an audience, for in a picture, unlike a play, everyone they're playing to is sitting in the front row.

"For this reason it is even better that they know nothing at all about the theatre. Screen acting, because of its front-row audience, demands more economy than stage acting. You don't have to rely on the broader methods of the theatre, where you have to reach every part of the house. You can get the same effects on the screen with a turn of the eye or a crook of the hand. Not that it is easier. Picture acting is the hardest work in the world. You give more, but you get more.

"Youngsters can get all the training they need right here in Hollywood—if the studio is behind them. Otherwise they might just as well be one of hundreds of names in the Central Casting Bureau. You have to have someone who thinks you are good for something. Then you can have anything you want in the way of training. When millions are involved you can bet on getting the best. It's a matter of money. That's the real difference between Hollywood and New York. A first-class Broadway production can be put on for $150,000, about the same amount, even less, than a B picture costs. When it comes to A pictures Hollywood talks in millions. This means that the actress must act in millions. Meanwhile the studio is doing everything in its power for her in order to protect itself against loss. It spares no expense in beautifying her, improving her acting, and giving her publicity. It turns itself upside-down and inside-out to give her what she needs. She can't get anything outside."

Out of her double-knowledge all this fairly poured from Miss Brady, a steady stream of advice to the novice.

Blonde Betty Grable and brunette Eleanore Whitney are a striking and charming contrast as they attend a Paramount preview

"Then there's the other side of it," she went on. "If an actress gets too much of a certain kind of Hollywood training it may eventually take away from her individuality. One danger is that she may get her training too quickly. There is an example of this in Hollywood—I'm mentioning no name—right at the moment. I myself narrowly escaped the same danger when I started on the stage as a girl. I was saved from it by my father. (*William A. Brady, the noted theatrical producer.*) In my first year I had ten or twelve parts, and I no sooner got them than he pulled me out of them.

"It was equivalent to five years' training, but it was bad training. Then I had a big emotional part—had it for four minutes. Once again my father took it away from me. He knew I wasn't ready for it. The trouble with me, as it now may be with the inexperienced Hollywood actress, was that I became headstrong."

I COULD only reflect that, perhaps, Miss Brady came by this honestly, what with an Irish father and a French mother, Marie Rene, dancer.

"Fortunately," she was glad to say, "my later training was along more careful lines, not only on the stage but in films. Having been in silent pictures, I had no fear of the camera when I came into talking pictures. The only fear I have ever felt was of audiences, so I don't miss them now. I was deathly afraid of them. All the time I was on the stage they terrified me. To keep from screaming I used to sink my nails into my hands. Mine may have been a special case, no doubt one of claustrophobia, but anyway I can't see how an audience could be of any value to a picture actress. What helped me more than anything else in coming back to the screen was a sense of pantomime gained in the silent days. Since then, in the four years I've been in Hollywood, I have not changed my picture methods a bit except, of course, vocally. And I needed a voice more than anything else. Wiggling my face wasn't any good. I had to have a voice to give me personality. With it I found it possible to be far more creative in pictures than in plays. Creation of character in the theatre is done at rehearsals, after which it becomes nothing more than repetition.

"But in pictures the creative mood is continuous from first to last, so that every scene and every day freshens your interest. Better still, there now is more variety in my work than I ever had on the stage. In this type of role"—her part in *Merry-Go-Round of 1938*—"I am doing the rather extravagant kind of comedy I've done in other pictures. But in another production, *In Old Chicago,* I am playing a serious role, what I call an 'earthy' part. I like it better and am banking a great deal on it to get me other parts of the same nature.

"But if they wanted me to," she smiled, "I'd do trapeze work. What I mean is that I'm grateful to Hollywood. It has given me good parts and a nice home. So I'm content to stay here without any thought of going back to the stage. Young Hollywood actresses should feel the same way about it if they know what's good for them."

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Meet Tom Sawyer

[*Continued from page 36*]

Thousands of youngsters were scanned by talent scouts in cities from Los Angeles to Atlantic City. Rich and poor children alike were given a chance at stardom. Every effort was made to find the one boy in America capable of becoming the screen's newest child star.

Tommy was born April 6, 1925, in New York City, and at the time of his selection as Tom Sawyer he was in B-6 Grade in St. Raymond's school in the East Bronx.

He stands 4 feet 10 inches in height, weighs 95 pounds, and is a natural athlete, adept at baseball, football, boxing, and, more recently, since Taurog presented him with a racquet, tennis.

Already Tommy has all the prerogatives of stardom. A diction coach, Hollywood's best, trains him in the midwest speech the critics will expect Twain's hero to have; the studio has engaged a private nurse to look after his health; the producer's own dentist is his dentist.

There have been times when his father, who accompanied him to Hollywood, has wondered how he could buy his son's next pair of shoes, stretching the small salary paid him as a social service investigator for WPA. And late at nights in their humble Bronx home, his mother, Mrs. Nora Kelly, did her share by stitching and patching to keep his clothing neat for school.

There are four other children in the Kelly brood, Vincent, 22, Raymond, 19, John, 17, and the baby, June Marie, 5, whom Tommy now has an ambition to send to college.

In fact, Tommy is making plans to share with his entire family the fortune which lifted him from poverty to fame and riches.

"I want us all together in a big house," said the lad, who a short time ago was only a schoolboy, not even dreaming of going to Holywood. "Gee, I guess I'm the luckiest kid around!"

Beautiful Anita Louise drinks at least a quart of milk daily—it helps her to keep that lovely and justly famous complexion

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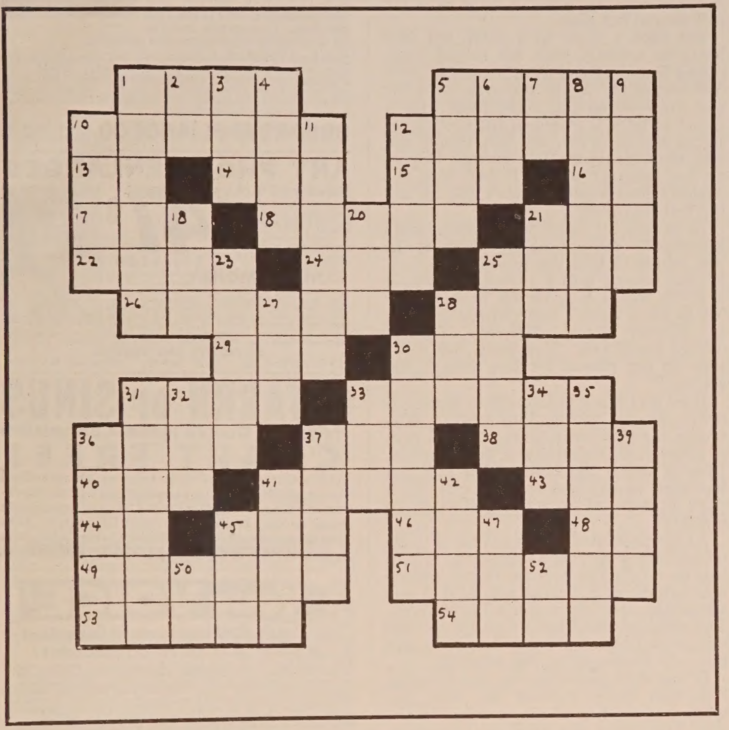


ACROSS

1. Polish actress of silent screen.
5. Star of *Cafe Metropole.*
10. First name of actor in *The Milky Way.*
12. Popular actor now retired.
13. *A Day ——— the Races* with the Marx Brothers.
14. Born.
15. ——— *in a Million.*
16. Gail Patrick's home state (abbr.).
17. Anger.
19. Her first name is Madge.
21. Bootlegger in *The Good Old Soak.*
22. First name of former Mrs. Charles Chaplin.
24. Heroine of *They Wanted To Marry.*
25. Former husband of Vivian Duncan.
26. She was born Jane Peters.
28. Girl in *Waikiki Wedding.*
29. Nickname for Ann Dvorak's husband.
30. Producer of juvenile comedies.
31. He starred in *The Prizefighter and the Lady.*
33. First name of star of *Lost Horizon.*
36. Capital of Switzerland.
37. *The ——— in Her Hands.*
38. His surname is a city in Ontario, Canada.
40. Usual or fixed practice.
41. Scotch comedienne in *Top of the Town.*
43. Self.
44. Comedian in *God's Country and the Woman.*
45. *The ——— of Madeleine Claudet.*
46. Fish eggs.
48. Anita Louise plays in *The ——— Getter.*
49. Designating.
51. Played in *Cain and Mabel.*
53. First of the screen vampires.
54. Domestic fowl (pl.).

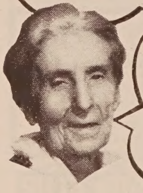
DOWN

1. First name of an actor in *Charge of the Light Brigade.*
2. *Bullets ——— Ballots.*
3. Late star known as "The Man of 1,000 Faces."
4. On the sheltered side.
5. Petite French singer.
6. Danish coin.
7. *Next Time ——— Love.*
8. Ivan Lebedeff's fiancee.
9. *Fifty ——— To Town.*
10. Greet.
11. *Sea ———* stars Victor McLaglen.
12. Wendy and Elaine bear her surname.
18. Greek letter.
20. American humorist.
21. It is (contraction).
23. Star of *Silent Barriers.*
25. Heroine of *The Man I Marry.*
27. Over (poetical).
28. Moved swiftly.
30. Star of *Petrified Forest.*
31. Character actress in *Make Way for Tomorrow.*
32. They call their work ———.
33. Fragment of cloth.
34. Stage surname of a formeer strip-tease artist seen in *You Can't Have Everything.*
35. Loretta's uncle in *Love Is News.*
36. Actor in *More Than a Secretary.*
37. Lotus ——— played in *Last of the Pagans.*
39. Author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.*
41. ——— Basquette.
42. Junior member of the Beery clan.
45. Comedian in *Born To Dance.*
47. *Ever Since ———* will star Marion Davies.
50. *Give ——— Your Heart.*
52. *We're ——— the Legion Now.*

HERE'S WHY THE NEW
SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX
OFFERS YOU GREATER BENEFITS THAN EVER!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER
Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor—tastes like a choice confection! You'll like it *even better* than you did before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER
Ex-Lax is now even more effective than it used to be. Empties the bowels *more thoroughly, more smoothly,* in less time than before.



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Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle in action that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

. . and you'll **FEEL BETTER** after taking it!

Now improved — better than ever!
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS

ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN *to* BLACK
Gives a natural, youthful appearance
Easy as penciling your eyebrows in your own home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35 all drug and department stores.

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. Dept. F12-37
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Name ....
Street ....
City.............................. State..........
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

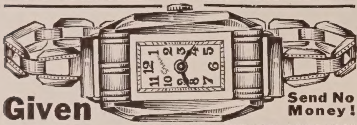
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Given **Send No Money!**

LADIES' & GIRLS' SEND NAME AND ADDRESS! Latest Shape HIGH GRADE

7 Jewel Movement **WRIST WATCH** with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored pictures with well known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL—Choice of 40 gifts for returning only $3. Our 42nd year. Be First, Write today for White Cloverine Salve. **Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 50-H, Tyrone, Pa.**

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Buy Direct From Manufacturer At

LOWEST PRICES *FOR EVERY TYPE OF YARN*

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

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RINGS AND PINS FOR YOUR CLUB

Weld more firmly the bond of fellowship in your club with a dignified emblem—a symbol of its purpose—a reminder of responsibility that all members will be proud to wear 300 beautiful modern designs.

Write Today for Free 1938 Catalog!

$1.60 BASTIAN BROS., CO 51 BASTIAN BLDG ROCHESTER, N Y 35c Each

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. **Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 723, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Indiana**

V.O.

("VITAE ORE")
A FAMILY MEDICINE
Tonic—Astringent—Styptic
For both Internal and External use.
PRAISED BY THOUSANDS
Contains Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium
Essential Mineral Elements of Human Body
$1.00 per package—One month's treatment.

Your druggist may not carry V. O., but he can easily get it from his wholesaler. Refuse substitutes, if offered. We will mail you a package, postpaid on receipt of $1.00.

THEO. NOEL COMPANY
320 So. Franklin St., Chicago, U. S. A.

Malice in Movieland

[*Continued from page* 41]

It had been part of her plan to stay a few days in Hollywood with us before proceeding on to Honolulu, but by the time her train reached Los Angeles, Mary had altered her plan.

She took a room in a hotel, her idea being to secretly visit the school mentioned in the ad and avail herself of their free test offer. If the test was favorable and she went on and made good, what a grand surprise it would be for everybody. If, on the contrary, the test turned out bad, then would be time enough to pick up her original plan. Either way she couldn't lose because, didn't the ad say the test was free?

At the school, Mary was tremendously impressed. Why, at the very moment she was admitted into the president's office, he was saying into a phone: "Well, if M-G-M wants her, they'll have to pay her $1,250 a week. Otherwise, she starts at Warner Bros. Monday. They've offered her $1,000. You know, we never sign up our clients for less than $1,000 a week."

How was Mary to know that the president's words, spoken into a dead telephone, the rich furnishings, the mad rush of activity, the solemnity of the interview, (during which the information that she had some money was covertly extracted) were all parts of an act staged solely to impress?

At the appointed time a camera was set up and Mary emoted as directed. There was no film in the camera, (there seldom is in swindle school cameras) but that was something else Mary didn't know about. The president told her he would see the test in the projection room that night and give her his report in the morning.

It was with quick breaths and beaming eyes that Mary listened the next day while he told her of his reaction to the test. Her acting was crude and immature, of course. That was to be expected inasmuch as she had had no experience. But nevertheless, he had detected that very rare something which all cinema stars have and without which, one can never achieve stardom. Yes, he was certain he had glimpsed a spark of genius, a very tiny spark to be sure, but with a little fanning, a little training, a little developing, it could, he was sure, be made to burst into a blaze of fame and glory whose dazzling luminosity would reach the four corners of the world.

NOW why not, Mary was asked, accept the exceptional and super-excellent opportunity the school offered and let them instruct her for a week, at the end of which time another test would be made to determine her progress? Individual instruction for a week would cost only $250. Well, perhaps that did seem quite a sum, but when one remembers the thousands of dollars many stars are paid for just one picture, an investment of only $250 becomes a very small amount, indeed.

Work? Oh, most certainly. At the end of her training period, she would be placed on salary in one of the school's own productions. Following that, they would sign her up with one of the major studios. The majors were always eager to get people who had received their superior course of instruction. Now then,

Is Your Rupture

HERE?

Why continue to suffer with rupture? Stop your worries and fears. Send for the facts about my perfected invention—the Brooks Appliance for reducible rupture—with the automatic AIR-CUSHION support that **gives Nature a chance to close the opening.** Thousands bought by doctors for themselves and patients.

Sent on Trial—Made-to-measure, individual fitting for man, woman or child. Low-priced, sanitary, durable. No obnoxious springs or hard pads; no metal girdle to rust. Safe and comfortable. Helps Nature get results. Not sold through stores—beware of imitations. Write today for full information sent free in plain sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. 139-D State St. Marshall, Mich.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c

3 for $1.00

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. **Big 16x20-inch enlargement** sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 227-W, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CATARRH or SINUS

Irritation Due to Nasal Congestion

CHART FREE!

Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves phlegm-filled throat, stuffed up nose, catarrhal bad breath, hawking, and Sinus headaches caused by nasal congestion. **Relief or Your Money Back.** At all Druggist's. **Send Post Card for Free Treatment Chart.** 65 years in business.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Dept. 2212, TOLEDO, O.

Your VOICE!

100% Improvement Guaranteed or Tuition Refunded!

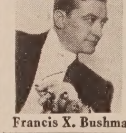
You to be sole judge! Strengthen and master your voice—*not with singing lessons*—but by scientific *silent exercises*, successfully taught for over a century. *Marvelous success with DEFECTIVE Voices.* Write for Free Voice Book. Learn WHY and HOW you can now have the voice you want. If under 17, we require parent's signature. With 100% improvement guaranteed—will you faithfully follow instructions? If so, WRITE: **Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 1589, 64 E. Lake St., Chicago**

HAIR KILLED FOREVER

KILLED PERMANENTLY

From face or body without harm to skin, by following easy directions. Our electrolysis device is used by physicians and is guaranteed to kill hair forever or money refunded. Your electric current not used. Only $1.95 complete. Prepaid or C. O. D. plus postage.

CANFIELD ELECTROLYSIS CO., 8-E, 2675 Broadway, N.Y. City



Francis X. Bushman
SAYS
"YOU CAN ACT"
on
STAGE—SCREEN—RADIO
Write at once for Free Information

Francis X. Bushman, Inc., Box 908, Hollywood, Calif.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS USE DERMOIL

Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE 25c STAMPS OR COIN

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing, scaly skin disease psoriasis. Apply non-staining **Dermoil.** Thousands of men and women use it. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is backed** by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing proof of results **Free**, or send 25c for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". **Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried.** Shipped to many foreign countries. Don't delay. Write today. Give druggist's name. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. F-25, Detroit, Mich.**

$250 please, and sign here. And, oh, yes. She would need some still photos. They are an indispensable part of one's equipment on the road to stardom. The school supplied them at cost. $100 would take care of them.

At the end of the week the second test, so Mary was told, showed miraculous improvement. Yes, the spark truly was there and it was beginning to glow. But it still needed a little more fanning. Now, one more week of training—

On a night four weeks from the date of her arrival in Hollywood, Mary showed up at our home with $2 and a broken heart. Between sobs she told us of her experience.

The next morning, to satisfy Mary, but knowing the futility of it, I went to the school with her.

"I want you to return this young lady's money," I tried to bluff the president after we had been reluctantly admitted into his office.

He struck an attitude of amazement. "Pardon me. I don't think I quite understand," he replied.

"You took nearly $1,300 from her and promised her work," I said. "Now, we want the money or the work."

"There must be some misunderstanding," he said, looking me straight in the eye. "The young lady came to us for instruction and naturally we charged her for it. But we did not promise her work."

"Yes, you did," said Mary. "You promised me that—" Her sobs prevented her from continuing.

The president stepped to a filing cabinet and opened a drawer.

"See for yourself," he said calmly, handing me a sheet of paper. "That is the enrollment blank she signed. Read Section 3 of part 2."

I read the small print he indicated with his finger: "I, the undersigned, distinctly understand that no promises of positions have been made to me and that no one connected with this institution shall be held obligated to give me a position of any nature whatsoever."

My wife let Mary have sufficient money for her fare back home.

Knowing that many people with money seldom read want-ad columns, swindle schools have sundry other ways of gathering in the unwary.

A young mother of my acquaintance sat in a shoe store trying on shoes. To her right sat her 5-year-old daughter, busily engaged in an attempt to shorten the reputed longevity of an all-day sucker. Next to her, sat another young lady also trying on shoes, and who, from time to time, made some remark to the child. Eventually she spoke to the child's mother.

"You have a very beautiful and intelligent little daughter," she said. "If I'm not mistaken, I've seen her on the screen, haven't I?"

"No," said the mother, "she has never worked in pictures."

"My, my, what a shame," said the young lady, registering keen disappointment. "A child so beautiful and with so much personality and individuality really should be in pictures. Are you opposed to a movie career for her?"

"Well, I hadn't thought about it one way or the other," replied the mother.

"You really should," the young lady went on. "Why, I have a little niece who isn't nearly so pretty as your daughter, and she is already making $75 a day. Why don't you get your little girl started? Who knows? She may be another Shirley Temple or Jane Withers!"

"I'm afraid I wouldn't know how to go about it. You see, I—"

"You don't need to know anything about it," cut in the young lady. "I'll give you the name and address of the agent who handles my little niece. Maybe he will handle your daughter too. Anyway, it won't hurt to try." She wrote on a card and handed it to the mother.

The "agent," when visited by the mother and daughter, was postitive he'd never seen a child with so much beauty, personality and promise. Yes, he'd handle her for the customary 10 per cent of her salary. She would, however, need just a little coaching first, before he took her around to the studios. He coached his clients himself. Usually it required only a week to get them ready, never more than two. His fee was only $85 a week.

Ten weeks later, after the mother had paid him $850, she finally discovered that the man was not an agent at all. He was just another swindle school operator, using the "agent" line as a blind. The young lady by whom he had been recommended, was his wife. At a later date, both husband and wife, were convicted on a charge of grand theft and sent to prison.

It is said that every train entering Los Angeles, brings its quota of picture-career-bent people. Scores of others arrive by automobile. Not all of them are caught by the swindle schools, but far more than would be if, before parting with their money, they paid a call to the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau where they would be advised as to the school's integrity or lack of it. But even that would fail in some cases because, unfortunately, there are some persons who, after all is said and done to save them, will still waltz blithely into the slaughter.

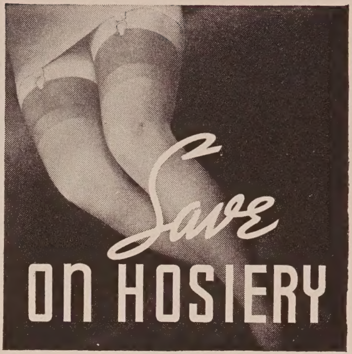
Recently a woman came to me asking my advice concerning several ads she had clipped from the newspapers. They were obviously swindle school ads and I told her so. I mentioned the names of one or two reliable schools, suggesting she consult them if she wanted some training. She said she had already been to those schools but came away because they wouldn't promise her a contract.

That type of person is made to order for the swindle schools because there, promises of contracts "float through the air with the greatest of ease."

There is no way of knowing, of course, just how much money is taken in annually by these fraudulent schools. If there were, it would undoubtedly be an astounding amount. According to Lieutenant Swan, one school, in the 6 months it operated before its doors were closed and its owners jailed, took in over $10,000. Present in another school when Swan and his fellow-officers moved in, were 40 women receiving "instruction" each of whom had paid $500.

Swindle schools come and go, but the "big parade" of over-credulous people who support the racket, seems to go on forever.

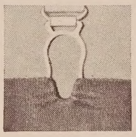
The newest and breeziest Hollywood gossip is presented just the way *you* like it in each new issue of SCREEN BOOK—the fans' own magazine.



INVIZ-A-GRIPS

PREVENT GARTER RUNS!

Women throughout the nation are changing over to Inviz-a-grips this season. *Economy* is one reason: the disastrous *garter-button-strain* is eliminated, and hosiery lasts longer. A *smooth silhouette* is another: Inviz-a-grips are *flat*, can't show underneath the closest-fitting gowns. No uncomfortable garter-knobs to sit on. Inviz-a-grips are quickly and easily fastened, reduce stocking twisting, and anchor the foundation garment securely.



Inviz-a-grips, modern and fashionable, prevent garter runs by distributing the supporter strain *around* the welt of the stocking, not down over the knee.

Choose the Foundation Garment Equipped with Inviz-a-grips . . . It's a Smarter Buy!

INVIZ-A-GRIP • 7045 ROMAINE STREET • HOLLYWOOD

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARNS

$400

Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* practical nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $400!

Think of the things *you* could do with $400!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, *at home and in your spare time*, for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. 38th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of the many men and women, 18 to 60, earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 812, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name ....

City.................. *State*.......... *Age*......

Veined.. UGLY! CLEARS EYES in Seconds!

Eyes that are red and veined . . . from late hours, fatigue, exposure, etc. . . . now made clear and white *in seconds*. Your money back if new, scientific EYE-GENE fails! Clears dullness, makes eyes sparkling . . . more alluring. Just as superior for refreshing tired, overworked eyes. Acts almost *instantly*. Stainless, too.

White.. PRETTY!

At all drug and department stores

EYE-GENE

Good Housekeeping Bureau

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 357-B Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

I WANT YOU
Work for "Uncle Sam"

Start $1260 to $2100 a year
MEN—WOMEN. Common Education usually sufficient. Many 1938 appointments. Short hours. Write today sure for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

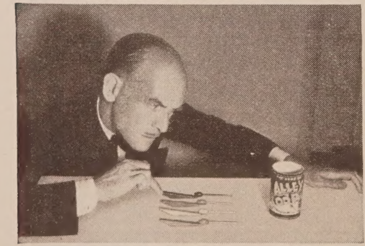
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. J263 Rochester, N. Y.

Rheumatism Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO,** the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.

In Hollywood it's ALLEY-OOP

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1937 STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N. Y. C.



Jimmie Gleason, caught "flipping Oops" between scenes of his latest screen role in Republic's super-musical, Manhattan-Merry-Go-Round. This new game has Hollywood completely ga-ga—and it's sweeping the country by storm. See it try it—buy it at all Department Stores, 5 and 10's, toy shops, etc., $1.00, 50c and 25c.

Information Pleas

[*Continued from page* 12]

20 years old). She has never been married and consequently has never been divorced.

I would like some information about Fred Lawrence, swell actor and singer who stole the picture, *Talent Scout.*—M. B.

We have no end of inquiries about your favorite since the release of said picture, so for you, and all of his other admirers, here goes: Fred was born in Oak Park, Illinois, approximately twenty-five years ago. He is 6′ 1½″ tall and has brown hair and eyes. He left college to sell bonds but wound up as a soloist in Ben Bernie's band. He made a picture, at Paramount Studio, with Bernie's band; sang over the radio for awhile, and was eventually signed by Warner Brothers for his role in *Talent Scout*. He is, as yet, unmarried, but he is so popular with the ladies that he may not be single long.

Could you give me a brief biography of Rochelle Hudson's life?—A. W.

Rochelle was born in Claremore, Oklahoma, on March 6, 1916. She entered films in 1930 and has been going steadily to the top ever since. At present she is under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios and can be reached by addressing your letter to her at Box 900, Beverly Hills, California, c/o the studio.

Where can I write to Maurice Chevalier for his photograph? I have missed him on the screen and would like to know if he is to appear in a picture soon.—J. C. L.

Many of us have missed Maurice Chevalier's charming personality on the screen. I am happy, therefore, to announce that he is working on a picture, playing opposite Adele Astaire (Fred Astaire's talented sister) which is being produced in England, but which will appear in the United States soon after its release. His address in England is: Pinewood Studios, Buckinghamshire, England.

Why do SCREEN BOOK, and other magazines, show movie stars wearing winter clothes in the hottest part of the year? Do they wear fur evening capes in the summer?—A. H.

Answering your last question first. Part of California's "unusual" weather is the fact that, although the days may be very warm, most of the nights are cool. Therefore, the stars often wear fur capes, or lightweight coats for evening. As to showing winter clothes in the style section—Smartly dressed women like to select their styles in advance. Since it takes approximately a month and a half to make up a magazine, from the time they receive their material to the date when it appears on the stands, the editors must necessarily show styles which will be in vogue during the following season.

Where should I write to obtain a photograph of Stanle Morner who recently played in, *Mama Steps Out?*—H. W.

You can write Mr. Morner c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Give or Wear This Beautiful PHOTO RING of your loved one

ONLY 75¢

● For ladies, a beautifully designed PHOTO DINNER RING which carries a colored portrait of sweetheart, husband, father, child or other loved one. Men, give HER one with your own picture in it. Newest, smartest way to express love and admiration. A constant remembrance of a loved one. Ladies' rings come in colors: Jade, Red, Blue and Jet Black. Also beautiful onyx-like rings for men with portrait in place of jewel. Portrait in life-like colors is made inseparable part of ring. Cannot wear or rub off; heat, dirt, water will not hurt it. Mail sharp, clear snap or photo, not larger than 5x7, measurement for ring and color desired, with cash, stamps, or money order. (We pay postage.) Or send for descriptive circular.

The World's Largest Photographers

GRANT PHOTO CORP., Dept. F-12, 16 W. 22nd St., New York

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG

Look 10 to 15 Years Younger
5 MINUTES a Day Keeps Wrinkles Away **and erases age lines. This new sensational home method *Sent on Trial—You Risk Nothing.* Lifts sagging muscles, fills up hollows. No Cosmetics.**

Women, men, all ages, write today for thrilling book free and *Facial Analysis Chart Free.*

PAULINE PALMER, 1421H Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

BE A CARTOONIST

AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME under personal supervision of the famous cartoonist NORMAN MARSH creator of "DAN DUNN" appearing every day in big papers. **Success — Fame — Real Money** may be **Yours** when you learn Marsh's easy **simple methods** and secrets. Send name and address for free details of MARSH'S Personal course. ACT TODAY!

MARSH CARTOON SCHOOL
Chicago Daily News Bldg., Dept. L-2, Chicago, Ill.

No JOKE To Be DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
774 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

This Beautiful Lifelike PHOTO RING

NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx-like ring.
Indestructible! Waterproof!

SEND NO MONEY!
50c
(Hand-tinted 25c extra)

Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 50c we pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. F-16, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Canadian Orders Send Cash)

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]]>

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 10]

Lum and Abner create their own rural atmosphere for their nightly Borden radio programs as they engage in a rapid "cross-fire" across the microphone. Lum (left) is Chester Lauck and Abner (right) is Norris Goff

Henie-Tyrone Power romance is colder than cold, that handsome young couple have been constantly with each other ever since Sonja returned from abroad!

IN NEW YORK: Movie star who has attracted the most attention from Manhattanites—both fans and press—is the ever-lovely Madge Evans. Considering the mediocre pictures she's been playing the past few years, it's little short of amazing the following that girl has. . . . Sylvia Sidney made a great hit in *To Quito and Back* for the Theater Guild. . . . Tom Beck, 20th Century-Fox's handsome young leading man, came east to look over the big town after an absence of two years. . . . Julie Haydon's stage plans will make all her Hollywood pals envious; she's really serious about making something of herself on the stage before tackling Hollywood again. . . . Janet Gaynor was another recent visitor to the Gay White Way, looking younger and lovelier than ever. . . . And Universal introduced its new French star, Danielle Darrieux, with a super-super cocktail party at the Pierre. She's the loveliest eyeful to be glimpsed in months, and her work in *Mayerling* proves definitely that Universal has something there! . . . Mary Brian and Phillips Holmes, who used to go places constantly in Hollywood, are again dreaming it up. . . .

LATEST Casting News: Randolph Scott, of all people, will appear in the next Shirley Temple picture, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. . . . Peter Lorre gets his biggest American screen break in *Marie Antoinette*, which will bring Norma Shearer back to the screen after a too-long absence. . . . Lucille Ball, wisecracking blonde in *Stage Door*, made such a hit that her old RKO contract was torn up and replaced with a new one at a big raise. Besides she gets a swell role in *Having Wonderful Time*. . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will play opposite Ginger Rogers in the last-named picture. . . . And the Marx Brothers will make their next two pictures for RKO-Radio—first being *Room Service*, adapted from the big Broadway stage hit. . . .

100 MEN AND A GIRL has definitely started something. It has proved to the producers that the public is ready for "good" music, symphonic and operatic alike, presented by the greatest artists. As his first star for *The Great Music Festival*, Samuel Goldwyn has signed the renowned Jascha Heifetz, who has resisted movie offers for years. Recent advances in the recording of sound (and probably one of those "colossal" offers from Goldwyn) have caused him to change his mind.

KAY FRANCIS' front-page lawsuit against Warner Brothers for giving Claudette Colbert a role allegedly promised her, in *Tovarich*, seems to have been one of those things, because Kay is busily making another picture . . . And of course, when film town wags found out that Katharine Hepburn would have a leopard in her film *Bringing Up Baby*, they began to make bets as to who would have the first bite, Katie or the leopard . . . Carole Lombard and Clark Gable have been in public less frequently, and naturally Hollywood is wondering if their romance is cooling . . . Richard Halliburton, idol of the ladies lecture clubs for his best-selling adventure books, is being tested by Warner Bros. for a series of movie travelogues . . .

RUMORS have it that Mae West won't insist on *all* the closeups in her new picture, *Every Day's a Holiday*, but will

No one ever kissed her
GOOD NIGHT

Bad breath is death to romance. And bad breath is frequently caused by constipation.! Just as headaches, sleeplessness, weakness can be produced by it, or most skin blemishes aggravated by it!

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give the other cast members a chance... Wonder how Beatrice Lillie's sophisticated comedy will go over on the screen *this* time, now that she's been signed to appear opposite Bing Crosby? Her previous screen venture, some years ago, did not meet with popular approval (and we've always wondered why)... Did you notice young Tim Holt in *Stella Dallas?* He's the son of Jack Holt, who still has an enormous following in action films—after more years than it would be polite to mention... George Brent hasn't exactly made himself the most popular man in Hollywood because of his recent divorce suit...

ILLNESS has been blamed for the non-appearance of W. C. Fields on that popular coffee radio program—but the truth is, Bill is dissatisfied with his material... Rochelle Hudson is still about the most-dated girl in the Hollywoods—and her new beau is Producer Norman Krasna.

PATRICIA ANN ROYALE

No wonder Patricia is digging in these days. Recently she was given a gold cup by the Candid Cameraman's Association in Washington, D. C. for having the most perfect photographic legs, and since she has returned to Hollywood for a second fling at the movies she has won other trophies for beauty of face and figure. Recently Miss Royale has been featured on the radio waves but she is also the author of several books, a play or two, and her book of poems is shortly to be published in London.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of SCREEN BOOK Combined With Screen Play published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1, 1937.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Conway Bolstad, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SCREEN BOOK Combined With Screen Play and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management(and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Greenwich, Connecticut; Editor, Tom DeVane, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Conway Bolstad, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

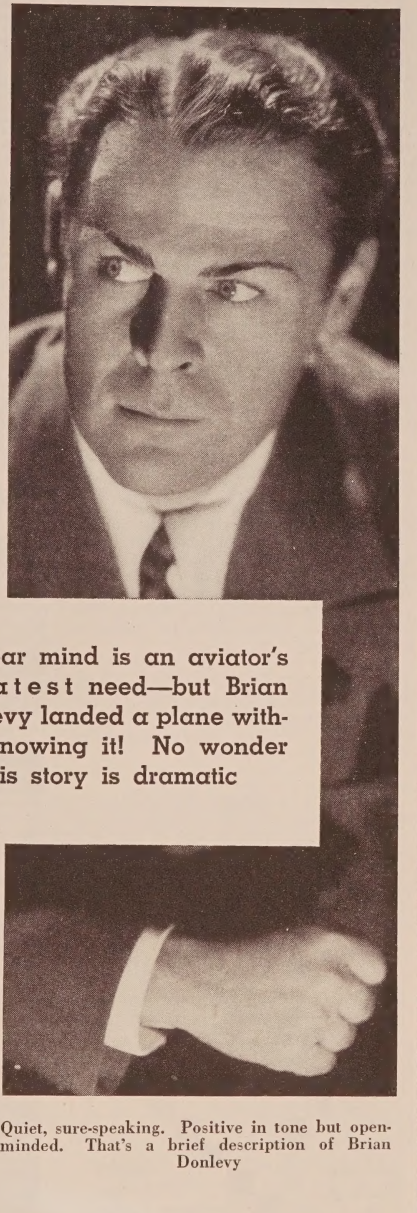
CONWAY BOLSTAD,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1937.

HELEN M. LANO.
(My commission expires February 1, 1941.)

THERE'S DRAMA IN HIS LIFE

By JACK HOLLAND



A clear mind is an aviator's greatest need—but Brian Donlevy landed a plane without knowing it! No wonder his story is dramatic

Quiet, sure-speaking. Positive in tone but open-minded. That's a brief description of Brian Donlevy

SCENE: France—an aviation field.

It was deathly and weirdly still. Not even a breeze stirred the quietude. The lightning blue of the sky was the only indication that dawn was approaching.

Two aviators came out of their quarters. Two youngsters, doing the work of men—wise, tragedy-knowing eyes, in schoolboy faces. Crisp, adult certainty in rangy, adolescent bodies. War birds taking off with the Dawn Patrol. Silently, they walked to their planes, climbed into their cockpits, adjusted their helmets, waved to each other.

"How's the throat?" asked one.

"Not so hot, Mac," replied the other. "Well, good luck!"

"Happy landing!"

Contact! The staccato roar of motors, and the graceful lifting of the planes into the great grey arena of the sky. Higher and higher, side by side, the youngsters urged their ships. Alert eyes scanning the stillness—suspicious, tense—ready for combat. The flight was on!

For long minutes they winged their way through clear skies. Then pushing sturdily through fast thickening clouds, suddenly each was alone in this cloud-filled world. One rode the skies, in a wild vain effort to find his pal. At last keen eyes discovered a plane. Relaxed, sure it was his friend, he zoomed toward him. Caught his breath as, nearing the plane, he saw it bore the enemy's insignia.

And now the sun burst brightly upon the scene. A warming, impersonally benevolent eye upon danger. And clouds floated away as if to escape the imminent fray.

"Well, here goes," the pilot muttered. "May the gods smile on this Yankee!"

He opened fire. The enemy followed suit. Bullets whizzed by the planes as each measured the other's skill. Then the American struck. Sharply his machine gunfire ripped a thin destructive line down the side of the other ship. The whine of a bullet from the enemy. A sharp pain in his head. The taste of blood in his mouth. He opened fire again, young face grim with determination. Sharper pains in his

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head. It felt as though it were going to blow completely off, but he had to keep on fighting. Doggedly, desperately, he took aim again. Sure aim, this time. Down, down, went the enemy plane. A thin streak first, and then a flaming torch falling to the earth.

THERE was no triumph. Just an infinite weariness, nausea, and blood. Blood in his eyes, in his mouth. Without warning, there was darkness. Beyond thought or feeling he groped for his stick, nosed his plane downward. Then—blankness.

A dim awareness for just a moment. Attendants rushing from a hospital to render aid. To him? To him! Miracle of miracles, unconscious at the controls, he had brought his ship to a landing in front of a hospital! There was a grin on that kid's face, as again consciousness left him.

The steady movement of a rough hand on his head brought him back to reality. He could feel a needle being drawn through the top of his skull. Sharp, sure, as the throbbing pain seemed to lift his head back into the skies from whence he had come. He could hear the droning of the plane, and then welcome silence.

He awoke, hours later, his mind jumbled. His throat aching, and his eyes burning.

It hurt to open them, but God, it was great to see. He gazed at the tag pinned on his chest. Through the blur, he read, "Diphtheria." Of course, that's why his throat had been aching. His one thought was to get back to his squadron. He watched for his chance. Stumbling, he made his way out of the hospital while the attendants had their backs turned. Outside, he saw a motorcycle. Deliriously immune to thoughts of arrest and possible court-martial, he mounted the machine and tore away.

DRAMATIC? This is only one of the dramatic moments in the life of Brian Donlevy. Quiet-voiced, broad-shouldered, steady-eyed Donlevy, who's hitting on all six in Hollywood today.

"It was just plain luck," said Brian, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Luck," I echoed. "It's downright heroism to me."

Donlevy grinned broadly. "That hero stuff in novels and pictures is a lot of nonsense. We were always hoping to stay away from the enemy. We weren't anx-

Puzzle Solution

	P	O	L	A				P	O	W	E	R
H	A	R	O	L	D		M	O	R	E	N	O
A	T	■	N	E	E		O	N	E	■	G	A
I	R	E	■	E	V	A	N	S	■	T	E	D
L	I	T	A	■	I	D	A	■	N	I	L	S
	C	A	R	O	L	E	■	R	O	S	S	
			L	E	S	■	H	A	L			
	B	A	E	R	■	R	O	N	A	L	D	
B	E	R	N	■	L	A	W	■	N	E	I	L
R	U	T	■	L	O	G	A	N	■	E	G	O
E	L	■	S	I	N		R	O	E	■	G	O
N	A	M	I	N	G		D	A	V	I	E	S
T	H	E	D	A				H	E	N	S	

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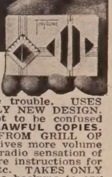

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True Confessions

ious to be heroes." He paused to light a cigarette. "There's a funny tag to that story. Bore you to hear it?"

"I *want* to hear it!"

"Well, I was in Chicago playing in *What Price Glory.* I belonged to The Adventurers' Club. Most of the members had been in the war. One day, I was having lunch at the club when some of us began talking about experiences 'over there.' One guy told a yarn about the time his motorcycle was stolen from in front of a hospital. I realized he was talking about my little escapade. Before I could tell him it was I who had appropriated the machine, he said he had had to pay $250 for it, and that if he ever got the guy who stole it, he'd kill him. He sounded as if he meant it. Well, I was glad I hadn't gotten my confession in edgeways! Later, I wrote him I was the guilty one and I would pay for the motorcycle. I never heard from him. But I'll still pay him if I can find him!"

Other exciting, dramatic experiences have been Brian's in the filming of his pictures. I was on the set one day when they were preparing to do the scene in which Brian in the role of an outlaw was to be hung by the vigilantes. They had tried the scene with a dummy, but that failed to give the proper illusion. Brian offered to do the scene himself. A fine, all round athlete, he knew he could control his neck muscles so they would carry a certain amount of his weight. Brian was hoisted up.

The men who were to do the pulling of the rope were not too enthusiastic, but Brian laughingly reassured them, and arranged for a hidden rest for his heels.

The scene started. Brian noticed beads of nervous perspiration on the faces of the "hangmen." He saw their hands shaking as they awaited the cue. A thin perspiration began to cover his own face. Tenseness gripped the set. Then came the hanging cue. The men, over-anxious, yanked the rope too hard. Brian could feel it tightening more and more around his neck. He lost the rest for his heels. He couldn't speak. His breath was being cut off. Pain distorted, his face turned a sickly purple which penetrated his make-up.

One of the men suddenly realized the ultra realism of the scene and quickly released the rope. Thus, one of the most realistic scenes ever photographed for a picture was recorded that day by the camera, and held audiences spell-bound months later in theatres throughout the country. But actor Donlevy was saved just in time from strangulation, and changed his mind about the advisability of doing his own "stunts."

In *Crack-Up*, another almost tragic experience occurred. If you saw the picture, you remember the scene in the plane where the instrument board cracks open, spurting hot oil into the pilot's eyes, blinding him for life. During the filming, oil did not photograph darkly enough, nor did it give the desired effect of thickness. Brian suggested after experiments with several other liquids, that they use cocoa. It worked, photographing more realistically than oil itself. The scene began. On a certain cue, one of the men was to shoot the stuff in Brian's eyes. The property man was geared to the second for the "business." But he missed the cue—and a fraction of a second early squirted the supposed oil into the actor's eyes.

Unprepared for it, Donlevy's pupils took it square on. Pains shot through his eyes. He tried to open them and couldn't. He could see nothing. He could hear the excited cries of the director and of the crew. "What's happened? What's wrong?" Once more Brian's respect for realism had brought him pain and placed him in danger. Given immediate attention by experts engaged by the studio, his eye-sight was saved from harm.

But don't start to tell him you think he's a very remarkable fellow—that he's to be commended for his youthful war lore, or that you have to hand it to him for moving in to grab off some of the year's freshest screen laurels. For he'll say exactly what is characteristic of this fellow who has upon more than one occasion weighed his values with one foot in the grave—"So?—What the hell!"

One of Hollywood's happiest marriages is that of Richard Arlen and the former Jobyna Ralston. Here they are at home with Richard Ralston Arlen, and his huge pet bull-dog, not to mention little Dickie's handsome white fire truck

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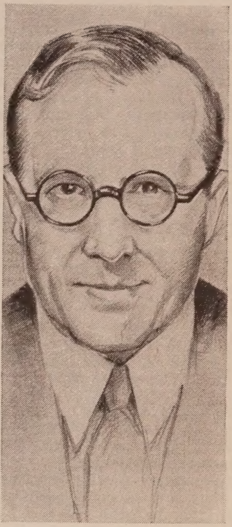

WITH Broadway predicting its best theatrical season in eight years, the radio chains presenting a dozen "bang-up" programs every day, Hollywood is well on its way with its season of movie production giving every evidence of consistent superiority to the best it has offered before.

One wonders not so much at the progress of the past year but as to how much further producers can go toward improving entertainment. All my life I have been a critic, and as a typical movie fan I reserve the right at all times to say what I like and what I do not like. But, as the movie season enters its winter months I cannot remember a "bad" picture in the past six months and following closely the new developments in the movie center I do not see any picture that looks like a "weakie" in the offing.

Continued good business at theatres throughout the country during an unusually hot summer and warm fall has not apparently effected attendance at all; thus it seems reasonable to assume that thousands of other movie fans feel pretty much the same way about it.

Outstanding among the pictures recently seen are *Stage Door* which brings Katharine Hepburn back to the screen in a performance many will consider by far her best. Miss Hepburn may not get the recognition she expected, because of her attitude, lo these many months, toward members of the press who have tried to make her popular, but *Stage Door* should do her some good. It certainly shows Ginger Rogers can troupe with more than her shapely toes, and Andrea Leeds makes much of an excellent opportunity. She will bear watching.

Tovarich, at Warners, seems to be pointing Claudette Colbert toward her finest performance in two years which is good news. Gary Cooper in *The Adventures of Marco Polo* seems likely to be a sensation and Producer Goldwyn is pouring two cool millions into his *Goldwyn Follies* in an attempt to set a new high in tunefilm extravaganzas.

Cecil B. De Mille tells me his *The Buccaneer*, starring Fredric March, is the most colorful, romantic, action drama he has ever made and over at M-G-M they say *Rosalie*, with Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell and "Woody" Van Dyke directing will top *The Great Ziegfeld* and *Maytime*. Universal, too, has entered an era of star pictures and has four stories in line for Deanna Durbin, the season's singing phenomenon now definitely established as a big star. Darryl Zanuck at 20th Century-Fox is finishing off *In Old Chicago*, and around Christmas Day that little heart stealer Shirley Temple will be on the screen with *Heide* one of the best read stories of our generation. A new Temple picture is a good Christmas present for anybody. At Columbia Harry Cohn feels the new Irene Dunne-Cary Grant picture *The Awful Truth* surpasses *Theodora Goes Wild*, and it seems quite true that everywhere in Hollywood nothing succeeds like success.

●

Movie folks are turning inventors. Warner Baxter has just patented a gun which lights up its target (and he may attach a candid camera to the gadget if his experiments work out as planned). Alan Hale, besides being the busiest character actor in town has invented a number of things among the latest a new fangled theatre seat. A former Fargo dentist, now practicing in Hollywood has invented a theatre seat that pushes backward enabling sitters to allow others to pass by them without having to stand up balanced on their heels. What a boom to theatre patrons this will prove, if generally adopted. The scraped shins and battered knees to be saved in a single season will be amazing.

●

Now that Hollywood Bowl has a fancy new entrance and Basil Rathbone has given the first check toward supporting a movement to make Hollywood another Salzburg as a cultural center why wouldn't it be a good idea to create a Cinema Hall of Fame near Hollywood Bowl so that thousands of patrons of the arts might study and learn more about the great art of picture making and more fully appreciate Hollywood's attainments? Hollywood is perhaps the most publicized city of its size in the world, yet it has done very little to perpetuate the names of its many worldly great outside of the Los Angeles Museum and a small park statue dedicated to the memory of Valentino.

●

A man about town tells me that the 1938 model of the hoodoo "eight ball" is to be made transparent so the folks who find themselves behind it can see their way through. Which isn't a bad idea at all.

W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher.

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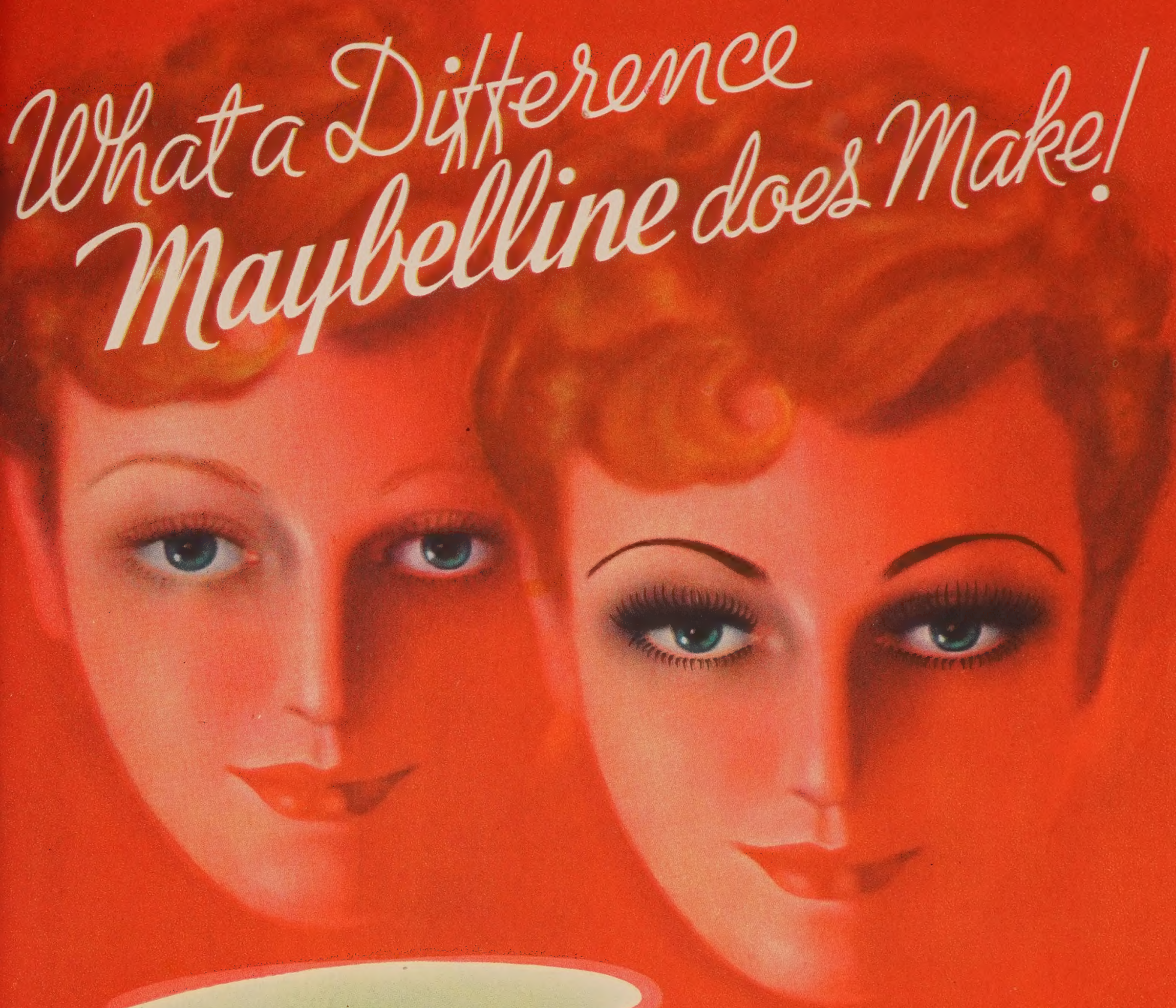

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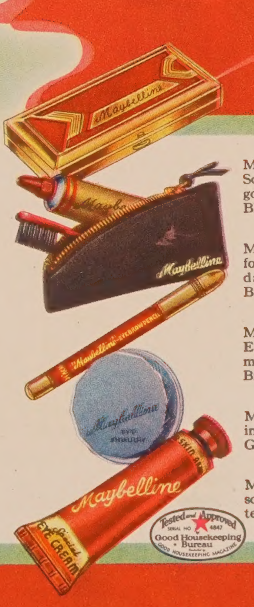

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